

STRINGS

By

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INT. HERALD'S APARTMENT-DAY

A Pied-A-Terre Studio, One Bathroom that's fully furnished with a view overlooking the coast 30 stories high in Long Beach, California. HERALD BISHOP, a near bald fellow answers the door as it rings. FRANKIE 'STRINGS' SANTOS, a Handsome Filipino Gentleman standing at 5 foot 4, several inches shorter than Herald, goes right on in with his slightly dirty coveralls lugging in plumbing tools.

HERALD

It's about time you showed up! The toilet has been backed up since last night!

FRANKIE

Sorry, the guy who usually works the neighborhood called in sick. Had to haul my ass over from Burbank-

HERALD

Alright! Alright! The restroom is on the last door to the left. Hurry up, dude! I'm sick to my fucking stomach!

Frankie goes through the hall as Herald steps out to the edge of his balcony for some air as he endures a stomach ache.

Frankie reaches into his toolbox, and takes out a Bowling Ball with two Low E Guitar Strings weaved through the holes of the ball and tied with a noose knot. As Herald pukes off the edge, Frankie sneaks up on him unnoticed. He puts the noose around Herald's neck and the weight instantly throws him off the rails sending him straight to the ground. Dead.

Frankie after gets his phone to call 911.

FRANKIE

Yes, hi. A customer of mine just committed suicide. I was working on fixing his plumbing when he tied a Bowling Ball around him and went for it.

He briefly stops and listens to the dispatcher.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I'm in at his Apartment in Long Beach. Come right away. Thank you.

CUT TO:

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EXT. HERALD'S APARTMENT-DAY

Sunny day, clear skies, palm trees in front of the Tall Complex swaying with the slight wind, and Herald's Corpse on the grass with his head splattered at the same spot where his puke had landed. Police go in and out of the building as the Coroner arrives to cover up his body and take it away. DETECTIVE NIVEN stands next to Frank by the entrance.

FRANKIE

I was about to get started on fixing his toilet when I saw him take out a Bowling Ball and went to the patio not knowing what he was going to do with it.

Detective Niven gets his notebook and pen out to start writing.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I was already in the bathroom when I asked if he didn't mind the weather being so windy. When I didn't hear any response, I went back out to the Living Room and he was gone. Then I thought about what he was doing, and that's when I rushed to the front for the inevitable. There you have it.

Niven continues to scribble quietly.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Excuse me are you even paying attention?

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Sorry! I use a notebook to take notes because typing on a phone seems to offend people. I've got everything. You're free to go. Sorry for keeping you!

Frankie walks off, checks both sides for traffic, then jay-walks to the Roto-Rooter Van, gets inside, and drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROTO ROOTER STOREFRONT. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA-DAY

Frankie pulls up on the Multi-Garage Unit and parks the Van on a long single-row lot filled with other Company Cars. RANDALL steps out of the store to check the Vehicle when Frankie puts the brakes on, turns off the engine then exits.

RANDALL
So, how'd it go?

FRANKIE
Cops thought it was a Suicide. Left no trace as usual.

RANDALL
Aah. Another day on the job. You know, you're the only person I know who works for The Mob that walks around the scene of their own crime in broad daylight and still gets away with it.

Frankie puts on his Wayfarer Sunglasses.

FRANKIE
That's how I roll.

Frankie strips off the Coveralls revealing his white buttoned shirt, black tie, and sharkskin grey slacks that he's been wearing underneath then hands the uniform to Randall.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
You'll need this back.

Frankie enters his Cherry Red 1976 Corvette Stingray nearby, turns on that roaring engine, and rides off to the LA Sunset.

RANDALL
That kid is unbelievably smooth. Every time.

Randall walks back inside his office.

FRANKIE (V.O)
I know what you're thinking. It must be cool to be a Hitman and go around killing people. But the truth is, I fucking hate this job and unlike like any other workplace, I was forced into a life of crime ever since my Uncle
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

Drew adopted me at the age of 12 from the streets of London. I never really knew any other life, other than a Life of Crime.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

Frankie pulls up at the Valet of the Venue similar to the Fillmore in San Francisco but in Los Angeles.

FRANKIE (V.O)

But this is where things begin to change.

JIMMY opens the car door to help Frank get up and out of his Low Rider Vehicle.

JIMMY

Hey, Frankie. The Boss is expecting you.

FRANKIE

I know. Thanks, Jimmy.

Frankie yanks his grey suit jacket from the passenger seat and puts it on as he goes in. Then he hands the car keys to Jimmy.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

No joyrides. Just park it.

JIMMY

Frankie, you know I only go on joyrides in Jay Leno's cars. I took his Shelby Cobra for a spin when he was here again last week. Did about 155 on the Highway and ruptured the fuel line when I parked it back. Didn't notice a thing!

FRANKIE

Ha! Later!

JIMMY

Later, Frank!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Frankie walks through the Red Carpet that directs his way to the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE-NIGHT

An Old School Theater-like Lobby with Dark Velvet floors along with Red Carpets that point the way to all the different rooms, an endless array of framed pictures of Famous Rock Bands and Celebrities from Paul McCartney, Johnny Depp, Guns N' Roses, Motley Crue to even Crooners like Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons that have visited and/or played at the venue fill the walls along with a Bar right next to the Auditorium Doors.

LEROY, A 6 foot 8 Bouncer who's built like a Linebacker stands on guard near the entrance.

Frankie passes by to greet Leroy.

LEROY

Yo, Frankie. Your Uncle Drew is looking for you. Says it's urgent.

FRANKIE

Oh. Well, alright. Thanks, Leroy.

UNCLE DREW, a middle-aged Italian Fellow with silver grey hair and those big Square Glasses wearing a varsity leather jacket, grey slacks, and checker colored suede shoes rushes from the Auditorium Doors to get to Frankie.

UNCLE DREW

(Panting)

Frankie! Was hoping you'd show up!

FRANKIE

Everything alright, Uncle Drew?

UNCLE DREW

I need a big favor, Kiddo. The Guitarist for the band tonight just called in sick.

FRANKIE

Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UNCLE DREW

2nd Day on the Job and he decides to
commit career suicide by having
diarrhea. Listen, I need you to fill
in for him!

Frankie looks slightly surprised.

FRANKIE

Are you serious?

UNCLE DREW

It's a big crowd and I need to get the
live music going. I need you to rock
this place to the ground!

FRANKIE

Sure thing, Uncle Drew!

UNCLE DREW

Thanks, Kiddo. I owe you big time!

Uncle Drew stops Frankie as he's about to head backstage.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Did you get the job done?

FRANKIE

Looked like he committed actual
suicide.

UNCLE DREW

You're the best, Kid. Now get going!

Frankie goes down the hall and takes the staff entrance to go
backstage.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I couldn't believe Uncle Drew wanted
me to play guitar that night. This was
the first time he'd asked me to do
this. Aside from my job, I only have
one hobby. I play guitar and I
sometimes jam with other bands in my
spare time.

Leroy leans over to talk Uncle Drew's ear to avoid shouting
over the music playing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEROY

Did you just ask Frankie to play
Guitar tonight?

UNCLE DREW

Yeah! He plays in his own time and
jams with some bands.

LEROY

Man, he better be good!

UNCLE DREW

Are you kidding me, Leroy? Frankie is
the best!

Uncle Drew follows Frankie as he heads backstage.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE STAGE

The lights shine bright at the bass and guitar amplifier stacks with the drum set nestled in between and 3 microphones in front on the left, and right sides with the main mic on the center. The talkative crowd converses on though their banter grows more silent as the Stage remains unoccupied. Meanwhile backstage, Band Members ZIGGY and DUSTY peep behind the curtains while JOHNNY paces around very anxiously. Frankie accompanied by Uncle Drew approaches The Band all dressed in the Typical LA Rockstar Look.

UNCLE DREW

Yo, Guys!

The Trio line up in front of Uncle Drew.

ZIGGY

Who's this?

UNCLE DREW

This is Frankie Strings. He's your
replacement Guitar Player for tonight.

JOHNNY

What does he play? Michael Buble or
some Rat Pack type of shit? Man! We
play Heavy Metal, dude! We don't need
Fucking Beatlemania over here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Uncle Drew grabs Johnny by the collar of his leather jacket and lifts him off the ground.

UNCLE DREW

Listen, dude! You got no choice but to jam with him! And it just so happens that he's 10. No, a Hundred Times better than your Lousy Full of Shit Guitarist who can't make it tonight! Now, if don't want to lose your fucking job then he's filling in for Billy tonight while he's at home fucking shitting himself! Ya got that?

Ziggy with his jaw dropped in total fear nods his head in approval.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Now, do your covers, play 'Highway Star', and have Frankie play both the Keyboard and Guitar Solo exactly like how the song goes. Your allotted time is running so just end the set with 'You Really Got Me'. [To Ziggy and Dusty:] Start with Eruption as usual. Frankie Strings here will do the rest. Ya got that?

ZIGGY

Yes, sir.

DUSTY

Shouldn't be a problem.

Uncle Drew faces Johnny who's still in his grip.

JOHNNY

Yes! Yes, sir! I got it!

Drops him. The rest of the band then get ready to head to the stage.

UNCLE DREW

Yo, Frankie! Man, you're going to rock the house tonight!

FRANKIE

You bet. Thanks, Uncle Drew!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

UNCLE DREW

Frankie Strings on the Guitar! Woo
hoo! Yeah! Go get 'em, kid!

Frankie and The Band head to the stage and the audience goes wild.

ZIGGY

[To Dusty:] Yo! Is that Lauren Haze in
the front row?

Dusty looks in in that direction.

DUSTY

No shit. That is her! What's she doing
here anyway? She's a Pop Singer. She's
not a rocker! Why the fuck should we
care?

Ziggy sits on the drum throne chair while Dusty picks up his
bass and plugs it onto his amplifier. Frankie on opposite
side of Dusty does the same thing with his guitar and turns
up the amp's volume.

JOHNNY

Good Evening! We're Lovebite! And we
play Heavy Metal! Hit it!

Ziggy taps his drumsticks together 4 times to start the first
song. Deep Purple's Highway Star begins its glorious intro.
Johnny gets ready for the iconic scream before the first
verse but starts coughing just when he starts to sing.
Frankie immediately gets on the Mic in front of him.

FRANKIE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Ziggy and Dusty's faces light up in amazement as they look at
Frankie while he's still playing. Johnny, on the other hand,
gives him a deathly stare.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Nobody gonna take my car, I'm gonna
race it to the ground! Nobody gonna
take my car, it's gonna break the
speed of sound!

Uncle Drew at the VIP Balcony raises his hands and starts
headbanging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

UNCLE DREW

Woo hoo! Yeah! That's my Boy!

Frankie continues his groove as he plays his Axe and sings his heart away.

FRANKIE

Ooh! It's a Killer Machine. It's got everything! Got the driving power, big black tires and everything!

The crowd sings along on top of rocking out and going wild with the tune.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I love it and I need it! I bleed it!
Yeah, it's a Wild Hurricane. Alright,
hold tight-

Frankie makes eye contact with LAUREN HAZE in the crowd and smiles.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

-I'm a Highway Star!

Frankie begins to play the tune's keyboard solo on his guitar.

PAUL leans to Lauren next to him.

LAUREN

(Yelling on Paul's Ear)

I can't believe he's playing the keyboard solo on guitar! I've never seen anyone do that before! That's so insane!

PAUL

It sounds so much better than on a keyboard!

LAUREN

That's who I need to for that new sound I'm looking for!

PAUL

Lauren, are you really going to switch to playing rock music?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LAUREN

I told you I want to play Rock n'
Roll. The Record Company will just
have to go with the changes!

Frankie nails all the notes especially the transition onto
the third verse. Johnny in grave disappointment walks off the
stage.

CUT TO:

20 MINUTES LATER

Fast forward to Frankie playing the Grand Finale of Van
Halen's Eruption, the crowd continues to enjoy Frankie's
shredding as if they could not get enough. Frankie finishes
the solo and gets the Band started on 'You Really Got Me'

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE-NIGHT

Frankie takes in the fresh air as the Club closes up shop.
The Last Few Members of the Audience compliment him and his
performance before they leave. Lauren then makes her move to
talk to Frankie.

LAUREN

Hi!

FRANKIE

Hi! Wait. You're, Lauren Haze!

LAUREN

Yeah, hi! Um. I saw you on play and
I've honestly never seen any Guitarist
play like that and I've heard plenty
of Greats!

FRANKIE

Thank you so much!

Frankie laughs and begins to blush.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Uh. That's quite the compliment coming
from you, especially.

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CONTINUED: (2)

LAUREN

Hey, I noticed you're wearing something entirely different from the rest of the Band. I take it, you're not with these guys?

FRANKIE

Just filling in for tonight. Not in a band at all actually.

LAUREN

Ah. Well, if you're down to jam at my Studio sometime or just hangout-

Lauren takes her phone out.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Can I get your number?

FRANKIE

Um. Of course!

Lauren hands over the phone to have Frankie type his digits with his name included, then hands it back to her and reads the screen.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

The name is Frankie, by the way.
Frankie Strings.

Franks extends his hand. Lauren goes for the handshake.

LAUREN

Lauren. Lauren Haze. Great meeting you tonight, Frankie!

The two hold hands a little longer than usual before Lauren walks off.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'll text you soon. Bye, Frankie!

FRANKIE

Bye!

Lauren heads to the SUV across parked on the Lot.

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FRANKIE (V.O)

Could you believe, Lauren Haze, that super famous pop singer wants me to jam with her? I couldn't help but think that she is into this kind of music because of her songs that I hear on the radio. I also couldn't help but think how incredibly stunning she is in person.

She heads to the backseat while Paul drives her home. Jimmy pulls Frankie's Corvette up right beside him, and gets out of the car to hand the keys over.

JIMMY

Yo, Frankie. I heard you play, man. You're insane! Dude, I sooo want to take Guitar Lessons from you!

FRANKIE

Thanks, Jimmy. If I make the time then, sure! Hey, did Uncle Drew head home yet?

JIMMY

Nah, I just saw him in his office a few minutes ago.

FRANKIE

Cool. He asked me to give him a ride unless he bummed someone else for one.

Uncle Drew steps out of the Entrance locking the door on the way to the Parking Lot.

UNCLE DREW

Yo, Jimmy! Need help pulling down the gate. Come on!

JIMMY

I got to go. Later, Frank!

Jimmy runs to the opposite side of where Uncle Drew stands and seals up the Front. Uncle Drew looks through the glass door to see the alarm on the wall turn from red to green right on time as Frankie pulls his car up to the sidewalk close to Uncle Drew.

UNCLE DREW

We're good. Night, Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Uncle Drew enters opens the Passenger Door and gets in the Vehicle.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)
Yo, Frankie! I can't thank you enough
for tonight!

FRANKIE
No problem, Uncle Drew. Take you home?

UNCLE DREW
You bet, Kiddo. Pedal to the Metal!
I'm a Highway Star!

Frankie rev-matches the Corvette into gear and off it goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNCLE DREW'S HOUSE-NIGHT

A Cul-De-Sac with a brick staircase, a flowerpot stacked on each side of the steps leading up to the porch on top, and rotting grass in the front yard. The Little Red Corvette arrives and stops in front of the driveway.

UNCLE DREW
Hey thanks again, Frankie.

FRANKIE
Not a problem.

UNCLE DREW
Oh, hey before I go.

Uncle Drew takes out a packed envelope and gives it to Frankie.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)
For the job today.

Frankie checks and starts counting the cash inside while Uncle Drew takes out the money clip from his back pocket. He sifts through the Benjamins one by one. Frankie looks around to inspect the road for any potential muggers.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)
Ah, fuck it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Uncle Drew takes all the bills out of the clip and hands it to Frankie.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Here you go, Frankie. For filling on Guitar tonight, and for being my Uber ride home.

Frankie takes the wad, looks at Uncle Drew, and smiles.

FRANKIE

Thank you, Uncle Drew. Might be a bit much!

UNCLE DREW

Ah, you know me. I always give you extra. Not just for saving my ass every time I need it. Because you're my Son, my very own! Ah, you know that!

FRANKIE

Thank you, Uncle Drew. Now, go home and get to bed.

UNCLE DREW

You got it, Saint Franklin!

Frankie drives away.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Patron Saint of The Six String... And saving my ass! Ha ha ha!

Uncle Drew walks up the Brick Stairs.

FRANKIE (V.O)

To be honest, the money is good working as a Hitman. I mean, really good! But I had a gut feeling I might leave this all behind. But even that seems impossible or at least quitting this job without the cost of my own life. Either way, I sensed a change was coming.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

TONY TAGLIA, a Dark Haired Mid 50s Alpha Personality wearing a royal navy blue 3-piece suit with a red tie sits in his big desk in a hallway-sized office that looks almost like the one from Scarface.

A few knocks suddenly come on the door.

TONY

Come in.

Uncle Drew opens up and enters the room.

TONY (CONT'D)

Drew!

UNCLE DREW

How ya doin', Tony?

TONY

Good! Take a seat I got some business I need help with. Was wondering if you could take it on.

Uncle Drew sits on the right chair facing Tony.

UNCLE DREW

Lay it on me, Tone. What's up?

Tony grabs a cigar from the side of the table, puts it into his mouth and lights it up with a match, and takes a moment to have a few puffs.

TONY

I just got word of some Rooskies doing business on our turf.

UNCLE DREW

Shit. They're not supposed to be here!

TONY

Yeah! No shit, Drew!

UNCLE DREW

What do you plan on doing about them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TONY

The usual. Go in, kill all of them, burn the place down and leave without a trace before the Cops show up. They know not to do business outside their own turf and this is only fair let alone the rules.

Uncle Drew continues listening as Tony gets his phone, and shows Uncle Drew the pictures of The Russian Mob-owned building scrolling through photos of the exterior and some of what's inside.

TONY (CONT'D)

They're running a Rub n' Tug. The place isn't very big and it doesn't look like it has that many of those fucks in there.

Tony still sliding away at his phone screen directed at Uncle Drew. Photos of some Women working in the Brothel pass on by.

UNCLE DREW

Damn. Not, uh. Very good for business at all.

TONY

Yeah, no shit! Even their boss, Paula would not stand for this!

UNCLE DREW

Well, alright then! What do you need me to do?

TONY

Was hoping you could send your boy. That Classy Smart Kid you have. Uh, what's his face? Um, Frankie!

UNCLE DREW

He could do it. Do you just need him?

Tony gets off his seat to stand outside the window behind the chair and then turns around.

TONY

Yeah, I want 'em! He seems to be the best Hitman we have!

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CONTINUED: (4)

UNCLE DREW

Yeah, I don't doubt that. The kid is just shy of his 30s and already he has a massive body count. Gets away with no trace every time. I don't know how he does it sometimes!

Tony takes another few drags off his cigar.

TONY

He's got talent. Brains too. Give him the job.

UNCLE DREW

Ya got it, Tone. I'll get on it. Anything else?

TONY

Oh and send some flowers to Herald's Funeral. That Florist near the Club. Uh, what's her name?

UNCLE DREW

Doris. Yeah, I'll take care of that.

Uncle Drew stands up and exits Tony's Office while Tony sits down on his Desk Chair and puts out his Cigar on the ashtray.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Later, Tone.

TONY

Oh and Drew.

Uncle Drew stops for a moment.

TONY (CONT'D)

Once Frankie finishes the job. I'll swear him in as Capo.

Uncle Drew with a sudden look of dread resumes walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWEET DREAMS MASSAGE & SPA-DAY

A Store Front with graphic decals covering their windows in this Rundown Strip Mall somewhere up in North Hollywood.

Frankie arrives on a Public Transit Bus as it makes a stop a block away from the place, and hops over the nearby fence that leads to the Rub n' Tug's back lot.

While approaching the two Russian Mobsters ahead having a smoke, Frankie puts on a Black N95 Face Mask he grabbed from his leather jacket pocket over his face to wear with his Black Baseball Cap.

Frankie walks straight on to the goon that's closest to him while throwing a carving knife at the head of the one closer to the building. Then he immediately gets out a garote wire made with 6 strings of an Electric Guitar weaved together to put around the last henchman outside's head and snaps the neck thoroughly.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEET DREAMS MASSAGE & SPA

Frankie sneaks in with his footsteps concealed by the velvet shag carpet as he moves through the hallway with some moaning echoing through the doors. PROSTITUTE #1 at the end of the hall exits the Massage Room with CUSTOMER #1 and head to the lobby. She turns her head to see a masked-up Frankie.

PROSTITUTE #1

Ahhhhhhh!

CUSTOMER #1

Oh, shit!

Both run for their lives. Another henchman comes around from the Lobby area to investigate. Frankie takes out his short Short Barrel 1911 handgun and opens fire and The Russian Goon gets a bullet to the head. All the Sex Workers in the waiting room couches all scream in fear.

As more Customers with their masseuses rush out of the rooms, reinforcements then come charging from the door with the "Office" sign nailed to it and Frankie quick to the draw kills all 3 of them. A Russian Gangster peeks out and instantly shuts the door as Frankie approaches and puts a few bullets through the door as he kicks it down.

He finds The Mobster with a .45 slug to his neck and another through his chest bleeding out. With no hesitation, Frankie shoots him in the head before he reaches for his piece from the safe he unlocked. Dead.

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CONTINUED: (2)

He gets all the stacks of bills inside and distributes them to all the women very quickly.

FRANKIE

Now, get out of here! Go! Get out!

All of the Prostitutes rush out the front entrance with cash in their hands. Frankie continues on as he gets the Vodka from the Office, spills some of the alcohol on the CCTV Surveillance, and takes out a match to light it up. He then runs to the Maintenance Room to get cleaning chemicals to spill all over the floor and walls on the way out of the back exit. He gets another match out of his back pocket and sets it ablaze as he leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWEET DREAMS MASSAGE & SPA-DAY

Frankie takes his jacket, hat, and mask off as he casually walks onto the street opposite direction from the entrance and calmly keeps on walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET-DAY (FEW BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE BROTHEL)

Frankie catches the next Bus that arrives at the fairly busy Avenue just as he makes his way to the stop. Fire Truck sirens go off but at a far distance as the Public Transit drives away. Frankie lays and rests his head on the window as it gets moving into traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT DAY (MORNING AFTER)

Frankie is asleep in the Master Bedroom with posters of Rock Bands from AC/DC to ZZ Top on the walls with an Electric Guitar and a Full Stack Tube Amplifier next to his bed. His phone on the nightstand next to him emits the Question Box Bump Sound from Super Mario.

Frankie tosses to the other side, continues to snooze when the ringtone goes off again and finally opens his eyes, then grabs his phone to check on it.

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FRANKIE (V.O)

Lauren had texted me the morning after
I burnt down that Russian rub and tug.

LAUREN

(Text Message)

Morning, Frankie!

Frankie scrolls down to read the second text she just sent.

FRANKIE (V.O)

She asked if I could come to her
studio today and have a jam session.

LAUREN

(Text Message)

Are you free to come by the studio and
hang out today, by any chance?

Frankie smiles and types a reply.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Ha. Good thing I was off that day.

FRANKIE

(Text Message)

Yeah, sure. I'm off today. Good
timing.

LAUREN

(Text Message)

Great!

Incoming Message Bubble pops up. Keeping Frankie in
anticipation.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(Text Message)

1880 Loma Vista Drive Beverly Hills,
CA 90210. Can you be here around noon?

FRANKIE

(Text Message)

Perfect. See you then.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-DAY

Frankie and his Corvette arrive at the Massive One Story Hideaway Mansion up in the Iconic Laurel Canyon Hills. He goes through the gate that leads to the front door and Lauren opens it up as soon as she sees Frankie through the entrance window.

LAUREN

Frankie!

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-DAY

LAUREN

Come on in!

Frankie enters this incredibly spacious living room with framed posters, Gold Records, guitars, and bass guitars on the walls with a grand piano on the corner.

FRANKIE

This place is amazing!

LAUREN

Thank you! Bought the place 2 years ago with what I earned from my First Album.

Frankie in awe looks at a Vintage Gibson Les Paul Guitar encased in a Glass Display.

FRANKIE

That's. Oh my God. Jimmy Page's Les Paul!

LAUREN

Yep! Led Zeppelin is my Favorite Band.

FRANKIE

No way! Mines too! I must've seen The Song Remains The Same probably a billion times.

LAUREN

Holy shit! You're probably the only person my age I have come across to have seen that movie.

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CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE

You know? I'd probably say the same.
Then again, I usually hang out with
people who don't like to have fun let
alone watch any movies.

Lauren chuckles.

LAUREN

You probably need new friends.

FRANKIE

Yeah. Definitely!

Paul emerges from a sliding door leading to a Soundproof
Recording Studio beyond it.

PAUL

Hey, Lauren. I was able to add your
Vocals with that New Track that- [To
Frankie:] Oh hey, what's up dude.

FRANKIE

Hi!

LAUREN

I invited him to check out the Studio.
[To Frankie:] Hey, I have a song that
needs a quick Guitar Solo. Think you
can help out? If you have time, of
course!

FRANKIE

Well, I did say I'm off today and a
solo track wouldn't take that long to
put together.

LAUREN

Great! I have plenty of Guitars, Amps,
and equipment. Is there anything you
need? Like a particular sound?

FRANKIE

Just give me a Guitar.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION RECORDING STUDIO-DAY

A Soundproof Area with acoustic wood panels, foam padding on several parts of the walls along with a massive mixer board, vocal box booth, and recording room with drums, guitars, bass guitars, and microphones complete with the proper amplifiers. Frankie picks up a PRS Santana Signature Electric Guitar and plugs it onto the Marshall JCM 800 100 Watt Tube Guitar Amp Stack.

Lauren and Luke in the Mixing Room next door with Frankie beyond the Window passed the board. Frankie puts on headphones and grabs a guitar pick from his back pocket.

LAUREN

(Intercom)

So, I'll play the song. I'll let you know when you should start playing. We can more do takes if needed especially if you'd like to add anything more or until you're satisfied with your Solo. Ready, Frankie?

FRANKIE

(Speaking to the Mic hanging in front of him)

What key is the solo?

LAUREN

(Intercom)

E Minor, I believe.

FRANKIE

Cool. Okay, roll it!

Luke pushes play. The song comes on and picks up from the 2nd Verse. The Pre-Chorus comes in then the Chorus itself. Before the Bridge Part comes on, Lauren counts to four with her fingers to signal Frankie to start shredding.

Frankie proceeds to whale away improvising every note. He masterfully puts the Theory of Music onto the strings and sounds as if he had rehearsed before recording the take.

Then, by surprise, he then adds some Van Halen Finger Tapping paired with some Malmsteen Arpeggios as his legato notes helps him cascade through the fretboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lauren stares away at Frankie incredibly mesmerized and Luke being in the same state with his jaw slowly dropping. He works his way up to the highest fret and finishes his solo with the very last note on the High E String letting the high pitch of that note echo as the song comes back to the Chorus.

Luke stops the recording along with the track. Frankie looks at Lauren and Luke in the Mixing Room staring at him with those shocked looks on their faces.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Was. That. Okay?

Luke snaps out of the Post Axe Shredding Trance and looks at Lauren.

LUKE

Good?

Lauren comes off from the shock.

LAUREN

Uh. Fuck that's perfect! Yeah, we're good!

FRANKIE

Great!

Luke turns off the In-Ear Intercom.

LUKE

Do you really want him as our Guitarist?

LAUREN

Do you mean, my Guitarist? He's perfect, especially for the new sound I want to go for on my next album.

LUKE

Don't you think he might be overqualified?

LAUREN

We've had a lot of people audition for the part already. I haven't even asked if he wants to be my Guitarist for the Tour and on the New Album. And, overqualified? Do you want Cory

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Feldman to be my Guitarist or something? Might as well get Yoko Ono in the band on screaming back up vocals!

Frankie unplugs the Guitar, puts it on the Stand then looks at Lauren staring back at him through the Soundproof Window smiling at each other as he enters the Mixing Room with his eyes briefly on his phone.

FRANKIE

Hey, I got to go. Something came up.

LAUREN

Oh. No worries! Let me walk you out!

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-DAY

Lauren opens the Front Door for Frankie to exit.

LAUREN

So, um. I wanted to ask you a question.

FRANKIE

Yeah?

LAUREN

Well, since you're not in a Band right now, my Guitarist just had a baby and had to quit so I need a new one. Both in the Studio and on Tour. I was wondering if you want to take his job.

FRANKIE

Oh.

Frankie suddenly gets petrified.

LAUREN

I understand it's a lot to think about so I don't expect an answer right now. But I like you... And I would love for you to be my Guitarist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE

Thank you. I like you too.

A brief silence as Lauren blushes.

LAUREN

Well, I'll see you later then.

FRANKIE

Yeah. Definitely!

Lauren blushes even more.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Are you kidding? In an event like this, I would say yes in a heartbeat. But what looked like a moment of hesitation was actually a realization that I had just been given the very thing I had wished for my whole life.

Frankie heads out but then briefly turns around.

FRANKIE

Yes.

Lauren looking slightly surprised.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's been a lifelong dream to be a rock star, going on tour, and making albums. Yes, I'll be your Guitarist!

LAUREN

Yes! Holy shit! Thank you! You have no idea how grateful I am! I'll let the label know and they'll work out the details. Probably get you to sign a thing or two, maybe. I guess that's how it works if I remember correctly.

FRANKIE

Great! Oh my God! Yes!

LAUREN

Woo! Ha ha!

Frankie exits and gets in his car and slowly backs up into the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE

Yeah!

Lauren waves at Frankie as he rolls down his window to do the same.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Frankie Strings, Lead Guitarist for
Lauren Haze! A Rockstar! Woooooo!

Frankie pedals to the metal taking his rush of adrenaline out on the road.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE-DAY

Frankie is at the back of the Auditorium staring into the empty Stage. Uncle Drew finds him as he walks by conducting his own business.

UNCLE DREW

Oh, hey Frankie! Surprised to see you here!

FRANKIE

I know. I thought I'd come here for a bit and reminisce, you know?

Uncle Drew walks over to Frankie.

UNCLE DREW

Yeah, I know. It's your day off though, Kiddo. You normally would be miles away from here with or without a guitar on your days off.

FRANKIE

Yeah, well. Jimmy texted about his VIP Badge he'd accidentally dropped on my passenger seat while parking my car he last week. So I had to come over and hand it to him.

Frankie takes a beat.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

So I, uh. Have news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UNCLE DREW
I'm listening.

FRANKIE
So, I was at Lauren Haze's Studio
today. She invited me.

UNCLE DREW
The Pop Singer that was here that
night you played? You, uh. Are you two
dating?

FRANKIE
Ha. I. Had an audition to be a
Guitarist in her band.

Uncle Drew looks at him with a straight face.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
She asked if I could be in her band
after I played since she needed a
Session and Touring Guitarist.

Uncle Drew keeps the same emotion.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I didn't hesitate. I said-

Uncle Drew slaps him in the face then grabs him by the collar
and pins him to the Bar Table.

UNCLE DREW
I can't let you do that, Kid. Remember
that you're a part of this Family.
There's no leaving the Family. If you
do, you will die! I will kill you
myself! Ya got that?

Uncle Drew tightens his grip. Breathes deep to begin
shouting.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)
Ya got that, Frankie?

Frankie already having difficulty keeping himself together
gets more upset. Uncle Drew gets increasingly infuriated and
prepares to shout even louder at Frankie's ears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Yo, Frankie! Do you hear me? Do you hear me, Frankie?

Frankie very reluctantly lets himself and his guard down. Tears start coming down when his eyes as he looks down at the floor directing his waterworks to the carpet in a pout.

FRANKIE

Yes, Uncle Drew. I understand.

UNCLE DREW

Good.

Uncle Drew puts him down and walks away hiding his face from Frankie as he walks away from each other in grave devastation. Uncle Drew begins let out tears of his own as soon as he makes it into his Office.

Frankie silently struggles to wrap around his head on what just happened the horror makes his way out of the Auditorium quietly. Uncle Drew, on the other hand, continues to cry boisterously seated at his desk chair.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I knew he wouldn't take it very well. There really is no such thing as leaving this life. My heart was broken. If he had loved me, he would've given his life to have me pursue my dream. Even he knows that I should be a rockstar and not a cold-blooded murderer. I couldn't help but feel that I have been used by him my entire life. That I am but a Foot Soldier to him.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH-NIGHT

A Catholic Cathedral with Long Pews in a row on the sides with a walkway in the Center, Religious Stained Artwork on the Glass Windows, and a Massive Crucifix at the Tabernacle where Tony dips Frankie's Forehead on a Bowl of Holy Water. Uncle Drew, SILVIO SALVATORE, ANTHONY TOSCANO, ANTHONY TAGLIA III, LOUIS MANGIONE, PAUL SEVERINO, and other Esteemed Family Members are gathered around as well in this Private Ceremony.

TONY

I now baptize our Brother, Franklin
and officially welcome him to our
Family. Heavenly Father-

Frankie is on his knees kneeling on the steps of the Stage.

TONY (CONT'D)

We are thankful to you for bringing
Brother Franklin into our lives. He
has been a Humble Servant to our
Family. His exceptional work and
sacrifices have shown that he is more
than trustworthy.

Uncle Drew looks at Frankie with dread.

TONY (CONT'D)

And more so, he is welcome to the
House of God when the time comes and,
most of all, we welcome him to The
Taglia Family. In Jesus's Name. Amen.
[In Italian:] In the name of the
Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

Everyone repeats the last word of every Prayer then all make
the Sign of the Cross.

A Soulless Frankie stands up as Tony hugs and kisses him on
both cheeks.

TONY (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Family, Brother
Frankie. You're officially Capo.

Everyone applauds and shakes hands with Frankie one by one.

FRANKIE (V.O)

One of the most dreadful days of my
life. I never liked this job and now I
get a promotion? What the fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH VEIL-NIGHT

Frankie, Tony Silvio, and Paul are sitting in front of the
Stage inside the Famous Club where the Dancers performing on

the poles stripping their clothing one by one until they're wearing nothing but their heels. Everyone else is having a good time but Frankie is spaced out flushed into his depression which he is doing his best to hide it.

A Stripper comes to sit right next to Frankie but his attention is still out there. Tony snaps his fingers in front of his face getting Frankie out of his miserable trance. He looks at Tony and smiles.

TONY

Hey, Frankie. Cherry here is asking for a dance. Come on, you can have as many as you want!

Frankie nods at Tony and CHERRY escorts him to a Private VIP Room.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP BOOTH IN THE SEVENTH VEIL

Frankie sits and lays back in a Confessional Looking Boxed Room with Cherry on top dancing away on his lap. Cherry suddenly rubs her body on Frankie's crotch.

CHERRY

You seem far away, baby.

FRANKIE

There's a lot in my mind.

CHERRY

I can get you off your head if you'd like.

Cherry puts her face between Frankie's legs.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Do you want me to suck your cock?

Frankie looks at Cherry and nods his head in approval. Frankie takes his pants off. Cherry puts a condom on him and begins giving him a blowjob. He continues to stare away in front of him while Cherry is between his legs below.

A Vision with corpses on the floor flashes before him. As the oral intercourse intensifies, the daydream becomes more vivid and with more feeling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE (V.O)

I should be very turned off at this moment. But a vision that I had in my mind turned me on.

Frankie still looking to the distance goes further into his hallucination.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

As Cherry was blowing me, this vision spawned in my mind out from pure hatred. The fact that my family not being a family came to mind.

He sees a trail of blood from the bodies trickling onward where the streaks flow onto a pair of suede shoes.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

My hatred for The Taglia Family had grown. The love I had especially for Uncle Drew grew twisted as my soul as it turned black. I began to harness pure evil and I had never felt so powerful in my entire life. It quite felt good.

The blurry sight of the dead bodies becomes more clear and it's Tony, Uncle Drew, and the rest of his Family lifeless and on the ground. Frankie's heart rate goes up and gets closer to the edge of an orgasm. Frankie then slowly looks upward in the dream and sees himself sitting on a throne, gun in hand, guitar in shoulder, blood dripping from his hands and onto his black suede shoes.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

Then suddenly the vision became clear to me, there was only one way to get out of this life of crime. And that is to have The Taglia Family killed. Every. Single. One of them! Kill them all!

Then he snaps out of his trance as soon as he comes onto the condom. Cherry overwhelmed by the load produced by Frankie, takes her mouth out of his cock.

CHERRY

Wow. Uh. I guess we're done here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE

I forgot to warn you. I'm sorry.

CHERRY

That's okay. Uh. Huh. Well, at least you enjoyed yourself!

Frankie and Cherry walk out of the VIP Room and back to the lounge. He looks around to find the Family who aren't present. The BOUNCER on the podium table next to the VIP Entrance leans near his ear.

BOUNCER

Your pals went home. They told me you could still stick around if you want and paid for more dances for you.

Frankie exits.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT-DAY

Frankie opens up his closet and pushes his hanged clothes to the right side, puts a nail on the wall, and hammers it halfway in.

FRANKIE (V.O)

My mind started racing away at this plan I had in mind.

He attaches a White Board on the closet wall then grabs a Green Marker and writes 'Taglia Family' on the center top.

Frankie takes a moment, nods of disapproval and erases it. He takes another second to think about what to write.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

Taking on the whole family myself is simply impossible. They'd know all my moves. So I had to think even harder and further outside the box. Suddenly I remembered that I had just hit that Russian Mob joint.

Then he goes back to the Drawing Board and scribbles, 'Russian Mob' in all capital letters with a Red Marker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

That was supposed to be a one-time deal and something that the Russian mob wouldn't go to war over. Them going to war is exactly what I want! It's perfect!

Draws three different lines and a circle that all categories are connected to then steps back look at it for a good 10 seconds.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

What if I attack more Russian Mob operations and set a story of The Family hitting heavily on the Russian Mob on purpose to wage a war? Then I laid out all the biggest schemes they have in this town.

Frankie writes, 'SEX' on the left circle, 'DRUGS' in the middle, then stops himself as he is about to finish writing, 'ROCK N' ROLL' on the right, erases it, suddenly remembers something the singer said from that band he filled in for at Drew's Nightclub.

A lightbulb seems to have gone off on his head when he immediately etches the words 'HEAVY METAL' and draws a gun with a bullet shooting out of it. Frankie then starts a section on the left side and writes, 'Brothels' hence branching out a subcategory.

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

The plans have been set. Let's Rock N' Roll! 1, 2, 3, 4!

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHEL-NIGHT

Frankie wearing a royal navy blue suit and his black face mask busts through the front entrance by tackling down the Bodyguard guarding the door sending him right on in the Strip Club-esque Area guns blazing and shooting at the Army of Mobsters inside. The Bouncer already has a bullet in his head so he's not getting up.

Sex Workers all rush out the exits in a panic while Frankie shoots his way onward and picks off every single gangster

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

firing back. He checks if the coast is clear but then leaps over the bar getting into cover as more Russian Tracksuit Goons show up trying to gun him down.

As the bottles of alcoholic beverages get shot to pieces, Frankie crouches down to hide when he finds a SPAS-12 Shotgun next to him hooked under the table then waits for the Mob to stop shooting and close in on him. He cocks his newly acquired weapon to shoot them all down in groups of 2 or 3 letting the buck shots spread onto Frankie's victims.

Some Mobsters run away from him as he walks through the different lounge settings leaving the spacious area filled with corpses on the ground.

One from the pack, who's hiding in a corner, ambushes him with a knife as soon as Frankie gets in striking distance but he intercepts the blade and dodges while shooting the dude in his stomach having the shotgun shell burst on through to bust open his solar plexus causing his intestines to gush out.

Frankie gets a match and throws it at the bar to have the spilled alcohol set ablaze as more Mobsters show up and Frankie immediately runs to take cover behind the nearest wall making haste to avoid the crossfire barrage.

Frankie checks the shotgun's loading chamber. Out of ammo.

FRANKIE

(Whispers)

Shit!

He throws out the Shotgun to the center of the room as a distraction for the Russians to open fire in the wrong direction while he grabs his 1911 from his holster to gun more men down. DIMITRI, one of the remaining Mobsters quietly tells two of his men to go around the bar.

DIMITRI

It's over, pal! We got you surrounded!

Frankie looks at the burning mirror on the bar to see how many people remain. The two Henchmen close in on Frankie.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

The place is burning down. You're about to go down with it!

FRANKIE

Man! Kiss my ass!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Frankie catches the goon sneaking up on the left and shoots him without hesitation. He flips to the other side of the bar shooting the guy on the right side to successfully evade the ambush. The remaining company of 5 has reduced to 3 then 2 more get gunned down as they come rushing in.

Dimitri being the last one standing, retreats and makes a run for the exit when Frankie puts a bullet in his leg.

DIMITRI

Ahhh!

He attempts drag his leg toward the exit. Frankie easily catches up and stomps on his bullet wound.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh! Fuck you!

Frankie pulls the trigger to put a bullet between Dimitri's eyes. Dead.

With the place so far ablaze and already coming down, Frankie makes a run for it and escapes out the back.

CUT TO:

FRANKIE'S APARTMENT-DAY

Frankie in his closet continues to draw away on his White Board and moves on to the 'DRUGS' section. He starts another subcategory and labels another place Russian Mob-owned Florist Shop in town.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIST SHOP, SOMEWHERE IN WEST HOLLYWOOD-NIGHT

A Flower Store with bouquets with various arrays of plants for sale fill the store along with the Cashier Counter which has different sheets of paper next to a cutter mat table ready to make wraps. Two Russian Gangsters in Dark Red Suits put together a Bouquet and put a 'Get Well Soon' Card to hide a bag full of heroin inside. It gets hands it to another HENCHMAN wearing a Tracksuit and heads out the door.

He comes back in as soon as he walks out and with a Molotov Cocktail that Frankie, just outside, gives him with the towel on the top of the bottle already on fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENCHMAN.

Uh. Uh. Ahhh! Nyet!

He instantly drops it onto the floor and the place quickly catches on fire. Everyone panics as they see Frankie wearing a face mask out front and puts a crowbar to seal the front door to trap them. By the time they try to break the display window, everyone inside had already been burnt alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORIST SHOP, SOMEWHERE IN WEST HOLLYWOOD-NIGHT

Frankie walks further onto the merely empty street not looking back at the storefront's massive explosion. He makes a run to his vehicle parked on the nearest block on the right side of the street and drives away as Fire Trucks rush into the scene.

CUT TO:

FRANKIE'S APARTMENT-DAY

Next up, is the 'HEAVY METAL' section.

Off the top of his head, he picks a Russian Mob Owned Firearms Store in Reseda to hit next. He takes a moment to think about the decision then writes, 'Storefront too small for Supplier'.

Suddenly, he writes, 'Van Nuys' and takes a moment to think then writes, "Yeah. That's the one."

CUT TO:

INT. FIREARMS STORE DOWNTOWN-DAY

A Supermarket Setting but with aisles stacked with Guns, Ammunition, and accessories similar to that Gun Shop in, 'The Terminator' but the Guns are behind Protective Glass Cases. Frankie walks inside with a Sharkskin Gray 3-Piece Suit and wearing a Black Face Mask. The SHOP OWNER at the Counter turns to looks at Frankie who's the only customer.

SHOP OWNER

Hello. Welcome!

Frankie proceeds to act like he's browsing around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

Let me know if you have any questions.

Frankie looks around and goes to the Sub Machine Gun Section and glimpses at an Uzi.

FRANKIE

Excuse me.

The Owner walks over to where he is.

SHOP OWNER

How may I help you?

FRANKIE

I'd like to buy the 9mm Uzi.

SHOP OWNER

Ah. Chops anyone down while surgically putting 50 bullets in them in one go. Or can kill 5 or 6 of the motherfuckers in the same room. I like your style!

FRANKIE

Yes, it's a gun I wanted I always had wanted.

SHOP OWNER

You know, we can modify these suckers and re-chamber the gun with a .45 Barrel. More power in a Small Machine Gun than you'd think. Like God holding his dick! Haha!

Frankie awkwardly smirks behind his mask.

FRANKIE

I think I'll take you up on that offer.

SHOP OWNER

Great! I'll go get that started for you. My tools are at the Counter.

Frankie follows the Owner to the front.

FRANKIE

I'm going to need some ammunition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHOP OWNER

Got it! It's on the Counter. I'll fetch those for you. I take it, you'll need extra ammo clips as well?

FRANKIE

Sounds good.

Frankie stops and leans on the countertop as The Shop Owner goes through and puts the Uzi on the workbench.

SHOP OWNER

You know, you came to the right place to buy Firearms.

FRANKIE

Oh, I know. It's great to find someone who's sick of California's Gun Control.

SHOP OWNER

Haha hell yeah! You read my mind pal!

The Shop Owner disassembles the SMG, reaches for the .45 Long Barrel, and takes it out of the box while keeping an eye out at the Computer Screen with CCTV Footage monitoring the store and on Frankie.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

So, where are you from?

FRANKIE

(Distant Voice)
Long Beach.

SHOP OWNER

Ah! Long drive!

FRANKIE

Sure was.

SHOP OWNER

Well, I'm sure that'll be well worth your time.

He continues to keep an eye on Surveillance while simultaneously reworking the Uzi wiping one piece at a time as he goes along.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

So. Uh. You work for Ms. Ivanova,
right? Ha. I tell ya she's the best
customer I've ever had.

Finishes tinkering with the Uzi and finalizes its assembly.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

You know, if I do recall this week's
shipment order doesn't get picked up
until the end of the week, right?
Right?

No response.

The Owner looks up at the CCTV Monitor. Frankie is gone.

In a jumpsacre, he reaches for the concealed carry as he
turns to Frankie who's behind him.

FRANKIE

Wrong.

Frankie shoots The Owner in the head with his 1911 Pistol. He
rushes to find where the CCTV monitor is connected to when he
discovers the Desktop on the ground beneath the Workbench and
stomps on it repeatedly.

He grabs the stack of Frag Grenades on the Shelf with the
Ammunition by the Counter and grabs the stack and carefully
places the explosives by the Clothing Apparel towards the
exit. He gets 2 for himself before releasing the pin on one
of them to throw on the others as he runs out the door.

Frankie continues to sprint across the empty Parking Lot as
the Firearms Store explodes as The whole Industrial block of
Industrial Buildings goes up in flames one by one,

As the explosion nearly concludes, he reaches his Corvette
parked on the lot across the street and drives away into the
LA Sunset.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES-DAY

A Spacious Throwback Space with the Glass Brick Walls,
Turquoise Carpets with the Window Doors, and on the Wooden

Desk sits PAULA IVANOVA wearing Red Office Attire. A Male Secretary enters to whisper in her ear and she slams her hand on the desk.

PAULA
(In Russian)
Nooo!

She picks up the phone next to her and makes a call.

PAULA (CONT'D)
How in the fuck did our biggest Suppliers get hit? I thought you had tight Security on our Operations!

Takes a moment to listen to the other line.

PAULA (CONT'D)
The fuck do you mean, we're too underfunded? You let all our Main Business Ventures get blown all to Hell!

Hears them out.

PAULA (CONT'D)
I don't give a flying fuck about discussing shop on the phone! We're Fucking Russian! Those who eavesdrop on us get in trouble! Not the other way around!

Pauses.

PAULA (CONT'D)
We have competition trying to take over. Wait. Are you sure it's them?

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD OFFICE-DAY

White Plastered Walls with Detective Niven's Framed Picture with an American Flag behind him hangs next the his desk. Niven leaning on his desk with Ivanova on his Landline Speaker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE NIVEN

I mean, Tony Taglia has been your main competitor for years. Sure, you have others but based on how your Businesses got pinched screams Classic Tony Taglia.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES-DAY

DETECTIVE NIVEN (V.O)

So, how are you going to go about it?

Paula sits still. Not one peep.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Look, I hope you don't start a War.

Niven's sigh echoes through her line.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Alright, I'll talk to Tony. Smooth things out. At least, he'll listen to me. Alright?

Ivanova maintains silence.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

Paula? Are you listening? I'll talk to him.

Paul gets the Vodka from her desk drawer as well as the glass cup and pours herself a drink then puts the phone back on her ear.

PAULA

You better warn him. And you'd better tell him what's going to happen if he attacks us again!

DETECTIVE NIVEN (V.O)

We don't know that yet. Just don't start any further bloodshed other than what you're doing now.

PAULA

Yeah, fuck you, Jerry!

Hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAULA (CONT'D)
[Murmuring to herself in Russian:] Son
of a Bitch.

Takes a swig of her Vodka.

FRANKIE (V.O)
Plans are working so far. No doubt
about that. Not long after, I blew up
Mother Russia's Weapons Cache I had
band rehearsals.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION RECORDING STUDIO-DAY

Lauren, Frankie, and the rest of the band consisting of a
Bassist and a Drummer played the last note to wrap up
rehearsal.

FRANKIE (V.O)
I personally think when a woman is
really into you, she'd ask you out
first.

LAUREN
Thanks, you guys! Sounds good! Hey,
Frankie! Got a minute?

FRANKIE
Yeah! What's up?

LAUREN
Ah, nothing much. I was wondering if
you're free tomorrow.

FRANKIE
Yeah, I am actually.

LAUREN
Great! I wanted to ask if you would
like to go have dinner with me just
you and I. As in a date.

FRANKIE (V.O)
And that's exactly what happened with
Lauren and I.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE

Sure! I'd love to!

LAUREN

Sweet! Roscoe's in Long Beach tomorrow
at 1 o'clock? Ish?

FRANKIE

I'm free then! Let me double check.

Frankie briefly looks at his phone to check the picture of his whiteboard.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Oh, perfect! It's a date!

LAUREN

Awesome! I'll see you then!

FRANKIE

Sounds good. Later!

Frankie looks at his phone on the way out.

FRANKIE (V.O)

And you know something? I was
beginning to like her too.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT-DAY

He pulls up the White Board picture and zooms in on the 'DRUGS' Section. A subcategory labeled, 'Red Room Nightclub at 8 pm tonight' comes to focus.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Anyway, back to the salt mines.

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROOM NIGHT CLUB-NIGHT

A Dark Neon Red-lit Crowded Ballroom with House Music being played loud throughout the place. Frankie wearing another royal navy blue 2-piece suit with a matching Tie enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He slowly walks through the dance floor sliding passed each person one by one as they continue to dance. He gets a glimpse of people in Business Suits talking to a group wearing Red Tracksuits at the lounge on the other side of the room.

As Frankie heads over there, CLUB GIRL #1 stops Frankie on the way to the lounge.

CLUB GIRL #1
I love what you're wearing!

FRANKIE
Thanks. I appreciate it.

CLUB GIRL #1
Ooh! You're British! I was going to say you look just like James Bond!

FRANKIE
I might just be him. Excuse me.

Frankie moves passed the girl, masks up and heads on to the Lounge. A BOUNCER stops Frankie from getting passed the hallway where the Business and Tracksuit guys had vanished.

BOUNCER
Sorry, pal. You can't go in there.

Frankie stomps the Bouncer's leg to break it, then takes his 1911 Handgun and shoots the dude in the head to get through the hallway. The music had suppressed the gun shot as people kept on dancing. The Russians through the hallway, however, heard the gunshot hence startling them.

Frankie throws a Frag Grenade at the crew of mobsters and almost all in the room die in the explosion when Frankie shoots down the rest that are standing as he walks in the room. Now that explosion was echoed through the dance floor but all keep dancing anyway.

He then finds BUSINESS SUIT RUSSIAN #1 alive on the ground mostly burnt from the explosion and points his 1911 at him.

FRANKIE
Where do you stash the drugs?

Frankie waits a moment for a response but doesn't get it. He steps on his chest full of shrapnel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Where!

The guy points at a room in the hallway to the left.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

And the CCTV?

BUSINESS SUIT RUSSIAN #1

Same. Room.

Frankie pulls the trigger to end his suffering and heads to the room pointing to the left. He kicks down the door and finds a Massive Bag of Heroin exposed from the Open Crates with Russian writing.

He makes sure the room is empty then heads to the Surveillance Monitors also in the room. He notices reinforcements on the screen making their way through the dance floor and hastily shoots down the Desktop and modems.

Then he takes the pin off another grenade and throws it at the drugs as he rushes out the door.

A massive explosion erupts as the cargo gives it a much bigger effect.

Frankie takes off his mask and heads to the Men's Bathroom across the hall as all The Bodyguards roll in and witness the heroin blaze stinking up and burning the whole place.

After that, he sneaks out back to the dance floor unnoticed by following the crowd as everyone runs out the door to evacuate the Club.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED ROOM NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

The Streets grow crowded as everyone escapes the blaze from the Club.

Frankie walks passed the Club Girl he talked to inside as she wears a coat from the guy who offered to keep her warm.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSCOE'S CHICKEN AND WAFFLES-DAY

A Mom and Pop Restaurant Setting with Poster Ads of Upcoming Shows from Local Musicians. Lauren and Frankie sitting across from each other at a table with multiple plates of food.

LAUREN

Gosh, I hope we can eat all this!

FRANKIE

Oh, we will! I'm starved and Fried Chicken is my all-time Favorite Comfort Food!

LAUREN

No way! Me too!

FRANKIE

No way!

LAUREN

My Mom was Creole French and her Fried Chicken was a thing to look forward to as a kid every time she cooked it.

FRANKIE

Well, my Uncle Drew had this Chef who mastered The Art of Frying Chicken.

Lauren laughs.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

This was when I was 7 and he'd always up his game with his cooking overall and especially frying chicken!

LAUREN

Awesome! Well, where is he now?

FRANKIE

In Prison.

Lauren was slightly shocked.

LAUREN

Oh.

Frankie waits for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE

Nah, I'm just kidding. He retired!
Moved back to the South of France
where he grew up.

LAUREN

Oh! Haha, you got me there!

FRANKIE

Yeah, normally that joke doesn't fly
but that Chef was quite the Jailbird!

LAUREN

Haha, stop it!

FRANKIE

Haha yeah, let's eat!

The two dig in.

A Couple at the table on the other side randomly takes a
picture of Lauren with their phone.

Lauren takes a big bite of a Chicken thigh.

LAUREN

Mmm!

FRANKIE

Hope you don't mind the paparazzi.

Frankie points them out.

LAUREN

(Mouth Full)

Don't mind them. I'm used to it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Detective Niven arrives at Tony's Backyard which looks
similar to the Hearst Castle Lawn with a Swimming Pool that
engulfs the whole space.

Tony sits on the Patio near the pool having a glass of
Lemonade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY

Detective Niven! What a surprise!

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Hey, ya, Tony!

TONY

Take a seat, pal! Lemonade?

Niven sits on the chair next to Tony.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

No thanks. I won't be here long.

TONY

Well, alright then. How can I help you?

DETECTIVE NIVEN

So I'm sure you've heard about Paula's Operations being hit?

TONY

You mean, the Rub n' Tug that was on our turf? Look, Paula even knows she was out of line and took the loss to pay her consequence. Water under the bridge.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Yeah, but you also had hit all of her Main Ops.

TONY

Wait. What are you talking about?

Tony puts his glass down on the table.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Cut the crap, Tony. You sabotaged her primary places of Business! The Strip Club, The Flower Shop, that Firearms Store that set the whole block on fire and now the Nightclub you just had burnt down!

TONY

Jerry, I don't know what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DETECTIVE NIVEN

I know you resort to gunning down places followed by arson when you and blowing up those places screams Classic Tony Taglia! You're clearly starting provoking Mother Russia into a Gang War!

TONY

How dare you come to my house and lay these accusations on me! I don't understand where this is coming from or who is pointing the finger at me for Mother Russia's fuck ups but I don't have anything to do with her other than being one Professional Mob Boss to another!

Tony stands up.

TONY (CONT'D)

You and I both know the last conversation I had with her was a few years ago when she needed a favor from me and swore to leave us be.

Tony picks up his Lemonade Glass.

TONY (CONT'D)

You and I know that she is respectful enough to even know that if she made the mistake such as doing business on our turf she'd pay for it by having her goons burn for her wrongdoing. That was all we did to her and we all know it's only just business as fucking usual.

Tony gets a cigar and immediately lights it up.

Niven gets off his seat.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Well, whatever it is, you better leave her and her business alone. You hear me?

TONY

Go fuck yourself, Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Tony takes a few long drags of his cigar and resumes relaxing as Detective Niven leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Detective Niven stands next to a Gun Shop Owner lying on a Hospital Bed with Life Support and IVs attached and his skin burnt out. A Metal Plate with a bullet dent on the Owner's head exposed.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Tony Taglia isn't letting up with the truth. But I do believe he is the one behind this and it's a good thing you survived.

The Shop Owner stares at him. His mouth is cast shut so he cannot talk.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

Look, I haven't had any luck finding evidence since Taglia's Thugs are trained to wipe out any surveillance of their raids. This may be a long shot, but is there any chance at all that you have proof that was salvaged?

The Shop Owner with all his might lifts his arm to point at the duffle bag on the table at the other side of the room. His arm then drops as his body ceases to function. His heart has given out and the Monitor next to him flat lines emitting the alerting tone.

Niven looks in the direction of getting the hint, heads on over to search the bag, and finds an External Hard Drive. Nurses rush on in to tend to The Gun Shop Owner and begin to perform CPR but Niven continues staring at the Hard Drive unbothered by the loss of life.

NURSE #1 grabs the Detective's shoulder.

NURSE #1

Sir, you need to leave the room.

Niven shows himself out the door as more doctors rush in tend to the Patient. As he walks in the hallway still gawking at the drive, a smirk slowly turns into a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE NIVEN
Got you, you-

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD OFFICE-NIGHT

Niven is in his office with the drive already in his laptop reviewing the footage inside. It shows Frankie inside the store shooting him on the head plate and setting it on fire.

DETECTIVE NIVEN
-You Son of a Bitch!

Niven gets his phone out to make a phone call.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)
Paula. There's something I have to show you.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES-NIGHT

Paula and Detective Niven review the same tape at her desk.

Paula with her Vodka Glass sipping away as she deals with the stress of watching Frankie burn down her Weapons Supplier's Shop.

PAULA
(Russian:)
Son of a Bitch!

DETECTIVE NIVEN
Tony won't let up and tell the truth. That's clearly one of his men that burnt down your Weapons Cache. Believe it or not, I have met that guy before. His features are obvious even with that face mask on. I didn't think he'd be one of Tony's boys.

Niven takes a beat to wrap his head around this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)
Herald's Suicide was an Accidental
Kill. Huh, never thought that'd slip
passed me!

Niven pauses the video at the end.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)
Up to you what you want to do.

PAULA
We have no choice.

Paula picks up her landline dials and clicks a speed dial
button.

PAULA (CONT'D)
[To Detective Niven:] This means War!
[To the Person In Line in Russian:]
Comrade. We're going to hit Tony
Taglia and his Family. We're going to
war!

Paula dials more numbers but holds Niven's hand to stop him
as he leaves.

PAULA (CONT'D)
The little shit that burnt down the
Store. I want him. Bring him his head.

Let him go to sip her Vodka and tend to who she's calling.

PAULA (CONT'D)
(Russian:)
We're going to war with Tony Taglia.
Son of a Bitch wants one so we'll give
it to him!

FRANKIE (V.O)
Tension was beginning to rapidly rise
between Tony Taglia and the Russian
Mob. The plan is coming into a near
completion.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCADE-NIGHT

A Place lit up by all the Games as well as making all the
noise on top of the people inside playing.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Meanwhile, I've been spending more time going on more dates with Lauren. When I had no love at all from my family, nor for anyone, well, I was beginning to fall in love with her.

Frankie and Lauren are on both sides of a Time Crisis Arcade Machine shooting their way at the virtual bad guys popping up on the screen.

LAUREN

Oh my God! Reinforcements!

FRANKIE

We're outnumbered!

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT-NIGHT

The Place is surrounded by Russian Henchmen shooting down the place. Anthony The III and Paul Severino are holding down the fort and taking cover behind a table flipped over. They're pinned down by the gunfire chipping away at their hiding spot.

PAUL SEVERINO

We're outnumbered!

CUT TO:

INT. ARCADE-NIGHT

The Couple encounters a Boss Level with a Guy wearing Sunglasses with a Grenade Launcher.

LAUREN

Oh, no! I think we're doomed!

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT-NIGHT

A guy comes in the front door wearing a trench coat with a Grenade Launcher in his hand. He makes way for his men to evacuate. Tony Jr and Paul peek out to try and shoot back.

TONY JR

Oh, fuck.

PAUL SEVERINO

We're doomed.

The explosives launch blowing the place up as each bomb lands sending Tony Jr and Paul along with the restaurant into the blazing hellfire.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER-NIGHT

Frankie and Lauren stroll onto the Boardwalk passing the rides on the end of Route 66. Lauren with a heap of Cotton Candy on a cone in her hand lays her head on Frankie's Shoulder as they walk on through the place while holding hands.

LAUREN

You never told me about your Parents.
What were they like?

Frankie takes a deep breath and readies himself to tell the tale.

FRANKIE

I never knew my Parents.

LAUREN

Oh.

FRANKIE

Spent most of my childhood as an orphan in London. My Uncle Drew adopted me when I was 12 and brought me here. I've been stuck here since.

LAUREN

Ha!

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE-NIGHT

Uncle Drew with the Stage Manager at the Orchestra Level when Leroy rushes in with a bullet wound rupturing his stomach.

LEROY

Yo, Drew! We got company!

A Barrage of Russians march in guns blazing their bullets tearing down the the stage. Drew makes a run for it as the lights fall causing the place to burn as he sprints as fast as ha could to get to the backstage exit and busts the door open.

Leroy lays down suppressing fire at the Rival Mobsters but they still cut through despite Leroy's efforts then drops dead when enough bullets finally land on his body for the killing blow.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER-NIGHT

LAUREN

That explains the British Accent!

FRANKIE

Ah, who would've guessed!

LAUREN

Haha!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROSE NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

The Russian Mob follows him goes to the Valet booth and grabs one of the keys. He finds Jimmy dead on the floor.

UNCLE DREW

Oh, no! Jimmy!

Uncle Drew heads to the designated car. A goon shoots him in the leg.

Drew takes his beretta concealed near his back pocket and shoots that Russian dead. He hides in the back of the car hoping the key he retrieved matches.

More Rival Henchmen come out to the Valet Lot while he presses the button the key but the car he's hiding behind doesn't react.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Huh?

Takes a look at the Cobra logo on the key and then takes a look at the vehicle.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Damn. Fucking Mustang!

Takes a peek and finds the Shelby GT350 on the other side of the lot.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck!

Peeks over again seeing the number of Russians standing in the way of his designated getaway car. Uncle Drew hides again and closes his eyes and calms himself down as the bullets fly keeping him pinned.

He then holds his gun up high with his left hand and makes the sign of the cross with his right. He then gets up and starts shooting the Russians as he makes a run around the lot to the Shelby Mustang.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh!

The Russians shoot in his running direction but the bullets don't seem to hit Uncle Drew. 2 Tracksuit Goons get killed in ongoing crossfire as he makes it to the vehicle.

Drew clicks the button on the key opens the door and shoots down a couple more gang members as he heads on in.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER-NIGHT

The Couple is on the beachfront sitting on the sand.

FRANKIE

You probably know what my Uncle Drew does for a living.

CUT TO:

EXT.HOLLYWOOD ROSE-NIGHT

Drew presses the ignition button on the car.

UNCLE DREW
Highway Star, Motherfuckers!

Runs over the last shooter standing and grazes him right under the wheels.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)
Yeah! Woo hoo!

Drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER-NIGHT

LAUREN
I am aware of what your Uncle does.
But I don't judge.

Frankie becomes petrified.

FRANKIE
Well, just like him, I learned to
survive the streets. And-

Lauren suddenly senses suspicion and immediately yanks her head off Frankie's shoulder.

LAUREN
Wait. You.

Frankie breathes a heavy sigh.

FRANKIE
Yeah, I thought you wouldn't judge.

Lauren becomes increasingly scared and pulls her hand out from Frankie's arm.

LAUREN
No. Not you!

FRANKIE
Lauren, please. Let me explain!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAUREN

No need to explain. You're a criminal!
You kill people!

Frankie's tears well up.

FRANKIE

Lauren, it's not what you think!

LAUREN

Oh, bullshit! You and me. We're over!
Fucking Criminal! Fuck you!

Lauren walks away with no chance of looking back though she loudly sobs. Frankie gets on his knees as if someone physically stabbed him.

FRANKIE (V.O)

This was the night I was going to tell her that I love her. I was a fool into thinking that she would love me back. Then again, how can you love someone who's abut to have his own family killed out of hatred? It makes for bad luck, that's fosure.

As Lauren makes her way out, someone grabs her under the Pier knocking her out with a chemical laced on the napkin placed in front of her mouth. Frankie stares into the ocean feeling paralyzed when a Group of Russian mobsters accompanied by Detective Niven make their way to sneak up on him.

Niven shows up behind him first before the rest.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Thinking of drowning yourself?

Knocks Frankie unconscious just as he turns around to face him.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Niven. You motherfucker.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

All Capos at the office that were present in Frankie's

Ceremony minus Tony Jr and Paul Severino are with Tony including Uncle Drew.

ANTHONY TOSCANO

They're attacking us, Tony!

UNCLE DREW

They even hit the Club! The Russian Mob wants to take our turf!

LOUIS MANGIONE

There's no reason to have them take us all down! What did you do, Tony? What did you do to piss them off?

TONY

Alright! Alright! Shut up! I didn't do anything at all! Niven even showed up at my home complaining about this shit!

LOUIS MANGIONE

You know how Paula is!

TONY

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

Tony takes a moment to light up a cigar and have a few puffs before he takes a seat at his desk chair. Drew suddenly notices Frankie not being present in the room and feels slightly off about it but abruptly disregards the thought.

TONY (CONT'D)

You know what? If Mother Russia wants a War. We'll give it to her!

Tony stands up and slams his fist on the table.

TONY (CONT'D)

Let's show Mother Russia that those Rooskies ain't got a prayer against The Taglias!

LOUIS MANGIONE

Yeah!

ANTHONY TOSCANO

Oh no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

UNCLE DREW

You're crazy, Tony. You know we don't stand a chance against Mother Russia.

TONY

I don't care if the board here ain't unanimous. This is my decision and I say let's go to War with Mother Russia!

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER'S FREEZER-NIGHT

A Warehouse-Sized Meat Locker where Frankie slowly regains consciousness waking up to see Lauren in front of her both tied to a chair.

LAUREN

Frankie! Frankie, wake up! Frankie!
Wake up!

Detective Niven in front of him notices him becoming wide awake.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Ah, there he is! I didn't hit you too hard, did I?

FRANKIE

Fuck you!

Niven left hooks him on his face.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Watch your language, kid!

FRANKIE

Go fuck yourself!

Niven punches him again but adds a combination of right hook and left uppercut to follow the left hook he originally threw.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Prick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BORIS, A Russian Henchman wearing a Red Tracksuit enters the room with a Chainsaw.

BORIS

Hurry up and finish your conversation.
Mother wants have to him cut to pieces
already.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Paula will get her chopped Asian-Brit
in a moment. I'm sure she can wait.

BORIS

You know how impatient she is.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

She can wait!

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)

So you're dating, Lauren Haze, huh? I
thought you Mobsters were supposed to
be inconspicuous.

FRANKIE

We broke up.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Yeah no shit! She doesn't deserve to
be with a fucking low life like you!

LAUREN

Fuck you, asshole!

Niven slaps her with his backhand.

FRANKIE

Hey! It's me you want! Not her!

DETECTIVE NIVEN

I know! Look, I'll probably go down
for this anyway. Might as well
experience hurting a Celebrity while
at it.

FRANKIE

You are a one sick Motherf-

Niven punches him again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Piece of shit.

Another hit.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Fucking Scumbag.

DETECTIVE NIVEN
(Screaming at the top of his lungs)
Shut the fuck up!

Frankie feels his zip tie bonds loosening up.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)
Now, before we chop you and your Ex-Girlfriend up into fish bait, Mother Russia, no. I would like to know why your Boss, Tony Taglia wants to go to war with The Russian Mob.

Niven snaps his fingers signaling Boris to hand the Chainsaw. He waits a moment to give Frankie a chance to speak before he turns saw on.

FRANKIE
He doesn't.

Niven surprised.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
You see, Lauren gave me the opportunity of a lifetime to become a Rockstar. Being her Guitarist, touring the World and making Albums featuring my own riffs and solos.

Lauren looks at Frankie as her grin begins to grow.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I knew I couldn't leave my Family alive and I refuse to live the rest of my life as a slave murdering people for my Family's Personal Gain.

Lauren begins to cry as Niven paces around slowly but still listens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Lauren, I can never thank you enough for giving me the very thing I have always wanted my entire life.

Niven puts gas on the Chainsaw. Frankie stares away at Lauren.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You set me free. Now, I get to become like my Heroes. Eddie Van Halen, Jimi Hendrix, even Randy Fucking Rhoads.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Yeah, Randy Rhoads was the Greatest! Saw him play with Ozzy at Day on the Green. He sure was something.

Frankie begins to feel the bonds lose grip.

FRANKIE

Lauren, honey all this might be hard to believe and I won't persuade you on what you decide but whatever happens and it is whatever you're thinking, I just want to say that I love you, thank you for giving me the reason to leave the life of crime and I'm going to make Detective Nut Job go off the rails on a Fucking Crazy Train!

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Huh?

Frankie snaps off the zip tie bonds and knocks Niven out with a left haymaker. After, he grabs the Chainsaw as Boris charges in for the attack having him run into the blade, bald head first sawing him in half.

Frankie rushes to free Lauren from her bonds with the saw but is turned off.

Lauren immediately hugs Frankie then slaps him in the face.

LAUREN

I'm still mad at you. No, I'm fucking furious!

Then she kisses him on the lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LAUREN (CONT'D)
But I love you too, Frankie.

Frankie grabs Boris' Desert Eagle Handgun.

FRANKIE
Let's get the fuck out of here!

Niven wakes up and silently runs away.

LAUREN
He's getting away!

Both chase him down the corridor where more Russians await in the Cargo Area where the hall leads.

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING DOCK-DAY

Niven makes it to the dock where a dozen Russian Mobsters are shifting boxes and crates in the work massive Working Hard Hat Area.

DETECTIVE NIVEN
Motherfuckers broke free! Shoot em!
Shoot em!

The Mob gets their guns out as Niven runs away.

Frankie already guns down 4 of them. Niven continues to make a run for it.

Lauren and Frankie take cover behind a crate as the Mob fires back.

Frankie peeks out and fires another around that opens up a guy's head as the bullet seeps through like a knife on warm butter.

Frankie looks at the Gun in amazement.

FRANKIE
Woah!

LAUREN
Frankie! Watch out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lauren stays in cover while Frankie leaps behind the forklift across from where Lauren is. Frankie, with a vile smirk, hops in and turns it on.

Frankie shoots more goons to cover Lauren as she gets into the vehicle.

He eliminates another baddie with a bullet as he charges at top speed at the two remaining henchmen. One gets beheaded at the fork while the other gets mauled under the wheels.

Frankie hops out of the lift and helps Lauren get down and looks at the beheaded corpse.

FRANKIE

Fork on the road. Still couldn't
decide where to go.

Lauren gets angry and punches his shoulder.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Darling.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTCHER'S FREEZER-DAY

An Empty Industrial Parking Lot. Niven makes a run to his Ford Crown Victoria parked next to a Cargo Van as soon as Lauren and Frankie finally make it to the outside. The Bullet from Frankie's Desert Eagle shoots off both back passenger windows of Niven's Vehicle with the pull of a trigger.

Niven in a panic, turns around.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Ah!

Niven trembles and struggles to find the right key to get in his car. Frankie walks up to him and smacks him with a left hook to his face.

Then he lays another punch.

FRANKIE

You Motherfucking-

Another hit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Piece of shit, dirty-

Smacks him again.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
-Fucking Cop, scumbag, fucking shit
eating-

Then another fist follows up and slams Niven's face.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Human Government Fucking Centipede!

Points his gun at Niven.

DETECTIVE NIVEN
You wouldn't shoot a cop, would you?

Lauren holds Frankie's shoulder.

LAUREN
Frankie, don't!

Frankie turns to Lauren.

FRANKIE
I can't anyway.

Frankie pulls the trigger.

DETECTIVE NIVEN
Ah!

The gun is empty.

FRANKIE
Out of bullets.

Niven tries to enter his vehicle but Frankie stomps him with his foot to hold him still.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Listen, Detective. I don't care who
you tell, both gangs will go to War
anyway and the Taglias won't stand a
chance. Every single one of them will
die. So you'll just let it happen. Do
you understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Yes, sir. I will!

Frankie lets him go and Niven gets in his car to drive off.

LAUREN

So that's it? You're going to your let
Family die?

Frankie breathes a heavy sigh.

FRANKIE

I don't have a choice.

Frankie puts his hand on Lauren's shoulder.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's a price I have to pay for my
freedom. I'll at least say goodbye to
Uncle Drew.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I still had no idea how I was going to
break the news to Uncle Drew. Hell, I
was already prepared for the worst-
case scenario and I have to kill him.
By that time, there was no turning
back. It's whether I stay a slave in
this life of crime or become a
rockstar. And you bet your ass I
choose to become a rockstar!

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

A Dark setting with Warehouse Lights shining on the Army of
Russian Mobsters with Paula standing on top of a bunch of
crates front and center.

PAULA

Comrades! It has come to our attention
that that Italian Scumbag, Tony Taglia
wants to wage war!

The Soldiers quietly listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAULA (CONT'D)

Destroying our turf and having the audacity to try and undermine us? Well, he's got another thing coming!

Everyone cheers her on.

PAULA (CONT'D)

He killed some of our comrades showed them no remorse and gave no mercy.

The crowd mourns in silence.

PAULA (CONT'D)

What we had built for ourselves with our blood, sweat, and tears, and uniting together as one to have a better means of living. Well, we won't have anybody tarnish what we have earned!

The Russians cheer on.

PAULA (CONT'D)

We'll show those rats what we are made of! Death to the Taglia Family!

Raucous applause is followed by vodka bottles being distributed for all to consume when Paula gets raises her glass to complete the toast.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

An Entrance Facade with a Roman Empire-esque Esque Fountain by the massive staircase where Tony's Foot Soldiers board up the front door fortifying the place while keeping a look out on the windows. All personnel arm themselves to the teeth taking out Sub Machine Guns from the Weapons stash in the basement and get to cover behind every corner of the place.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Crew in the front yard putting C4 Mines in the Front Yard

while the main gate closes down. Everyone present in the yard finds their designated spots to hide from gunfire and out of sight. The Gardener lastly arms the detonator for the claymores planted on the grass.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Tony is on top and center of the double-sided staircase holding an Uzi nestled in his right arm.

TONY

Arm the door with some charges. We don't anybody coming in without getting blown to bits.

His soldiers get C4 Bombs to glue onto the front door.

TONY (CONT'D)

Cut some holes in the ground and put some mines in there too. We need to set as many traps as we can!

Uncle Drew standing next to Tony checks his phone to check his text messages.

UNCLE DREW

(Text)

Yo, Frankie! Where are you?

He scrolls down.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

(Text)

Shit has gone to hell at The Boss' House. We need you now, kiddo! [To Tony:] Be right back. Got to take a leak.

Uncle Drew rushes into the restroom nearby. He gets his phone to call Frankie as his foot taps impatiently as he waits for him to pick up.

FRANKIE

(Automated Message)

Yo. Leave a message after the beep. Beep!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UNCLE DREW
Hey, kid! Been trying to reach you!
It's an emergency please pick up the
damn phone!

Uncle Drew hangs up and tries calling again. The phone rang
but then went to voicemail.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)
Damn it, Frankie!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-DAY

Frankie and Lauren pull up on the driveway in a Ford Crown
Victoria.

FRANKIE
Here we are. Your place.

LAUREN
I hope you know what you're doing.

FRANKIE
Don't worry. I won't be involved much.
I just want to see everyone go down.

Lauren takes a breath and hugs Frankie tight.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I hope you understand why I had to do
this. I'm done killing people. This is
the only way I can stop. This is the
only way I can set myself free and
finally live the life I want to live.

LAUREN
I understand.

Lauren kisses Frankie, then opens the car door to exit the
vehicle.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Frankie?

FRANKIE
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAUREN

We have Rehearsals next week. Come back alive.

FRANKIE

Yes, sir.

Lauren smiles and closes the car door while Frankie pulls out of the driveway and heads out the road.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

The Russians pack up their cars with their Armed personnel. A few load crates with Stinger Missile Launchers onto their vehicles as they head out in Assembly Line order. A Troupe of Garbage Trucks head out with the Armada as well. Finally, Paula gets in her limousine and is the last car to head out.

CUT TO:

INT. LAPD OFFICE-DAY

Detective Niven rushes in butting into every person on his way through the cubicle maze. CHIEF ROBINSON in her desk in her own space behind windows distracted by the commotion Niven is causing hence her looking over OFFICER TAYLOR's shoulder.

OFFICER TAYLOR

I deserve a raise, Chief. As written in my report, I didn't give away these tickets because I was looking for an excuse to get promoted or seek higher pay.

Niven who tackled a Mailroom Delivery Clerk still runs toward the Chief's direction having her still not paying attention to the person in front of her.

OFFICER TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Chief? Chief are you listening to me?

Niven finally barges in panting heavily.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Get the fuck out, Taylor!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Officer Taylor puts on his Uniform Hat and leaves.

CHIEF ROBINSON
What's the meaning of this?

DETECTIVE NIVEN
Chief! The Russian Mob is going to war
with the Taglia Family.

CHIEF ROBINSON
Yeah? They hate each other. Not much
of an update on the case, is it?

DETECTIVE NIVEN
Look, there's going to be a massive
shootout! Paula's Men are on their way
to gun down Tony Taglia and his family
and there's going to be bloodshed.

Chief Robinson stares at him suspiciously and in silence.

DETECTIVE NIVEN (CONT'D)
Goddamnit! We got to stop them!
Dispatch everyone we've got! Now!

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie finally arrives. Parks a block away from the House Gate. He goes around the block opposite side from the boarded Front Yard and goes in a Secret Tunnel Entrance to the Mansion across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie goes through the Butler Locker Room and changes into a Black Suit with a Black Tie. After that, he heads upstairs to meet up with Tony, Uncle Drew, and the rest of who is left in the Family in the Kitchen where the Tunnel leads.

TONY
Hey, Frankie! Grateful for you to join
us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE
Hey, Tony. Fellas.

Waves at the rest of him while Uncle Drew hugs Frankie.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Hey, Uncle Drew.

UNCLE DREW
Hey ya, Kiddo.

TONY
Fellas. Let's gather around. Say a
prayer. Dear God in Heaven-

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD-DAY

Mother Russia and her Army of Black SUVs drive on in like a
Presidential Parade.

TONY (V.O)
We gather here today to make a stand
against the Forces of Evil that plan
to take our land that is not
rightfully theirs.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Uncle Drew, in guilt, looks at Frankie who has his eyes
closed in prayer.

TONY
We ask you to be on our side and to
give us your unwavering strength to
drive these Communists straight down
to Hell! In Jesus' Name!

The Congregation all together ends the prayer in unison.

TONY (CONT'D)
(With everyone)
Amen!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

The Horde of Communists arrive blasting the National Anthem of the Soviet Union on loudspeakers. Paula sticks out from the Sun Roof with a sticker on her shoulder.

PAULA

Fuck you, Tony Taglia!

Fires a Missile onto the front door. The Front Entrance interior explodes. The Boss and Capos in the Kitchen disperse.

TONY

Shit, they're here!

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Paula's Troops take evasive maneuvers and spread out their cars as they park in a Fortified Line as both sides open fire. Taglia's Party are already beginning to suffer casualties as their numbers start to get killed off.

Snipers on the Roof shoot at the Russians upon arrival but they notice their cars are bulletproof. They shoot off the tires sending some cars flipping over when more Russians pop out with their Stingers blowing the roof off with Marksmen trying to hit them with their sniper rifles.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie and Uncle Drew take cover right by the kitchen pinned down by all the firepower directed at them.

UNCLE DREW

Jesus Christ! What do they think this is? World War 3?

FRANKIE

That's a fuck ton of Firepower!

UNCLE DREW

Yeah! No shit!

Tony hiding in the Living Room with the rest of the Capos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANTHONY TOSCANO

What do we do now, Tony?

TONY

Why aren't we shooting back at these motherfuckers?

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Russians start to gain casualties as the numbers close in on the Mansion on foot as their SUVs maul down the front gate. Several Vehicles drive through the Front Yard and get blown up by the mines one by one. A Hummer blown sky-high lands and completely demolishes the Front Entrance as both parties continue to rack up their respected bodycounts.

The Russians continue to move in gunning down Taglia's Men one by one sending Frankie and Uncle Drew running out of the kitchen to go to the Living Room.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA'S MANSION-DAY

Police Squad Cars and the SWAT Team finally arrive and arrest the Russians out front. Detective Niven arrives at the scene with the cavalry.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Fuck, we're too late!

Chief Robinson alongside Niven looks at the dead bodies around.

CHIEF ROBINSON

Dear, God. What a mess!

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA'S MANSION-DAY

Tony retreats to his Billiard Room as the Russian Mob closes in on the interior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY

What's going on out there?

Frankie and Uncle Drew get in and close the door.

UNCLE DREW

They powered through most of our defenses, Tony. It doesn't look good for us.

TONY

That's how they want to play, huh?

ANTHONY TOSCANO

We can still make a run for it, Tony. Let's go, Tony! Come on!

TONY

Nah, fuck no! I'm Tony Taglia! I don't retreat!

Tony flips the Pool Table over to use as a cover. Uncle Drew looks at Frankie and gives a big look of reluctance.

TONY (CONT'D)

We're going to show these Commie Fucks what we're made of! Come on, motherf-

Uncle Drew shoots Anthony in the head. Tony turns around and looks at Anthony dropping to the ground. Dead.

Tony, with blood splattered on his face and suit, looks at Drew.

TONY (CONT'D)

You. How could you?

Tony slowly picks up his Uzi.

TONY (CONT'D)

You son of a!

Uncle Drew puts a bullet between Tony's eyes.

Frankie surprised stands still. Uncle Drew takes off his glasses as both stand in gun drawing distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

UNCLE DREW

I had this intuition you were pulling our strings, kid. You made us go to War with Mother Russia. I also got the hint because you haven't been as present lately.

Frankie holding his handgun tight ready to shoot. He looks at Frankie and begins to cry.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

This life was never for you.

Frankie is even more in shock as his hands shake and tears flow down his eyes. Uncle Drew holsters his gun and goes to Frankie to hug him.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

My dear boy. How can you forgive me for forcing this ugly life upon you? I was meant to give you a good life. Better than the one I got you out of!

Drew cries even harder.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

You were better than all of us! God had a much better plan for you and I was so selfish to get in the way.

Frankie drops his pistol to the ground and puts his arms around him.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Ever since I adopted you from the Streets of London.

CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE IN LONDON-DAY (FLASHBACK)

A Hospital setting with kids running amuck as a Younger Uncle Drew following a Young Nun around the halls in this Charter School-looking place.

UNCLE DREW (V.O)

I was meant to give you a better life.
I remember that day in the Orphanage
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

where I picked up (V.O) (CONT'D)
 discovered you.

Another Boy laying punches while Little Frankie while on top of him at the Courtyard. Other Children circle as they cheer on Kid beating up Frankie on the asphalt grounds. The Nun attempts to rush in to stop the fight but Drew stops her for a moment.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)
 You remember? I saw you get beat up by
 that kid.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie tearfully smirks.

FRANKIE
 Yeah.

UNCLE DREW
 But I saw the unthinkable happen.

CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE IN LONDON-DAY (FLASHBACK)

Little Frankie intercepts the Rival Kid's left jab and replies with a right hook toppling him over.

UNCLE DREW (V.O)
 As I recall, you made that comeback
 and the next thing know. You were on
 top laying all your anger at that kid.

Frankie lays the beatdown and lets out all his anger one powerful haymaker at a time. The Bully defenseless takes the hits one by one. The Nun finally intervenes to break up the fight.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)
 What did I see that day? Was a kid,
 who couldn't get accepted for just
 being himself. Treated like a
 foreigner getting shamed just for
 being amongst them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Nun pulls Frankie away to end the fight as the other Sisters swarm in to separate the children.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)
 Right then and there, I had made up my
 mind on who I'd want to raise as my
 own.

Frankie in the infirmary with an ice pack on his bruised eye eavesdrops at Drew and the Nun conversing next door.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)
 Next thing you know, I signed those
 adoption papers.

The Nun introduces Frankie to Drew. Not long after, Frankie and Drew head out the door.

UNCLE DREW (V.O) (CONT'D)
 Before you know it, we went right out
 the door and onto your new life.

CUT TO:

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Frankie tries to say but remains choked up.

UNCLE DREW
 You're not a Killer, Frankie. Ever
 since I gave you your first Guitar
 that Christmas not long after I
 brought you to the States-

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE DREW'S HOUSE DAY (CHRISTMAS MORNING 15 YEARS AGO)

Frankie by the Christmas Tree by the fireplace in Uncle Drew's Living Room with a Couch, a La-Z Boy in which Drew is sitting as Frankie with an Electric Guitar on his shoulders looking as happy as any kid can be.

Young Frankie strums away at his first chord as Uncle Drew hugs Young Frankie. He then gets a pair of sunglasses to wear as he continues to play in front of the Christmas Tree.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

INT. TAGLIA MANSION-DAY

Uncle Drew breaks the hug and puts his hands on Frankie's shoulders.

UNCLE DREW

You're meant to be on a stage with your guitar. Not ending up killing people for The Mob. You're supposed to be making Hit songs, not become a Hitman!

Frankie takes a breath and calms down to talk.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry I had to get out of this life in this way.

UNCLE DREW

Well, you didn't have much of a choice, did you?

FRANKIE

Hahaha!

UNCLE DREW

Hahaha! Oh well. You know those Rockstars do leave a big mess everywhere they go!

Uncle Drew puts his glasses on and takes a look around.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

Now what are you waiting for, Kid? Get out of here!

FRANKIE

Where are you going to go?

UNCLE DREW

I'll be okay, kid. This ain't my fight anyway but I'll take the heat.

Frankie hugs Uncle Drew as if it might be the last time.

UNCLE DREW (CONT'D)

I love you so much, Frankie. I'm a Highway Star!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE

Haha!

Frankie makes his way out to the door leading to the kitchen.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Oh! Uncle Drew?

UNCLE DREW

Yeah, kid?

FRANKIE

Detective Niven knows I framed the Family. Can you do me a favor and-

UNCLE DREW

Deny that you set us up and tell them this was Tony's idea? You got it, Kiddo!

FRANKIE

Thanks, Uncle Drew!

Frankie goes through the door that leads to the kitchen and heads out through the Secret Tunnel. The Russian Mob arrives and Uncle Drew gets on his knees with his hands up as Paula arrives in the room.

UNCLE DREW

You're too late, Mother Russia. Tony offed himself.

PAULA

Nyet! Tony Taglia was mine! Fucking Coward!

Detective Niven runs on in leading the Police force to the Billiard Room. Uncle Drew draws his gun shoots the Russians in the room and puts a bullet in Paula's head before the Cops officially make it to the scene.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

Put the gun down! Put the gun down!

Drew throws down his weapon for Niven to go in and put him in handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE (V.O)

Holy shit. I didn't think I'd hear that from Uncle Drew. Shame on me for harboring hatred towards him. But in the end, I'll always be a son to him and he'll always be my father. Gotta love the old bastard!

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGLIA MANSION-NIGHT

Frankie takes his tie off and his jacket and throws it in the Locker Room along with grabbing car keys to the White Maserati parked in the Servant's Garage then heads out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-NIGHT

Frankie arrives and Lauren rushes to open her front door. Lauren immediately hugs Frankie as soon as he makes it to her front door.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I had learned a valuable lesson from all this. Either you find reasons to love, especially when things get rough, or you find reasons to hate. Because you'll find reasons for both anyway. I did all this out of love for myself, but succumbing into hatred comes at a horrible price that could get people killed and even put the ones I love at risk. For all we know, I totally would've lost control and would've ended up getting killed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FORUM-NIGHT

A Sold Out Show. Lauren comes back to the stage along with Frankie and the rest of the Band. The Rhythm Guitarist plays the beginning of Lynyrd Skynyrd's 'Freebird'. Frankie queues up and plays the Iconic Lead Guitar intro. Lauren, front and

center looks at Frankie on her left and smiles at him as she begins to sing.

LAUREN

If I leave here tomorrow? Will you
still remember me?

The crowd gets their flashlights out from their phones to wave around.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

'Cause I must be traveling on now.
There are too many places I got to
see.

Frankie slides away at the Fretboard.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

If I stay here with you, girl.

Frankie hits the proper minor note with the slider.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Things just couldn't be the same.

Lauren looks at Frankie then he looks and smiles.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

'Cause I'm as free as a bird now. And
this bird you cannot change! Ohhh!

Frankie turns the volume knob up on his Guitar to give more distortion to his sound.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And this bird you cannot change!

Frankie strums harder as the band picks up the tempo.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Lord knows I can't change!

He readies his fingers for the upcoming solo.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Lord help me. I can't chaaange!

Everyone goes for the upbeat tempo leading up to the outro. Lauren points at Frankie to signal him to start whaling on his Guitar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Lord knows. I can't change. Won't you fly high, Frankie! Yeah!

Frankie begins hacking away at the fretboard. His fingers begin to fly back and forth on the Guitar's neck making The Crowd go ballistic.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE-DAY

The song keeps going as Uncle Drew, wearing an Orange Prison outfit, appears in Court with a Jury on the sidelines and JUDGE THOMPSON in her High Table Chair out front and takes a seat at the Defendant's table by himself.

JUDGE THOMPSON

Mister Andrew Taglia. Do you have anything to add to say on behalf of your involvement in your brother, Anthony Taglia's Murder and Arson Case?

UNCLE DREW

Uh, no your honor. My brother was out of his mind thinking he could cause mayhem without getting us all in trouble.

JUDGE THOMPSON

Owen Czerny, the Owner of the Gun Shop that Tony had hit who was also a witness claims one of your Capos on your watch, Mister Franklin Santos was selected to kill Mr. Czerny and rig his Store for Explosion. Is this true?

UNCLE DREW

No Ma'am. We have this new thing of technology called, Deep Faking and we encourage our men to use it. The guy Tony hired that day is known for Deep Faking his face. He used his phone to intercept CCTV and whenever his face is present it's automatically covered with some other face he gets off the internet. It's really neat, actually!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE THOMPSON

Thank you for clearing that up, Mr. Taglia.

Uncle Drew turns to the left and makes funny faces at Detective Niven.

DETECTIVE NIVEN

You son of a bitch!

Niven attempts to lunge at Drew but the Plaintiff stops him making Judge Thompson then hammer away at her table.

JUDGE THOMPSON

Order on the court! Order! Order!

Uncle Drew smirks away and turns back to the face of the Judge.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FORUM-NIGHT

Frankie still going strong on the Freebird solo and ready to stretch onto overtime as the song intends for. Lauren continues to rile the crowd and even mimics Frankie by playing Air Guitar.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FORUM VIP MEET AND GREET AREA-NIGHT

The Encore Performance still playing in the background while Lauren, Frankie, and the Band are in front of a sponsored Backdrop and standing on a Red Carpet pose to take pictures for fans in line on the group at a time when a FAN gets in to get his picture taken.

FAN

Hey, Frankie. You and I used to work at the Hollywood Rose Club! You made it, dude! You're famous now! I'm so proud of you!

Frankie hails a bodyguard to rush him out as soon as they're done taking the photo. Lauren, Frankie, and the rest of the band walk out to wrap up taking pictures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUT TO:

INT. THE FORUM-NIGHT

Frankie at the finale of Freebird's Guitar Solo and still shredding on. He gets through it effortlessly, note after note, and fits in some of his improvised set of licks onto the fretboard. He continues to blow people away as he keeps on going for the remainder of the lengthy 7-and-a-half-minute Solo Outro when the band begins to wrap it all up as the drummer bangs away at all toms and hats while pedaling away at the Double Bass.

The Bassist plays his final set of Melodies while dribbling his fingers at the Song's Last Note.

The Keyboardist plays a fitting finale that sounds like the ending of Prince's 'Purple Rain'.

Lastly, of course, Frankie still shredding and keeps going until all hit the Song's Last 16 bars. Fireworks go off and the crowd goes wild.

LAUREN

Thank you! Goodnight!

The Entire band makes it front and center to join hands with Lauren as they all bow. They holds hands to stare at the screen with them given the audience.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-NIGHT

Lauren and Frankie step inside as they arrive home.

LAUREN

Haha wow! That tour went by so fast!

FRANKIE

Really? I thought it wouldn't end! I guess I enjoyed every moment of it.

LAUREN

Hey, Frankie?

FRANKIE

Yes, darling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lauren kisses him and holds him tight.

LAUREN
Happy Birthday!

Frankie takes a moment to take it all in.

FRANKIE
Thank you, dear. I love you.

LAUREN
Love you too.

Lauren gets an envelope from her purse.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I have a present for you.

FRANKIE
No way! You didn't need to!

LAUREN
I think I do.

Frankie carefully opens the envelope.

FRANKIE
Oh no. Divorce papers!

Lauren laughs and punches Frankie's shoulder.

LAUREN
We're not married, silly!

Pages of paper with dossiers of two people followed with information about them unravel. Frankie reads it and is immediately surprised. Frankie then turns to Lauren.

FRANKIE
Are they?

Lauren nods her head in approval.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
My. Parents?

LAUREN
Yeah! I did some research after you told me about the Orphanage where your Uncle Drew adopted you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANKIE

I. I.

Frankie takes a moment to breathe.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Best Birthday Present ever. Thank you!

Lauren hugs and kisses Frankie.

LAUREN

You're welcome, baby. I love you!

FRANKIE

Love you too!

Frankie reads the profile of his mother.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Magdalena Ramirez.

Turns the page.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Born June 1st, 1962. Manila,
Philippines.

LAUREN

(sarcastically)

Wow, you're Filipino. Shocking!

FRANKIE

Haha!

Then reads on to see his Father.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Jonathan Santos. Born October 10th,
1962. Cebu.

Frankie reads on.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Both moved to Middlesex, England in
1986. Got married in 1991.

Frankie reads on.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE AND STUDIO-NIGHT

Frankie looks at the profile on himself. Reads, 'FRANKLIN JOSEPH SANTOS. Born May 25th, 1995 in London, England. Then finds his Parent's Obituaries in the last two pages. It reads that 'Both died in a Car Accident' in December 1995.

Lauren suddenly gets 2 Plane Tickets from her purse next to her.

LAUREN

We have some time off. I was thinking of going to London first. Then, head over to the Philippines. We can pack tomorrow morning and head out tomorrow night!

Frankie approves and nods. Then head off to bed.

FRANKIE (V.O)

In the end, I learned to choose love, no matter what. As you can see, it set me free. Hatred can burn everything around you, and if it weren't for the ones who do love me and the love I have for myself? Then this would've been a different story. I'm Frankie Strings, Famous Rock Guitarist. Hitman? Me? No way! Haha! Cheers.

THE END