

"DARK LOS ANGELES"

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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD:

"In 2026, Martial Law is applied in the United States of America.

Revolts spark throughout the country but instantly get stopped by the Army.

However, one city gets out of control. Unable to clear the L.A streets from revolutionaries, a Civil War breaks out.

Left without a choice, the Army walls the city of angels and forces anyone with the desire to leave its borders to pay a fee of 250,000.00 US dollars.

Wordly known as the most dangerous city of all, left out by the rich and isolated from the rest of the planet, the city is now commonly known as...

DARK LOS ANGELES."

EXT. DARK ALLEY - OLYMPIC BLVD - NIGHT

Deserted. Quiet.

Cartridges and trash cover the ground.

SUPERIMPOSE: "2029."

A BLOND WOMAN (40) runs in boots with high heels as she carries a SILVER BRIEFCASE.

Bright blue eyes, long legs, sporting a trench coat over a black garter. Her face is covered with make-up that washed away.

The blond woman runs, scared. She frantically glances several times over her shoulder.

She twists her ankle, falls. The silver briefcase slides away from the blond woman. Her knee is scraped, bleeds.

BLOND WOMAN

Goddammit. No, no, no, no, no.

She quickly goes back up, gets the briefcase.

She looks at her bleeding knee. Headlights reflect on the briefcase. The blond woman spins, sees a MAN on his MOTORCYCLE.

His face hidden under a black helmet, wearing only black clothes, the motorcycle rider looks like a shadow from the woman's point of view.

Still, the rider stares at the woman as his bike's headlights blind her.

The blond woman doesn't move. The rider twists the bike's throttle. The engine ROARS.

The woman shivers. Shakes her head in disbelief. Her eyes water.

The rider lets his hand go off the throttle. Motions his hand to his thigh, on which is fastened a holster carrying a GUN.

The blond woman slowly steps back as her hold on the briefcase tightens. Her eyes water.

The rider draws his gun. Steps out of his bike, cocks the weapon, aims the woman, fires.

The blond woman falls dead to the ground. The rider approaches her body, then grabs the briefcase. He goes back to his motorcycle, starts its engine and drives away as blood spreads from the woman's head.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

A private bar decorated with vintage red wallpapers and wooden furniture.

About 50 circular red couches sit around golden tables as they face a stage.

ON THE STAGE

TWO HENCHMEN in blue navy suits hold an ASIAN MAN dressed all in white that sports a white Fedora and holds a white stick. This is TZU (40).

One of the henchmen grabs Tzu's fingers, cuts his ring finger with pliers.

Tzu screams in horror and pain. The henchman cuts Tzu's pinky finger.

THE WHITE RABBIT (50) sits at a table as he watches the show. Sporting an elegant tuxedo along with a black bowtie, he's a charismatic, slightly overweight man with the looks of a vintage "James Bond".

The White Rabbit sips a long island as JAZZ MUSIC PLAYS from a retro jukebox.

Next to The White Rabbit sits CARRIE (21), a young sexy girl with a provocative look and bright eyes that stare at The White Rabbit with desire.

A WAITER walks to The White Rabbit' seat. He hands The White Rabbit a PAGER on a silver plate.

The White Rabbit puts his drink on the table, takes the pager.

The pager displays a sentence, The White Rabbit smirks.

INSERT - PAGER

The message reads:

"TARGET TERMINATED."

BACK TO SCENE

The White Rabbit scowls, gets up and goes on stage. The henchmen stop their gruesome activity on Tzu.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Let go of him.

The henchmen obey and let Tzu fall to his knees.

Tzu grabs his hand from which three of his fingers have been cut, he moans.

Carrie takes The White Rabbit's drink on the table, sips it.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Okay, Tzu. I'll ask one more question.

Tzu's face is pale, his eyes are closed.

The White Rabbit kneels next to Tzu, grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

You lied to me, buddy. You know it's rude? How did the girl know about the briefcase?

TZU  
 (inaudibly)  
 I don't know.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 Come again.

TZU  
 I. Don't. Know.

The White Rabbit cracks a smile.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 Let's say I believe you. Where was she headed? Any place comes up to your mind?

The White Rabbit grabs Tzu's face, looks at him straight in the eyes.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 Tell me. Did you ask her to steal it from me?

TZU  
 You fool. If I did, I wouldn't be here.

The White Rabbit chuckles. Gently slaps Tzu's face.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 I'm losing my patience, Tzu.

The White Rabbit stands up, looks down.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 You had one job, Tzu. And yet, out of all the girls you had, the one you sent was the bad apple. It's a shame, really. I'm sorry.

The White Rabbit snaps his fingers.

The waiter puts a DERRINGER on the silver plate, brings it to The White Rabbit.

The White Rabbit takes the gun, cocks it and points it at Tzu's head.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 Did you ask her to steal the briefcase?

Tzu hysterically laughs. Glares at The White Rabbit.

TZU  
 You bastard, I sometimes wonder  
 who's the one really speaking  
 English --

BANG!

The White Rabbit shoots Tzu in the knee. Tzu screams, grabs his wounded knee as blood pours out of his kneecap.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 Don't swear. Now I'm asking  
 again...

The White Rabbit makes a step closer to Tzu, sticks his gun on Tzu's head.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 Did she steal it for you?

Tzu cries. Grunts.

TZU  
 No. I swear to God, no.  
 (in Japanese)  
 You son of a bitch.

The White Rabbit lowers his eyes, thinks. Then lowers his gun, puts it back on the waiter's plate.

The White Rabbit takes a COIN out of his inside pocket.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 Tzu. Look at this.

Tzu doesn't listen. He holds his bleeding knee as his face becomes more and more pale.

The White Rabbit kneels next to Tzu.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 Come on. Have a look.

Tzu takes multiple deep breaths. Shakes, then slowly exhales as he looks at the coin that The White Rabbit shows him.

Suddenly, his eyes open wide, baffled, terrified. He freezes in front of the engravings on the coin, an ALL SEEING EYE inside a PYRAMID rounded with words reading: "In Dominus Patri."

TZU  
 You can't be.

The White Rabbit grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Oh trust me, I am.

(then)

You've let me down. I expected a little more from you. Now I'm sorry for you. But I'm not going to kill you for it'd be too nice of a punishment. No, what I'll do is a little more creative. I'll give you another chance. But listen. If you fail me again, your pain...

The White Rabbit INSERTS THE COIN in Tzu's wounded kneecap. Tzu shrieks.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

... will be endless.

The White Rabbit gets up, takes a handkerchief from his suit's pocket and wipes his bloody hand.

Tzu cries his eyes out.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Look at the bright side. Now that stick of yours will have a real use.

The White Rabbit tosses his bloody handkerchief down.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Leave him here. He'll find his way out.

The henchmen leave the stage as Tzu lies unconscious on the floor.

The White Rabbit heads out of the room.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Leave the drink, Carrie.

Carrie loudly clears her throat. The White Rabbit stops, looks at her.

CARRIE

Their booze in here is great, we could at least grab a couple of bottles.

The White Rabbit cracks a smile.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
You've heard the lady.

Carrie grins, downs her drink. Gets up and follows The White Rabbit to the exit.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A deserted road on which not a single car is to be seen. The full moon shines as it reflects in the ocean.

A car's V8 engine ROARS.

A RED PONTIAC FIREBIRD from 1982 speeds on the highway.

INT. IAN'S CAR (MOVING) - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

His eyes sharp, one hand on the Pontiac's wheel and the other hand on the shifter, IAN (25) drives with purpose.

Red and white letterman jacket, blue jeans, vintage Nike sneakers, he's got the "All The Right Moves" look improved with a stubble.

Pedal to the metal. He shifts up a gear.

Rigid black cards sit on the passenger seat. These are known as "CHIPS." They have the shape of floppy disks and the width of credit cards.

Ian looks in the rear-view mirror as a RED DISTRESS FLARE rises high in the sky.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

A BLACK PICKUP TRUCK stops in the middle of the road.

A TALL MAN steps out of the driver' seat. Imposing, a scar on his chin, dark eyes and dressed as the road warrior. Meet RAY (35).

Ray draws small binoculars. Watches Ian's car as it drives toward SANTA MONICA.

A tall, large black man that goes by the name of DARELL (30's) gets out of the truck with a shotgun. Walks to Ray.

RAY  
He's going to the trash.



DARELL  
We follow him?

Ray lowers his binoculars, scowls. Then smirks.

RAY  
Just let him drive. If I don't kill  
him, this thing will.

INT. IAN'S CAR (MOVING) - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

Ian is focused. Sweat starts to come out of his forehead.

EXT. IAN'S CAR

The tires roll on the asphalt. They carry the Pontiac as it keeps going faster.

Then the asphalt abruptly vanishes under sand.

The tires have a harder time to follow the engine.

CLACK.

IAN

shifts down a gear. Quickly puts his two hands back on the wheel. The car drifts on the sand.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - NIGHT

The sound of Ian's car's engine ECHOES on the ruins of a half-buried PACIFIC WHEEL.

Next to the wheel, a large metallic rectangle the size of a school bus rises from the sand. Standing on two tank treads, the machine opens two compartments that reveal...

CANONS.

The machine, known as a "TRASH", scans its environment. Zooms in on Ian's car.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ian stares at the machine that stands ahead of his way. Looks to the side. Sees a small path through the PACIFIC PARK's ruins behind the TRASH.

Ian shifts the gear up. Pushes the pedal to the metal.

THE TRASH

locks Ian's car with its red eye, readies to fire and --

IAN

hits the brakes, pulls the handbrake.

Sand splatters on the unfriendly machine.

The trash beeps, loses sight of

IAN

who bluntly speeds up again, releases the handbrake and drives right to the exit path.

Back on asphalt. Ian heaves a sigh of relief. Looks in the rear-view mirror as he drives away. Sees nothing but the ruins, grins.

Ian focuses back on the road and adopts a more relaxed driving.

INT. IAN'S CAR (MOVING) - 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

The engine THROBS.

A dark electronic music plays: "SKULL AND SHARK" by Lazerhawk.

*Note: The whole scene is seen from IAN'S POV:*

The road seems infinite the further the car moves. It doesn't seem to ever curve nor to even lead any closer to the landscape.

A BLOND WOMAN fades in the picture, her head down. A thin black line on her cheek reveals the trail of a tear that washed away her make-up.

THREE HOOKERS fade in the picture as well. They stand on a sidewalk as they laugh.

The road expends and takes the shape of a BRIGHT WHITE CHRISTIAN CROSS.

On the HORIZON LINE, the hills form a huge and large BLACK PYRAMID that overlooks the city of angels. Above it, staring: a WOMAN'S RIGHT EYE.

The car's engine ROARS and we -

CUT TO:

EXT. AMOEBA - NIGHT

An old Los Angeles landmark surrounded by dumps, wrecked cars and broken streetlamps.

Half of the place's marquee is gone, leaving only one word to name the place: AMOEBA.

Parked in front of the Amoeba, half a dozen of cars. Most of them are old classic American vehicles. But only one car has a bright and vivid paint...

Ian's car.

INT. AMOEBA - NIGHT

The records are gone as well as the aisles. It's now a bar filled with scavengers and some of the worst scums of this town.

Only the posters on the walls have remained from this landmark.

Ian quietly makes his way through the unfriendly crowd, reaches the counter and signs the waitress to come.

Blond hair, eyes that exhale warmth and a body that'd make any girl jealous, CINDY (35) sees Ian and goes to him.

CINDY

Hey there, runner. What do I serve you?

IAN

How are you?

CINDY

I'm good. What about you?

Ian looks around, on his guard.

IAN

Tell me, Cindy. You've seen Adam?

CINDY  
Nope. Didn't come tonight. What do  
you want from him?

IAN  
I have to talk to him.

Cindy nods. Looks at the people around that may hear the  
conversation with Ian.

CINDY  
You ran for him?

IAN  
I had to.

Cindy shakes her head in disbelief, chuckles.

CINDY  
You never listen, do you?

Ian smirks. Notes a black wristband around Cindy's wrist that  
rests on the bar.

IAN  
You promised not to work for the  
Asian too. But obviously...

Cindy takes her hand off the bar.

CINDY  
It's just to get by.

IAN  
So is it for me.

A beat. Cindy watches Ian. He doesn't take his eyes off her.

CINDY  
Adam's never been a surprise. He  
must be at the diner.

IAN  
Thanks.

Ian smiles, starts away.

CINDY  
Hey.

Ian stops. Turns back to Cindy.

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)

I don't know what you did, but you shouldn't come back in here for a while. Adam's rivals have never been the best.

Ian nods. Then walks away.

Cindy watches Ian go, lowers her eyes. Her pocket buzzes. She draws a pager, reads its message and grimaces.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

King size bed. No TV. Women clothes on the floor.

A pair of Ray-Ban wayfarers sits on the nightstand.

A black bra rests like a jacket on a chair.

Red and blue lights illuminate the inside of the room. Lights that come from the neons hung next to the

BALCONY

on which stands RACHEL (25). Brown hair, green eyes, a woman with an unmistakable presence.

In black stockings, high heels and a black bra along with a blue silk coat covering the lower of her back, Rachel lights a cigarette.

She's the definition of a modern neo femme fatale.

Rachel draws on her cigarette, exhales the smoke then takes a breath of fresh air. She watches the deserted South Bay landscape that lies before her eyes.

A car's engine THROBS. Stops.

CLAP! The sound of a car door being shut. FOOTSTEPS...

Rachel smirks.

INSIDE THE ROOM

The door opens.

A SILHOUETTE comes in, motions toward the

BALCONY

as Rachel turns around and smiles. She exhales smoke and as it disperses, the silhouette reveals:

IAN.

Rachel studies him. Notes scratches on his face. Then with a cracked smile and a French accent:

RACHEL  
You always gotta be bleeding.

Ian looks down.

Rachel leans back on the handrail. Looks at Ian.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Let me guess, you're already about to leave?

He approaches her, puts both hands on her waist.

IAN  
Destination was on the way. I had to stop by.

RACHEL  
You know, we won't be able to do this forever. You'll need to stay one day.

IAN  
I know.

She turns back to the landscape, slips away from Ian's hands. Sighs.

RACHEL  
What happened?

Ian doesn't respond. She nods, bitter.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
You know, someday you'll have to tell me what you've done to make us get out of here.

A beat.

IAN  
Someday I will. But I can't tonight.

Rachel looks down to Ian's car parked below the balcony.  
She touches the MONARCH BUTTERFLY pendant around her neck.

IAN (CONT'D)

Rachel?

RACHEL

You know, Ian... I remember a promise. Something you told me a while ago.

She tosses her cigarette over the handrail, watches it fall.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I just hope it'll come true.

Ian doesn't answer. Rachel cracks a smile.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Before you get killed by playing the pilot.

IAN

It'll be soon. I promised. All I need is time

RACHEL

I know you're doing your best. Just make sure it's enough.

Rachel looks at Ian. Comes closer to him and gently puts a hand on his cheek.

She gives him a kiss on the lips.

IAN

I have to go.

Rachel nods. Ian looks down.

INT. JOHNNIE'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Filthy. Half in ruin. A vintage restaurant, one of the few buildings of the area with power on. Most windows are broken, the bar is wrecked but some seats remain intact.

ADAM (25) eats a burger and french fries as he sits on the only clean red couch. Sneakers, washed jeans and a blazer, he's got the looks of a Harvard student starting a web company.

Ian enters the diner, goes straight to Adam's table.

ADAM  
You're on time.

IAN  
As always. But it doesn't get easy  
to find you.

ADAM  
Take a seat.

Ian sits, draws three chips from his pocket and tosses them  
on the table.

Adam finishes his burger. Speaks mouthful:

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Oh, you got it. Great. It's all on  
here?

IAN  
I took my share, like we said. I  
kept the other half.

Adam nods, laughs.

ADAM  
Okay.

Ian grins at Adam's eating manners, his mouth is stuffed with  
a large bite of his burger.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
There's news, by the way.

IAN  
What's that?

Adam swallows, wipes his mouth and smiles.

ADAM  
Your new friends over the lake,  
they're asking for you.

IAN  
What do you mean?

A beat.

ADAM  
You never thought by stealing ten K  
you would make friends?

Adam tosses a glass pad on the table. Ian picks it up,  
intrigued.



The pad switches on, displays a 3D model of Ian's car.

IAN  
What's that?

ADAM  
It's a couple of scavs that found those. Left intact in boxes, you believe this?

IAN  
No, not this. My car. Why is it on here?

ADAM  
The chips belonged to Ray. A scav working for some of the worst people in here. He put a price on your head.

Ian shakes his head.

IAN  
You gotta be kidding. Who gave it to you?

ADAM  
I dunno. Some guy over Amoeba. It's to get the new bounties. Stay in touch with the money running around D.L.A. Got it last week.

Ian looks at the pad and its model representation of the Pontiac.

IAN  
Everyone has that?

ADAM  
Well, not everyone. Bounty hunters, mainly.

Ian leans back on his seat, heaves a long desperate sigh.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
That's why you no longer work for me.

IAN  
Wait, what?

A beat.

ADAM

It's not as if I had a choice. It's a lot of money. What did you think? Ten thousand dollars of chips. It's more than what a lot of those guys can earn in a lifetime.

IAN

No, no, you can't do this. You sent me there. We agreed on the share and I need this job, Adam. Without it, how am I supposed to get outta here?

ADAM

You're high, my friend. You're never exiting this shithole. None of us will.

Ian looks down, beaten. Adam watches Ian, embarrassed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Look, I can do something if you want.

Ian looks up.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I can find an Arlington job. That could help.

Ian chuckles. Then laughs. It's the best joke he ever heard.

IAN

You're joking?

Adam keeps a serious face, Ian notes it.

IAN (CONT'D)

A murder? That's how you help me? I'm no assassin. What do you expect? I don't even know if there's a gun left anywhere. Besides... I'll never kill anyone. I won't do it.

ADAM

It's all I can do. I'm sorry you don't see it, but... there ain't a lot of other ways.

Ian shakes his head in disbelief, irritated.

IAN  
 Alright, I keep it all then.

Ian grabs the chips.

ADAM  
 No, I don't think so. Ian, we both  
 need to get supplies, fill our  
 water tank and all that. But I  
 can't let you do this.

Ian keeps his hand on the chips, glares at Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 You know if I could help, I would.  
 But a man with a bounty in this  
 town, it's just one more problem.  
 And I can't risk my business.

IAN  
 You know I'm the only  
 nightrunner you'll get. How  
 many are left? Who else has a  
 car that runs -- No, you let  
 me finish. How will you get  
 your deliveries done and pull  
 other heists? -- I'm the only  
 one who'll work for you,  
 Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 Ian, I can't keep you, you  
 just -- I'll find a way --

A beat. They stare at each other.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 And you know it.

Adam inhales deeply. Looks at the chips, then at Ian.

ADAM  
 Alright. You get your share. It's  
 best I can do. But you and I,  
 pal... it's over. Now you leave  
 this here and we're both happy.

Ian takes his hand off the chips, then goes up on his feet.

EXT. JOHNNIE'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Ian walks to his car. Adam gets out of the restaurant, stands  
 by the door.

ADAM  
 Where are you going?

IAN

Home.

Ian reaches his car, unlocks it. He hops in the car. Starts it. Drives away.

Adam stands still as he watches the car's taillights disappear around the corner.

ADAM

(to himself)

Great.

Adam shrugs, goes back inside the diner.

EXT. PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Crowded. Lots of hookers, gangsters and men covered with tattoos stand in front of the entry of a two stories warehouse in the center of Downtown L.A.

Above the entry, a big GREEN NEON SIGN reads: "PYRAMID".

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

Walls painted in white, furnitures made of steel and sculpted in a futuristic design. A large window overlooks the DANCEFLOOR below the room.

Three seats seperated by a coffee table face each other in a lounge bar manner.

The White Rabbit stands in front of the window as he looks at the crowd dancing to a RESONATING ELECTRONIC RHYTHM.

Sat with her feet on The White Rabbit's desk, Carrie smokes her cigarette as she leans back on the chair.

The door opens. The rider comes in the room as he holds the silver briefcase.

The White Rabbit looks at the rider, still wearing his black helmet.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Well done. Bring it to me.

The rider walks to The White Rabbit, hands him the briefcase. The White Rabbit takes the briefcase, grins, then motions to his desk.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
Carrie, wait outside.

Carrie rolls her eyes, takes her feet off the desk and exits the room.

The White Rabbit puts the briefcase on the desk. Passes his hand around his neck, pulls a necklace and takes it off.

The necklace's pendant is a GOLDEN CURLED SNAKE with its head looking down.

The White Rabbit inserts the pendant in the briefcase's lock. It unlocks. He opens the briefcase, grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
Alright.

The White Rabbit closes the briefcase, locks it.

The door opens. A WOMAN comes in. The White Rabbit quickly pulls the pendant out of the lock, puts the necklace in his pocket. The rider draws his gun. The White Rabbit turns to the door and faces...

CINDY.

The White Rabbit cocks his head. Looks at the girl from head to toe.

High heels, garter, corset and sharp eyes.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
You need anything?

CINDY  
I am your gift. Sent by mister Lao.

The White Rabbit glances at the rider. The rider holsters his gun.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Is she clear?

The rider nods. The White Rabbit displays a crooked smile. Goes to Cindy.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
Leave us alone.

The rider exits the room.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
You sure are sweet to look at.

Cindy pulls a business card from her bra, hands it to The White Rabbit. He takes it and reads.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 "Please, welcome *Cindy* as my demand  
 for your forgiveness."

Cindy notes the necklace that hangs over The White Rabbit's pocket.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 "With respect. Tzu."

A beat.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 Interesting.

The White Rabbit tosses the card away. Stares right into Cindy's eyes.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 Tell me. Anything you're good at?

CINDY  
 Anything you desire. As long as we  
 take pleasure.

The White Rabbit gives a faint smile.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Rachel puts black stockings on as she sits in front of a Hollywood make-up mirror.

She applies eye-liner. Sees the reflection in the mirror of a MAN that enters the room.

Second hand suit. Skinny. Unassuming. JONAS (30) is a man with a bully's eyes and the body of a bullied kid.

Rachel leans back on her chair.

RACHEL  
 Is it time, already?

JONAS  
 You don't go on stage tonight.

Rachel looks at Jonas, confused.

RACHEL  
I thought Carrie wasn't dancing  
tonight?

Jonas looks down, stutters and as he starts to speak:

<p>RACHEL (CONT'D) Jonas, tell me at least I get paid. I won't do whatever work you want me to unless you transfer the chips I deserve -- I need this money for this weekend' supplies --</p>	<p>JONAS -- Rachel. It's -- Rachel.</p>
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Rachel mutes. Listens.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
Carrie's not dancing, she's asking  
for you.

RACHEL  
She's asking for me?

Jonas holds the door open, signs Rachel to come.

INT. GLASS CORRIDOR - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

A long transparent tube hangs above the dance floor and leads  
toward a black door.

Rachel walks along the corridor by herself. She adjusts her  
hair, feels her waist then sees Carrie and the rider before  
the only black door at the end of the tube.

RACHEL  
What's going on?

Carrie turns around, watches Rachel from head to toe.

CARRIE  
You know this girl?

RACHEL  
What? Who?

Carrie goes to Rachel, angrily points at the door.

CARRIE  
That bitch who came to see him,  
who's she?

RACHEL  
I've no clue.

The rider hits the door with his shoulder. Then draws his gun. Fires at the knob. One, two, three shots. The door finally opens.

Carrie rushes into the...

PRIVATE ROOM

and freezes. She furrows her brow.

The White Rabbit stands before his desk, back turned away from the door. Blood drips from his lower lip.

CARRIE

What's going on?

The White Rabbit looks to the rider.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Find me the girl. Alert the scum of this town that there's a reward running around exposed.

Rachel looks at The White Rabbit. She studies his looks, his behavior. Carrie turns to Rachel.

CARRIE

Do you know that girl?

THE WHITE RABBIT

Leave her alone, Carrie.

Carrie glares at Rachel, then looks to The White Rabbit.

CARRIE

Why don't you send him?

The White Rabbit stares at the rider, shakes his head.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Our little friend is smart. She knew there was a tracker. Now she probably heads to Burbank.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir.

The White Rabbit looks at Carrie, tilts his head. Carrie steps aside and lets The White Rabbit see Rachel for the first time.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You say?



Rachel steps forward.

RACHEL

If it can help, I know someone who  
went there already.

The White Rabbit furrows his brow, listens carefully.

INT. IAN'S CAR (MOVING) - WILSHIRE BLVD - NIGHT

Ian shakes his head, bitter. Rubs his forehead. Looks at the sky through his window.

He turns his focus back on the road. Violently brakes. The car comes to a full stop.

In front of the car's hood...

RAY. He stands in front of his pickup truck with a cigarette on his ear and Darell by his side.

Ian furrows his brow. Gently puts his hand on the shift. His eyes riveted at the two men.

RAY

takes his cigarette. Lights it, draws.

RAY

Fire.

Darell raises his shotgun. Pulls the trigger. It fires an arrow the size of a quarter. The arrow hits Ian's car hood.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ian shifts into reverse. Hits the accelerator. The car starts backwards.

DARELL

hits a button above the trigger of his shotgun with his thumb. The arrow stuck to Ian's car lights up.

Ian's car cuts off contact.

IAN

hits the accelerator repeatedly. The car is fully stopped. All the hands on the meters are down. Ian twists the key to start her up again. Nothing.

IAN

Fuck.

RAY

draws on his cigarette, laughs.

EXT. IAN'S CAR - WILSHIRE BLVD - NIGHT

Ray smokes a cigarette as he sits on the sidewalk while he looks at the sky.

Darell hits the hell out of Ian. One hand holds Ian's shirt, the other strikes.

Ian's face is bloody. His upper lip is cut. Blood pours out of his nose.

RAY (O.S.)

Stop it now. Lemme see him.

Ray gets up, goes to Ian. Darell steps aside.

RAY (CONT'D)

I could ask again and again, but obviously you don't want to talk. So I'll ask just another question.

Ian catches his breath. Wipes his bloody nose.

RAY (CONT'D)

Who hired you?

IAN

I've no clue.

Ray laughs.

RAY

Fine. Play ignorant. Good option.

Ray kicks Ian in the chest.

RAY (CONT'D)

Where's my money?

Ian shakes his head, crooked smile.

RAY (CONT'D)  
You think it's funny.

IAN  
I don't have your money. I never  
had it. Don't you know what I do?

Ray and Darell look at each other.

A beat.

RAY  
You got hired to do a nightrun on  
me and didn't even ask for a share?

Ian shrugs. Ray motions to kick Ian again, but Ian puts his  
hand in front of his face, stumbles. Ian's pager falls out of  
his back pocket.

RAY (CONT'D)  
What's that?

Ray grabs the pager. Studies it.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Okay, we start in another language.

Darell sticks the shotgun's canon to Ian's cheek.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Who hired you?

IAN  
I got the offer at the Capitol.  
Some guy knew me and told me his  
boss had a job for me. So I asked  
what it was, and they sent  
everything on there.

Ray nods, impressed.

RAY  
You're a good liar. So if I can  
admit that, you can admit that it's  
not what I'm gonna find in there.

IAN  
Try as much as you want. It's an  
old version. There's no way you can  
read old texts.

Ray looks closer at the pager.

RAY  
 Alright. I have to kill you then.

Ian looks down, defeated.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 Unless we agree on a price.  
 (to Darell)  
 Switch it off.

Darell presses the button above the trigger of his shotgun.  
 Then takes off the canon from Ian's cheek.

Ian heaves a sigh of relief.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 I give you a chance cos your little  
 act with the TRASH on the beach was  
 impressive. I haven't seen a driver  
 this good in a while. That's why I  
 think you've got enough time  
 tonight to break in the Capitol.  
 And perhaps bring me that safe  
 everyone talks about.

Ian nervously laughs.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 There's gotta be at least thirty  
 thousand in there. Enough to pay me  
 back.

IAN  
 No, no, no. Your chips stored ten  
 k, in total. I'll never break in  
 the goddamn Capitol to get sliced  
 by the scavs.

RAY  
 I thought you met your boss there?

Ian looks away, grins.

IAN  
 Alright. And if I don't have thirty  
 K? What if I come back with what I  
 stole?

Ray ponders Ian's words.

RAY  
 It could start a relationship  
 between you and I. But you'd still  
 owe me twenty.

IAN

Alright. I work for you then. Ten k  
by tomorrow morning and I become  
your nightrunner.

Ray chuckles. Looks to Darell. Darell shrugs. Then Ray offers  
his hand to Ian.

RAY

It's a deal.

Ian hesitantly grabs Ray's hand. Ray helps Ian to get up. Ian  
motions away, but Ray holds onto Ian's hand.

RAY (CONT'D)

One last thing. Don't try to fool  
me. Cos no matter what, if by dawn  
I don't see you by the lake with my  
chips... you won't be able to run  
far.

Darell softly taps the button above his shotgun's trigger.  
Ian notes this, then nods.

Ray lets go of Ian's hand, tosses the pager to Ian. Ian  
catches the pager.

Ray turns around and goes back to the pickup truck with  
Darell as Ian spits blood on the ground.

INT. IAN'S CAR - WILSHIRE BLVD - NIGHT

Ian takes long and heavy breaths.

He rubs his face, disconcerted.

A BEEP. Ian looks to his pager that sits on the passenger  
seat, grabs it.

He reads its text: "RACHEL: COME TO CLUB ASAP."

Ian leans his head back, sighs.

IAN

It's gonna be a long night.

Ian shifts to first gear. Looks at his reflection in the  
rear-view mirror. Then drives.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The White Rabbit stands by the window, looks at Rachel. He grins. Watches Rachel from head to toe as she stands in front of the door.

Carrie sneers, notes The White Rabbit's eyes don't look away from Rachel.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Who hired you?

RACHEL

Jonas, sir.

THE WHITE RABBIT

His tastes in fashion are to question. But his taste in women is obviously great.

Rachel looks down.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Now turn.

She obeys. Like a jewel in a store front, she spins round in front of him as he looks at her body.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

Rachel furrows her brow. In fact, not a lot of men want her to have a seat.

RACHEL

As you wish.

Rachel sits.

Carrie watches Rachel with hateful eyes.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Don't be scared. I'm not gonna ask you anything that'd make your boyfriend jealous.

Rachel stares at him, confused and apprehending.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Tell me, Rachel. Do you love him?

Rachel hesitates.

RACHEL

Why do you want to know?

THE WHITE RABBIT

He shouldn't be late, judging your comments about him. I just want to be sure he is the right man for the situation.

The White Rabbit walks to his desk. Waves Carrie away. Carrie heads out of the room. Slams the door as she leaves.

RACHEL

You said the reward is significant.  
How much?

The White Rabbit grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT

In fact. The reward is quite interesting. I believe it's enough to pay the ticket at the gate.

Rachel displays a lopsided smile, but quickly puts on a straight face.

The White Rabbit smirks.

EXT. COLORADO AVENUE/15TH STREET - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Cindy runs. Looks over her shoulder, then stops. She catches her breath. Looks around the empty street.

Nothing to be seen a mile around, except buildings and garbage.

Cindy looks to the hills, takes a deep breath.

Around Cindy's neck, The White Rabbit's curled snake pendant.

Cindy starts toward the 16th street. Slows down, holds her breath.

FOOTSTEPS behind her. Cindy slowly turns around. Faces FOUR SCAVS.

SCAVENGER

Hey there, darling. Wanna have a little fun?

Cindy flees towards the 16th street. The scavengers chase her.

Cindy sheds a tear as she flees from the scavs. She arrives on the 17th street, turns right and arrives in the middle of a bridge above the SANTA MONICA FREEWAY

Cindy looks at the fence on the roadside, hurries to it. She throws the briefcase over the fence.

Cindy climbs the fence, goes over it and lands on the other side. She gets the briefcase, starts down the slope. Falls, rolls down the slope and lands on the

SANTA MONICA FREEWAY

filled with abandoned wrecked cars.

Cindy gets up, grunts. Staggeres as she runs below the bridge.

Cindy falls to her knees. Catches her breath as tears roll down her cheeks.

ABOVE THE FREEWAY

the scavs arrive on the bridge. They look left and right, laugh.

SCAVENGER

Come out, come out, wherever you  
are.

CINDY

holds her breath, looks up to the bridge. Waits.

The laughs of the scavengers draw away. Cindy sighs. Lowers her eyes and sees a wrecked POLICE CAR in front of her.

Cindy approaches the police car, looks through its window. She takes the briefcase, gives it momentum and strikes it on the window. The window shatters in a thousand pieces.

Cindy passes her hand inside the car, unlocks the door and opens it. Cindy looks at the ignition, finds no key inserted. She looks at the sun visor. Nothing but open mails. Then Cindy's eyes land on the glove compartment.

She opens the glove compartment and finds a REVOLVER. Cindy hurries to take it. She checks its magazine. Three bullets loaded.



EXT. PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ian's car arrives and stops before the black carpet leading inside the building.

Ian steps out of the car. Looks at the club's entry, then notes the Rider's bike next to the doors.

IAN  
That's original.

Ian heads to the entry guarded by TWO Bouncers. The bouncers observe Ian and step in front of the door to prevent him from going in.

IAN (CONT'D)  
C'mon. My girlfriend works in here.  
She sent me a --

The rider comes out, looks at Ian from head to toe, then looks at the two bouncers guarding the entry.

The bouncers step aside. The rider goes back inside the club, Ian follows him.

INT. PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Strippers do their show, drinkers drink their drinks and the criminals that fill the place enjoy the loud electronic music.

The rider walks Ian through the crowd.

INT. GLASS CORRIDOR - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

The rider strides along the tube as Ian follows him.

Carrie stands next to the door as she smokes a cigarette.

The rider reaches the door, turns to Ian. But Ian's eyes are riveted at Carrie.

CARRIE  
Evening, pretty boy.

The rider opens the door and holds it.

Carrie forces a smile. Ian enters the

PRIVATE ROOM

in which stands The White Rabbit.

Ian looks at The White Rabbit. Then turns to the rider who blocks the door.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Here you are.

Ian looks at the rider's holstered gun. Then at Rachel.

Rachel and Ian stare at each other. Both keep a straight face.

IAN

And you are?

THE WHITE RABBIT

Ian Diehl. I hope I say it right.

IAN

You say it the way you want.

The White Rabbit grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Let's cut to the chase. You're good behind a wheel.

The White Rabbit tosses the pad displaying the 3D model of Ian's car on his desk.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

An aspiring NASCAR driver, I heard.  
Too bad we don't have it in here.

Ian shakes his head, chuckles.

IAN

If you want the bounty, go ahead.  
But don't waste my time.

The White Rabbit laughs.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You're confident. But don't worry,  
I don't need money.

The White Rabbit walks to Ian, stands in front of him and stares right in his eyes.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 You will do a job for me. An urgent  
 one.

IAN  
 What kind? Cos I'm pretty  
 overloaded these days.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 I don't really like this term you  
 came up with. It's too...

The White Rabbit snaps his fingers, tries to find his word.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 ...bowdlerized.

A beat. The White Rabbit reaches his hand out.

The rider draws his gun and gives it to The White Rabbit.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 Ever heard of an Arlington job? I  
 want you to do one.

The White Rabbit offers the gun to Ian. Ian stares at it.

IAN  
 (beat)  
 I think you got the wrong guy.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 I never make a mistake, Ian. You  
 must understand this.

Rachel looks at Ian, worried.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 Besides, perhaps will the price  
 grasp your interest?

IAN  
 You can insist anyway you want, I  
 won't kill anyone.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 That I'm not sure of.

The White Rabbit goes behind Rachel, puts a hand on her  
 shoulder. Cocks the gun, sticks its canon on Rachel's jaw.

Rachel holds still, surprised and frozen by fear.

The White Rabbit whispers in Rachel's ear:

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Not my smartest move, but let's see  
how he loves you back.

Ian tightens his fists. He keeps a steady position, but  
inside he's burning.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Yes, I know, Ian. Not that classy.  
But she's all I have for warranty.  
Now, I think you're listening.

Ian and Rachel look at each other. The White Rabbit sneers.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Ian holds a glass pad. It displays a 3D model of the SILVER  
BRIEFCASE.

IAN

How long do I have?

The White Rabbit opens a drawer from his desk. Retrieves a  
Derringer.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Before she escapes. More than  
enough, I believe.

Ian nods. Looks at Rachel who stands before the window.

IAN

Who is she?

THE WHITE RABBIT

Her identity doesn't matter in that  
case.

Ian turns the pad off.

IAN

And how am I supposed to find her?  
You can't even be sure she's alive.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I trust my insurance. She assures  
that Burbank is not unknown to you.

IAN

Let's say so. It's not cheap to go  
through trashland. What if I waste  
my gas only to hear you tell me she  
went the opposite direction.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Trust me. She's smart. She surely doesn't want go to places where she's known and where my... assets could catch her.

Ian nervously laughs. The White Rabbit walks to Ian, hands him the rider's gun.

IAN

You know, if she went on foot where you tell... I don't think I'll need this.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Again, I don't like to be surprised. Better be sure.

Ian sighs. Takes the gun.

IAN

What about the price?

THE WHITE RABBIT

I don't know. Ask your girl.

Ian looks to Rachel. She nods to him, gently grabs her pendant. Ian notes her move. Then holsters the gun in his back, underneath his jacket.

IAN

What about your name? I don't work for people I don't know.

THE WHITE RABBIT

My name doesn't matter, but for now, since all I'll do is watch the time, I guess you can call me The White Rabbit. Now, hurry up.

Ian looks at Rachel, quietly, then walks out.

EXT. PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A line of about 20 people wait to get in the club. Ian exits the building. Heads to his car.

Ian looks at the pad that displays the 3D model of the silver briefcase as well as a ticking clock: "10:39 PM."

Ian sighs. Looks at the club's neon sign.

Green, shiny. The only bright light miles around. The pyramid is imposing, still. Ian can't get his eyes off of it.

EXT. STREET - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Cindy runs across a deserted and quiet dark street. She's scared and covered in sweat. Her make-up has washed away with tears she shed.

The buildings around Cindy are in ruin. Several streetlamps lie on the ground.

Cindy stops. Looks around. Then she bends forward, catches her breath. She shivers, frozen by the cold night and her lack of warm clothes over her exposed body.

Cindy motions to the sidewalk, leans against a wall as she pants. Her breath is shaky and quick.

She wipes her sweaty forehead. Looks at the briefcase. Then at the scabs over her scraped kneecaps.

Cindy gets a grip on herself, looks up. She goes back on the road as she walks past a sign resting against the wall: the Warner Bros. Logo.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO ROAD - BURBANK - NIGHT

With its small abandoned buildings. Hills that overlook its ghost street, the road is an eerie area with merely a couple of streetlamps that still function.

Cindy quietly walks. On the lookout, she takes a peek at every building's windows.

Cartridges lie on the ground, as well as several bones, dog skulls and outdated newspapers.

It's very quiet.

Besides Cindy's footsteps, there isn't a single sound.

BANG!

A GUNSHOT ECHOES. Cindy freezes.

BANG-BANG-BANG! A SHOOTOUT takes place nearby. Cindy starts to motion away from the gunshots and as she turns around -- a TRASH, this huge machine, comes around the corner.

Cindy hurries to the closest building, gets inside an

## ABANDONNED RETAIL STORE

with yet many clothes left hung on their display stands.

Cindy takes cover against the wall, below the window looking out on the street.

The TRASH passes in front of the store. Its treads make its passing loud.

Cindy holds her breath.

The TRASH's eye scans the street, then as it rotates on top of its head like a siren, a blue light scans the abandoned retail store.

The TRASH doesn't stop. Cindy slowly, and very softly exhales.

The TRASH passes by the store. Cindy takes a peek through the hole in the window. Sees the machine turn around the corner.

Cindy leans her head back against the wall, heaves a sigh of relief.

Cindy breathes, then whispers to herself on repeat:

CINDY  
I can make it. I can make it.

## EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NIGHT

A sign reads: "LA BREA."

The street is almost impracticable. Turned over cars and chunks of collapsed buildings block 90 percent of the road.

## INSIDE THE CAR

Ian is on the lookout. He drives at under 20 miles per hour. He looks at the impracticable street. Makes the car reach a full stop.

Ian studies the blocked passage. He sees a narrow way through. Heaves a long heavy sigh.

IAN  
(mumbles to himself)  
Okay... Great.

Ian shifts gear into reverse, starts going backwards.

INT. IAN'S CAR - HOLLYWOOD BLVD - LATER

Ian is behind the wheel, head down. He glances at the passenger seat, on which sits the glass pad with a broken screen and the rider's gun.

Ian grabs the cushion of the passenger seat, lifts it as it reveals to be a hidden secret compartment.

Inside the secret compartment there are the chips Ian stole to Ray.

Ian takes a long look at it. Then closes the compartment. shifts to first gear and drives to the narrow way through the blockade.

INT. LOBBY - SAFARI INN MOTEL

Deserted.

All the lights are on.

Wallpapers are torn, some windows are broken but overall, the inside is intact yet covered with dust.

Cindy stands in front of the counter. She looks around, studies the place.

Nobody around but her.

Cindy goes behind the counter. Studies the wall on which keys for the rooms are hung.

One key catches Cindy's eye. She takes the KEY 16.

INT. ROOM 16 - SAFARI INN MOTEL

CLACK. Door's unlocked. It opens.

Cindy comes in. Discovers the clean, old fashioned motel room.

She puts the briefcase down. Cracks a smile. She goes to the window, draws the curtains.

INT. BATHROOM - ROOM 16

Cindy washes away her make-up as she stands in front of the mirror.



She stares at her reflection. Heaves a sigh. Then looks at her hanging pendant, the curled snake.

Cindy leaves the bathroom, goes back in the

ROOM

then grabs the briefcase and puts it on the bed.

Cindy takes off her necklace. Inserts the head of the snake in briefcase's lock. CLING. Briefcase's unlocked.

Cindy opens the briefcase.

On the outside, it's a regular briefcase, but on the inside, it's split in two parts. The lower part of the briefcase holds a triangular shaped GOLDEN CHIP. And the upper part holds a black screen.

Cindy studies the chip. She motions her hand to take it. The screen turns on.

In green letters, like an old computer from the 80's, words write on the screen: "Hello, Mr. G. Amount of your account is: 616.00 \$."

Then below this sentence, other words appear and display two choices:

"- TRANSFER

- EJECT"

Cindy shakes her head in disbelief. She touches the word "EJECT" with her index finger. The golden chip slightly ejects from its space. Cindy grabs the golden chip, takes a close look at it.

The chip has no screen. Cindy frowns, puts the chip back into the briefcase. The briefcase' screen turns back on. It displays the same amount again: "616.00\$"

CINDY

No. No, you're wrong. No, come on.

Cindy knocks on the screen. The amount stays the same.

Cindy stares at the briefcase, nervously laughs. Then cries.

INT. DANCEFLOOR - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

Strippers do their show as the crowd dances to the electronic rhythm.

Although the club is full, it's important to note that very few girls are part of the audience.

AT THE COUNTER

A couple of men get into a fight.

One of the security guards steps in the fist fight.

AT A POLE

A stripper dances. She's quite provocative and wild.

One dude tries to get his hand on her. She kicks him in the face with her high heel.

STRIPPER

Get outta here, you bastard!

The music gets louder.

A LITTLE MAN enters the club. Dressed all in white at the exception of his black tie, the man sports a fedora and walks with the help of a white stick. Tzu.

Accompanied with TWO BODYGUARDS, Tzu goes into the crowd. He pushes the people on the way, and reaches the middle of the dance floor.

Tzu reaches his hand out to one of his bodyguards.

TZU

Give me it.

The people around Tzu keep dancing, unshakeable.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

The White Rabbit hands an ashtray to Rachel as he stands in front of her. She extinguishes her smoke and leaves the butt in the tray.

The White Rabbit puts the ashtray on the table. Grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Tell me, how's your brother?

Rachel is speechless. She looks at The White Rabbit, puzzled.

RACHEL

I --

THE WHITE RABBIT

I know everything, Rachel. The benefits of technology.

The White Rabbit shows his glass pad to Rachel with a grin.

RACHEL

I don't have any brother.

The White Rabbit sits down.

THE WHITE RABBIT

(wry smile)

Brian Jeremy. The name doesn't ring a bell I guess. Then it wouldn't matter if I call someone in Boston to execute that man.

Rachel stares at The White Rabbit as he grabs an unique and rare object: a CELL PHONE. The White Rabbit dials a number.

RACHEL

If I had a brother he wouldn't be in Boston. And I doubt this thing works.

The White Rabbit puts his phone down.

THE WHITE RABBIT

That's right, babydoll. Nice is I think where he should be. Am I wrong? Moreover, I never buy anything that doesn't work.

Rachel doesn't answer.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

I can have more than you imagine. And as you guess, I'm the only one in here who can truly help you.

Rachel looks at The White Rabbit with bitterness.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Do you know what I do?

Rachel shakes her head.

## THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

I figured. You never questioned who enjoyed the profits of those supplies you buy every Saturday? Who received the money from your fill-ups?

Rachel furrows an eyebrow.

## THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

The chips you receive every week have to belong, and to go to someone.

The White Rabbit grins. Rachel looks away.

BANG-BANG!

Two gunshots ECHO.

## INT. DANCEFLOOR - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

Tzu stands in the middle of the dance floor, holds a gun and points it at the ceiling.

Around Tzu, a free space liberated by the crowd.

The music stops.

## TZU

Now all of you, listen. I'm not here to rob any of you. I'm not here to kill any of you.

Tzu motions to a stripper' stage. He climbs it up, faces the crowd.

## TZU (CONT'D)

All of you know who I am or at least have an idea. You know I don't hesitate and I did all the things they say.

(beat)

But I'm not here to discuss any of that. I'm here to find him.

## INT. PRIVATE ROOM - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

The White Rabbit goes to the window. Rachel gets up and stands behind him.

RACHEL  
What's happening?

He cracks a smile.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Tzu.

INT. DANCEFLOOR - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

The crowd stares at Tzu as he keeps his gun pointed at the ceiling.

TZU  
I know he is here tonight and I want you to bring him to me. If you do so, I'll reward you with a thousand gifts. All you have to do is to find You-Know-Who, and to make him kneel before me.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

The crowd moves aside to let The White Rabbit approach.

Entertained, he claps his hands at a very slow, unimpressed pace.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Very impressive, Tzu. I believe your performance is getting better day after day. You made yourself the king of the night.

Tzu grimaces in silence as he glares at The White Rabbit.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
However, I believe they do not care about your gifts and benefits. All of them know a little more than you do.

TZU  
You bastard --

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Huh-huh, no cursing, please. Let's remain gentlemen after all. How may I help you?

TZU

You owe me a leg, and a girl. And I want you to pay now.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Really? You seem to have forgotten who you're talking to.

TZU

I know who I'm talking to, dickhead. You're a fraud. You hide behind a lie. You have fun killing girls.

Tzu grins, confident.

TZU (CONT'D)

I know my hooker didn't steal anything. You made her play a game. Like all the others. And now you'll pay. See, everyone wants you to pay.

The White Rabbit turns to the crowd (his audience).

THE WHITE RABBIT

I don't know. Do you?

No one in the crowd answers.

TZU

Okay. Okay. Then make me get out of here.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You think I have this power?

TZU

Oh, the gossips run wild in this hell. You really thought my little Cindy came for a B.J?

THE WHITE RABBIT

It didn't take me long to know why she ran so fast. But however, I see she outsmarted you as well.

A beat. Tzu sneers.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

I think that I offered you the chance to hide for a moment. So I can forget you. And perhaps give you a second shot.

(MORE)

## THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

But apparently, all you want is to be punished. And trust me, you played with the Devil.

## TZU

I've enough of your crap.  
(to his bodyguards)  
Get him.

The two bodyguards don't move. They stare at The White Rabbit, Tzu notices the rings engraved with a Pyramid around one of the bodyguards fingers.

The White Rabbit furrows his brow with a crooked smile.

## THE WHITE RABBIT

Not what you expected. Now, ask for my pity.

## TZU

I ain't asking for shit.

The White Rabbit looks down, sighs.

BANG! The rider fires from the crowd. His bullet hits Tzu in the guts. Tzu falls to his knees.

The White Rabbit goes to the stage on which Tzu kneels, his hands on his bloody guts. The White Rabbit grabs Tzu's tie, pulls him and makes him fall on the dance floor.

## THE WHITE RABBIT

Now ask for forgiveness.

## TZU

I don't need your pardon.

## THE WHITE RABBIT

You sure do.

The White Rabbit points at the blood on the stage and on the dance floor.

## THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Look at this mess. Someone will have to clean it up. And it'll have to be one of my employees. Do you think they enjoy doing this? They don't. So now, I'm telling you one last time... ask for my pity.

Tzu spits on The White Rabbit's face. The White Rabbit chuckles. Wipes the spit off his face.

## THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

One goes away.

The White Rabbit hits Tzu in the face. Hits him in the bloody guts, then calmly, he approaches his ring covered with Tzu's blood to Tzu's forehead.

Pushes the ring on Tzu's forehead. Tzu screams, mad.

The White Rabbit takes his hand off, leaves the mark of the All Seeing Eye on Tzu's forehead then:

## THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Smile.

## TZU

You fu --

The White Rabbit crashes his foot on Tzu's jaw. Blood splatters on the dancefloor.

The crowd is horrified, but nobody dares to move.

The White Rabbit looks up at the window of his office. Notes the absence of Rachel by the window.

## THE WHITE RABBIT

Put the music back on. And feel  
free to do what you please with  
that body.

The White Rabbit walks away. The rider stands still as he observes the crowd.

The music plays again. And as soon as The White Rabbit leaves the dancefloor, the people the closest to Tzu's body rush to his body and rip it off from its clothes, jewels and even body parts.

## INT. PRIVATE ROOM - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

Rachel tries to open the door. She is locked inside the room and no other exit but this one.

She hits the handle, unmoved. Goes for a second hit and...

... the door opens.

The White Rabbit comes in. Rachel steps back.

## THE WHITE RABBIT

Don't believe I'd leave you with  
the possibility of running away.



Rachel looks down. He watches her, sighs. Almost a comprehending look in his eyes.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

We leave. Now. I will walk you backstage so you can grab your clothes, then we'll go somewhere else.

She nods, looks down.

The White Rabbit hands Rachel a smoke. She looks at it first, then takes it.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB

Jonas open the door, faces The White Rabbit and lets him come in along with Rachel.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Hurry up.

Rachel heads to her mirror. Grabs the clothes she left on her spot as well as her pack of cigarettes. She takes her purse, then her coat. Goes back to The White Rabbit.

JONAS

Where are you going?

THE WHITE RABBIT

Jonas, what do I pay you for?

JONAS

To watch the girls, sir.

THE WHITE RABBIT

That's right. Now do I pay you well? Do you feel unsafe working here?

Jonas hesitates.

JONAS

Yes -- No. I mean...

THE WHITE RABBIT

Where does it say I pay you to ask questions?

JONAS

Nowhere, sir.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
You're a good boy.

The White Rabbit draws a chip from his inside pocket, gives it to Jonas.

Jonas looks confused. He studies the chip. Reads its amount on the back: "6.16 \$"

JONAS  
Thank you, sir.

The White Rabbit motions Rachel out the room, follows her.

INT. THE WHITE RABBIT'S LIMO - NIGHT

The White Rabbit follows Rachel into the white limo.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
To the Nuart.

The limo drives.

RACHEL  
Why did you kill that man?

Before The White Rabbit answers, his pager beeps. He takes it, looks at it. Then grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
She finally opened it.  
(to the driver)  
Contact the nightrunner. We have her location.

INT. IAN'S CAR (MOVING) - FREEWAY

Ian drives, focused. Tense.

The lights of the streetlamps reflect on the windshield.

On the road, no car but Ian's. A heaven for pilots.

Ian speeds up. The car's engine roars.

A POLE on the roadside lights up as Ian's car drives by.

Ian notes the pole in the wing mirror.

IAN  
There we go.

Ian tenses up. Exits the freeway.

EXT. IAN'S CAR

As the car exits the freeway, it comes face to face with a wrecked TRASH.

Ian manages to avoid the big wrecked machine that sleeps on the road.

The car drifts and drives by the sign: "BURBANK."

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ian sweats. Stays on the lookout.

IAN  
Now where are you?

He looks both sides. Sees nothing but ruins. And silhouettes on the rooftops.

Ian grabs the gun. Puts it on his lap.

Then a huge fireball illuminates Ian's face.

Ian looks at the road ahead.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO ROAD - BURBANK

TWO TRASH shoot at scavengers that throw rocks at the machines.

One TRASH that, unlike the other, has a very rusty hull, uses a FLAMETHROWER and burns the scavengers that run away.

The human bodies fall to the ground. Roasted. Then the two TRASH turn to see Ian's car heading their way.

IAN

sees a street on the side. Bluntly turns the wheel.

IAN  
Shit, shit, shit.

He drives the car into the street. Accelerates.

Ian is almost at the end of the street, sees the road ahead. The treads of a TRASH get in Ian's sight and right before the TRASH can block the street, the car speeds up and Ian dodges the machine.

THE TRASH

aims its canons at Ian's car. Fires. But the car's too fast. The TRASH doesn't hit Ian's vehicle one single time.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ian's hands tightens around the wheel. He glances at the glass pad on the passenger' seat.

IAN

Where the hell are you, goddammit?!

A ROCK hits the windshield. Ian does a U-turn.

EXT. IAN'S CAR

The tires screech as the car drifts. Then the car runs over a rusty plate that instantly lights up.

A magnetic impulsion lifts the car on its two front tires.

IAN

locks his elbows as he keeps his two hands on the wheel to stay on the seat, in lack of a seatbelt.

THE CAR

falls back on all fours, rushes and crashes in a wall.

Smoke comes out of the Pontiac's hood.

Ian opens the door, falls out of the car. Puts a hand on his forehead and applies pressure on a scratch. Deep and bleeding.

A DOZEN OF SCAVENGERS come out of the shadows of the street. Some of them are KIDS about 10 years old, while others are ELDERS. Each of them holds either a bat, a wrench or a stick by way of a weapon.

Ian looks up, sees the scavs that get nearer and nearer. Ian quickly crawls back to his car, retrieves his gun and waves it toward the scavs.

The older scavs freeze while the kids don't show any fear and approach Ian's car.

Ian goes up on his feet, grunts. Then FIRES the gun in the sky. The shot THUNDERS. The kids instantly run away.

IAN  
Go away! Move!

Ian points the gun at the scavs while he wipes the blood pouring out of his forehead' scratch.

The scavs go into hiding.

Ian lowers his gun. Feels his chest.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Shit.

His ribs hurt. Probably broken. And his face can't hide the pain.

Ian's pocket buzzes. He draws the pager. Reads: "TARGET LOCATED. SAFARI INN MOTEL."

Ian heaves a long, painful sigh as the expansion of the thoracic cage moves the injured ribs.

He looks up, and ahead of the road shine lights.

Ian cracks a smile. Reads the pager's message again.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Talk about luck.

INT. LOBBY - SAFARI INN MOTEL - NIGHT

All lights are off. Ian enters the lobby. Gun in hand, moonlight lights his back.

Ian walks to the counter. His steps are hesitant. He looks at the keys. Then notes the staircase.

INT. CORRIDOR - 2ND FLOOR - SAFARI INN MOTEL

10... ..11...

Ian carefully moves forward, focused on the different numbers on the doors along the corridor.

Cold sweat on his forehead. Shaky hands. Ian stays on the lookout as he quietly moves.

Ian tightly holds his gun.

...ROOM 14.....ROOM 15...

Ian inhales deeply, then holds his breath. Noise comes out the room ahead of Ian. Ian freezes, listens carefully

CINDY (O.S.)

No, no, no, no. C'mon. No, no.

Ian furrows his brow. Notes the room 16 door is open ajar.

Ian sticks his back against the wall, slowly gets nearer the room.

INSIDE THE ROOM 16

Cindy is on her knees, back facing the door. She rubs her neck.

Ian takes a peek inside the room, frowns. He can't believe his eyes.

IAN

Cindy?

She instantly turns around. Grabs the revolver on the bed. The shot THUNDERS. A big hole bursts through the wall. Ian falls on his ass, covers his head.

IAN (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Cindy!

Cindy goes up on her feet. With one hand, she points the gun in direction of the door and with the other, she closes the briefcase.

CINDY

Who are you?!

IAN (O.S.)

It's Ian! It's me!

CINDY

Ian? How did you find me?

IAN  
I didn't look for you. I just -- I followed instructions.

CINDY  
Instructions? Given by who?

Tense, Ian clenches his fists, thinks. He retrieves the pager, slides it to Cindy's sight.

Cindy stands still, both hands on the revolver.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Ian...  
(beat)  
Are you on a nightrun?

IAN  
I was told to come here. This guy hired me, and he's got my girlfriend -- I don't want to do anything wrong.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
-- You've got a mission, don't you? --

CINDY (CONT'D)  
He hired you.

Ian sighs. He can't hide his confusion nor his fear.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Ian, you better go. I made a mistake, I thought I could run away but... I was wrong.

Ian closes his eyes.

Cindy's eyes water. She shakes her head, lowers her gun.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I didn't want to end it this way. I thought...

A beat.

Ian waits for the end of her sentence. His clammy hand tightens around the gun's handle.

IAN  
Why did you do that? What's in that thing?

CINDY  
It was supposed to be full.

Tears roll down Cindy's cheeks.

IAN  
Full of what, Cindy? What was  
supposed to be inside?

Cindy goes mute.

Ian gets up. Takes a peek inside the room. Sees that Cindy  
has lowered her gun.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Don't do anything stupid. I'm  
coming in, okay?

Cindy shakes her head, defeated.

Ian gently steps into the room with his hands up. Her head  
down, Cindy mutters to herself.

CINDY  
I'm gonna make it. I'm gonna make  
it.

IAN  
It's okay, see.

Ian carefully motions toward Cindy.

CINDY  
I'm sorry.

Cindy swallows back her tears, looks up.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
If you don't kill me, then it will  
be you. This man, he's not anyone.  
He won't hesitate to take both our  
lives. I'm so sorry, Ian.

Cindy sticks the gun's canon to her temple. Shuts her wet  
eyes.

IAN  
No, wait!

BANG!

The gunshot is loud. Blunt. And effective. Ian stands still,  
his eyes wide open.

Cindy's body lies on the ground.

Cindy's eyes are open, but they don't blink. A pool of blood  
spreads from her back on which she rests.



Ian lets his gun fall. He shakes his head. Breathes in. Approaches Cindy's body. Then stares right at her right eye. Open, her eye stares back at Ian.

Ian steps back, sheds a tear.

IAN (CONT'D)

Fuck. No, no, no. That can't be --  
come on, no!

He stares at Cindy's dead body that bathes in her own blood.

Ian takes a moment to breathe.

Ian goes to the briefcase, looks at it. Notices the necklace inserted in the lock. He twists the necklace. The briefcase opens.

Ian faces the briefcase' screen which displays the same words it showed to Cindy. Then he looks at the golden chip.

He gets a closer look at the chip, takes the pendant out of the lock. With the head of the snake, Ian scratches the golden chip.

Ian looks at Cindy's body, thinks for a second. Then grimaces.

Ian closes the briefcase, hurries to scratch the briefcase with the pendant.

There's no scratch, nor even a tiny mark.

IAN (CONT'D)

You prick.

Ian looks to Cindy. Shakes his head in disbelief. Then gets a grip on himself.

Ian puts the pendant in his jacket's pocket. Grabs the briefcase, then his gun and motions out of the room. He stops before the door. Turns around, grabs his pager on the ground. Looks one last time at Cindy's body.

Ian lowers his eyes. And quietly, to Cindy:

IAN (CONT'D)

He'll pay back. I promise.

Ian walks out.

EXT. NUART THEATRE - SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT

The boulevard is empty. Intact from any conflict.

The cinema is left unaltered by time. Its building is in great shape. Only the marquee is left with some letters missing as it spells: "R CKY H OR PICTUR SHOW".

The White Rabbit's limo arrives, stops in front of the cinema.

Rachel gets out of the car, followed by The White Rabbit.

The White Rabbit goes to the driver's window. The window lowers slightly.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Be back at dawn. I want to leave as soon as I get my belongings back. And please, send the drone here.

The driver closes the window, drives the limo away, leaving The White Rabbit and Rachel alone at the front of the cinema.

RACHEL

What are we doing here?

THE WHITE RABBIT

I wanted to show you something.

The White Rabbit moves to the entry of the old fashioned, classic cinema.

Rachel follows him. He opens the door and lets Rachel in first.

INT. NUART THEATRE

Dark. Silent.

Lights are all off.

Rachel walks carefully down the aisle. She turns around, sees she's alone in the dark.

A CRACK. Then an electric, buzzing noise. The lights switch on.

The inside of the cinema is clean, almost as good as new.

The White Rabbit goes to Rachel.

RACHEL  
Why are we here?

THE WHITE RABBIT  
You see, this place has a long history. Its walls have seen more artists than any other place of this town. Midnight showings. Real actors on stage. A fun place. Historic. Yet, even though it was full every weekend, the stage wasn't there.

Rachel looks puzzled.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
It was here. Life. It's the only stage that will forever be full. With twists, moments of adventure, joy, then sadness, pain and...

He motions around her. Stops behind her back and whispers into her ear:

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
...death.

The White Rabbit points the stage to Rachel.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
You see, this is your place. You are the lead tonight. The only one that will see the true ending of this night.

RACHEL  
Where is Ian?

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Oh he'll be back. He'll come. I never bet on the wrong horse.

RACHEL  
What is it you care so much about in that case?

THE WHITE RABBIT  
I don't like to be stolen. What's mine, is mine. And I like to keep my things close.

RACHEL

Stop the bullshit. What do you want from me?

The White Rabbit approaches Rachel.

Two feet away from her, The White Rabbit stops, stands still. He takes his signet ring off, hands it to Rachel.

The ring is made of thick gold and its signet is a BLACK TRIANGLE.

Rachel takes the ring, doubtful. She studies the signet ring, thinks.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What do I do with this?

He smiles, amused. Walks closer to Rachel. Consequently, she immediately steps backwards.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You're a tough girl, Rachel. I'm sad that we put you into this mess. However, it can't be undone. And all you have for savior is him. Now you can call me whatever you want, it doesn't matter. But you've heard the rumors. You know what people say.

RACHEL

I don't listen to gossips.

Rachel keeps stepping backwards, hits against a seat at the last row. She discreetly pats the seat. Her fingers touch a piece of broken glass. She grabs it.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I have a lot of power in this town. And you may be just a stripper, you know what this sign means.

RACHEL

A secret society. Is that what you lead?

The White Rabbit's face comes closer to Rachel, as if they are about to kiss.

She doesn't get flustered and looks him straight in the eye.

THE WHITE RABBIT

(smirks)

I have seen a lot of girls around this town. A lot. And yet I can't tell what there is about you.

RACHEL

I guess you're not used to strong women.

In silence, they stare at each other. Their faces as close as they can be from one another... The White Rabbit grins.

Rachel's hold on the sharp piece of glass tightens. It tightens so much she cuts herself. A drop of her blood flows along the piece of glass.

The White Rabbit's pager buzzes. He cracks a smile, steps away from Rachel. Draws his pager, sports a glad smile.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You can be proud of your boyfriend.

Rachel glances at the sharp glass she holds. Grimaces as blood keeps flowing along the glass.

The White Rabbit puts the pager back in his pocket.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

He won't take long to come back.

Rachel inhales deeply. She grips the piece of glass. More blood flows along the glass and as blood drops...

EXT. SAN FERNANDO ROAD - BURBANK - NIGHT

Ian painfully runs, exhausted. He points his gun in every direction he suspects to be a source of danger as he goes to the Pontiac stuck against the wall.

Ian hops

INSIDE THE CAR

tosses the briefcase on the passenger seat. Puts the gun on his lap. Retrieves the car keys, starts her up.

Gear into reverse. Eyes on the rear-view mirror. Ian hits the accelerator.

EXT. IAN'S CAR - SAN FERNANDO ROAD - BURBANK

The car goes backwards, its hood splits up with the wall and Ray's arrow that cut the contact falls off.

The car turns, stops.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ian shuts his eyes. Breathes.

The car's engine throbs.

With his right foot, Ian feels the accelerator, plays with it.

The engine roars. Ian looks at the pager. Reads it: "4:30 AM. NUART THEATRE. HURRY UP."

Ian hits the clutch, shifts to 5th gear, accelerates. The tires screech. Ian lets go of the clutch, the car speeds up full throttle, sinks Ian in his seat.

INT. NUART THEAT - NIGHT

The White Rabbit looks at the silver screen of the abandoned cinema.

Rachel glances at the exit door.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Tell me, Rachel. Why didn't you tell Ian about your brother? It's a very intimate detail, yet you haven't shared it with the only person that cares about you.

RACHEL

He didn't need to know. Why d'you ask?

THE WHITE RABBIT

I only find it interesting.

RACHEL

Perhaps you should mind your own business. It never hurt people like you.

The White Rabbit looks at Rachel, grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I'm afraid there aren't a lot of people like me.

RACHEL

If you are what you say, you're just another man in a suit that despises this world. Men like you, they never truly are human.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I think you're right.

Rachel furrows her brow, perplexed.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

I am not human. I'm more than this. I'm what you'd call the king of a prison.

Rachel chuckles.

RACHEL

You truly spent too much time looking yourself in the glass.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Come over here.

Rachel stares at him. Quiet.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Come on, come here.

RACHEL

You really want me to?

THE WHITE RABBIT

I'd love to.

Rachel grins. Motions to The White Rabbit. He offers his left hand to Rachel. She grabs his hand. Pulls him close and stabs him in the guts.

The White Rabbit keeps a straight face. Rachel whispers to his ear.

RACHEL

How about this, Rabbit?

She pulls the bloody sharp glass out of The White Rabbit's guts. The White Rabbit grabs Rachel's necklace and pulls it off. Rachel runs out of the cinema.

The White Rabbit puts pressure on his wound. Takes a deep breath, then straightens up.

EXT. NUART THEATRE - SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT

Rachel runs away from the cinema.

The rider arrives on his bike in front of the Nuart, sees Rachel fleeing. He draws his gun, aims at Rachel.

THE WHITE RABBIT (O.S.)

Wait.

The rider moves his finger away from the trigger, looks at The White Rabbit.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

I'll get her. Wait for the boy and kill him.

The rider nods, holsters his gun and steps out of his bike.

The White Rabbit keeps pressure on his wound. Glances at the cut, grimaces, then wipes his bloody hand on his black pants.

Rachel heads toward the VARIETY BUILDING. The White Rabbit watches her go. Then looks up at the flickering "Variety" sign.

INT. IAN'S CAR (MOVING) - 405 FREEWAY - NIGHT

Focused behind the wheel, Ian sweats. Keeps his eyes focused on the road.

The hand on the speedometer goes past the 80 MPH mark... 90 MPH... hits 100 MPH.

Ian looks into the rear-view mirror.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY

A TRASH rises from its artificial sleep. Runs over a wrecked car. Opens its weapon compartments.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ian keeps his eyes sharp and his hand on the stick shift, ready to maneuver.



THE TRASH

zooms in on Ian's car, scans it. It fires its canons.

IAN

Makes the car zigzag, avoids the bullets then sees the freeway exit a hundred yards ahead.

A TRASH rises from its sleep next to the freeway exit.

THE TRASH

far behind Ian holds its fire. Opens a third compartment in the center of its hull and fires a ROCKET.

IAN

looks into the rear-view mirror, opens his eyes wide as he sees the rocket that charges at the car.

IAN

Holy hell.

Ian spins the wheel. The car hits the roadside. The rocket misses Ian's car and hits the TRASH next to the freeway exit.

The TRASH explodes. Ian drives the car through the fireball and goes down the freeway exit to land on...

SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

at the corner of Beloit Avenue.

INT. LOBBY - VARIETY BUILDING

Rachel hides behind a wall. She pants, yet tries to hold her breath as tears roll down her face.

She looks around the room. Nothing but dark corners, broken desks and chairs.

Rachel carefully tilts her head to get a peek at the entry.

The silhouette of The White Rabbit approaches the entry. Rachel quickly hides, holds her breath.

She takes her shoes off. Holds them.

The White Rabbit enters the lobby.

THE WHITE RABBIT

There's no need to run. Don't be silly. Now, why don't you show me your pretty face so that we can have a talk?

No answer. He grimaces.

INT. ROOM - VARIETY BUILDING

Rachel enters a big room of cubicles. She tip toes along the main aisle between the deserted cubicles.

Rachel steps barefoot on broken glass. Freezes. Grinds her teeth. She sheds a couple of tears that wash away her make-up.

She carefully rises her injured foot. It bleeds. She keeps moving forward.

The floor is covered with rumble and shattered glass

Rachel watches her steps. FOOTSTEPS resonate. Rachel hurries up, cuts her feet, quietly grunts and hides in a cubicle.

CRACK. Glass shatters. The White Rabbit' shadow moves on the wall next to Rachel's cubicle.

Rachel closes her eyes, prays. She clenches her fists as she mumbles the same sentence to herself over and over again.

Then suddenly, she opens her eyes, restful. Focused. She holds one of her shoes tightly.

She inhales, exhales, inhales, exhales as she patiently waits.

THE WHITE RABBIT (O.S.)

Come out, Rachel. I won't harm you.

The White Rabbit' steps are louder.

THE WHITE RABBIT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know you're here. Please come out, babydoll.

The White Rabbit is right next to Rachel's cubicle. His back turned away from Rachel. Rachel sees his legs. Inhales deeply and rushes to get up.

The fight is quick and intense:

Rachel pushes The White Rabbit with her shoulder. Strikes her shoe's heel in his eye.

The White Rabbit screams in terrible pain. Falls to his knees.

Rachel stands before him. Watches him with disdain.

RACHEL

Don't you dare to call me that again.

She punches The White Rabbit in the face and as she starts away, he grabs her hand. Rachel freezes. The White Rabbit takes off his hand from his blinded bleeding eye, and glares at Rachel.

INT. IAN'S CAR - SANTA MONICA BLVD

Ian heaves a long sigh of relief. Glances at the briefcase sitting on the passenger seat.

Then he looks out the windshield and sees the Nuart theatre a couple of yards away.

Then Ian frowns, tilts his head.

EXT. NUART THEATRE - SANTA MONICA BLVD

The rider stands still in the middle of the road, his hand on the grip of his holstered gun.

The rider faces Ian's car.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ian looks down at his gun sat on his lap. Then looks at the rider.

Ian notes the rider's hand is ready to draw the gun.

IAN

Okay.

Ian cracks a smile. Makes the engine throb.

THE RIDER

holds still. He draws his gun. Aims.

The Pontiac makes its holler louder than ever.

IAN

You bet.

Ian lets go of the clutch pedal, accelerates and charges at the rider.

The rider fires.

Bullets hit the windshield. The hood. But all of them miss Ian.

The rider pulls the trigger, again and again. Ian sinks himself in his seat, looks away and --

The car hits the rider. The rider lands on the hood. Ian hits the brakes. The car stops. The rider's body leaps from the hood, rolls on the ground.

Ian opens his eyes. Looks at the inanimate rider lying in front of his car.

INT. ROOM - VARIETY BUILDING

Rachel falls flat on her stomach. Moans as she cuts her hands and legs on broken glass.

The White Rabbit exhales loudly as he painfully puts pressure on his eye while he stands before Rachel.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You bitch. You made me do it. Why did you have to run? I could have offered you a way out of this place. Yet you decided to be loyal to your boy.

The White Rabbit takes his hand off his eye. The injury is bad. Gruesome. He keeps his eye closed but if it opens, it surely doesn't look sweet.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Why is it, that you always make it so hard to end properly.

RACHEL

Why are you doing this?

THE WHITE RABBIT

It's a great question Rachel. A great question.

He groans, his injury stings. He inhales deeply.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

I do it, because this is what I'm here for. Your boyfriend got hired because my drone couldn't get that slut. And if she escaped, she would have proved anyone could leave this town. But it can't be. How would a girl leave this town, pay the exit fee by simply working for it? You're slaves, Rachel. Because you all hope to leave this place, you wouldn't let anyone rule this city for you. You all strive to run away, get enough to buy your supplies. But where does the money go? You never asked yourself the question. Because if you did, the people would rebel and nothing could lead to profit. Profit, Rachel. It's what everyone wants. All lives are based on profit.

RACHEL

So this is how you planned on leaving this town?

THE WHITE RABBIT

I've already left this town, Rachel. Do you really think I stay here all year long? To contemplate your misery? I come and go, Rachel. But like everyone I have to pay. And money is hard to come by in the outside world nowadays. It's become harder to get power. So I took advantage of all of this. To own my life. And along the way, own yours.

RACHEL

You don't own me.

THE WHITE RABBIT

This, I doubt.

The White Rabbit cocks his gun. Aims Rachel, FIRES.

INT. IAN'S CAR - NUART THEATRE

Ian grabs his gun, gets out of the car.

EXT. IAN'S CAR - NUART THEATRE

Ian approaches the rider. Points his gun at the helmet of the rider.

The rider is alive. His fingers and legs jerk.

Ian stands still, gun aimed at the rider.

IAN

How can you...

The rider goes up on his feet. Looks at Ian. But instead of his face, Ian stares at the rider's shoulder. The rider tilts his head... REVEAL:

A huge cut through the rider's jacket that makes its wires spark.

IAN (CONT'D)

You have to be kidding me.

The rider looks at his gun that sits next to his feet. Ian shakes his head.

The rider quickly bends. Ian fires. The bullet goes through the rider's visor. The rider falls flat on his back. Dead.

Ian goes to the rider's body. Studies it. Looks at the hole in the rider's visor that reveals nothing but a small broken camera and wires.

Ian looks at the Nuart Theatre. Motions to the entry.

A gunshot resonates in the street. Ian freezes. Looks to the Variety building.

A second gunshot. It comes from the Variety building.

Ian thinks, looks at the Nuart's marquee. Then at the Variety sign.

INT. ROOM - VARIETY BUILDING

The White Rabbit stands still, derringer in hand.

He stares at Rachel. Alive and well, she lies her eyes closed between two holes dug by the derringer's bullets.

Rachel opens her eyes. Looks up at The White Rabbit.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Now, let's calm down.

The White Rabbit grabs a chair in the cubicle behind him. Sits. Heaves a sigh, then chuckles.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
You sure are a fighter.

RACHEL  
Why do you spare my life if you hate all of us so much?

THE WHITE RABBIT  
The world is complicated, Rachel. It's not all white or black. Besides, I still need you.

EXT. VARIETY BUILDING

Ian runs to the building.

INT. ROOM - VARIETY BUILDING

Rachel takes a peek at her cut feet. The White Rabbit sees her wounds.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
You'll get well later. We need to go back to the theater.

RACHEL  
Why would I follow you?

The White Rabbit cracks a smile. Looks up at the ceiling, laughs.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
You want to see your Ian, right? So just listen. And do as you're told.

RACHEL  
I will not follow you.

The White Rabbit gets up. Tosses his derringer away. He offers his hand to Rachel.

Rachel glares at him. Then looks at his hand, still offered. Still ready to grab her hand.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Follow me.

IAN (O.S.)  
She won't.

The Rabbit turns around, faces Ian.

Rachel grins.

The White Rabbit retrieves his pager, checks the clock: "5:45 AM."

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Well done. You made it.

Ian sneers, aims the gun at The White Rabbit.

IAN  
You didn't think I would.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
I actually hoped for your success.  
Not for you standing on your feet,  
I admit. But --

IAN  
Rachel, come here.

Rachel goes up on her injured feet, grinds her teeth, goes to Ian. She rests on his shoulder, puts on her shoes.

IAN (CONT'D)  
You alright?

Rachel nods.

The White Rabbit puts his hands in his pockets. Watches Ian.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Where's the briefcase?

IAN  
You care a lot about it, do you?

RACHEL  
Ian, let's go.

IAN  
No, no, no. I'm staying here. He  
and I must talk for a second.

The White Rabbit looks away. Rachel and Ian's eyes meet.

RACHEL  
Please, Ian. We must go now.

Ian watches Rachel's bright, teary eyes. Then looks at The White Rabbit. Ian inhales deeply, makes a step closer to The White Rabbit, leaving Rachel to stand on her own.



IAN  
Why Cindy?

THE WHITE RABBIT  
What?

IAN  
Why her? Why did it have to be  
Cindy?

A beat. The White Rabbit is confused.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Tell me!

THE WHITE RABBIT  
It could have been anyone else.

IAN  
You knew it was her. Why not  
telling me?

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Tell you what? That this girl you  
had to kill was your friend? Then I  
wouldn't have had you by my side.  
To get it back.

Ian smirks.

IAN  
Yeah, and you sure did. But you  
didn't fool me.

The White Rabbit frowns. Cocks his head.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Cindy almost gave up to run away.  
She saw what was inside. Far from  
her expectations. But we both know  
that what's inside isn't as nice as  
the object itself.

RACHEL  
Ian, we have to hurry. Let's leave  
now.

IAN  
It's real silver, isn't it? That's  
why you care so much about it.  
Worth what? Half a million,  
probably. Enough for two to leave  
this town forever. Then the chip...  
(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

you fooled Cindy by storing only a couple of hundreds in it. Just enough to cover the gold it's worth. About what? A hundred? Two?

THE WHITE RABBIT

Enough.

IAN

You don't like me being arrogant? That's fun cos for now, it's all you've been. A fucking prick who thought he could keep all the money for himself.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I get it, Ian. I get it.

Ian's eyes start to water.

IAN

No you don't. She was my friend. I knew Cindy. I knew her well.

The White Rabbit looks down, grimaces.

IAN (CONT'D)

I can't leave without doing what's right.

THE WHITE RABBIT

So you've become a killer, Ian? Is it true? All I saw earlier tonight was a scared little boy who didn't have enough balls to sacrifice a bit of himself to keep the promise he made to his girl.

Ian is distraught. "How could he know about that?"

Ian turns to Rachel. She stands still, staring right in his eye, hopeful.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

If you kill me, Ian. It won't change anything. In fact, I'll keep on living.

IAN

What are you? A god? That time staring at the mirror didn't do you well.

## THE WHITE RABBIT

Ideas live on, Ian. They live, and they go from one man to another. If I die today, another will take my seat. And it will be like this endlessly.

Ian cracks a smile.

## IAN

I'm not convinced.

Ian starts to pull the trigger.

## RACHEL

Ian, no!

Ian freezes. Glares at The White Rabbit. Ian sheds a tear, then reluctantly lowers his gun.

Ian stares at The White Rabbit. Then lowers his head, only to see his own reflection in the paddle of water in which he stands.

Rachel watches Ian. She's quiet. Ian looks to her.

## IAN

Let's go.

The White Rabbit laughs. Ian goes to Rachel, grabs her hand and helps her walk.

## EXT. IAN'S CAR - NUART THEATRE - NIGHT

Rachel rests on Ian's shoulder as he walks her to the Pontiac parked in the middle of the Santa Monica boulevard.

The night sky clears to let the first sunrays of the day shine in Ian and Rachel's back.

Ian walks Rachel to the passenger side. Opens the door and sits Rachel on the passenger seat.

Then Ian goes...

## BEHIND THE WHEEL

starts the car.

In silence, Ian looks at Rachel. The briefcase sits on her lap.

IAN

Hold onto it. We'll get there.

Rachel nods yes, grins.

Ian makes a U-turn.

Drives away toward the sun that rises over the hills.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE WHITE RABBIT'S LIMO (MOVING) - DAY

The White Rabbit is alone on the backseat. His clothes are covered with dirt and blood. Painfully, he takes his jacket off, groans. He grabs a LITTLE SPRAY CAN, the size of a pencil and sprays a transparent liquid on his wounds.

He grits his teeth as the sprayed liquid stings. He tosses the spray can down then leans back. He puts pressure on his wounded eye, exhales.

Then, he opens the minibar and gets himself a drink. He grabs an ice cube, sticks it to his injured eye.

The White Rabbit draws Rachel's necklace, looks at it. He grimaces then takes a tissue, soaks it in his alcoholic beverage and sticks it to his eye. He groans, tightens his hold around the glass and bluntly, the glass breaks.

INT. BACKSTAGE - PYRAMID NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Loud electronic music resonates as Jonas and Carrie face each other. They're in mid-conversation:

JONAS

Nah, I can't let it happen. You know the rules.

CARRIE

That slut ran away with him and you want me to wait here?

JONAS

I -- I don't have a choice.

Carrie grimaces, bitter.

CARRIE

Beautiful. Really beautiful.

The White Rabbit comes in.

JONAS

Oh crap.

THE WHITE RABBIT

(to Jonas)

Go wait in the limo.

Jonas leaves the room.

Carrie stares at The White Rabbit. She can't help to notice his wounds.

CARRIE

What the hell happened to you?

The White Rabbit finds a bottle of Scotch, takes it. Pours himself a drink in a glass nearby and comes closer to Carrie.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Tell me, Carrie. What was your last advice?

CARRIE

What advice? What do you mean?

The White Rabbit slaps Carrie with the hand wearing the thick and heavy signet ring.

Carrie holds her mouth, in pain.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You don't ask questions. I do.

CARRIE

What have they done to you?

The White Rabbit shakes his head with anger.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I don't stay in L.A tonight, honey.  
I just wanna be sure I can trust  
you.

Carrie cocks her head, glares at The White Rabbit.

CARRIE

You can always trust me.

The White Rabbit cracks a smile, sneers.

INT. AMOEBA - DAY

Early morning. The clock above the bar reads 7 AM.

The bar is almost empty. Only a couple of men fill the seats left and right of the bar.

At the bar, Adam sits alone. With bags under his eyes, Adam downs his drink. Then looks up at the clock, sighs.

He draws his pager. No text. No messages.

Adam waves the waiter to come. The waiter goes to Adam.

ADAM

How much?

WAITER

Ten.

Adam retrieves one of the chips Ian brought him. The waiter grabs a little box behind the counter, hands it to Adam. Adam inserts the chip upside down in the box.

The amount on the chip' screen goes from 1,160.00 \$ to 1,150.00 \$.

Adam pulls the chip out, motions it to his pocket. A hand grabs Adam's arm.

Adam looks at the hand, then looks up and meets Darell's eyes.

ADAM

Hello, pal.

DARELL

How much you got on your chip?

Adam cracks a smile.

ADAM

I don't know. Do you count?

Darell draws a knife. Discreetly sticks it to Adam's rib.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Pal, I'm an employer. You could be friendlier.

Ray arrives behind Darell's back. Studies Adam from head to toe.

RAY

Got a problem, Darell?

DARELL

This scum has one of our chips.

Ray stares at Adam.

RAY  
Really? That's funny, I was  
supposed to get those back an hour  
ago. What are you doing with those?

Adam looks at Ray, takes a moment then, recognizes this face.

ADAM  
Are you --

Ray punches Adam in the face. Adam falls down. Darell picks Adam up.

WAITER  
Outside.

Ray nods to the waiter. Glances at Darell. Ray walks out and Darell follows Ray as he holds and pulls Adam.

EXT. AMOEBA - DAY

Ray gets a cigarette, lights it and draws. Darell throws Adam on the road.

RAY  
Where's the nightrunner?

ADAM  
What do you mean?

RAY  
You know what I mean. The guy with  
the red car. Where is he?

ADAM  
Ian? What do you want from him?

Ray kneels next to Adam. Offers him his cigarette. Adam shakes his head, confused.

RAY  
Oh boy, do I hate to do this.

DARELL  
He said he's an employer.

Ray furrows his brow, then laughs.

RAY  
Oh lord. I finally found you.

ADAM

You're the guys from the lake,  
right?

RAY

Right answer. Now I tell a story.  
Don't worry it's quick. See, I'm a  
man who likes to be here. Before  
the war, I was nothing but a  
prisoner, one of those guys locked  
up in a cell because he kicked too  
hard one of his partners that stole  
money from him. Now you know what  
they say, history repeats itself.  
But you and I are not partners,  
so...

Ray gives momentum to his fist for a punch. Adam chuckles.  
Ray stops his fist midway.

RAY (CONT'D)

What do you laugh at?

ADAM

It's a fucked up story, buddy. But  
I'm not sure about the ending.

Ray laughs.

RAY

You're a funny guy.

Adam nods. Ray punches Adam in the jaw. Then Ray searches  
Adam's pockets as Adam holds his mouth in pain.

Ray finds the three chips Ian gave to Adam. Ray tosses the  
chips to Darell. Looks at Adam.

RAY (CONT'D)

Funny and lucky. I want the other  
half, so you better hurry to make  
your friend come here.

Ray gets up. He and Darell go inside Amoeba. Adam lies on the  
ground, his hands over his mouth.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - INTERSTATE 15 - DAY

TWO HANDS, MALE AND FEMALE, on one another.

Ian looks at Rachel, she's asleep.

He focuses back on the road.



INT. CAR (MOVING) - INTERSTATE 15

A RUSTY CHEVY drives down the road filled with old cars lined up in a traffic jam of abandoned vehicles.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Ian gives Rachel a prod. Rachel opens her eyes.

RACHEL

What?

Ian doesn't say a thing. She looks at him, perplexed, then looks through the windshield.

Ahead of the road, a TALL FENCE blocks the whole interstate.

Ian and Rachel look at each other.

Ian gives Rachel the gun. She stares at him without saying a word.

EXT. CAR - INTERSTATE 15

The Chevy arrives before the fence. Stops. Ian gets out of the car with the briefcase and approaches the fence.

Nobody around but Ian and Rachel.

On the fence, a sign reads: "NO TRESPASSING."

Ian looks through the fence. Sees the mountains and the desert that signals the Los Angeles border.

Ian pushes the fence and like an old gate, it opens with a RUSTY, CREAKING SOUND.

Ian looks to the car. Puzzled. He walks back to the Chevy, gets

BEHIND THE WHEEL

and looks down, in his thoughts.

Rachel confusedly looks at Ian.

RACHEL

What's wrong?

IAN

There's no one. Absolutely no one.

Rachel doesn't seem to understand. She watches Ian at a loss. She smiles, laughs.

RACHEL  
("We're free...")  
...Then drive.

IAN  
No, you don't get it. Where's the  
army? The border?

RACHEL  
Who gives a shit, Ian? Who cares  
about that? We can go, now. We can  
finally escape this shithole so  
what are you waiting for?!

IAN  
It's all a fraud. D.L.A, that's  
just -- It's all a lie.

RACHEL  
Ian, we're finally here, so what  
are you waiting?

IAN  
We can't leave without telling all  
the others.

RACHEL  
The others? You mean all the crazy  
killers, perverts and broke men  
that live in that place?! Ian,  
you're kidding me, you made me a  
promise and now that you can make  
it real you just wanna go back to,  
what?

IAN  
I should have killed him, Rachel. I  
should have killed him.

A beat. She stares at him, mad. She thinks, nods and suddenly, explodes:

RACHEL  
Don't you think I wanna see him  
dead too?! Don't you think he made  
me live a hell that night just to  
make sure you'd bring back his  
thing?! C'mon, Ian, you're smarter  
than that, he is not worth any  
effort. I won't go back to L.A and  
I won't let you run after him.

Ian takes all this in. He breathes in, shakes his head. He becomes more and more agitated.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Ian don't make me do this. You  
can't make me go back there.

Wet eyes and tense, Ian stares at Rachel. He agitates, puts both hands on the wheel. He stares the wide open fence where a long deserted road lays on the other side.

INT. THE WHITE RABBIT'S LIMO - DAY

The White Rabbit's hand shakes as he carefully brings two pills to his mouth. He downs a glass of water to swallow the pills.

Carrie, sitting next to him, watches him in silence.

He closes his eyes, rubs his face. He knocks the glass that separates him from the driver.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Go to the pharmacy.

The White Rabbit sits back to a more comfortable position.

The White Rabbit's fingers intertwine Rachel's necklace. He watches the Monarch Butterfly pendant, smirks.

CARRIE

She's the one who...

The White Rabbit nods, and grins.

THE WHITE RABBIT

That little bitch. She... She's  
good.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

From a BIRD'S EYE VIEW, the lights of the city shine through the night. They shine so bright that the stars in the sky become invisible.

Many districts of the city are plunged in the dark whereas others are lit as if it were the 4th of July.

A DARK ELECTRONIC TONE rises in the air. It gets louder and louder until it reveals itself as a RHYTHM. A MUSIC.

Some lights flicker. Others entirely shut off. Then... a BLACKOUT in the whole town.

CUT TO:

INT. CVS PHARMACY

Lights flicker as they slowly switch on.

A CVS in good shape, surprisingly.

In the pharmacy side of the store, at the counter: The White Rabbit.

He brings pills to his mouth and swallows. Then takes a moment to think, his head down and eyes closed.

Carrie walks to him, gently puts a hand on his back.

CARRIE

You know she'll pay for what she did.

The White Rabbit spins, looks at Carrie more mad than ever.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Will she, Carrie? You think she'll pay for what she did to me?

Hesitantly, Carrie glances away, then confidently looks at The White Rabbit in his eyes.

CARRIE

Yes. Yes she will.

The White Rabbit chuckles, lowers his eyes. He turns back to the counter and bluntly hits it with his fist.

Carrie stays mute. Watching the man bent over the counter, in pain and anger.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I will show you something. You need to see something.

Carrie furrows her brow. The White Rabbit takes a NEEDLE with a VIAL. Puts both in his jacket's pocket. He looks to Carrie, grins. Carrie cocks her head, puzzled, she starts to show fear, and we -

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ray's pickup truck is parked in front of the building seemingly spared from the city's chaos.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION

The exterior really is an appearance for it's an absolute chaos inside. Probably one of the places that people turned into a mayhem first.

As far as one can see, nothing remains unscathed.

The building is completely damaged. Windows are all broken.

The furniture are all wrecked and water even covers a big part of the building's floor.

In the middle of the

HALLWAY

Adam searches old police files with the help of a flashlight.

He kneels down to open the drawer that is the closest to the ground. His knee gets wet as it touches the floor.

ADAM  
(to himself)  
Shit. Come on.

He wipes his jeans. Puts and holds the flashlight in his mouth as he searches the drawer with both hands.

Ray quietly arrives in Adam's back. The man's steps in the wet floors create a ripple. As Adam looks down, he notices the tiny waves moving in between his legs.

He slowly looks over his shoulder. Sees Ray.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

Ray grabs Adam's by the collar of his shirt and doesn't let go of his hold on him. He gathers momentum with his free hand to throw a punch --

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Yo, yo, yo, wait! Wait!

-- Ray brakes. Glares. Ready to punch at any given moment.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Calm down, Max.

With disgust and the feeling of being insulted, the man hits Adam in the face and:

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Whoa, stop! Jesus!

Adam breaks free of Ray's hold. He stares at Ray, then frowns. He looks closer to him, stares at his face.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Did you really follow me down there?

Ray hits Adam in the nose. Adam quickly brings one hand to pinch his bleeding nose and with the other hand, he signs to stop right before Ray goes for a second punch.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Wait, time out. I'm doing what you asked.

Ray listens.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You wanna find, Ian, right?

RAY  
Go on.

ADAM  
Well, remember when they let that start-up guy vaccine everyone? Well... it wasn't just a vaccine.

RAY  
I'm in hurry. Cut to the chase.

ADAM  
Nano technology. It's what it was. Like mini GPS to find people trying to escape town. Ian, like the rest of us, he's got those in his blood. And that building was the Army HQ. Now I don't know what I'm gonna find, but I know what to look for.

Ray chuckles, relaxes and observes Adam from head to toe.

RAY  
And papers are gonna help?

ADAM

Not papers. Pads. Phones. Something  
left behind that could work.

Ray nods. Adam wipes his nose.

EXT. SACRAMENT CHURCH - NIGHT

The White Limo is parked before the stairs leading inside the church.

INT. SACRAMENT CHURCH

At the front row, The White Rabbit stands. He looks over to Carrie that waits at the entry next to Jonas.

CARRIE

Nice place. You never brought me  
here.

The place is nice indeed. The inside is as good as new. The walls and the floor have somehow been spared by the mess.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Looks like you couldn't pass on a  
night with this.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I guess you're right, miss Tanner.

She looks down, amused, as Jonas stands next to her.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Thank you, Jonas. For the great  
contribution you brought to our  
society.

The White Rabbit raises his arm and before he can speak up, Jonas receives TWO BULLETS IN THE HEAD and FALLS DOWN.

The White Rabbit puts his gun back inside his jacket pocket and walks to Carrie.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Do I scare you?

She takes a moment to think. Looks at the man from head to toe and with a wink:

CARRIE

Not the least.

He nods. Comes closer.

THE WHITE RABBIT

I should.

He goes behind her, stares at her back. Sighs.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

I regret a younger age. I would  
have at least taken care of all of  
this myself.

Carrie grins, bites her bottom lip. Suddenly, The White Rabbit sticks a NEEDLE in Carrie's back. She tries to feel the spot where the needle hit, but her moves are hesitant, heavy. She starts to sweat.

The White Rabbit walks her to the altar.

CARRIE

What did you do to me?

Carrie tries to fight, in vain.

THE WHITE RABBIT

A little dose, do not worry. Just  
enough for you to talk.

He lies Carrie on her back and ties her hands to ropes fastened around pillars on both sides.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Carrie, this is a serious matter.  
You see, you don't worry too much  
about anything. But I'm not quite  
sure it's the right attitude. In  
fact, you disappointed me.

A tear rolls down her cheek. She can't even feel her whole body right now. The way she reacts to the product looks like it's morphine, or GHB.

The White Rabbit takes his jacket off, rolls his sleeves up and goes to Carrie. He kneels next to her.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Are you sorry?

CARRIE

(crying)  
What for. You hired them, I didn't  
-- I didn't...



## THE WHITE RABBIT

You know who I am, right? You know I'm a good boy. I listen to you. I always listened to you, Carrie. And you've been helpful. But someone needs to pay for that mistake.

He gently slaps her face.

## THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Am I wrong?

He grabs her face with one hand, squeezes her cheeks.

Carrie cries, confused and scared.

## THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

(sighs)

You know, Carrie, I had faith in you. But it looks like you can't talk anything good. So I'll have another use for you.

## CARRIE

Please, no.

He zips down his pants, go on top of her and starts giving it to her as she cries more and more, unable to fight.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW on The White Rabbit as he goes up and down on her while she drowns in tears. Her arms spread out and him over her remind of the infamous VITRUVIAN MAN.

## INT. RAY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Ray sits behind the wheel while Adam is on the passenger seat.

In his hands, Adam holds a glass pad with its screen broken. The pad turns on. Adam cracks a smile.

## ADAM

There you go.

Adam writes Ian's name on the pad. The pad goes blank. Ray furrows his brow, looks at Adam.

## ADAM (CONT'D)

It's loading.

The pad turns black. Adam grins. The pad displays a map and pin points Ian at:

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Nuart theater. There you go.

Ray grins, lowers his eyes.

RAY  
That was a good job.

Ray draws a knife.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Thank you for your help.

Adam keeps his eyes on the screen, puts on a lopsided smile.

Ray stabs Adam in the throat, grabs his hair, holds Adam still.

Adam chokes. Blood pours from his cut-open throat.

Ray wipes his knife's blade on his pants. Glares at Adam.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Shoulda cut him outside.

Ray scowls at the blood on the passenger seat. Pushes Adam's body out of the truck.

INT. IAN'S CHEVY - BELOIT AVE/SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT

Ian is all alone in the car. He loads his gun with ease and no hesitation. CLACK. The gun is cocked and locked, ready to fire.

He looks at his reflection in the rear-view mirror. His face is the same, but his eyes exhale a darker, angered soul.

Ian inhales deeply, then looks through his windshield.

IAN  
Where are you, bastard. I know  
you're around here.

Headlights reflect on the rear-view mirror. Ian looks over his shoulder, flinches, sees two big headlights near his rear windshield.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Now, that's no limo.

Ian exits the car.

EXT. IAN'S CHEVY

Ian stands still, finger on the trigger while facing...

RAY'S PICKUP TRUCK. The driver's door opens. Ray gets out. Shotgun in hand.

RAY

Look at that. Looks like our little buddy found himself a new car. Want me to buy you a watch, nightrunner?

Ian lowers his eyes, sighs.

IAN

I've got no time for you, Ray.

Ray cocks his head with surprise.

RAY

You what?

Ian looks at Ray dead in the eye.

IAN

Ray, we can talk this.

RAY

Really? You think it's this easy? That your friend died for nothing?

Ian frowns. Ray hysterically laughs.

RAY (CONT'D)

Jeez, man. It's game over for you. I need revenge. You fooled me, more than enough. Now it's time to die.

Ian heaves a sigh, lifts his gun. BANG! Shoots Ray's right thigh. Ray falls to his knee. Looks at Ian with baffled eyes.

RAY (CONT'D)

You... how... you found yourself balls.

IAN

I'm not a kid, Ray. That's why you need listen to this. There's no wall. You leave L.A. There's no army waiting for you. We can all leave this place right now.

Ray grunts, puts pressure on his wound, looks at Ian.

RAY  
What drug are you onto?

IAN  
Ray, I'm serious. I've been there.  
I just come from the border. You  
and your guys, you can be free.  
There's no D.L.A.

Ray looks down, smirks.

RAY  
I'm free in here, kid. This is  
where I'm free.

Ray looks up. Chuckles.

RAY (CONT'D)  
I freaking love this place, man.  
D.L.A is my home.

Ray raises his shotgun, aims Ian. Ian instantly reacts and shoots Ray in the guts. Ray screams in pain. Lets the shotgun fall. Looks at Ian. Smirks.

RAY (CONT'D)  
How does it feel? To kill a man?

Ian lowers his eyes.

Ray laughs, and slowly his face turns pale. His body hits the ground. Dead.

INT. SACRAMENT CHURCH - NIGHT

The White Rabbit puts his jacket back on. Runs his hand through his hair.

Behind him, Carrie lies on the ground, unconscious.

The White Rabbit draws two pills from his pocket, swallows them. He heads out of the church.

Carrie's body rests in a pool of blood that expands from her head and private parts.

EXT. SACRAMENT CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The White Rabbit inhales the fresh air. Looks up to the sky.

A GROUP OF SCAVS drive by while SCREAMING. One of them triggers a FIRETHROWER.

They see The White Rabbit stand on the stairs before his white limo. The scavs stop their car, go in reverse and stop before The White Rabbit's limo.

The SCAV holding the fire thrower jumps out of the car. He has a purple SPIKE MOHAWK hairstyle and wears a black skinny leather jacket. He in fact goes by the name of:

MOHAWK

Ain't that a lost grandpa, here?

Mohawk laughs, turns to his friends.

The White Rabbit stares at the scavs, smirks. He goes to the limo, opens the door, reaches for a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH. The White Rabbit sneers, then motions to Mohawk.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

What will you do, popa? Have some prune juice?

The White Rabbit studies the bottle he holds in one hand.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You see, there is a reason why I'm standing where I am, and why you're standing where you are. Unlike you, I do not try to impress anybody by being stupid. What matters to me isn't the attention people can have. It's what I can do with people. And to be honest, we can do a lot of things with people. For example, did you know that gasoline is one of the most abundant resources on Earth? Of course not, because I need it all for myself. I need it to experiment new... fun ideas. See, in spite of all the pleasant ways I could have with each one of you...

He throws some alcohol on Mohawk's feet as the latter stands still, confused.

The White Rabbit comes closer to Mohawk pours alcohol on Mohawk's hair, then he throws some on the scavs' car.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

...seeing how long your flesh takes to separate from your bones, is perhaps an old fashioned torture, but definitely one of my favorites.

Mohawk grabs his fire thrower --

MOHAWK

You fuck--

He TRIGGERS THE FIRETHROWER and SETS HIMSELF ON FIRE. Mohawk turns to his friends, screams in pain. Sparks of the human torchlight touch the car and all of the scavs suddenly catch fire.

The scavs try to extinguish the fire by taking off their clothes, rubbing the flames off of their pants but nothing works.

They scream in horror under the amused eyes of The White Rabbit.

INT. NUART THEATRE - NIGHT

Ian sits on the stage, his eyes are lowered. In his hand, he still holds his gun, studies its shape.

In an excess of anger, Ian goes up on his feet, throws the gun across the room. Then walks in circles as he rubs his eyes.

IAN

I'm a fucking idiot.

Ian heaves a long sigh. Looks up.

INT. THE WHITE RABBIT'S LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT

The White Rabbit looks out the window, holds an ice cube over his blinded eye.

EXT. LOS ANGELES BORDER - NIGHT

The fence. Rusty. Standing in the middle of the deserted interstate filled with abandoned vehicles.

EXT. BALCONY - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel leans over the handrail as she smokes a cigarette. Her face is turned away.

INT. THE WHITE RABBIT'S LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT

The White Rabbit sips a drink as he sits still.

DRIVER (O.S.)  
 Sir, your office is open. Someone  
 is inside.

The White Rabbit furrows his brow.

INT. NUART THEATRE - NIGHT

Ian looks down, defeated. Then...

A car's engine THROBS. Ian looks up, cocks his head.

EXT. NUART THEATRE - NIGHT

The White Rabbit's limo arrive in front of the cinema.

The White Rabbit gets out of the vehicle. Looks at the Chevy parked aside, then motions to the entry. Stops midcourse and notes Ray's dead body on the sidewalk.

The White Rabbit grins, then enters the cinema.

INT. NUART THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

The White Rabbit looks at the ceiling, lowers his eyes and sees Ian who stands on the stage, unarmed.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 You.

Ian says nothing, looks to where he threw his gun.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 You're all alone?

IAN  
 It seems so.

The White Rabbit frowns. Approaches the stage, slowly. Ian hops off the stage, motions to the aisle near the location of the...

GUN. Sitting under a seat, in the middle of the cinema.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 She dumped you?

IAN  
 I made a choice.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Then you know the truth.

Ian cracks a smile. Gently motions towards his gun.

IAN  
Oh, I know it all.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Why come back?

IAN  
Let's just say I made a mistake.

The White Rabbit smirks. Then chuckles.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
You wanna scream the truth to everyone?

IAN  
In other words.

Ian is closer to the gun. It's actually in his sight now.

The White Rabbit goes to the stage, sits on it and watches Ian.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
No one will believe you. You... you made a huge mistake coming back here. And letting this beautiful, beautiful girl run away without you, I have never seen something dumber than that.

Ian grins. He's only a couple of steps away from the gun.

IAN  
It's over.

Ian quickly picks up his gun, aims it at The White Rabbit.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
Where did she go?

IAN  
She left. She's in Vegas. On her way to catch a ride to the East.

THE WHITE RABBIT  
You lie.



IAN

(beat)

Why me?

THE WHITE RABBIT

I didn't choose you. You ended up being the only man able to reach Burbank and come back. As you may know, drones and EMPs aren't friends. But I couldn't let her go. If she found out what you discovered, I wouldn't have any power anymore. These kinda girls, they're smart, you know. They know how to gain power and make any man believe her.

IAN

You're lying to everybody just so you can rule this place? Because of your own --

THE WHITE RABBIT

Profit, yes. But I'm not lying. In fact, all I'm doing is giving some girls an opportunity to escape with my money. It's nothing but a -- an entertaining game.

IAN

You're fucking sick.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Then what? You kill me and another takes my seat. It's how it works. I've given you a chance and yet, here you are. But I find it odd you'd let your girlfriend go without you. For the last time, where is she?

The White Rabbit's cocky smile fades away.

IAN

You should have said that to Cindy.

Ian READIES, AIMS --

IN SLOW MOTION: Rachel steps through the doors of the cinema. We follow her steps then, TILT UP to see the gun she holds in one hand.

The White Rabbit stares at her, baffled. Ian turns around, lowers his gun.

Rachel stops and stands still as the two men look at her, quiet.

IAN (CONT'D)

Rachel.

They stare at each other in total silence. The White Rabbit jumps off the stage and motions to her. Ian raises his gun.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You're here.

RACHEL

I should have done that long ago.

She raises her gun and FIRES.

Ian looks down to his guts. He puts pressure on his stomach, then falls to his knees.

His hand is covered with blood. He looks up to Rachel. She's shocked, confused. She can't tell what the hell happened.

The Rabbit smirks.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You wanted freedom. Here I give it to you.

She glares at The White Rabbit, jostles him and hurries to her boyfriend.

Rachel gets on her knees beside Ian. She holds his head as she looks at him, powerless.

Ian looks at her, one last time... and as he exhales his final breath...

...Rachel lets a tear drop, and another rolls down her cheek, down to her chin.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

You should have run.

RACHEL

But you wanted me back.

THE WHITE RABBIT

Yes.

She looks at him, disappointed and at a loss.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

I know it may sound strange. But I need you, Rachel. I need you to come with me, far from this place.

Rachel cries, shakes her head in disbelief.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

All your life you desired freedom and he couldn't give it to you. A promise that he could never keep. Now I offer you an afterlife.

RACHEL

You killed him.

THE WHITE RABBIT

(beat, looks down)

I did. It was collateral. It's what this town requires. Blood for blood. Life for life.

She stands up. Thinks, then dries her face with her wrist.

RACHEL

How? Why would I come with you? You just --

THE WHITE RABBIT

I don't order you to. You're free to choose.

Rachel nervously laughs, then cries.

RACHEL

You wrecked my life.

He doesn't speak. He stays there, mute, watching the despair and sadness that her eyes cry out.

THE WHITE RABBIT

You know the truth, Rachel. You know you can leave this town anyday. But here, it's another chance. To see your family again. To never work in a club one more night. To enjoy this life.

The White Rabbit draws Rachel's necklace from his pocket, shows it to her.

THE WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)  
 You can go on your own and live  
 your last days like he did. Or you  
 can come with me.

Rachel nods. Looks at The White Rabbit, then at Ian's body  
 and we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE WHITE RABBIT'S LIMO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Through the window, the HAWTHORNE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT.

Rachel looks down at her hands that holds her necklace, the  
 Monarch butterfly.

The White Rabbit looks at Rachel, puts on a lopsided smile.

EXT. TARMAC - HAWTHORNE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Rachel climbs the stairs that lead inside a PRIVATE JET.

The White Rabbit follows her steps.

A MAN in a navy suit with a M4 assault rifle stands guard in  
 front of the plane.

Rachel looks to The White Rabbit.

RACHEL  
 How long have you had this?

THE WHITE RABBIT  
 Before all of this. I like to keep  
 my belongings close, and  
 functioning.

RACHEL  
 During all these years.

The White Rabbit says nothing. Rachel gets in the plane.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
 What will happen to D.L.A?

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Luxurious. Sober.

Rachel and The White Rabbit are sat next to each other.

They're the only people aboard.

The door closes on its own. The plane's engine starts.

Rachel looks at the L.A landscape through the window.

The White Rabbit takes a COIN out of his inside pocket.

THE WHITE RABBIT (V.O.)  
It'll burn. Just like hell. It will  
burn to the ground as it deserves  
and no power on Earth will  
extinguish its flames.

The White Rabbit draws a lighter, burns one side of the coin  
and flips it in the air.

The coin with its logo, an ALL SEING EYE turned black by the  
lighter's flame, flips in the air and slowly freezes as the  
Pyramid fills the whole screen and -

DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Bird's eye view. The city lights go out one after the other.

Some instantly blackout. Others flicker before they turn off  
and plunge the city of angels into the dark.

Yet, some lights remain bright. As all the others go out,  
LIGHTS of the infamous HOLLYWOOD AREA shine. They shape  
LETTERS that spell...

.... D L A

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.