

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE

A pristine black AUDI A8 sits parked under buzzing fluorescent lights. Behind the wheel, FRANK MARTIN checks his watch. Impeccable in a tailored black suit.

At the driver's side window, a TEENAGE GIRL in a school uniform appears, eyes wide with distress.

GIRL I'm so sorry. Can you help me? My tire...

FRANK Sorry. I have an appointment. I don't like to be late.

GIRL (pulls a heavy semi-automatic handgun) Well, would you rather be late or dead?

FRANK You really don't want to do this.

GIRL Step out of the car. Now.

FRANK
(muttering) Crap.

Frank steps out smoothly, hands open at waist height.

FOUR THUGS emerge from the concrete pillars behind her, grinning.

THUG #1 Whoo! Let's go, fellas!

THUG #2 Come on, baby! That's what I'm talking about!

FRANK Take it easy. The car's brand-new.

THUG #1 No problem, buddy. I got this.

Thug #1 dives into the driver's seat and mashes the ignition button. The engine doesn't turn over.

FRANK (to the Girl) Do your parents know the kind of company you're keeping?

GIRL Shut up!

THUG #1 (slamming the wheel) This shit ain't working!

FRANK It's coded.

THUG #1 What's the code?

FRANK I can't give you that.

THUG #1 (climbing out) We'll beat it out of you. Get him!

Frank takes off his suit jacket and folds it neatly onto the roof of the car.

FRANK (cont'd)
Hold on. Just dry cleaned.

Frank turns to face them. The four thugs advance.

Frank steps forward into a tight circle of Thugs.

He slips past the first punch, hooks the thug by the neck, and whips the man's torso directly between himself and the Girl.

POV - GIRL

CUT: POV - GIRL's Shoulder, Looking down her arm, Her hands shake. Trying to get a clear shot at Frank. Frank keeps moving and somehow, a thug is always in the way.

Panicking, her finger jerks on the trigger—

BANG!

The shot hits thug #1 straight through the shoulder. He screams, and drops like a stone.

FRANK
Thanks.

Frank doesn't break rhythm.

Using pure economy of motion, he steps through the remaining men—a palm strikes, elbow strikes, moving thugs to be between him and gun girl.

One by one, the men hit the concrete, groaning.

Frank keeps moving. Now moving towards gun girl.

CUT: POV down girls arm. Gun wobbling.

Frank slips into an erratic boxer's weave. Step left, dip low, pivot right. A shifting silhouette impossible to pin down.

GIRL
Stop moving so I can shoot you!

Frank moves, she shoots. BANG! Misses. Frank closes the distance in a blur.

Frank rises right in front of her. His left hand clamps hard over the gun slide. Right hand grips her throat.

The Girl freezes. She looks into his dead calm eyes.

Frank thumbs the mag release. The magazine drops. Frank kicks it clattering across the concrete and sliding yards away.

In the same fluid motion, he racks the slide, and removes the slide from the gun.

He lets go of her throat and steps back.

FRANK

Don't you have homework to do?

The Girl stands trembling, looking at his eyes.

GIRL

(almost whispering) God, I'm so sorry.

She backs one step, then turns and sprints into the dark recesses of the garage.

Frank glances down at his wrist.

FRANK

Now I'm late.

Frank turns, retrieves jacket from top of car, puts it on, climbs into the Audi, starts car, and slowly drives away.