

CLUB RENEGADE

Written by

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Based on a True Party

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

**SUPER:** NEW YORK CITY, SPRING, 2020

MAN (V.O.)

Nobody loved him. Nobody hated him.  
But everybody liked him.

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

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

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

SAM

You see the money's *already printed.*

BEKIM

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

SAM

As long as they stay shut-  
we stay open.

EXT. ATM - WEST VILLAGE - NIGHT

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

He gets back on his bike and rides.

EXT. MACDOUGAL STRET - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Their bikes are parked right on the street.

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

BIKE MESSENGER

Who ya'll think is gonna be the  
first one to catch it?

BIKE MESSENGER 2

Marv the man! Marvin!

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

MARVIN

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

The group erupts in laughter.

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

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

MAN (V.O.)

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

SAM BLACK

You're late.

SARA

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

SAM BLACK  
You're late anyway.

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

SAM BLACK  
Where are we going?

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

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

SARA (CONT'D)  
You got a cigarette?

SAM  
You okay?

SARA  
Why are you asking me that?

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

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

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

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

SAM passes her a pack NEWPORTS from a pouch on his chest- it  
could be a bullet proof vest. SARA lights a cigarette while  
looking at herself in the rear view mirror.

SAM  
You happy now? You calm?

SARA  
Let's just go.

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

The BIKE MESSENGERS start mounting their bikes.

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

EXT. SULLIVAN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. KOREATOWN - NIGHT

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

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

RADIO STATION 1

The governor has announced that effective immediately at midnight tonight that there will be a mandatory curfew for all residents beginning at 6pm. All essential workers are expected to return to their homes at that time. The previous order--

He changes the channel.

RADIO STATION 2

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

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

SAM

Did you get?

SARA

Yeah I got it. Just go.

SARA looks back in the rearview mirror.

SARA (CONT'D)

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

They drive off.

INT. WHITE SCION - DELANCY AND ESSEX - SOONAFTER

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

SARA

Is that guy running towards us?

SAM

What?

SARA

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

SAM

What guy?

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

SARA

SAAAM!

The MAN BOLTS into the SCION, SMASHING the REARVIEW MIRROR in  
before taking off RUNNING again.

SARA (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that!

SAM

I don't know.

SARA

(breathless)  
I can't do this anymore.

SAM

We won't have to.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

SARA sits on the couch, SAM at the desk.

SARA

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

SAM

Yeah, bruh.

SARA

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

SAM

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

SARA

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

SAM

We're gonna get the money.

SARA

What if no one comes?

SAM

They'll come.

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

SAM (CONT'D)

You know how long its been, Sara?

SARA

Time stopped mattering.

SAM

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

SARA

People have actually been getting sick--

SAM

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

(MORE)



SAM (CONT'D)

Three months turns into three years  
Sara--

SARA

Has anyone seen him?

SAM

Sara, you know -

SARA stares intensely into the void.

SARA

Maybe he's in the same--

SAM

Sara- stop...I'm sorry.

SARA

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

SAM

Sara...

SARA

You't don't know. Stop lying!

SAM

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

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

SARA

There's no body.

(a beat)

There's nothing!

SAM

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

SARA

Yeah well what if I want to stay?  
What then?

(a beat, a long one)

I'm staying! I'm not going  
anywhere!

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

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

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

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

SARA  
What is that?

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

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

She grabs up the other passport.

SARA (CONT'D)  
Gustavo? Really?

SAM  
It's all my guy had.

SARA  
Whatever, *Gustavo*.

SAM  
I promised him I'd take care you.

SARA  
I know you did.

SAM  
And have I not?

SARA  
I don't need--

SAM

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

SARA

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

SAM

They can't connect you to the flight Sara.

SARA

Fine.

SAM

You'll come?

SARA

There's nothing left for me here.

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

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

ON VIDEO:

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

SEAN

(playfully)  
Put that shit away!!

RECORDER (O.S.)

My shit?! What about your shit my man! Look at that boy!

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

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

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

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rare occasion where the front gate is pulled up to the  
warehouse and the light is leaking in through the window.  
BEKIM sitting on the couch on his laptop beside a ZIPLOCK of  
COCAINE. He's chewing gum, hard.

BEKIM  
We're creating culture.

SAM  
I am making us money.

BEKIM  
What's the difference?

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

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

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

BEKIM  
The cops patrolling -

SAM  
We have entry at shift change.

Bekim, convinced.

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

SAM  
Call up Big Dave.

MAN (V.O.)  
Big Dave fuhgeddaboudit. Guy was a  
legend—Brooklyn born, built like a  
fuckin' fridge. Started his own  
security gig at seventeen.  
Seventeen! But no matter how big he  
was, he was always holdin' Sam up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SAM railing a huge line of Ketamine.

SAM passing out.

BIG DAVE picking him up and gently putting him in the back  
office.

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

MAN (V.O.)  
Big Dave always gave him respect.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SAM handing BIG DAVE a stack of hundreds.

BLACK GUY V.O  
Sam Black always paid it back.

They hug.

BIG DAVE  
Love you brother. Be safe.

MAN (V.O.)  
 Big Dave even helped him get clean.  
 None of us thought that was ever  
 gonna happen, but one day—boom—it  
 did. No one really knew why, but  
 someone told me Sam got jacked  
 while he was in a K-hole, and after  
 that? Nah, he wasn't ever takin'  
 that kind of L again.

INT. WHITE SCION - WEST VILLAGE - DAY

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

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

BIKE MESSENGER  
 Please don't send me uptown.

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

The BIKE MESSENGERS finish passing a joint and then disperse.

SAM's cellphone rings. He picks up.

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

We hear screaming prison noises in the background — men.

There's something going on — there's nothing going right in  
 the Universe of the Unseen.

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

REMUS (O.S.)  
 Mr. Black.

SAM  
I need that number my man.

REMUS  
Where's my money?

SAM  
They aren't letting anyone in for visits.

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

SAM  
This is recorded.

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

SAM  
You'll beat it.

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

SAM  
Things will be better by then.

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

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

REMUS (CONT'D)  
They'll come and find you.

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

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

A BIKE MESSENGER riding alone down an empty street.

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

EXT. QUEENS - DAY

A BIKE MESSENGER bangs on a metal door to what looks like a produce factory.

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

The BIKE MESSENGER is lead to a back room where several other ASIAN MEN are sitting at a table smoking cigarettes.

They look at him in complete silence until one goes:

MAN  
Sam Black?

The BIKE MESSENGER nods.

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

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

EXT. BRONX - DAY

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

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

He stops in front of a door and knocks.

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

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

INT. BUILDING - MANHATTAN - DAY

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



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

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

On a table - bright ORANGE LINES of crushed adderall.

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

RONNIE

Sick!

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

No one reacts. The collapse is ambient.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - BROOKLYN - RESTAURANT - DAY

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

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

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - BROOKLYN - BEACH - DAY

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

INT. WHITE SCION - DAY

SAM waits in his car.

A MAN walks up to him.

MAN

From Remus.

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

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

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

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

Sam texts back **"Confirmed"**

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

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

SARA  
I'll miss the cherry blossoms!

SAM  
They have cherry blossoms in Canada.

SARA  
It's not the same.

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

SARA (CONT'D)  
That guy is walking towards us.

SAM  
I think I know him.

SARA starts to get up in an attempt to leave.

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

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

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

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)  
 Sam had kept the same number since  
 forever. A lot of guys actually  
 knew that number by heart.

*Tommy Rock is an accountant who sells crystal meth out of his  
 mothers apartment in South Brooklyn.*

TARGET MAN  
 You got some work for me?

SAM looks at the guy - his tattered, weathered, everything.

TOMMY ROCK (V.O.)  
 That was the thing about Sam. He  
 could always find a job for you.  
 Let me honest? I think sometimes he  
 just paid guys out of pocket even  
 when he didn't have the work for  
 them - he'd find something for them  
 to do. I was his accountant, I know  
 that. Those numbers never added up.

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

EXT. WHITE SCION - DAY

SAM and TARGET MAN in the car is heads back towards Brooklyn.

TARGET MAN is scarfing down pizza and an diabetes sized soda.  
 SAM has a glass bottle of Coke because it tastes better out  
 of the glass bottle.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

She gets up, opens the door.

A NEWSPAPER tossed on the welcome mat. THE NEW YORK TIMES.

The headline reads:

GOVERNOR ORDERS EVACUATION OF ALL CITY STREETS APRIL 30  
MIDNIGHT

ORDER SPRAY TO BE RELEASED AFFECTING EYES AND THROATS -  
EXPOSURE CAUSES RISK OF CANCER AND BIRTH DEFECTS - MANDATORY  
LOCK DOWN ENFORCED

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

BEKIM  
They're spraying the air.

SAM  
When?

BEKIM  
The day after the party.

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

ON PHONE SCREEN:

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

CREW STAYS IN CANADA.

ONE SEAT LEFT.

SAM  
You wanna come to Canada?

BEKIM  
I can't leave the family.

SAM  
We are the family.

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

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

BEKIM

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

SAM

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

BEKIM

You need it more.

(beat)

This isn't the end. If they ever  
found out brother I don't know what  
I'd do.

They go in for a hug.

SAM

Love you.

EXT. STREET - WEST VILLAGE - DAY

SARA turns a corner.

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

SARA CALLS 911 ON REPEAT. No answer - then:

911 OPERATOR

911 what's your emergency?

SARA

(into phone)

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

911 OPERATOR

Any weapons?

SARA

I said he's not breathing!

911 OPERATOR

Black, white or hispanic?

SARA

Does that even matter?

The sound of typing.

911 OPERATOR  
Answer the question.

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

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

Ringtone like a flatline.

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

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SAM goes into the SAFE.

Papers, envelopes, cash. He rifles through it all, flips past  
SEANS NEW YORK STATE ID, stops. Holds the ID between his  
fingers, like it might speak.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

It shatters nothing in the already broken world.

**TEXT OVER BLACK :**

APRIL 29TH, 2020

CUT TO:

**TEXT OVER BLACK :**

CLUB RENEGADE

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

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE - NIGHT

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

We never see their faces.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WEST VILLAGE - NIGHT

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

BIKE MESSENGER  
The fuck is that guy?

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

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

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

"Welcome to the Party" continues to blast.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - NIGHT

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

MAN (V.O.)  
A lot of us were afraid of showing up. But we needed the money. Everybody needed the money. They weren't giving' any handouts to guys like us.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

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

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

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

TONY actually gets up when SAM approaches.

TONY  
How long has it been?

SAM  
Ten, twelve years?

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

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

TONY  
It's tradition.

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

TONY (TO MAN) (CONT'D)  
What the fuck you think you doing?

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

TONY (CONT'D)  
You pay first!

The STRIPPER looks at the MAN, hand out --

STRIPPER (TO MAN)  
Three hundred.

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

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



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

SAM pushes through a door and into the next room -

MAN (V.O.)  
A hustle is a hustle is a hustle.  
Sam Black new that better than  
anybody else.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SAM enters a somewhat brightly lit room.

A SECURITY GUARD shakes his hand and locks the door shut behind him.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

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

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

The emptiness in the car is oppressive in that moment.

INTERUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

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

WE WATCH THE VIDEO through the screen of her phone.

Tears fall down her face.

It's goodbye.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

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

LOUIS

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

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

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

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

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

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

LOUIS

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

SAM lovingly puts his hand on LOUIS' shoulder.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

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

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SAM is at his desk. SARA has arrived. She takes off her  
purse, stuffs it into a desk drawer.

SAM

Where are your bags?

SARA

What do I need bags for?

SAM

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

SARA

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

SAM

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

SARA

Then I'll never need to look nice  
again.

BANGING on the door.

BEKIM (O.S)

Open! Open!

SAM runs up to the door and unlocks it in one swift movement. BEKIM, holding a ZIPLOCK BAG filled with COCAINE, is wearing a BULLET PROOF VEST over a WHITE BUTTONED DOWN SHIRT.

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

SAM glances at the time on his phone.

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

BEKIM  
They were knocking at the front of  
the door. I have security standing  
there. I told him to do nothing  
before you got there.

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

BEKIM pacing.

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

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

SARA  
Jail is going to be the least of  
our problems! Do you have any idea  
what --

SAM  
Stay inside.

SARA  
Let me go talk to--

BEKIM  
Let Sara go talk to them!

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Three SECURITY GUARDS stand like statues, not moving - not talking.

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

SECURITY GUARD 1  
 We can take care of it.

We see a flash of the security guards pistol at the waist.

Sam refuses to acknowledge this suggestion and continues to stare at the cops through the metal door's peep hole.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

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

BEKIM  
 He loved you.

SARA  
 Loves.

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

BEKIM  
 I know.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

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

BEKIM  
What the fuck!

SARA runs towards the door -

BEKIM (CONT'D)  
Don't!

SARA  
What's happening!

BEKIM  
I don't know but stay here!

SARA  
I need to find Sam!

BEKIM  
He's going to find us.

SARA paces.

SARA  
This was such a bad idea!

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

SARA  
Why is that all you care about?

A KEY BUMP for Bekim -

BEKIM  
You make culture, you make history.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - ELECTRICAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

SAM (V.O)  
Keep it turned off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

We hear several quick gun shots outside.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

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

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

SAM looks genuinely happy to see him.

SAM  
Casper, it's been a minute man.

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

SAM

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

CASPER

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

CASPER hands SAM a bag of brightly colored PRESSED PILLS.

CASPER (CONT'D)

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

SAM walks into the office.

SARA

What was that!

BEKIM

I thought we were dead for!

SAM

It's fine now. They're gone.

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

SAM (CONT'D)

(to Sara)

Here - take these.

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

SAM (CONT'D)

(to Bekim)

Let's do a walkthrough.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

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



MAN (V.O.)  
 He'd created New York City's micro-  
 economy and no one would get out  
 without paying their dues.

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SARA alone in the office.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

SARA talking to an ASIAN MAN, late 40's. We can't hear the  
 words. She looks sad, more information is exchanged, then  
 happy. Something's changed.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

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

It's unsettling.

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

SAM  
 What is it?

Crying.

SAM looks into his pupils. Something psychedelic.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Lamar - what's wrong? What is it?

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

BEKIM  
 (to Lamar)  
 Just breath, brother. It's okay.  
 It'll pass.  
 (to SAM)  
 Should we bring him into the  
 office?

LAMAR  
My mans I brought through--

BEKIM  
Lamar we need to know!

LAMAR  
I shoulda let you know I invited  
him. I thought he was cool though  
— been rocking' with us all year.

SAM  
What? What is it?

LAMAR keeps sobbing.

LAMAR  
He's gonna -- he's gonna.

SAM  
Lamar it's okay --

DREAM GUY  
He's about to wild out and shoot  
the whole place up.

SAM and BEKIM take off on a sprint.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - LONG TAKE

The camera glides through the room in a single, fluid motion.

At first, everything appears normal — bodies swaying, lights  
flashing. Smooth on the surface, dreamlike.

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

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

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

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

BEKIM  
We have to cut it.

SAM  
We can't.

BEKIM

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

SAM

Let figure out what happened. Who  
the fuck thinks they can shoot this  
place up.

We see SARA in the corner. Still talking to the same person,  
But her demeanor is slowly change here, she starts to laugh  
now. She looks more at ease.

A MAN approaches SAM as if he's been waiting for this moment.

MAN

There's been a breach.

SAM

How do I know you?

MAN

You don't.

SAM

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

MAN

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

SAM

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

MAN

We've gotta maintain order.

SAM

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

They stare at each other.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's the real world out there. No  
place for it here.

SAM extends his hand, with some hesitation, the MAN shakes it  
back.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

SAM  
(to Bekim)  
Where's Sara?

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

It runs and runs.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OUTSIDE OF BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM has pulled the door open by breaking the lock.

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

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

SAM (CONT'D)

Sara!

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

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

Her pupils are fully dilated.

SAM (CONT'D)

What did you take!

SARA

You told me to.

SAM

What did you take!

SARA

The pills you --

SAM

What!

SARA

You told me to. You said take -

SAM

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

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

SAM (CONT'D)

Why would I ask you to take drugs?

SARA actually just starts to laugh.

SAM (CONT'D)

Why did you think that?

SARA

So many unanswered questions.

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

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

We start to see ourselves.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

Wide shot.

SAM carries SARA and places her on the couch.

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

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

SAM walks out.

SARA stares up at the ceiling.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

SAM walking around collecting.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

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

She starts crawling towards the door.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

SAM continuing to collect.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

BEKIM collecting, room by room.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY NIGHT

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

One of them—nervous, scans the room. His gaze darts, searching.

SECURITY GUARD  
(under his breath)  
Where the hell is he?

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

A security guard approaches SAM while he's mid collection.

The security guard whispers something into SAM's ear -

SECURITY GUARD  
We have a sick girl on the floor. I  
don't know if she's going to make  
it.

SAM  
Sara--

SECURITY GUARD  
What?

SAM  
What does she look like!

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

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

SAM pushes through the crowd alongside a security guard.

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

GIRL  
What's going on?

He watches SAM disappear into the crowd.

YOUNG GUY  
Some girl unconscious in the corner  
or somethin'.

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

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

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

SAM scans her face -

it's not Sara.

Suddenly - SAM throws up.

One of the guards steps in --

SECURITY GUARD  
Sam! You good?

SAM wipes his face. It's relief.

SAM  
Yeah. Sorry. I'm fine.

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

SECURITY GUARD  
Who is she?

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

One of the security guards kneels beside the UNCONSCIOUS GIRL - assessing.

SECURITY GUARD  
We gotta get her to the hospital.



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

SECURITY GUARD  
We ain't letting' her die on our  
watch.

They check her pulse. She's still breathing.

SAM BLACK  
Can one of you drive?

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

SAM thinks for a moment then -

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

We see the UNCONSCIOUS GIRL carried by several of the  
security guards.

We see no one look at her.

We see them stop for a second. One of the guards takes off  
his sweater and puts it on her before they reach the door.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - CLOSET - NIGHT

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

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

INTERCUTY WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

SAM scans the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The UNCONSCIOUS GIRL on a stretcher with paramedics.

MAN (V.O)  
We don't know how many people made  
it out alive that night.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

SARA dancing. Strobe lights.

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Two SECURITY GUARDS are posted up near the door. They're not  
saying anything, but you can see it - that nervous energy,  
like they know something's about to go sideways and there's  
no clean way out.

SECURITY GUARD 1  
Someone slipped in while we were  
caught up with that girl. Fuck!

SECURITY GUARD 2  
How we gonna spot'em now?

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

FOUR MEN push through the crowd, moving like they own the  
place. Though they should, they clearly do not belong. One is  
wearing a long trench-coat - ANGEL CRUZ. He's in charge. We  
just know it. The others are wearing white t-shirts.

MAN 1 (V.O.)  
Nothing scared Sam Black.

The MEN keep walking, with intention, with purpose.

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

MAN 2 (V.O.)

To us, these guys were just some other guys with some unknown business.

They search each room. The party goes on.

MAN 3 (V.O)

That party was exactly everyone what everyone had hoped for. Too good, almost.

Money switching hands, over and over again.

MAN 3 (V.O). (CONT'D)

That night was the last renegade party the city would ever see.

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

ANGEL

Where the fuck is Sam Black?

LOUIS just looks at him.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

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

BEKIM

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

SAM looks at him tenderly.

BEKIM (CONT'D)

I start tomorrow.

SAM

You're fine.

A CREW OF BIKE MESSENGERS walk into the office.

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

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

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT - MONTAGE

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

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

ANGEL approaching a STRIPPER in a baby pink set, MADDIE, 21. He asks about SAM. She says she doesn't know - he uses the opportunity to slap her.

The STRIPPER runs towards TONY. ANGEL and his crew keep moving.

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

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

TONY sees that the stripper has found SAM and joins them.

TONY  
Sam - what can I do you?

SAM  
(to Maddie)  
What did he look like?

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

SAM looks panicked.

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

SAM

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

STRIPPER

I dunno - Puerto Rican maybe?

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

"BerwynGesaffNeighbours" by Fred Again comes on.

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

TWO SECURITY GUARDS are talking to each other.

SAM storms in.

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

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

SAM

(to one of the security guards)

Go find Sara. Bring her to the office and stand outside. Don't let anyone else in.

SECURITY GUARD

We can't leave you.

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

SAM

Sara. Please. Sara.

The security guard looks at the other, like this is a bad, but leaves on his mission.

They enter -

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - RONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

The security guards triple check the locked door behind.

RONNIE  
(to Sam)  
You're a genius.

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

SAM  
There's no time.

RONNIE looks confused. SAM whispers something into his ear. RONNIE looks like he might cry.

RONNIE  
Take what you need.

The security guards start taking some of the weapons.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Take everything.

They load up with several weapons.

SECURITY GUGARD  
(to Ronnie)  
Lock this door. Ain't nobody coming in. You promise me boy?

Ronnie shakes his hand.

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

RONNIE  
I love you, man.

They hug.

They exit.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARD searching for Sara through every room.

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

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

Someone makes it rain.

Cash like confetti - we watch it fall slowly.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT

*This isn't kosher for a screenplay - but please make this look like the wide-shot they have for Barry in Punch Drunk Love when he's at his desk in the warehouse.*

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

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

ANGEL  
(to Bekim)  
Where is he?

BEKIM  
What?

ANGEL  
Where!

BEKIM  
Who the fuck are you talking about?

BAD GUY  
You fucking want to try that?

BEKIM  
Try what?

Hands around BEKIM's throat.

BEKIM (CONT'D)  
What are you doing!

ANGEL  
Remember at that meeting when we asked you what SAM looked like? You remember that? You remember the name you dropped? The address you gave us?

BEKIM just keeps chewing gum.

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

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

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

BEKIM doesn't answer.

We see a flashback of Angel getting pistol whipped outside in broad daylight outside of the warehouse.

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

Two of Angel's guys grab BEKIM.

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

They drag BEKIM out.

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



INT. CLUB RENENADE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

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

BEKIM  
(screaming)  
SAM!!!!!!

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SARA entering the PIN to the SAFE. We hear the sounds the keys which each number she presses.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

People have their phones drawn out. More than average.

We zoom in on a Twitter thread off someone's phone. It's an office CITY OF NEW YORK Twitter account.

We read the TWEET off the CELL PHONE SCREEN:

**Effective April 30, all air traffic in and out of New York City will be deemed unlawful. This is not a drill. As part of emergency lockdown protocols, JFK, LGA, EWR, and all airports will cease operations until further notice. Stay home. Stay alert. Further instructions to follow.**

A HAND scrolls through the feed - more TWEETS:

MAYOR OF NYC TWITTER ACCOUNT -

**Effective April 30, all residents must remain indoors. The situation is deteriorating fast. Shelter in place. Lock your doors.**

The crowd is too faded to care.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

SAM is looking for Sara. He's asking everyone if they've seen her.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

We watch SARA walk through the crowd.

MAN (V.O.)

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. QUEENS CRIMINAL COURT HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

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

INT. QUEENS CRIMINAL COURT HOUSE - DAY - FLASBACK

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

MAN (V.O.)

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WAREHOUSE -ROOFTOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

MAN (V.O)

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

Dawn.

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

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

SARA

(to Sam)

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

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

SARA (CONT'D)

So, where's the next afters?

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - NIGHT

SARA enters the code to the safe.

She has her purse on again.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

SAM looks for Sara absolutely everywhere.

Tunnel vision.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

ANGEL and his crew cruising for Sam.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - NIGHT

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

SARA speaking to same ASIAN MAN she was speaking to earlier in the night.

SARA unclasps her purse, reaches her hand inside.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - STRIPPER ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - DANCECFLOR - NIGHT

The ASIAN MAN hands SARA a piece of paper.

She opens up the paper, reads the contents. It has an **address** on it and **10:00am**.

SARA walks away, ecstatic.

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

Something could be wrong, something could be amazing.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

BEKIM curled up into a ball sobbing in the basement.

The red lights flicker once.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - STAIRWELL - DAY

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

A HAND reaches for his shoulders.

It's ANGEL.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dawn.

SARA walks out of the warehouse. This is a new day.

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

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - STAIRWELL - DAY

SAM is pushed up against the stairwell wall.

They pistol whip him once against his brow. This pistol whip him a second time.

SAM

Just stop! It hurts! Just stop!

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

SAM (CONT'D)

Stop! I will get you the money!

ANGEL

Your debt's way deeper than just cash now.

They start to drag SAM down the stairs.

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

SARA walks through the desolate empty park towards the TENT OF TOMORROW, smiling as she approaches her destination.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

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

We see the plan dissolve.

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

SAM sits behind his desk.

Violent banging at the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

SAM keys in the code to the safe.

Louder knocking.

The safe opens.

Empty.

Louder knocking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PLANE - TETERBORO AIRPORT - DAY

The PILOT texting Sam - **where are you?**

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

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

INTERCUT WITH:

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

SARA sitting up - **9:58 AM.**

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

Banging that could knock the world to pieces.

INTERCUT WITH:

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

A plane flies overhead. The sun is blinding.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - EVERYWHERE - DAY

We hear a gun go off. Silence.

The lights are switched on abruptly.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB RENEGADE - OFFICE - DAY

SAM at his desk, flicking a bag of white powder.

INTERCUT WITH:

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

SARA looks at her phone: **10:00 AM.**

**10:01 AM.**

**10:02 AM.**

We see nothing.

CUT TO BLACK.

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