

Mickey

"Clean Hands"

written by

Philipp Müller

Story by

Philipp Müller

Hamburg, Germany
Philipp.xhy@web.de

EP. 1 "Clean Hands"

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A single wooden chair. Stained.

Blood? Weathering? Hard to tell.

In the middle of the floor: a rusted drain, surrounded by dust and time.

Flickering industrial lights hang from long chains above - swaying gently from the steel beams, casting shadows that move like ghosts.

MICKEY CAVARELLI (V.O.)

You see this in movies -
people getting hurt, threatened,
killed.
You never picture yourself there.
Never imagine how anyone ends up in
a place like this - from your
couch.

(beat)

But then it's your blood on the
floor.
And no one's coming to help.

On the far side of the drain - **another chair.**

Someone is tied to it.

LUCCA MANCINI (29) sits slumped, wearing only pale blue boxers. His chest is smeared in blood. His head droops, barely held up by the tape binding his arms to the wooden rest.

His ankles are strapped tight. His body - beaten. Breathing shallow. Fading in and out of consciousness.

CLANK-CLANK-SCREEEECH.

A massive garage door rolls open halfway. Rust moans. Cold air creeps in.

Two men enter.

THUG #1 and **THUG #2** - leather jackets, silk bowling shirts half-buttoned, heavy watches clacking on their wrists. They walk with eerie calm.

Between them: a third figure. Unconscious. Dresses in a sleek black suit. Ice-blue tie. Polished shoes. His limbs drag behind, lifeless.

MICKEY CAVARELLI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You think you see it coming - the
 turn, the moment.
 But that's the lie.
 It's not black and white - like you
 get taught.
 The world is grey - just in
 different shades.

A stained black hood covers his face.

He leaves twin tracks through the dirt.

SMACK.

The chair creaks as they slam him into it like dead weight.

His arms are yanked into place.

WRRRRRP.

A roll of duct tape hisses as it binds his wrists to the rests. Legs to the chair. Tight. Brutal.

Somewhere in the room - sobbing.

A child's cassette player - red, yellow, blue - **clicks.**

MOZART plays. Soft. Warped. Twinkling from blown-out speakers.

SPLASH!

A bucket of water crashes into the hooded man. **Ice cubes** fly like shrapnel. Water hits the floor, snakes toward the drain.

GASP!

He jolts upright, sucking air through the soaked cloth.
Terror.

Muffled cries. Disoriented.

THUG #1
 (laughing)
 Sunshine woke up.

He tries to move. Can't. Tape holds him tight. He's paralyzed.

His chest rises fast. Hyperventilating. The Mozart plays on.

Then - **YANK.**

The hood is ripped off.

Light blinds him. He squints - **it's MICKEY CAVARELLI (28).**

His face pale. Confused. Soaked.

Eyes darting.

He sees the man across from him.

Lucca.

Beaten. Bleeding. Barely alive.

MICKEY CAVARELLI (V.O.)
There's a point where guilt stops
hurting.
And you ask yourself, how did i get
here?
That's when you know you're too far
gone.

Mickey tries to scream.

Only a faint hiss escapes his lips.

CLICK.

The Mozart stops.

Silence.

Mickey trembles. Fear floods his system. His mouth goes dry. His pulse hammers visibly in his neck.

CLICK.

A lighter flares. A cigarette glows. Smoke curls up into the dusty light.

CLICK... WRRRRRRRR... CLICK.

The music rewinds. Starts again. Louder.

Thug #2 begins to move - dancing to the Mozart like a puppet.
His shoes drag through the dust. He spins on the heel.
Smiling.

THUG #2
(sings)
Everyone's here... Everyone's happy...
Let's get this little party
started.

BAAM.

A fist. Out of nowhere. Ribs crack like brittle wood.

Mickey folds over, wheezing. Tied. Can't move.

BAAM.

Another. Then a third.

Everything darkens...

Time warps. A flash - a photo drops onto his lap.

His **family**. Maya. Sophia.

Another photo - **Sophia**, age six, smiling in her school uniform.

Mickey stares through the blood in his eyes.

A drop from his nose lands directly on his family photo -
splattering across his own face.

MICKY CAVARELLI
(sobbing)
They... they have nothing to do with
this. W-Why am I here?

BAAM.

A punch to the gut. He gags. Spits bile. His body jerks
against the tape.

THUG #1
(intense)
You think this is a game?
(beat)
Do I look like a fucking clown?

Silence.

CLICK... WRRRRRRR... CLICK.

Mozart begins again.

Thug #2 finishes his cigarette. Tosses it aside.

He walks over to a **metal shelf**. Grabs a **BLOWTORCH**.

He grins.

THUG #2
(grinning)
You wanna step this game up?

He flicks the torch - **SHHHHHHHHHHT**. A blue flame roars to life.

He approaches slowly. Like a lion circling a kill.

THUG #2 (CONT'D)
(soft)
We gotta teach this one a lesson.

Mickey thrashes against the chair.

Wood creaks. The photos fall. Terror fills his face.

THUG #1 steps behind him with a switchblade.

The blade slides along Mickey's **neck** - cold steel on hot, sweaty skin.

He **freezes**.

The knife lowers - slices open his shirt.

THUG #1
(yelling)
LET'S STEP IT UP!

They cut off his clothes. Down to his underwear. Wet. Shivering.

The torch roars.

Mozart swells.

Mickey sobs. Blood and tears blend. His eyes wide.

THUG #2
(whispers)
The body's like a violin...
(beat)
Tuned right, it screams in harmony.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

A BARRAGE OF SOUND.

Phones blaring. Brokers shouting. Deals flying like bullets. Each **DING** from a terminal signals a win – a sale, a high, a fix.

INT. MICKEY'S OFFICE CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

SILENCE.

Muted chaos through the glass. Like a submarine under attack, calm on the inside – for now.

MICKEY CAVARELLI (28) sits behind his desk. Expensive suit, crimson tie. Posture controlled. Eyes locked on his screen.

Numbers rising. Green bars climbing.

Top right corner: **\$50,309,320.03**

Profit ticking upward.

His eyes drift.

A wall of trophies.

Forbes plaques. NYSE commendations.

A framed photo in the middle – Mickey, Maya, and Sophia. Happy. Whole.

BEEEP. BEEEP. BEEEP.

A harsh mechanical alert.

"MARGIN CALL."

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(whispers in his head)
Not again.

His head snaps back to the screen.

The chart – bleeding.

Red candles plunge.

Values nosedive like a plane without wings.

Mickey grips his pen.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

His tell. Louder. Faster.

LOSS -\$3.9M

LOSS -\$5.4M

LOSS -\$8.6M

His face remains still – but sweat glistens at his hairline.

Jaw clenched. Breath shallow.

LOSS -\$14.5M

The color drains from his cheeks.

Why this play? Why this risk?

The screen flickers.

His heart thunders in his ears.

SELL.

The mouse cursor crawls toward the red button.

His hand shakes – not from nerves, but gravity.

CLICK.

-\$15,756,473.23

Gone.

He stares at the screen. Hollow.

No reaction. No panic. Just absence.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

A soft creak. The glass door cracks open.

VINCENT WALLIS (61) enters – silver hair, cashmere confidence. A powder-blue tie knotted to perfection.

He walks like a man who owns the room before he steps in.

VINCENT WALLIS
(cheerful)
Well, well... How's the golden boy
holding up?

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 (smooth, brittle
 underneath)
 Bit of turbulence. Nothing off-
 course.

He tucks his trembling hands under the desk.

Face steady. Voice like glass.

Wallis glides in. Shuts the door gently behind him.

Looks around – his eyes taking the room in like a scan.

He stops at the family photo.

VINCENT WALLIS
 She's beautiful.
 (beat)
 How old's Sophia now?

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 Six.

Just a flicker of voice crack. Barely.

VINCENT WALLIS
 (sincere, with teeth)
 Six already. Time slips.
 (beat)
 You wanna be around while they
 still ask for you.

He turns slowly. Faces Mickey.

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
 You'll have something for me by
 Tuesday. Metrics, not metaphors.

Beat.

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
 (nods, razor smile)
 You've always been the best, Mick.
 Don't make me second guess that.

He smiles again – like a man who never blinks during a
 drowning.

A pause. Then the warmth returns like a switch.

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
 Chin up. Quarter's not over yet.

He winks. Then – click – the door closes behind him.

Silence.

Mickey's breath finally releases. Shallow. Useless.

He stares at the screen.

The mouse.

The photo.

INT. MICKEY'S OFFICE CUBICLE – MOMENTS LATER

The drawer slides open.

Inside – a bottle of whiskey, half gone. A crystal tumbler.
No label.

PLONK.

He pours two fingers.

Amber fire.

He stares at it. His own reflection in the glass. Fractured.

He gulps it back. No wince. Just need.

A shaft of light cuts through the office – His reflection
fractures across the wall.

He stands.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(screaming, in his head)
AHHHHHHH! FUCK!

He SWEEPS the desk.

Papers, monitors, trophies, glass – CRASH.

WHAM – the tumbler smashes into the door.

Shards spray across the room.

Except none of that happens.

Everything remains.

Desk intact. Glass untouched.

Just Mickey – frozen. Shaking.

RING. RING.

A phone call. The real world reclaims him.

He hits the speaker.

MICKEY CAVARELLI (CONT'D)
(voice thin)
Hello?

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Mr. Mallor asking about his
account. Line 2. Should I patch him
through.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(still)
No.
(beat)
Tell him I'll call back.

She hangs up. The line **clicks** off.

He leans back. Eyes closed. Hands in his hair. Cracks
widening.

He grabs his jacket, slings the bag over his shoulder.

A final look at the family photo.

Then he walks out — into the noise.

A man bleeding inside. No one notices.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A WALL OF SOUND.

Phones ring like alarms. Keyboards hammer. The manic rhythm
of capitalism in full swing.

Traders bark into headsets, chasing millions in real-time.

DING.

The board flashes — profits still climbing.

MICKEY moves through it like a ghost in a burning church.

Stiff. Composed. A mask.

Some younger brokers nod as he passes — reverent. Seeking his
approval.

He doesn't see them.

A rookie laughs into a headset, cocky, alive.

Mickey glances at him. Maybe jealousy. Maybe pity.

He turns a corner. The chaos fades behind him.

INT. EXECUTIVE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SLAM.

The door cracks open, nearly off the hinge.

A sleek, sterile room — chrome, white tile, unforgiving light.

Mickey stumbles to the sink, both hands braced like he's holding on for dear life. He cranks the faucet. **ICE COLD.**

Splash after splash hits his face.

He breathes like a man drowning. His tie chokes him —

He yanks it loose, rips open his collar.

Shirt soaked. Chest heaving.

He lifts his head. Looks in the mirror, a stranger stares back.

Eyes bloodshot. Water streaking his cheeks. Sweat pooling on his collar. A stranger stares back.

His hands, still wet, dig inside his jacket.

Beat.

Fingers trembling, they find the wallet. He pulls it out.

He opens it.

Inside: a photo.

First day of school.

Maya. Sophia. Himself. Arms around each other. Laughing.

He tries to take it out.

It tears. Right down the middle.

Now Maya and Sophia are in one hand, and he's left behind.

His breath breaks. Eyes flood.

Everything mixes—sweat, water, regret.

His reflection dissolves.

BANG.

He throws open a stall —

Drops to his knees —

VOMITS.

Collapses beside the toilet.

Shoulders heaving. Fingers clutching the torn photo.

No audience. No armor. Just a man breaking alone.

He stands.

One more long stare in the mirror.

Wipes his face. Straighten his tie.

He pockets the torn photo.

One last breath. Then — he walks.

INT. ELEVATOR — MOMENTS LATER

Silence.

Mickey stands center. Shirt wrinkled. Tie crooked.

Hair damp. Skin pale.

A **smooth jazz** track hums through the speakers — too calm, too ironic.

His reflection stares back from the polished metal wall.

He stares at the man in the mirror. He's still wearing Mickey's suit — but nothing else fits.

Judging. Tired. Broken.

BUZZ.

A text from Maya flashes.

He swipes it away without reading.

He doesn't move. Doesn't blink. Just breathes.

DING.

Floor -1.

The doors part. Dim light. Cold concrete.

The garage.

Mickey steps out.

Outwardly composed.

Inside – a man about to explode.

INT. OFFICE PARKING – NIGHT

BZZZZZZZ...

A concrete mausoleum. Fluorescents hum. One flickers – like a warning.

DING.

Elevator doors open.

MICKEY steps out. Stiff. Shoulders drawn high. His breath shallow, controlled. Leather bag over his shoulder, laptop clutched like a shield.

He walks.

Each step – **tap... tap... tap...**

Echoes bounce like distant gunfire.

He pats his coat pocket. Nothing. Other pocket—nothing.

His jaw tightens.

He digs into his pants. Still nothing.

Panic.

Quiet, private panic.

He speeds up. Behind his **black S-Class** now.

Unzips the leather bag – **STUCK.**

He tugs.

Harder.

SNAP.

The zipper tears open — **EXPLOSION.**

PAPERS. COINS. CONTRACTS. STOCK CHARTS.

A storm of white and ink scatters across the concrete,
echoing down the garage.

Mickey drops to his knees.

Frozen.

Then—frantic. Palms slap the floor. Digging, grasping.

He's trembling, documents stick to his sweat-soaked hands.

Pages crumble. He doesn't notice.

Then—there.

He sees **the keys.**

Relief. For a second.

Still. Silent. His lighthouse.

He reaches. Grabs them. Holds.

Beat.

Then the weight of everything slams back in.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(screaming)
FUUUUUUCK!

It rips from deep in his gut.

Raw. Vicious. A scream not meant for words.

It bounces off the cement walls, lingering—ugly, human, real.

He slams both palms to the floor. **SMACK.** Tiny stones cut in.
He doesn't feel them.

He laughs — manic, short, broken.

A sound that doesn't know if it's grief or hysteria.

He shoves everything back into the torn bag. Crumpled. Bent.

Shaky hands fight the zipper. Half-closed. It'll have to do.
He staggers to his feet.

BEEP-BEEP.

The Benz unlocks.
Bag tossed in. Door slams.
He slides into the seat.
Closes the door.

Silence.

Just the tick of the engine cooling.
His head rests against the wheel. Eyes shut.
The bandage on his fingers darkens. Blood soaking through.
His knuckles—white. Gripping leather like it's the only solid thing left in his life.
He breathes.
Slower.
Still trembling.
Then - ignition.
The car glides into the shadow.
He's not running.
He's already gone.

INT. CAVARELLI KITCHEN - NIGHT

Warm light. Dim. Soft.

A glass pot simmers on the stove — water rising. Bubbling.

Steam fogs the lid. Pressure mounting.

MAYA CAVARELLI (28) Barefoot. Black cardigan. Pajama shorts.
A cooking-stained T-shirt. Sleeves rolled. Calm hands slicing carrots on a worn wood board.

Oil hisses in a pan beside her.

Behind her, in the doorway –

MICKEY. Shirt damp. Hair combed back. Face clean – but gone.

He stares at the pot. Not blinking. Eyes hollow, jaw slack.
ghost wearing skin.

The water bubbles louder. Angrier.

Tiny droplets hiss as they spit onto the stove's hot metal surface.

MAYA CAVARELLI
(gently, without turning)
You okay?
(beat)
Rough day?
(beat)
You're quiet...

Silence.

She glances at him over her shoulder. Worry flickers – but she says nothing.

Just returns to the carrots. Slice. Slice. Slice.

Then –

SSSSSHHHSSSKKK!

The pot **boils over.**

Water spills down the sides. Hissing, spitting. Furious.

Mickey flinches.

A full-body twitch. His chest caves in. The world crashes through the silence.

His eyes finally shift to her – glassy, red-rimmed. He looks like a man pulled from wreckage.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(quiet, strained)
I'm fine.

Beat.

He blinks. Once. Twice. Like he's waking up underwater.

The burner hums beneath it all.

MAYA CAVARELLI
(lightly - masking stress)
Shoot...

She moves quickly. Turns down the heat.

Grabs a towel. Wipes the pot — **burns herself.**

MAYA CAVARELLI (CONT'D)
(pained whisper)
Ow... shit...

She rushes to the sink.

Cold water flows. Splashes. Breaks apart into smaller streams.

Her burnt finger trembles under the current.

Mickey watches. Still. Silent.

That same distant look. Like a man watching the world from behind glass.

He forces a smile —

It doesn't land. Not even close.

She sees it.

Feels it.

Still no words.

She walks over. Calm. Steady.

Her hand rests gently on his chest.

Then rises — brushes his cheek.

A long pause.

Her thumb moves softly across his skin.

Not to fix. Not to ask. Just... to say *I see you.*

They stand there.

The kitchen hushes.

The burner low. The water settled.

Nothing but the sound of the faucet still trickling.

Just the two of them —

One unraveling.

The other holding the threads.

INT. LUCCA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Closed.

Chairs flipped on tables.

The faint smell of grilled meat still clings to the air.

A muted TV glows in the corner — a reporter drones: "...the trial of the century... alleged hitman linked to the Ferro syndicate..."

Dim light casts long shadows.

MICKEY CAVARELLI steps in. Still in his work clothes — damp shirt, tie loose.

Eyes hollow.

He shuts the door behind him — soft. Like he doesn't want the world to hear him fall.

Behind the counter —

LUCCA MANCINI (29), hoodie and apron, wiping down steel.

Built on charm and edge.

He looks up. No smile. Just sees Mickey. Studies him.

LUCCA MANCINI
(cheerful, concerned)
You look like hell.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
Crawled through it.

Lucca tosses the rag.

Nods toward a booth.

LUCCA MANCINI
Sit.

Mickey moves like his bones ache.

Sinks into the booth.

Lucca disappears into the back.

Offscreen — the sound of a **bottle uncorking**. Glasses clinking.

He returns.

Sets one down in front of Mickey. Pours.

LUCCA MANCINI (CONT'D)
(quiet)
You lost it?

Mickey doesn't answer.

He takes the glass. Sips.

His hands shake.

LUCCA MANCINI (CONT'D)
I heard. A couple of friends are
pissed.
(beat)
Said their men went quiet.

Mickey stares into the table. Then looks up — eyes glassy, voice raw.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
I didn't see it coming.
(beat)
Thought it'd bounce back... But it
didn't. It crashed. Fast.

Lucca nods. No judgment. Just... **old loyalty**.

A pause.

Then—

LUCCA MANCINI
(sits beside him)
You remember eight grade?
(chuckles)
That time we stole the quarter
machine from the laundromat?

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(half-smiles)
We thought it had, like... thousands
inside.

LUCCA MANCINI

\$43.50

And a condom.

They share a breath. Close to laughter – but it never comes.

Then silence again.

LUCCA MANCINI (CONT'D)

But you're not here to reminisce.

You didn't come for the wine. So go

on. What do you really need?

Mickey hesitates. Pride clogging his throat.

He swallows it.

MICKEY CAVARELLI

I need help.

Lucca doesn't flinch.

LUCCA MANCINI

You want a loan?

MICKEY CAVARELLI

No.

(beat)

I need money... Loads. Fast.

LUCCA MANCINI

I've got... maybe five grand in the back.

(beat)

I can get it.

Mickey shakes his head. Pale.

MICKEY CAVARELLI

It's not enough.

(beat)

I need at least twenty. Just to stop the bleeding.

His voice cracks.

LUCCA MANCINI

Twenty's a big ask, Mick.

(beat)

That's not something i got laying around.

Mickey leans in. Eyes sharpen – intense, desperate.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 Then let me earn it. Whatever's
 behind those back doors - I'm in.

Lucca stares. Smile gone.

He leans back - quiet. Weighing it.

LUCCA MANCINI
 Careful what you're asking for.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 I'm past careful.
 (beat)
 I've got five days before it all
 collapses. You said...
 (beat)
 If i ever needed something...

LUCCA MANCINI
 I meant help.
 (beat)
 Not handing you off to people with
 burner phones and body counts. They
 don't care if you got a wife and a
 kid, Mickey.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 (firm, almost breaking)
 That's *why* I'm here.
 (beat)
 Maya dropped out of college for me.
 She trusts me.

MICKEY CAVARELLI (CONT'D)
 If i don't fix this - we lose the
 apartment.
 (beat)
 We lose everything. It's not about
 greed. It's survival.

Beat.

Lucca watches him. His oldest friend. Now standing on a
 cliff's edge.

LUCCA MANCINI
 (intense)
 You do this...
 (beat)
 there's no rewind. No more clean
 hands.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

LUCCA MANCINI (CONT'D)
 You think you're build for this,
 but you're not
 (beat)
 You miss one step - you don't just
 lose the apartment. You disappear.
 You sure?

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 (quiet, certain)
 Yeah.

Beat.

Looks at Lucca -

His eyes are cold.

Regret. Fear.

But mostly... resignation.

This is how men disappear.

EXT. VIA CARNE - EVENING

A faded awning. Neon flickers: VIA CARNE - EST. 1947

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.)
 There are rules. You break them,
 you vanish.

Two black Escalates, tinted windows, screech to a halt
 outside the shop. A run - down street. Graffiti. A closed
 bakery next door. A stray dog bolts away from the door.

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They're not like you and me...

All four doors of the lead SUV fly open. Four men step
 outside in perfect sync. Shined leather shoes. Dark suits.
 Blue ties. Like a uniform. Glockes tucked at their backs
 hidden, but visible. No panic. No rush. Just purpose.

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Any human spark, any morals, any
 decency... Is long gone.

Two men post at the front, arms crossed, eyes scanning.

The other two push into the store-

INT. VIA CARNE - FRONT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The BELL above the door dings softly.

Fluorescent lights hum. Refrigerated display case. Cuts of veal, pig feet, sausages on crushed ice.

Two BUTCHERS in stained white coats. A few CUSTOMERS - a mother with a child, two old men arguing about prices.

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.)
They're animals. In their world,
light doesn't exist.

SUIT #1
(calm, quiet)
We're closing early today.

SUIT #2
Now.

No shouting. No need. Everyone freezes - then moves fast. No one asks. No one looks back.

The last customer exits.

The two butchers follow, heads down. Suit #1 locks the door, flips the dirty sign: CLOSED.

Outside the street falls silent.

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.)
It's just darkness...

EXT. VIA CARNE - CONTINUOUS

From the second Escalade, the backseat passenger door opens.

A man steps out in a dark wool coat, black leather gloves in hand. We don't see his face - only the backside.

He walks past the SUV's rear window - a reflection reveals a campaign poster: "ENZO CAVARELLI FOR GOVERNOR - Family. Values. Trust.

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.)
They eat their own. You just hope
you're not next...

INT. VIA CARNE - REAR COOLER - MOMENTS LATER

CLACK... CLACK...

His footsteps echo off tile walls. White. Sterile. Blood-stained drains. Pig carcasses hanging from steel hooks, swinging slightly.

In the center of the room: THREE MEN kneeling. Hands tied behind backs. Heads down. Fabric stuffed in their mouth.

Sweat. Tears. Blood on one's lip. The stench of fear thick in the cold air.

The silhouette enters. We never see his full face - just his shoulders, the back of his head, a glimpse of his watch as he pulls on the black leather gloves.

ENZO CAVARELLI
(smooth, steady)
One of you took something.
And the others let him.

MAN #1
(trembling, quiet) No, lord
please, no...

MAN #2
(scared)
It was a mistake. Just - just a
mistake. We didn't-

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.)
No second chances, just
consequences...

ENZO CAVARELLI
You know what's funny? I used to
think loyalty was natural. That it
came from love, or fear, or blood.
(beat)
Turns out, it's like meat. It
spoils.

He reaches out his hand. One of the suit's places a golden
Colt 1911 into it.

All three men whimper, and cry, begging for forgiveness. A
second chance. The air is cold stinging in their lungs like
little needles.

ENZO CAVARELLI (CONT'D)
(quietly, like prayer)
The one thing that stays fresh is
consequence.

BAAAM.

BAAAM.

BAAAM.

Three clean shots. The bodies collapse. Shells drop in slow motion - CLINK... CLINK... CLINK...

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.)
These people show no remorse, and
no understanding for fuckups-

Blood spatters across the tiles. Drops splash near a pig's hanging snout. Blood snakes across the tiles toward the drain.

A shell casing spins, finally settling with a soft metallic clink near the drain.

ENZO CAVARELLI (O.S.)
(getting his gloves off)
Make them disappear.

Beat

The men move. No hesitation.

SILENCE.

Just the humming of the refrigeration unit. Then-

CRSHHHH...

The unmistakable crinkle of industrial plastic. Two men unroll thick white sheeting - body bags without zippers. Just rolls of wrap. Functional. Disposable.

They move like clockwork. Efficient. One lifts a limp arm. The other rolls the first corpse. No words. No prayers. Just muscle memory.

The floor glistens. Puddles of blood, Already darkening, reflect the flicker of the overhead fluorescents.

EXT. VIA CARNE - NIGHT

The black SUV'S drive off. The shop fades into shadow. The campaign poster flaps, peeling slightly at the edge.

INT. VIA CARNE - TRUCK LOADING ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Plastic-wrapped bodies, disappear into big metal bins.

CRRRR... CRSHHH... the sound of plastic rattling against the metal bins as the bodies slide in.

Plank... three lids get smashed on the three bins.

Squiiiieec... the metal ring tightens on the lids, sealing them shut.

LUCCA MANCINI (V.O.)
You think they're fair? Your oldest
friend is lining you up for a
bullet, just to move up.

INT. VIA CARNE - REAR COOLER - CONTINUOUS

A stream of water shoots out of a garden hose, washing away the blood, funneling it all in a single stream. Like a tornado, circling the drain. The red fades. Just water now.

INT. VIA CARNE - TRUCK LOADING ZONE - CONTINUOUS

A forklift, driven by one of the suits lifts the three barrels up on a pallet, onto a truck. Disappearing in a sea of barrels.

FERRO WASTE SOLUTIONS - is written on the side of the truck.

WRRRRRRR...

One of the Suits pulls the tarp on the back door shut.

CLAP... CLAP...

He hits the back of the truck twice, nods at the driver.

The truck drives off.

INT. LUCCA'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

LUCCA MANCINI
So when they offer you a way out...
It's never a gift. It's a leash.

Beat.

Lucca stands. Walks to the kitchen. Silence.

Beat.

He returns. Sets a small brown envelope on the table. It's not big, it's small, thin, no address no sender, no text. Just an envelope.

LUCCA MANCINI (CONT'D)
One job. Tonight.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
What is it?

LUCCA MANCINI
Fuck, ok. Listen you take this package to an address, and hand it to a friend.
(beat)
No questions, no strings.

He puts another, thicker envelope on the table.

LUCCA MANCINI (CONT'D)
25 G's. Right here, right now.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
And if I say no?

LUCCA MANCINI
Then you finish your drink and walk out of here with a clean shirt.

Mickey stares at the two envelopes. His blood curdles cold. He senses the danger, he can taste it in his dry mouth, it lingers in the air like the calm before a storm.

LUCCA MANCINI (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I need an answer, Mickey.

Mickey takes a deep breath and grabs both envelopes.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
Where?

Beat.

LUCCA MANCINI
You'll know when you open it.

He walks away.

Mickey looks down at the envelopes in his hands, like they're radio active waste. Burning through his palms.

He thinks back, Maya, Sophia.

His fingers move, hesitant - slow - sliding them into his pockets.

INT. MERCEDES S-CLASS - NIGHT

Silence.

Mickey Cavarelli slips into the driver's seat. Shaken. Pale.

The engine's off. The cabin hums with ghost-quiet.

His breath clouds the glass.

He reaches into his jacket - pulls out the **small brown envelope.**

Fingers trembling.

He opens it.

CLOSE ON: POLAROID.

Grainy. Flash-lit.

A grotesque collage -

An OLD MAN. Naked except for a diaper and bonnet.

Snorting coke.

A STRIPPER on top of him - laughing, heels planted on a mirrored coffee table.

Mickey's eyes go wide.

He flips to the next.

More shame. Flesh.

Another line. A blurry hand with a Rolex.

The flash freezes everything in the worst moment possible.

He lets out a breath - part laugh, part choke.

His head drops back on the seat.

He stares at the roof.

The envelope sits in his lap. Photos fanned like a deck of guilt.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(whispers)
What the fuck did I just sign up
for...

BUZZZZ.

His phone vibrates.

He looks-

"MAYA"

glowing on the screen.

His thumb hovers.

A moment.

Then — he declines.

The screen goes black. His face faintly reflected — fractured
by the incoming call banner.

He pulls out the folded **slip of paper.**

An address scrawled in ballpoint:

Rhode Island.

He punches it into the nav.

ETA: 00:43

EXT. RHODE ISLAND — ROAD — NIGHT

A lonely stretch of woods. Fog coils between trees.

Mickey's S-Class cuts through the dark — headlights slicing a
path like knives.

No music. No voice.

Just the low hum of tires over wet asphalt.

He drives like a ghost.

INT. MERCEDES S-CLASS — CONTINUOUS

His fingers drum the steering wheel. Fast. Nervous.

The brown envelope in his pocket might as well be on fire.

His jaw clenches.

His eyes are sunken.

Too many miles.

Too many thoughts.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A gravel crunch underfoot.

Mickey walks toward the front door of a stately home – wide, pale brick, black iron lanterns.

No lights in the windows. Just the porch lamp, flickering faint.

Every step slower. Heavier.

Like his body knows what his brain won't admit.

He reaches the door.

Presses the bell.

DING.

A long silence.

Then – the door creaks open.

JUDGE JOSEPH MALOR (60s) Silk robe. Shirt untucked. Thinning hair, slicked back.

Eyes bloodshot – suspicious and sharp.

JUDGE MALOR
(irritated)
Do you have any idea what time it
is?

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(soft, polite)
I'm sorry to disturb you, sir. I
was told to deliver this... directly.

He holds out the envelope.

Malor stares.

At Mickey.

Then the envelope.

Doesn't move.

Not at first.

Then — slowly — he takes it.

Tears it open with one finger.

He flips through the Polaroids.

One.

Two.

Three.

His face doesn't move.

But something behind his eyes **collapses**.

A flicker of shame.

Then rage.

Then nothing.

He's a judge.

He's practiced at swallowing panic.

JUDGE MALOR
(quietly)
Who sent you?
(beat)
Ferro?

MICKY CAVARELLI
I don't know. I was told to hand it
to you — that's all.

The judge studies him. Long. Cold.

Then something clicks. He understands.

JUDGE MALOR
Tell them..
(beat)
They have my attention.

He closes the door — not a slam. Just a **soft, final click**.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mickey turns around.

Breath shallow.

He walks back to the car – but his body's not moving right.

His mind's spinning.

Thoughts chase each other, collide, multiply.

INT. MERCEDES S-CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

He slumps into the driver's seat.

Hands still on the wheel.

Frozen.

His reflection trembles in the windshield.

He just crossed a line.

And there's no going back.

EXT. MANSION WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A faint rustle in the trees.

Shadows shift.

CLICK. CLICK.

A camera lens captures it all – the envelope. The Judge. The exchange.

Telephoto. Silent. Precise.

Each frame a bullet of evidence.

The lens retracts.

CLICK – the last shot.

In the distance – barely visible through the dark:

A **BLACK SUV**, headlights off.

Parked like a predator.

The silhouette lowers the camera, backs away.

No sound. No trace.

Just gone.

A watcher in the dark.

Now running.

INT. MERCEDES S-CLASS - NIGHT

The engine hums low.

Wipers slice through light drizzle.

Mickey stares forward, jaw locked, eyes empty.

His hand cramps around the steering wheel.

Knuckles white.

His chest rises — tight. Controlled.

But inside: chaos.

What did I just do?

He can't say it. But it's all over him.

Sweat beads along his temple.

His mouth dry.

Not thinking.

Just... sitting in the aftershock.

Beat.

INT. CAVARELLI APARTMENT - NIGHT

The house is dark. Quiet. A sliver of moonlight cuts across white marble floors.

The door clicks open. MICKEY steps in, silent. Head low. Ashamed.

He shuts the door — soft. The world outside goes still. For a fleeting moment, it feels like normal again.

He walks the hallway. Drops his keys on the small table. Kicks off his shoes.

His eyes drift – across framed photos, small sculptures, the texture of a life once whole. Nothing has moved, but everything has changed.

Each object a relic. A lie of stability.

INT. SOPHIA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A nightlight glows by the bed. SOPHIA (6) lies curled in fetal position, clutching a stuffed lion.

Mickey kneels. Brushes a strand of hair from her face. Kisses her gently.

His eyes shine – not with tears, but the ache of trying not to cry.

She stirs, mumbles:

SOPHIA CAVARELLI

Daddy...?

MICKEY CAVARELLI

(whispers, trembling)

I'm here, baby.

He lingers. His hand rests on her chest – feeling the rhythm of her breath, the warmth of her body. Proof of something pure.

INT. CAVARELLI MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MAYA sleeps on her side, turned away. Peaceful. The kind of sleep Mickey's forgotten.

He bends down. Presses his lips to her shoulder. Then his forehead. A whisper escapes him – soft, inaudible.

She stirs, just slightly. But doesn't wake.

INT. CAVARELLI LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Only the flicker of the flatscreen TV lights the space. Mickey sits on the couch, in silk pajamas. A glass of water in hand. Eyes blank.

He picks up the remote.

Beep.

A gas fireplace ignites. Blue fades into orange – tile by tile, flame by flame.

News footage rolls silently across the screen – a B-roll loop:

TITLE:

“MOB HITMAN TRIAL – SHOCKING TESTIMONY CONTINUES”

Reporters swarm the courthouse.

Then – a new shot.

A man walks into court, flanked by security. Cameras flash. A familiar face.

The judge.

Judge Malor.

The man Mickey handed the envelope to.

Mickey freezes.

His face drains. His body stiffens.

The glass trembles in his hand.

He sets it down, slowly. The breath leaves him. Cold.

Click.

He turns off the TV. Darkness.

Only the low hiss of the fire remains.

Mickey stares into the flames. Orange and alive. Beautiful. Violent.

He’s not just involved anymore.

He’s tipped a scale. Corrupted the system he once believed in.

He didn’t just cross a line –

He moved it.

And worst of all –

He did it for money.

Silence.

Only firelight dances across his face – flickering between guilt and emptiness. He doesn't cry. He doesn't speak.

He just sits.

Still.

Burning inside.

INT. CAVARELLI LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Soft sunlight seeps through half-closed blinds.

MICKEY sleeps on the couch, still in his pajamas. The TV's off.

A glass of water rests untouched on the table.

His jacket – crumpled on the floor.

The envelope tucked inside.

LAUGHTER, O.S.

Light. Innocent. A child's giggle.

Followed by MAYA's warm voice.

SOPHIA CAVARELLI (O.S.)
Daddy's still sleeping!

MAYA CAVARELLI (O.S.)
(playful)
Shhh! Let the lion sleep – He had a long hunt.
(teasing)
Unless you want him to... bite you.

A tiny finger pokes his cheek.

SOPHIA CAVARELLI
Rawr.

Mickey stirs. Blinks.

SOPHIA crouches beside the couch, grinning in her pajamas.

MAYA stands behind her – steaming coffee mug in hand, already dressed for the day.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(dry, soft)
Morning, baby.

SOPHIA CAVARELLI
You missed pancakes.

Maya eyes him – warm, but searching.

She knows.

He didn't come to bed.

MAYA CAVARELLI
It's Friday. You gonna make it to
work?

Beat.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
Yeah...
(tries to sit up)
Yeah, I'll go shower.

He swings his legs over. Sits up.

Hands on his knees. Heavy. Worn.

Sophia hugs him tight. Quick, but full of love.

SOPHIA CAVARELLI
You smell funny.

He chuckles, forces a smile. Kisses the top of her head.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
It's called success, baby. Comes
with a scent.

MAYA CAVARELLI
It's called stress and bourbon.

They lock eyes.

Just for a moment.

No words.

But she knows.

And he knows she knows.

INT. CAVARELLI BATHROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The shower roars.

Steamless.

Water crashes down onto cold tile –

ICE-COLD.

MICKEY steps in.

Bare chest. Skin tightening.

Goosebumps bloom.

His breath quickens – sharp, alive.

Beat.

A laugh escapes him.

Low. Strange.

Like he's testing if he still feels anything.

The water cuts.

He steps out – dripping.

INT. CAVARELLI BATHROOM – MIRROR – CONTINUOUS

A fogless mirror.

MICKEY stands before it.

A towel around his waist.

Toothbrush in hand.

He stares.

Dead eyes.

Sleepless sockets.

Jaw clenched.

He brushes – automatic. Mechanical.

A man reassembling himself.

Piece by piece.

Putting the mask back on.

INT. CAVARELLI KITCHEN - LATER

Mickey enters — dressed sharp, clean, composed.

A suit of armor.

He heads toward the coffee maker.

Pauses.

Two dirty plates on the counter.

Crumbs. Syrup smears. A fork half off the edge.

He notices a small stack of unopened mail.

CONFIDENTIAL stamped in red.

He flips through:

"Final Notice."

"Loan Past Due."

"Tuition Payment Outstanding."

Beat.

He shoves them into his jacket —

Right next to the brown envelope.

He takes off the suit jacket. Folds it neatly.

Hangs it on the barstool.

Rolls up his sleeves.

Turns the faucet on. Grabs a sponge.

He starts scrubbing a plate.

Slow. Focused. Almost meditative.

But his mind slips.

The image of **Judge Malor** flashes —

Diaper. Stripper. Coke.

Courtroom. Cameras. Headlines. Guilt.

Faster now. Harder.

More flashes:

Bullet holes.

Body bags.

News footage of dead children.

Scrubbing. Scrubbing. Red bubbles form.

His skin cracks.

Fingernails torn.

Blood in the soap.

CRACK—

The plate shatters in his hands.

Small ceramic shards dig into his palm.

Blood. Silence.

Beat.

Then—

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(screams)
FUUUUUUCK!

He hurls the sponge across the room.

Grabs a towel.

Wraps his hand, tight.

Stumbles back to the island.

Leans against it. Slides down. Slowly.

Back against the cabinets — the only thing holding him up.

And finally...

He cries.

Not loud.

Not performative.

Just broken.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

Chaos.

The market opens — like **floodgates bursting**.

A tidal wave of noise crashes through the room.

Screens flash red.

Phones blare.

Suits shout numbers like war cries.

Hands raised. Papers flying.

Even the fluorescent lights **hum violently**, as if they're in on the panic.

This isn't business.

It's combat.

INT. MICKEY'S OFFICE CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Silence.

Dead quiet.

MICKEY CAVARELLI sits hunched over his desk. Tie loosened.

Dark circles bruise the skin under his eyes.

The chaos of the trading floor is sealed behind **soundproof glass** —

a riot on mute.

A **Bloomberg terminal** glows in front of him.

Red tickers crawl across the screen like **bleeding arteries**.

His fingers hover over the keyboard — frozen.

A **SHADOW** falls across his desk.

VINCENT WALLIS stands behind him.

Lean. Immaculate. Razor sharp.

A man who never yells —

because he doesn't need to.

His stillness is the threat.

VINCENT WALLIS
 (quiet)
 Markets aren't slowing down,
 Cavarelli.
 (beat)
 But you are.

Mickey swallows. Doesn't speak.

Wallis steps closer. Effortless.

He scans the screen – unread messages, stalled charts,
 an **order window blinking: INCOMPLETE TRANSACTION.**

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
 I saw your Meta play last quarter.
 Saved your ass. Everyone forgot
 July.
 (leans in)
 I didn't

A pause. Wallis lowers his voice. No warmth, no hurry.

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
 This place doesn't forgive
 softness. You know that, don't you?

A smile flickers – thin, surgical.

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
 When I hired you, i said: No second
 chances.
 (beat)
 We make money. Or we disappear.

Mickey blinks, tries to steady his breath.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 It's... it's a rough patch.
 Temporary. I'm working through it.

Wallis picks up a trophy off the desk:

"BEST YEARLY TRADER - 2024."

He turns it in his hands. Chuckles – like it's fiction.

VINCENT WALLIS
 You've got four days.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
 If the floor smells you bleeding..
 they'll eat you alive.

He sets the trophy down, adjusts his tie, and walks out.

Not a word wasted.

The sound of the trading floor **rises**, pressing through the glass.

Not louder — **closer**. Like blood in the walls.

Mickey exhales.

Not relief. A tremor.

He clicks back into the terminal.

INT. MICKEY'S OFFICE CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

The hum of monitors. Overhead fluorescents buzz faintly. One flickers.

Mickey's phone buzzes.

UNKNOWN NUMBER.

He stares. Lets it ring. Then —

click.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 (into phone)
 Hello?

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
 You did well, Cavarelli.

A chill. Mickey looks around — glass walls, open floor. Nowhere to hide. He lowers his voice.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 Who is this?

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
 Call me a partner.
 (beat)
 I've got another job for you.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 No
 (beat)
 (MORE)

MICKEY CAVARELLI (CONT'D)
I'm done. That wasn't the deal.
Lucca said - That was *one and done*.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Lucca said many things.
(beat)
But you weren't part of the deal.
You were... a favor.
(beat)
And now it's our turn.

Mickey's monitor pings.

NEW EMAIL: "INSURANCE POLICY UPDATE."

He opens it.

Photos.

Grainy. Clear enough.

Mickey at the mansion. Handing over the envelope. Judge Malor's face.

A timestamp in the corner.

His chest caves.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You delivered blackmail to a
federal judge.
(beat)
Next morning, the biggest mob trial
in decades - dismissed.
(beat)
That's obstruction. Tampering.
Federal time. No parole.

Long pause.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And a few ours ago, Judge Malor
shoved a 38. up his mouth and
tickled his brain.

Mickey gasps. Clamps a hand over his mouth.

Color drains from his face. He grabs the edge of the desk to steady himself.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're not in it anymore.
(beat)
You are it.

Beat.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You want out? Turn yourself in.
 Watch them take your kid. Ruin your
 wife. Torch your father's campaign.
 End the name Cavarelli.
 (beat)
 Or... One more job. Then you
 disappear - clean.

Silence.

Mickey's hand trembles over the mouse.

He shuts his eyes. Breathing sharp. Then—

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 (quiet)
 Turn me in.
 (beat)
 I don't care what happens to me.
 Just leave them out of it.

click.

He ends the call.

The screen glows on his face. Frozen. Ashen.

He turns his head — slowly — toward the city outside the
 glass.

Life going on. Indifferent.

A co-worker leans in.

CO-WORKER
 Lunch run! Wallis is buying. You
 in?

Mickey slides the framed photo of Sophia face-down.

A beat.

He breathes. Rebuilds the face.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
 (soft)
 Yeah -

He tries again.

MICKEY CAVARELLI (CONT'D)
Yeah. I'll come.

He stands. Adjusts his tie.

Outside: a trading floor at war.

Inside: a man bleeding in a locked room.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

Refined chaos.

Cabs blare. Cutlery clinks. Laughter ricochets off glass towers. Midtown hums — but at one table, the world stands still.

MICKEY CAVARELLI sits rigid in a charcoal suit. Cufflinks straight, collar tight — but his eyes betray him. Hollow. Haunted.

Across from him, **VINCENT WALLIS**. Lean, crisp, shark-grinned. Expensive. Dangerous. The kind of man who never raises his voice — because he doesn't have to.

A **JUNIOR COLLEAGUE** scrolls beside them — background noise. The silence between Mickey and Wallis is the real conversation.

Across the street — **TWO MEN** in dark jackets. Motionless. Not watching. Just there. Like rocks in a river. Still. Present.

Wallis stirs his espresso.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

A calm rhythm that sounds like a warning.

VINCENT WALLIS
(casual, almost kind)
You remind me of a rabbit, Mick.
(beat)
Not the skittish kind. The frozen kind. The one that thinks — if it doesn't move... Maybe the hawk won't see it.

Mickey doesn't answer. His fork trembles over pasta.

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
(softer)
Problem is...
(MORE)

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
(leans in)
The hawk always sees.

Their eyes meet. Mickey doesn't blink. His silence isn't
surrender — it's resistance.

Wallis smiles. It almost looks warm.

The junior chuckles, oblivious

JUNIOR ASSOCIATE
(his phone in his hand)
You guys see Tesla's open today?
Wild.

Wallis glances at him. Slow. Surgical.

VINCENT WALLIS
You're fired.

The junior blinks. Thinks it's a joke.

JUNIOR ASSOCIATE
Wait - what?

VINCENT WALLIS
Clean out your desk before i finish
my espresso.

A long, stunned silence. People nearby stop chewing.

Mickey swallows heavy.

The junior stares - pale, frozen.

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
Feel it yet?
(beat)
The shift?
(leans back, savoring it)
Like someone changed the rules... and
forgot to tell you.

The junior, in shock unsure why and what just happened.

He gathers his courage. Stands.

He wants to say something, focusing Wallis.

Lowers his head and walks away

EXT. LOADING DOCK ACROSS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

A silver sedan, parked strategically facing the Cafe. It's concealed by foot traffic and bins.

INT. UNDERCOVER SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Two plain clothes agents. SEC and FBI. The FBI badge placed on the dashboard next to fast food trash and other paper wraps. Two coffee cups, a laptop mounted between them, a camera, long lens.

AGENT VERONICA HALE - FBI

(tense)

Yo, you see those two - next to the subway?

The SEC agent swings the camera around, adjust the focus. The two men in leather jackets, standing and watching.

AGENT NATE KESSLER - SEC

Are they watching him?

(beat)

Who the hell is that?

The camera clicks...

A picture of them shows up on the laptop

One of the watchers grabs in his jacket, slightly lifting it. A silver shimmer flares in the sunlight - the grip of a silver plated colt.

AGENT NATE KESSLER - SEC (CONT'D)

Whoa! Did you see that?

AGENT VERONICA HALE - FBI

Was that a gun?!

They freeze - unsure what to do.

AGENT VERONICA HALE - FBI (CONT'D)

Are we moving on that?

Kessler swings the camera back towards the cafe. Fast clicking continues.

AGENT NATE KESSLER - SEC

No.

(beat)

I don't want to spook him...

AGENT VERONICA HALE - FBI
Ok... let me see what I can find on
them.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

Behind Mickey, the watchers light cigarettes. Still not
watching. They don't need to.

No answer. Just the click of Wallis' cup against its saucer.

Wallis lowers his voice - now it's personal.

Wallis notices the two watchers next to the subway.

Smirks.

VINCENT WALLIS
(mutters)
SEC again.
Can't help themselves - not even
hiding anymore.

He sips

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
Let me give you something, friend
to friend.
(leans in)
If the floor drops out - don't grab
the edge.
(beat)
Just fall clean.

Wallis straightens his tie. Stands.

VINCENT WALLIS (CONT'D)
Enjoy the pasta.
(winks)
And hey... keep your hands clean.

He leaves.

Mickey stays seated.

The city moves around him - full speed, full volume.

But Mickey's world has gone quiet.

He doesn't eat.

He doesn't breathe.

Across the street – the watchers are gone.

He blinks.

They were never there.

Or maybe they always are.

Mickey rubs his eyes – unsure what's real anymore.

EXT. CITY PARK - AFTERNOON

Golden-hour light softens the chaos.

Leaves rustle. A dog barks somewhere. Children laugh in bursts.

But here—on this worn-out bench—it all feels far away.

MAYA CAVARELLI (28) sits alone. Coffee in hand, cooling.

She's put-together. Controlled. A woman who doesn't allow herself the luxury of falling apart—

Even now.

Across the lawn, SOPHIA (6) climbs a dome-shaped jungle gym. Red hoodie. Light-up sneakers. She shines like she hasn't learned fear yet.

SOPHIA CAVARELLI (O.S.)
Mom! Look! I can touch the sun!

Maya smiles. Faint. Half - present.

Her phone vibrates on the bench beside her.

INCOMING CALL: DAD.

She stares. Doesn't move. Lets it buzz.

BUZZ...

BUZZ...

Then it goes quiet.

A second later—voicemail. Auto-playing.

Maya doesn't stop it.

She just slips in an AirPods. Like ripping off a bandage.

RICHARD LANGFORD (V.O.)
 May. It's me...
 (beat)
 I know I'm probably the last person
 you want to hear from - But we're
 in town. Your mother and Olivia
 flew in this morning.

A weak chuckle. The voice of a man who always wins and still
 manages to sound apologetic.

RICHARD LANGFORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Olivia... well, she crushed the
 Harrington closing. She's gathering
 real traction at the firm. I'm
 proud... Of her.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

A photo: Olivia in champagne light. Surrounded by men in
 suits. Perfect teeth. Champagne glass. Legacy intact.

RICHARD LANGFORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We're having lunch at Salieri's.
 1PM tomorrow.

RICHARD LANGFORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Your mother would love to see you.
 I'd love to see Sophia.
 (beat)
 You too.

The message ends.

Silence follows. Heavier than the message itself.

Maya's eyes sting—but she doesn't cry. She just... breathes.
 Once. Sharp.

She deletes the voicemail like it's a virus.

Looks up.

Sophia is hanging from the highest bar, hoodie flagging in
 the wind. A tiny astronaut exploring a broken world.

Maya rubs her wedding band. Absent. Slow.

Steel enters her spine.

MAYA CAVARELLI
 (quiet)
 You wanted a legacy.
 (MORE)

MAYA CAVARELLI (CONT'D)
(beat)
You got one. Just not the one you
wanted.

She stands. Walks toward Sophia. Lifts her down in one fluid
motion. Holds her close.

MAYA CAVARELLI (CONT'D)
You ready, my little astronaut?

SOPHIA CAVARELLI
Can we come back tomorrow?

Maya's smile flickers—meant only for her.

MAYA CAVARELLI
As many time as you want.

They walk off, hand in hand.

Shadows stretching long behind them.

The coffee cup sits alone. Forgotten. Cooling.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

DING.

The elevator opens — empty. Fluorescent lights **hum** overhead.
A long concrete corridor. The silence echoes.

MICKEY CAVARELLI steps out. Shoulders hunched. Tie loosened.
Suit immaculate, face frayed.

Another day pretending. Another day surviving.

He heads toward his S-Class. Not flashy. Just an escape pod.

The fob chirps — beep, beep. Taillights flare red across the
floor.

He exhales — like trying to leave the day behind with one
breath.

INT. MERCEDES S-CLASS - CONTINUOUS

He sinks into the driver's seat. Shuts the door.

Silence.

For a beat, just him. The only place where the mask can slip.

He leans back. Closes his eyes. His hand white-knuckles the wheel.

His bandaged fingertips – raw, red soaking through.

His breath slows. A second of peace. A lie.

Then–

SCREEECH.

A **WHITE VAN** JERKS TO A STOP IN THE MIRROR: “QUICK SOLUTION PEST CONTROL.”

The sliding door slams open.

Mickey’s eyes **SNAP OPEN**. Fear locks in.

Shadows. Fast.

SLAM – his door rips open.

A **BLACK BAG** yanks over his head.

Struggling. Kicking.

A grunt. A syringe stabs his neck.

Darkness.

INT. PARKING GARAGE – MOMENTS LATER

Mickey crumples. Limbs dead weight.

He’s dragged. His heels skip over concrete. Keys fall from his pocket. Forgotten.

The garage swallows him.

INT. CAVARELLI LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Dark, barely lit by the fireplace.

The soft flicker of **three candles** illuminates the room.

The table is set – two **plates, cloth napkins, a bottle of wine.**

A playlist hums faintly from a speaker – **Chet Baker** or something just hopeful.

MAYA CAVARELLI sits on the couch.

Dressed simply. Hair done.

A touch of lipstick. One hand around her wineglass, half full.

She checks the time.

Waits.

The music plays on. A song ends. The silence after feels like a verdict.

Moves to the table.

BEEP.

The fireplace turns off.

She walks to the candles, calm. Controlled.

One by one, she blows out the candles.

PFFF. PFFF. PFFF.

Smoke drifts up the still air.

She lingers for a moment in the quiet.

She grabs the whole bottle.

PLONK.

Then walks out the room.

INT. PEST CONTROL VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

SLAM. The rear doors shut.

He hits the ribbed metal floor like dead weight. A smear of blood from his hand. Bag still over his head.

Just breath now. Ragged. Shallow.

The van swerves left, then right. His body **thuds** against cold steel.

His vision fades in and out. The drug taking hold.

EXT. NYC STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The white van tears out of the alley and melts into traffic.

HONKS. LIGHTS. CHAOS.

It vanishes into the pulse of the city.

Above it all – a traffic light blinks red.

INT. VAN - LATER

The world is foggy. Distant.

– a glowing cigarette tip.

– a blinking red light above him. Pulsing. Watching.

– voices. Faint. One checks his pulse.

Smoke curls into the air. Chokes it.

The van stops.

SLAM.

Doors swing wide. Hands grab his ankles.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

He's dragged over puddled concrete. The sack still on.

Streetlamps flicker, struggling.

A heavy metal door **creaks** open.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The same place from the opening.

Bare. Cold. Unforgiving.

A SACK is **YANKED** from Mickey's head.

He **GASPS** – eyes flooded with light, sweat clinging to his skin. Breathing fast. Confused. Half-conscious.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A **MOZART ADAGIO** floats through the open space. Elegant. Cruel.

MICKEY CAVARELLI is strapped to a chair. Shirtless. Gagged. Bloody. His chest heaves. His eyes dart - wild.

HIS POV - a red-hot **BRAND**, glowing orange. Held on a metal rod. The shape: a cross with a small "F" inside. The Ferro crest.

The **BLOWTORCH** hisses. The brand hovers - then lowers.

SSSSSSHHHT.

It sears into Mickey's forearm.

Steam. Burnt flesh.

His back arches. His veins bulge. The **SCREAM** tries to rip through the gag but never makes it.

THUG #1 pulls the brand away. The skin smokes. A perfect mark burned into Mickey's flesh.

FOOTSTEPS.

From the shadows steps **DARIO**. Tailored coat. Gloves. A consigliere. Mid-50s. Calm. Calculated. Death in human form.

He circles slowly. Every step deliberate.

DARIO
(quiet)
You thought it was just a delivery.

He stops in front of Mickey.

DARIO (CONT'D)
You thought you were helping a friend.
(beat)
But when you cross a line, Mr. Cavarelli - even by accident - you don't walk back.

From behind, **THUG #2** rolls out **INDUSTRIAL PLASTIC**.

A second body is dragged from the other chair, into frame - **LUCCA MANCINI**.

Beaten. Broken. Stripped to his underwear. Barely conscious. His knees buckle as they place him on the plastic in front of Mickey.

DARIO (CONT'D)

You were never meant to sit in this chair.

(beat)

He was the insurance. You - the collateral.

Mickey shakes his head, desperate. Tears in his eyes.

THUG #1 rips the gag from Mickey's mouth.

MICKY CAVARELLI

No-no, no, wait, please-

Mickey gasps for air - choking on panic

MICKY CAVARELLI (CONT'D)

Wait - wait just let me talk - listen.

Whatever you think this is. I can fix this.

(beat)

You want access? I can give you access.

Private clients. Dark pools. Shit the feds doesn't even know exist.

(beat - pleading)

Whatever this is - I can make it worth your while.

Dario doesn't flinch. Like a priest hearing a dying man's last confession.

LUCCA lifts his head, barely.

LUCCA MANCINI

I'm sorry, brother...

DARIO

A man protects his friends. He doesn't hand them to the wolves.

(beat)

This is what disloyalty looks like.

Dario nods once.

A SILENCED GUN rises behind Lucca's head.

MICKEY CAVARELLI
(screaming)
NO!!

PHFT.

Lucca's body falls.

A splash of blood hits Mickey's face.

Silence.

Only Mozart plays on.

Dario kneels in front of Mickey – eye to eye.

DARIO
Now you understand.
(beat)
This world doesn't care what you
meant to do.
(beat)
Only what you did.
(smiles, faintly)
Welcome to the family.

He rises. Turns. Walks away into the dark.

THUG #1 cuts the duct tape from Mickey's arms and legs. Nods.
Done.

THUG #2 hands Mickey a white plastic bag – clothes inside –
and a burner phone.

Then, they vanish.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE – LATER

Mickey kneels next to Lucca's body. Blood on his cheek. His
fingertips gently touch it. He looks down at his own hands.

LUCCA'S BLOOD.

Reality hits.

Not in dollars. Not in debt.

In blood.

He starts to cry.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The metal door creaks open.

MICKEY stumbles out – barefoot, bloodied, barely dressed. The fresh brand on his arm still smokes.

He clutches the plastic bag. The burner phone dangles from his hand.

He collapses against the alley wall.

Opens the bag.

Inside: a dark hoodie – Lucca's. Too big. Track pants. Worn sneakers. A half-crushed pack of gum.

Mickey blinks – then puts it all on.

Layer by layer.

He zips the hoodie. Pulls the hood up.

He wipes the blood from his mouth. Stands.

Broken. Branded. But walking.

EXT. NYC STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mickey turns the corner.

And steps into the neon chaos of New York. Honking. Laughter. Food carts. People living their lives.

He stands still.

A ghost in someone else's city.

Then – the burner phone VIBRATES in his hand.

UNKNOWN CALLER.

He stares at it.

CUT TO BLACK.

END