

THE MIRACLE MAN

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INT. SONNY'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

KIRK (28), unshaven, restless, sits at his usual table by the window. Same seat. Same hour. Same ritual. He nurses a coffee he barely touches, eyes locked on the building across the street.

Through the glass, DANIELLE (26) appears. Pale skin, dark hair, effortless beauty. She opens her window wearing a thin nightdress that clings to her body. Morning light catches her.

Kirk watches from the shadows of the café, completely still. Mesmerized.

NICO (45), the owner, wipes the counter and smirks.

NICO

I'm gonna start charging you
for the view.

KIRK

Ain't she the most beautiful
creature on this rotten planet?

NICO

Don't dream too hard. That's
as close as you'll ever get.

Kirk smiles, cynical and cocky.

KIRK

You're wrong, man. So wrong.
You forgot—I'm a miracle man.

NICO

What's that supposed to mean?

KIRK

I got a date. Tonight.

NICO

With her? Get the hell outta here.

KIRK

Wanna bet?

NICO

You're kidding.

KIRK

I'm not.

The door opens. GINO (44) enters—elegant, cold, the kind of man who doesn't need to raise his voice. The café goes quiet. He doesn't greet anyone. He walks straight to Kirk's table and sits.

Gino is already angry.

GINO

Kirk. We got a problem.

KIRK

What's wrong, Gino?

GINO

It's about your friend Marlon.
He didn't deliver the package.
And now they're grinding my gears.

KIRK

What's that got to do with me?

Gino's eyes harden.

GINO

What's it got to do with you?
You recommended him.

KIRK

He needed the money. Doesn't
make me responsible for what
he does.

GINO

You said he was trustworthy.

KIRK

And he is. Maybe something

happened. I don't know.

Gino snaps. He grabs Kirk by the throat and slams him against the wall. Cups rattle. Nico freezes.

GINO

Listen to me, you piece of shit.
I trusted you. This isn't a
game. There's serious money
involved. I want you to find him
and bring him to me.

KIRK

Easy, Gino. I'll handle it Monday.

GINO

Monday? I want him now.
Or you deal with the consequences.

KIRK

Dude, I got a date tonight with
the most gorgeous woman alive.
I need new clothes, a gift, a
reservation. I don't have time
to chase Marlon.

GINO

I don't give a fuck about your
life. I want Marlon at my office
in five hours.

KIRK

But Gino—

Gino slaps him hard across the face. The café goes dead silent.

GINO

Four hours. Or you're dead meat.

Gino releases him, adjusts his cuffs, and walks out without looking back.

Nico approaches, worried.

NICO

Dude... what the fuck?

KIRK

Fucking Marlon. Always screwing me over.

NICO

What happened?

KIRK

He was supposed to deliver a package for him.

NICO

What was in it?

KIRK

How the hell should I know?

NICO

You need help finding him?

KIRK

Fuck Marlon. I got a date tonight.

NICO

You're gonna risk your life over
a woman?

KIRK

Over this woman? Hell yes.

NICO

And your friend? He might be in
real trouble.

KIRK

I'd never risk my neck for a friend.

...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kirk walks down the sidewalk toward the corner barbershop.
He pulls out his phone and dials Marlon. No answer. He
leaves a voicemail.

KIRK

Marlon, it's Kirk. I don't know what the hell happened, but Gino's pissed and looking for you. Go see him. Don't screw up my day.

He ends the call and keeps walking.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

Kirk pushes the door open. The BARBER, an old friend, looks up and grins. Kirk drops into the chair.

KIRK

Shave and a good haircut.

BARBER

Hot date today?

KIRK

Not a date. The date.

BARBER

You know prostitution doesn't count as a date, right?

KIRK

Shut up. I'm taking out the most gorgeous girl in the neighborhood.

BARBER

Who?

KIRK

Danielle.

The Barber laughs.

BARBER

Get the fuck out. The girl from
the dance academy? She wouldn't
date a chump like you.

KIRK

You're delusional. Yesterday she
asked me out.

BARBER

Liar.

KIRK

You'll see tonight.

BARBER

Where you taking her?

KIRK

Any recommendations?

BARBER

Luigi's Pizza?

KIRK

She's got class. She deserves better.

The door opens. Two men in suits step inside.

MARIUZ (42), big and heavy-set, and ARMAN (33), smaller, sharp-eyed, both clearly working for Gino. They walk straight to the chair. Mariuz calmly takes the razor from the Barber's hand. The Barber doesn't resist.

Mariuz presses the blade against Kirk's throat.

MARIUZ

Any news on Marlon?

KIRK

What the fuck? I already talked
to your boss.

ARMAN

And he still doesn't have answers.

KIRK

That's none of my business.

Mariuz kicks the chair. Kirk hits the floor hard.

MARIUZ

You've got three hours.

KIRK

I don't have time. I've got a
date tonight.

Mariuz leans down close.

MARIUZ

Make sure Marlon shows up on time...
or that girl of yours is going to
have a very bad night.

ARMAN

Understood?

Kirk nods. The two men exchange a look and walk out.

The Barber hurries over and helps Kirk to his feet.

BARBER

Dude... you really need to find
Marlon.

KIRK

I don't have time. Shave my beard
and give me a good haircut.

I've got a date tonight.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kirk walks down the sidewalk, clean-shaven, fresh haircut, a new spring in his step. He pulls out his phone and dials Marlon again. No answer. He records a voicemail as he walks.

KIRK

Marlon, listen to me. Gino and
his guys are getting real nervous.
These are not people you fuck with.
Call me back. Now.

He hangs up and heads toward a high-end clothing store.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Kirk steps inside. The place is quiet, expensive, out of his league. A WORKER approaches with a polite but assessing smile.

WORKER

Can I help you?

KIRK

I've got a date tonight. Looking
for something sharp. Elegant.

Something that fits my style.

The Worker looks him up and down, already unconvinced.

WORKER

And what's your budget?

Kirk digs into his pocket and shows a thin fold of bills. The Worker's smile fades. He sighs and gestures for Kirk to follow.

WORKER

This way.

A few minutes later—

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kirk exits the store carrying a modest shopping bag. He checks his phone. Still nothing from Marlon. He tries calling again—no signal.

He continues down the block and stops at a small flower shop. Moments later he steps back out holding a large, carefully arranged bouquet.

Two men in suits appear behind him: RONALD (45), calm and heavy-set, and LOUIS (34), younger, restless energy.

RONALD

Time's ticking, Kirk.

LOUIS

And the boss is not happy.

Kirk turns, still holding the flowers.

KIRK

Guys, I've got an important date
tonight. I'll deal with Marlon
on Monday.

RONALD

You think this is a joke?

KIRK

I'm serious. I'm busy today and
I have no idea where the hell
Marlon is. I'll handle it Monday.
You have my word.

Ronald and Louis exchange a look. Ronald steps forward,
grabs the bouquet, and crushes it in his hands. Petals and
stems spill onto the sidewalk.

Before Kirk can react, Louis steps in and drives a hard
punch into his face.

Kirk drops to the ground, out cold.

The two men grab him under the arms and drag him toward a
waiting van. The side door slides open. They throw him
inside and climb in after him.

The van pulls away down the street, leaving the ruined flowers scattered on the pavement.

INT. PUB BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Damp. A single bare bulb swings overhead.

Kirk hangs forward in a wooden chair, hands and ankles bound with thick rope. His clothes are dirty and torn. Blood trickles from his split lip.

He groans and slowly lifts his head.

GINO stands in front of him, sleeves rolled up. Mariuz, Arman, Ronald, and Louis form a loose half-circle behind their boss. The air is heavy.

Kirk blinks, trying to focus.

KIRK

Fuck! What time is it?

Gino stares at him for a long moment, almost amused.

GINO

You're tied to a chair in my basement
and the first thing you ask is the time?

KIRK

I've got a date. I need to know

if I'm late.

Mariuz chuckles. Gino doesn't.

GINO

Where's Marlon?

KIRK

I told you—I don't know.

Gino nods to Ronald. Ronald steps in and drives a fist into Kirk's stomach. Kirk doubles over as far as the ropes allow, coughing hard.

GINO

Try again.

KIRK

(gasping)

I don't... know where he is.

Louis grabs a pair of pliers from a nearby table and holds them up. Kirk's eyes flick to them, then back to Gino.

KIRK

Come on, Gino. You know me.

If I knew, I'd tell you. I've got somewhere to be tonight.

GINO

You're starting to piss me off
with this date bullshit.

Gino takes the pliers from Louis and crouches in front of Kirk. He calmly grips one of Kirk's fingers.

GINO

Last chance.

KIRK

I swear on my life—I don't know
where Marlon is.

Gino starts to apply pressure. Kirk yells through clenched teeth.

In the pain, Kirk's eyes dart around the room. He spots a half-empty bottle of whiskey on a crate behind Arman... and a lit cigarette in Mariuz's hand.

Gino releases the finger. Kirk gasps.

GINO

You're lying.

KIRK

I'm not. But if you keep this up
I'm gonna miss my reservation.

Gino stands, disgusted, and turns to Mariuz.

GINO

Work him over. I want answers
before midnight.

Mariuz steps forward. As he does, Kirk suddenly throws his weight backward with everything he has. The old chair topples. Kirk crashes to the floor on his side, still bound.

In the chaos he rolls hard, smashing the chair against the concrete. Wood cracks. One arm comes free.

Mariuz lunges. Kirk swings the broken chair leg like a club and catches him across the knee. Mariuz drops with a shout.

Arman and Louis rush in. Kirk scrambles up, still half-tied, and grabs the whiskey bottle. He smashes it across Arman's head. Arman goes down.

Ronald comes at him. Kirk uses the remaining ropes around his wrist like a whip, lashing Ronald across the face, then drives a shoulder into his chest, slamming him into the wall.

Gino pulls a gun. Kirk doesn't hesitate—he kicks the nearest crate into Gino's legs. Gino stumbles. The shot goes wide, punching a hole in the ceiling.

Kirk rips the last of the rope free and bolts for the stairs.

Louis grabs at his jacket. Kirk spins and headbutts him, then knees him in the gut. Louis collapses.

Kirk takes the stairs two at a time.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

He bursts through the door into the main room of the pub. A few drinkers look up in shock. Kirk doesn't slow down. He sprints past the bar and straight out the front door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Heavy rain. Kirk stumbles out of the pub, clothes torn, face swollen and bloody. He immediately checks his bare wrist, then looks around wildly.

KIRK

(under his breath)

Please don't be late... please

don't be late...

He grabs the arm of a passerby.

KIRK

What time is it?

The man turns - one of Gino's thugs. He answers with a hard punch. Kirk staggers but doesn't go down. A short, ugly fight follows in the rain: fists, elbows, a knee to the ribs. Kirk takes more damage but finishes it, leaving the man on the wet pavement.

He keeps moving.

A few blocks later he spots the ruined bouquet from earlier, half-crushed in a puddle. He picks it up without slowing down. Broken stems, scattered petals. He holds it like it still matters.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Kirk climbs the stairs, leaving a trail of rainwater and blood on the steps. Four floors. He reaches the door, breathing hard, and knocks.

The door opens.

DANIELLE stands there in simple clothes, no makeup, clearly not dressed for a night out. She freezes at the sight of him.

DANIELLE

What happened to your face?

Kirk doesn't answer. He just holds out the ruined bouquet, rain dripping from the broken flowers.

KIRK

I'm a miracle man.

I wasn't going to miss our date.

Danielle stares at him for a long second, then steps aside.

DANIELLE

You'd better come in.

INT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kirk steps inside, still holding the flowers. The apartment is small, lived-in. Before he can say anything else, a figure appears from the hallway.

MARLON (29), nervous, exhausted, a duffel bag at his feet.

Kirk stops cold.

KIRK

Marlon...?

What the fuck are you doing here?

MARLON

I need your help.

I lost Gino's package.

They're never going to let it go.

Kirk looks from Marlon to Danielle, waiting for an explanation that makes sense.

DANIELLE

I'm sorry.

There was never a date.

We just... needed to get you here.

MARLON

I have to disappear, Kirk.

Tonight. And I can't do it alone.

Danielle steps closer to Marlon, almost protective.

DANIELLE

I'm going with him.

Kirk's face goes blank. The broken bouquet slips from his fingers and hits the floor.

KIRK

You two...?

Marlon nods, guilty.

MARLON

I couldn't tell you before.

I'm sorry.

Silence.

Then Kirk starts to laugh. Quiet at first, then harder, almost hysterical. He sinks down onto the floor, back against the wall, blood and rain still running down his face, laughing at the ceiling.

The ruined flowers lie between them.

FADE OUT.

THE END

