

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Maximus "MAX" -- early-mid 20's, dressed in a black T-shirt, jeans, and a Red snap-back hat -- stops in the door frame and flicks the lights off. Gloria -- 40's-50's -- lies in bed under blankets. She's clearly sick... and not the "cold and Flu" kind.

MAX

Goodnight, Ma. Call me if you need anything.

GLORIA

Wake me when you get home.

MAX

No.
(smiles)
Love you.

GLORIA

Love you more.

INT. 'PIZZA BOY' PIZZERIA - LATER - NIGHT.

We see MAX hard at work --

Making up PIZZA BOXES -- placing FOOD CONTAINERS in white bags -- Pulling the tickets and getting orders ready.

He moves with energy and flow... he's a "pro".

CUT TO:

EXT. 'PIZZA BOY' PIZZERIA - SAME - NIGHT.

CU of a hand opening a door -- trunk -- placing cardboard boxes in -- PIZZA, etc. etc.

The trunk slams shut. We catch a glimpse of a unique symbol.. it's a Scorpion.

Driver side door opens up and MAX gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. DELIVERY CAR - SAME - NIGHT.

CU of -- the KEY going into the ignition.

CU -- Foot on the clutch.

CU -- hand shifting into first gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELIVERY CAR - SAME - NIGHT.

CU of the exhaust roaring as the turbos let out a sharp whistle.

The car then takes off revealing it's a -- FIAT 500 ABARTH -- "Demon" black with the signature ABARTH stripe down the side skirt in bright RED.

Under the car is a large PUDDLE. In it's reflection we see a NEON SIGN in green, white, and red that reads: PIZZA BOY

This becomes our TITLE CARD and CREDITS that follow over a MONTAGE:

Max on multiple deliveries.

Loading and unloading food in the car.

Zippering through the streets of QUEENS and any TRAFFIC that might be on the road.

Max, in his element.... Behind the wheel, in the streets.

INT. 'PIZZA BOY' PIZZERIA - LATER - NIGHT.

The PIZZERIA is empty of customers -- Closing time.

The PHONE rings...

In the distance we see MAX coming through the front door and making his way to the counter.

The PHONE rings...

MAX

Pizza Boy Pizzeria, what can I get for ya?

(Checks the counter)

Half of a regular, two Sicilian, and a broccoli rabe and sausage slice.

(reaches for the order book)

Where? Little Neck, got it. Uhh... about 28 minutes... How do I know exactly? ... I'm the Pizza Boy.

He hangs up.

CHRIS (50) -- The owner of 'Pizza Boy' -- comes out from the back.

CHRIS
Where did they say?

MAX
Little Neck.

CHRIS
And you took the order? That's all the way at the end of Queens.

MAX
Why not? What's one more run... Plus, at this time of night there's no one on the road.

CHRIS
I just cleaned the ovens...
(changes his mind)
I'll start it up again.

MAX
No, no. They said it's ok that it's cold.

CHRIS
Absolutely not!

MAX
They'll heat it in their own oven.

CHRIS
My father would turn in his grave if a pizza left here cold.

MAX
Your father probably didn't even know where Little Neck was. I think he would be impressed his pizza is known across the borough.

CHRIS
Smart ass! Go make the delivery and then go home. Bring the ticket in tomorrow and make sure you take enough for change.

Max grabs an empty pizza box and starts putting the order together.

MAX

I'll use my tips from tonight... I
know you're good for it.
(winks)

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah, yeah. G'night bud.

Chris heads to the back to finish up. Max grabs his oven bag
and heads through the front.

MONTAGE:

Max's FIAT making it's way through the Queens streets --

Onto an entrance ramp for the LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY.

The FIAT zipping through lanes and passing the sporadic
vehicle that's doing the Highway speed limit.

EXT. STREET/ROAD - LITTLE NECK - NIGHT.

The FIAT pulls up in front of a MANSION. There is a large
beam of LIGHT showing the front entrance.

We hear the distinct VOICE of the GPS -- "Your location is on
the left".

MAX

(re: the mansion)
I wish...

He pulls over to the side. Gets out and leaves the car
running.

EXT. LITTLE NECK MANSION - NIGHT - SAME.

He rings the bell -- despite the time.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Coming!

MAX

Pizza Boy!

The WOMAN opens the door half way. SHE reaches out -- grabs
the pizza -- and tosses Max a large bill.

MAX

I have change, just a second.

WOMAN

That's ok... Thank you.

She closes the door in a hurry.

MAX

Thank you!

He walks back to his car.

Not knowing the neighborhood that well... and seeing the size of all the houses he takes a quick look up and down the block.

Across the street is a house with a LARGE WINDOW in the center of it. Beyond the WINDOW is a LARGE STAIRCASE and a good portion of the interior.

Max sees a MAN (middle aged), dressed in a robe, walking down the stairs. The MAN seems to be struggling quite a bit. HE holds his side and he stumbles down a few stairs -- grabbing onto the railing.

Another MAN appears -- dressed in all black. He holds a gun in one hand -- a briefcase in the other. He makes his way down a few steps before stopping. Points the GUN and shoots.

It's a hit... He's a HITMAN.

A second shot goes off.

Max can't believe his eyes -- stopped in his tracks. Just then they lock eyes -- SHIT!

Max drops to the ground and -- ARMY CRAWLS -- his way to the car. He gets in doing his best to avoid being seen.

Max makes it completely in and puts the car in gear... About to take off the passenger door swings open and in jumps the HITMAN. Max tries to exit the CAR, the Hitman grabs him by the SHIRT.

HITMAN

Drive!

MAX

Yep!

Max punches it. Switching through gears and letting those turbos whistle.

EXT. STREET - TRAFFIC LIGHT - SAME.

They pull up to a RED LIGHT. The HITMAN reaches into his jacket.

MAX
Please, don't shoot me.

HITMAN
(Pulling out his phone)
I'm just checking my text messages.

MAX
I'll drive you anywhere... Wherever
you want to go.

HITMAN
Thank you.

MAX
You're welcome.

They sit in silence for a second...

POLICE SIRENS are heard followed by the glare of POLICE LIGHTS... A COP CAR passes right in front of them -- slows -- and then keeps moving.

The TRAFFIC LIGHT turns green. Max is frozen.

HITMAN
You can go now.

Max mumbles a response before taking off.

EXT. HIGHWAY/EXPRESSWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT.

Max is driving the way he normally drives -- this has the HITMAN on edge a bit.

HITMAN
Slow down...

MAX
Sorry, this is just how I normally
drive.

HITMAN
Great... I said slow down.

Just then -- POLICE LIGHTS. Come on, man...

HITMAN
Jesus... I told you-
(then)
Just be cool.

MAX
You have a gun...

Max starts to breath heavy.

HITMAN
Just. Be. Cool.

The car comes to a stop. The COP (mid 30's-40's) walks over to the car -- FLASHLIGHT in hand. Max rolls down the window. The "Cool" hasn't kicked in yet.

COP
You know why I pulled you over?

MAX
No, sir.

COP
You were doing 15 over the speed limit. Did you not see me behind you?

MAX
No, Sir.
(then)
I'm sorry Officer, I was apologizing - to him - about something I didn't do.

Hitman tightens his fist.

COP
Oh yeah, what's that?

MAX
I... I didn't... replace his rotors for him this morning. He's my neighbor - from the neighborhood. I was supposed to replace his rotors for him so he could pass inspection. But I overslept and didn't get to it so he had to take a car service to work this morning and I offered to pick him up tonight because I fuck up- messed up - sorry for the language.

COP
Huh... Ok. License and insurance,
please.

Max reaches to his glove compartment and pull out the papers.
The cop takes them and walks away.

HITMAN
Be cool...

MAX
I am... trying.

Just then the COP comes back and startles Max.

COP
Maximus Luna?

MAX
Yep. Yes... sir.

COP
Any relation to an Arturo Luna?

MAX
Yeah... that's my grandfather.

COP
No shit!

MAX
Yes, shit.

COP
He built race cars, right?

MAX
Yeah, right.

COP
When I saw the Last name, the car
thing... it clicked. Your
grandfather built a track car for
my father.

MAX
Oh wow... That's great.

COP
It was a beast when it was running.
Does he still have his garage? I'd
like to see if he can help me sell
it.

MAX

Nah... He passed away a while back.

COP

Sorry to hear. I loved going to that Shop... Such a nice guy, your grandfather.

(then)

Listen, I'm gonna let you go with a warning. But you have to take it easy, understand?

MAX

Yeah, of course. Thank you, Officer.

COP

Small world, huh?

(then: To Hitman)

A little big to be riding in one of these things huh?

HITMAN

Did you just call me old?

Hitman lets out a weak smile causing the COP and MAX to laugh at his "joke". The COP hands Max his documents and walks back to the POLICE CAR.

Max lets out a sigh of relief.

HITMAN

Slow and steady Maximus Luna.

EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS/ROOSEVELT AVE. SUBWAY - NIGHT.

Max and the Hitman pull up to the SUBWAY entrance under the ELEVATED TRACK.

MAX

I could drop you somewhere else.

HITMAN

Nope... this is good.

MAX

Public Transportation?

HITMAN

A lot of stupid people behind the wheel..