

The Busboy

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"When my situation ain't improving, I'm trying to murder everything moving." - Jay-Z

OVER BLACK:

*Peaceful sounds of ocean water slapping against sand become infiltrated by **the pained groans of an adult man...***

INT. ISOLATED BEACH - FORT LAUDERDALE - NIGHT

A muscular **MAN (24)** lays in a bed of stones, in just his underwear, surrounded by pristine, south Florida sand...

He's beaten to absolute shit as he *wheezes* in labored breaths. His abused body shimmered by a greasy solution, a Star of David necklace dangles around his neck.

As we pull out, we find this beach in a completely desolate area, no buildings or signs of civilization for miles.

LEV ZIZOVI (52), custom Brioni suit with Eastern European tattoos swimming along his brawny neck and hands, smokes a finely rolled joint as he studies the man.

Three large **HENCHMEN** beside him, along the perimeter of the gravel. They all sport buzzcuts.

The beaten man has difficulty uttering a single word through severely blistered and cracked lips:

MAN

I didn't... it's not what you --

LEV

You should've just walked away.

Lev's accent has just a tinge of Eurasian roots intertwined within its DNA.

MAN

I swear... please! You... have --

LEV

You have to pay for what you did.

MAN

(crying)

No! It's not... I'm sorry...

Lev nods to **ISAAC (42)**, his biggest henchman, built like an offensive lineman. Isaak approaches the man and forces **liquid from a yellow vial** down his throat.

LEV

A numbing agent. Without it, people die too quickly of a heart attack.

(MORE)

LEV (CONT'D)

I want you to experience this, I want the memory of your actions to stay with you wherever you go next. With your body numb, you'll find the emotional pain builds just as the terrible smell of your burning hair and flesh overtakes your senses. Once these settle in, that's when the physical pain completely takes over.

MAN

(hysterical)

Listen to... please... I didn't --

LEV

This is the time to pick your words wisely. These will be your last.

MAN

(beat)

He... will find --

Lev tosses the joint right onto the man's chest -- the man ENGULFS INTO FLAMES instantly!

His guttural screams accommodate the fire as they fill the screen with dreadful synchronicity.

It takes an uncomfortable **BEAT** for this utter devastation to clear... at which point we find ourselves in -

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - AFTERNOON

An absolutely immaculate **NIGHTCLUB** that incorporates desert-inspired design into its art-deco foundation.

AVRAHAM "ABE" COHEN (29), sits at a bottle service table in this empty VIP lounge injected with super-club steroids.

Abe has a peculiar handsomeness hiding within his tall, sinewy frame accented by cheap tattoos and a messy ponytail. Upon closer look, a wide array of tiny scars and burn marks conceal themselves amongst these tattoos.

Across from Abe is **DAVID MACDONALD (38)**, doughy and soft with pinkish cheeks that give off misplaced innocence.

Abe studies David's navy-blue suit with severe focus. He judges the matching button-down shirt unbuttoned at the top: a cheesy rendition of Wall Street meets South Beach.

David texts on his phone in disrespectful and oblivious fashion as if no one sits across from him.

Abe's hands fidget, a nervous tick that betrays his calm expression - his focus switches from David to the nightclub:

The interior design mostly incorporates shadows and light that dance with and soften the existing earthen palette.

Sophisticated lighting emits a soft, yellow glow from tastefully curated light boxes invisible to the naked eye.

74 other tables stagger amongst one another along the outskirts, some elevated while others sink into the ground.

DAVID

Busiest time of the year for us.

Abe manufactures a smile just as David looks up at him.

ABE

Very grateful for the opportunity.

DAVID

You're grateful for the opportunity to be a busser in this club?

ABE

That's correct.

DAVID

(laughs)

Why?

ABE

Well, it's financially beneficial for me. I'm also fascinated by the operations of South Beach nightclubs.

DAVID

What's with your voice? It's got this like, weird, robot thing going on.

ABE

(forces a laugh)

Most likely my nerves.

DAVID

Have you bussed at a club before?

ABE

Yes.

DAVID

So you know how sections, table numbers and all that work?

ABE
Of course. We're sitting at table
thirty seven, I assume?

Abe looks up to a giant mirror hovering on a dedicated second
floor behind David. A golden staircase climbs up to it.

ABE (CONT'D)
(re: giant mirror)
That is most likely table one. A
Champagne Room of sorts that was
designed for VIP's who do not want to
be bothered by patrons. It has turned
into the owner's table: a fate
similar to the best tables at most
clubs. From there, the tables ascend
in clockwise fashion around the room.
(off David)
Which would make this thirty seven.

DAVID
(beat)
I, um... okay.

ABE
I know how to set up tables,
replenish, the whole deal.

DAVID
You sure you want to buss tables?

ABE
I'm sure I want to work in this club.
(off David)
If I may ask, what is the structure?

DAVID
I'm sorry?

ABE
The power structure. Of the club --

David gets a phone call.

ABE (CONT'D)
You're the floor manager, right? You
oversee bottle service and anything
that happens on this floor?

DAVID
(re: phone)
Listen, I should take --

ABE

I'm assuming you guys have a bar manager, as well? And a GM who oversees both of you?

David's phone doesn't stop ringing...

DAVID

I gotta take this, man.

ABE

Do I have the job?

DAVID

You're clearly overqualified which is usually a good thing but... if I'm being honest? You kinda freak me out for some reason.

ABE

I really appreciate your honesty.

DAVID

You got this, like, school-shooter vibe about you.

ABE

Once again, a genuine observation on your part, however that one teeters on the verge of offensive.

They share a tense beat between them, the only element not static is David's constantly ringing phone.

DAVID

I don't know. Maybe you should --

ABE

Alec Monopoly is doing his exhibit in your club next weekend during Art Basel which kicks off a string of special events over the span of months that will see you potentially experience your highest volume of table sales in this club's history. This will undoubtedly and drastically amplify the absence of a competent busser. You need someone who can step in and not make your staff feel like they have to pick up the slack for an inexperienced worker. Last thing you want is to burn them out during this time of year, where customer service is of utmost importance.

DAVID

What did you say the name of -- ?

ABE

Anyone who's anyone should know what's happening at Void if they wanna be involved in South Beach nightlife. In my humble opinion.

(off David)

Just give me a chance through the next month or so, until things slow down on the Beach. Then, you can reassess depending on my performance. What do you have to lose?

DAVID

(beat)

Yeah, alright... fuck it.

ABE

I got the job?!

David stands, so does Abe, who goes to shake David's hand.

DAVID

Yeah. Go buy a black --

ABE

All black button down, pants and tie.

(off David)

When do I start?

DAVID

I don't have a shift for you, yet.

(then)

I hire an extra busser every season because I need a back-up in case one of my guys gets sick. I don't know when I'll have a shift for you, so just hang tight. We'll call you when and if we need you.

Abe's hand still out-stretched - David forgets to shake it. He answers his phone and disappears into a leather-clad door camouflaged within a leather wall beneath the giant mirror.

EXT. VOID NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Abe exits out onto Collins Avenue: a bustling center in the heart of South Beach. He takes out a cigarette with his jittery hands and lights it.

Abe observes *Void's front entrance: a magnificent yet simple design with a smooth, brown, concrete exterior.*

*The matte surface accented by a brushed gold door. Above the door, to the left in tiny gold letters, reads: **VOID**.*

Abe heads back towards the doorframe --

OLIVER (O.S.)
(thick, French accent)
Got another smoke?

OLIVER (47), a tall, slight Frenchman whose slicked back hair perfectly matches his slicked back persona, walks up. Abe plucks out another cigarette for the smooth Frenchie.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Thanks. Oliver.

ABE
Abe.

OLIVER
You new?

ABE
I'm the new busser.

OLIVER
(smiles)
Interesting...

ABE
What?

OLIVER
You just don't look like a busser.

ABE
What does a busser look like?

OLIVER
(laughs)
Cuban.

Abe doesn't laugh.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Relax. It's a joke.

ABE
You run the door, right?

OLIVER
 There's something behind your
 terrible clothing and awful haircut.
 I bet if you tried, you could pull
 some decent girls.

Abe coldly stares at Oliver without a response.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 I'm giving you a compliment.

ABE
 Absolutely. It's a valid proposal.

Oliver takes another drag, Abe maintains his awkward gaze.

OLIVER
 What's with you?

ABE
 Still digesting your advice.

OLIVER
 (beat)
 How did you know I work the door -- ?

MOXY (O.S.)
 Hey, baby.

MOXY DUNLOP (34) comes up and gives Oliver a kiss on the lips, he kisses her back.

Abe studies Moxy's undeniable beauty, slowly being manipulated by years of plastic surgery.

MOXY (CONT'D)
 Who's this --?

OLIVER
 (quickly)
 Let's go.

Oliver pushes Moxy into the club before she can further acknowledge Abe - Oliver tosses his cig, follows her in.

Once the door closes behind them, Abe approaches it. He slowly runs his hand along the frame of the door...

He finds a walkie-talkie crudely attached to the frame with two pieces of velcro. Abe lightly handles the radio, makes sure it's securely fastened to the doorframe.

Abe takes a step back. Once on the sidewalk, the walkie-talkie hides behind the door: invisible to the casual eye.

Abe re-meditates upon the design of the entrance of Void as he deeply inhales his cigarette, then exhales the nicotine... he scans each brushed-gold letter above the door:

V **O** **I** **D**

Abe scowls... his brow turns **serious** as A *TITLE SLOWLY MATERIALIZES ONTO THE CENTER OF THE SCREEN...*

The Busboy

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - DAY

Abe sits on a park-bench farther down Collins Avenue. In the distance, Abe can see Void: he's just far enough away that he can see the "goings-on" of the club without being spotted.

Abe holds a walkie-talkie to his ear: **identical** to the one fixed onto Void's doorframe.

A **time lapse** of many hours goes through the evening into early morning... Abe observes Void as:

- **EMPLOYEES** set up the front entrance. Abe hears them speaking Spanish on his radio.
- Oliver curates attendance as he accepts and rejects hundreds of **PATRONS** at the crowded door.

OLIVER (RADIO)
I don't think so, buddy.

- The same employees shut the club down...
- The morning **CLEANING CREW** exit with all their equipment after hours of work.

DAYS go by as Abe sits on the same bench with his radio and watches/listens to the Void routine **OVER AND OVER...**

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - AFTERNOON

Abe - now in a black shirt, tie and slacks - sits on the bench, steadily observes the empty entrance to Void.

After a few beats, David approaches the club - Abe instantly *springs* to his feet and *sprints* in David's direction.

ABE

David!

Abe hustles up to David just as he gets to the door.

ABE (CONT'D)

How's it going?

DAVID

(beat)

Good?

ABE

I'm ready.

DAVID

For...?

ABE

I would love to work tonight.

David notes Abe's busser uniform.

DAVID

We don't need you...

(off Abe)

I told you that I'd call you.

ABE

No, I know. Of course I remember. But I was thinking that maybe I could shadow your best busser.

(off David)

I would do it pro bono, like a mini-internship. Would certainly help me get a head start in learning the ropes, the lay of the land.

DAVID

Christian's my best guy and he wouldn't be into it. In fact, I don't think any of them would.

ABE

They won't even notice --

DAVID

If you want to work at another club, I'll understand. It could take a while for a shift to open up here. These guys hang on to their shifts like their lives depended on it.

ABE
Must be worth it, then.

David's phone rings.

ABE (CONT'D)
I welcome the challenge of patience
and am really excited to start work
here. I think you'll be very happy
with my performance. I'll be even
better than Christian, you'll see.

David ignores Abe as he heads into the club.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Abe, still in his busser uniform, sits in a booth by himself.
It's very late into the night/early in the morning. The few
CUSTOMERS inside are the derelicts of South Florida society.

Abe stares forward into the blank abyss, then, *something*
changes in his eyes: genuine sadness creeps in, a
vulnerability we have yet to see takes over.

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - THE NEXT NIGHT

Abe, at the same bench with his radio, watches the overly-
crowded door. Oliver bathes in the power he wields.

OLIVER (RADIO)
*Five bottle minimum, sorry. Any
bargaining is a waste of time.*

A **black-out Escalade** pulls up to the entrance of Void - Abe
leans forward, his interest piqued...

**We stay on Abe's face for an extended time-lapse throughout
the evening:** he observes Void with returned indifference.

We pan back to the club through Abe's POV, the night is now
over: employees close down the front door.

Moxy and Oliver exit the club.

MOXY (RADIO)
What do you want from me?

OLIVER (RADIO)
Just do your job.

MOXY (RADIO)
I was doing my job!

OLIVER (RADIO)
*Oh yeah? When I walked in, I saw
 forty two's hands all over you.*

MOXY (RADIO)
*And where were you going?
 (touches her nose)
 Party favors with your buddy, Nathan?*

OLIVER (RADIO)
Don't change the subject!

MOXY (RADIO)
*Should I have smacked his hands away?
 Punched him in the face?*

OLIVER (RADIO)
*Maybe if your tits weren't falling
 out of your dress, he wouldn't think
 he was allowed to do that.*

MOXY (RADIO)
*I'll wear a loose t-shirt for you
 tomorrow night. Maybe even a burka.*

OLIVER (RADIO)
*You knew what you were doing. And it
 wasn't fucking "upselling."*

MOXY (RADIO)
I don't even know why I bother.

OLIVER (RADIO)
Me, neither.

Moxy doesn't say another word as she hustles down the street.
 Oliver sighs as he looks in Abe's direction.

Abe quickly jumps off the bench and sprints away.

Oliver crinkles his brow as he observes the dark shadow
 shuffle in the distant night - then turns and chases Moxy...

EXT. ALTON ROAD - LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

Isaak (Lev's henchman with the yellow vial from the first
 scene), is by himself as he idles at a red light in his G-
 Wagon. He pats the wheel to hip-hop music from his radio.

This red light feels like an eternity... suddenly his window
SMASHES -- a pistol flies in and **presses against his skull.**

VOICE (O.S.)
Get the fuck out of the car! Now.

ISAAK
Do you know who I am?

Isaak speaks in a Georgian accent similar to Lev's.

VOICE (O.S.)
Now, you fuck!

The gun presses *harder* against Isaak's temple. A shaky finger hovers over the trigger.

Isaak slowly opens the door and gets out. He towers over a skinny Haitian **MAN (21)** who threatens him at gunpoint.

ISAAK
You better kill me, or you will die
for what you did tonight.

The man squeezes the trigger -

MAN
(smiles)
Dumb bitch, you just dug your own --

WHAM!!! A beat-up Buick ***PUMMELS*** into the Haitian, sends him *flying* - ***Abe hops out of the shitty car.***

Isaak calmly studies Abe, then the Haitian... Isaak heads to his truck and procures a gun underneath the driver's seat.

ABE
Shit. Is he dead?

Isaak approaches the crippled assailant - then ***empties two clean, silenced bullets into the offender's skull.***

ISAAK
I think so.

ABE
What the fuck?!

Abe dismayed by the dead body, as Isaak slowly turns to him.

ISAAK
Thank you.

ABE
(rambles)
What did you...?
(off Isaak)
(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)

I was behind you. I saw the guy take his gun out and... I just... I didn't want... fuck, man! Am I in trouble?

Abe hyperventilates, on the verge of breaking down in tears.

ISAAC

Calm down. It's fine.

(then)

Help me get him into the trunk.

Isaak kneels down and hooks his arms under the man's armpits, looks up at Abe... waits for his assistance.

EXT. MIAMI GARDENS MORTUARY - LATE NIGHT

Abe and Isaak lean against Isaak's truck as **HENCHMEN**, some of whom we recognize from the first scene, carry the mangled body from Isaak's trunk into the building.

Abe studies this building with provoked interest --

ISAAC

You live down here?

ABE

(beat)

I do.

ISAAC

What do you do for work?

ABE

I'm employed at a nightclub.

ISAAC

Which one?

ABE

... Void.

ISAAC

No shit.

ABE

You've heard of it?

ISAAC

I'm there a few times a week.

(off Abe)

How come I've never seen you?

ABE
I'm just a busser, I haven't been
there that long.

Abe shakily takes out a cigarette, then offers Isaak one, he
accepts. Abe lights Isaak's cig, then his own.

ABE (CONT'D)
You must like it there.
(off Isaak)
To go so often.

ISAAK
I work there.

ABE
That is weird that we haven't met.
You do security?

ISAAK
I work for the owner.

Abe takes a nervous drag of his cigarette... BEAT.

ABE
How long have you worked for him?

ISAAK
We grew up together.

ABE
Must be nice to work with friends.

ISAAK
I don't recommend it.

ABE
(fake laugh)
Yeah, right.

ISAAK
Friendships get complicated when one
friend owes so much to the other.
Power dynamics can get messy.

ABE
That totally makes sense. It's not
easy playing second fiddle.

Isaak studies Abe, then turns to Abe's Buick, the man's blood
coats the crumpled hood.

ISAAC
(re: car)
We'll have to get rid of it.

Isaak takes out a stack of cash from his pocket. Hands Abe all of it, **thousands of dollars** there.

ABE
I couldn't --

ISAAC
For a new car.
(sharply)
Take it.

Abe accepts the cash.

ABE
Thanks, Isaak. I hope we can become friends one day.

Isaak takes another drag of his cigarette as he observes this peculiar motherfucker who saved his life.

INT. 2010 HYUNDAI ACCENT - LATE NIGHT

Abe sits in his "newer" piece-of-shit car as he observes Void. The walkie-talkie sits on his dash.

The Void employees break down the front door. Once again, everyone *speaks Spanish*.

EMPLOYEE (RADIO)
Christian, where are the ropes?

Abe singles out **CHRISTIAN VELASQUEZ (41)**: a short, stout Cuban man he's observed many times.

ABE
(to himself)
Hi, Christian. Nice to formally meet.

Christian heads back into Void.

EXT. I-395 NORTH - LATER

Abe speeds down the expansive highway. He follows behind a brand new, blacked-out Cadillac CT5-V Blackwing.

It's hard for the decaying Hyundai to keep up with the souped-up Caddy, but pure will keeps Abe within spitting distance.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA - LATER

Abe watches Christian exit this Caddy and enter a Spanish-style home in Little Havana.

Abe mildly impressed by the classic architecture of Christian's home: well-kept, at least four bedrooms inside.

EXT. PUBLIX - THE NEXT MORNING

Abe, still in yesterday's clothes, watches Christian check out at a grocery store: he takes out a **stack of cash** to pay.

EXT. DOMINO PARK - LATER

Abe watches Christian play handball against other Cuban **MEN**: they *slap* a tiny ball against a giant brick wall, Christian clearly the best of the bunch.

Abe steps out of the car and slowly approaches the handball court. He waits for them to finish their point...

ABE
Mind if I play?

Christian's friends take note of Abe's worn jeans and dirty undershirt, they all laugh.

Abe studies them: makes sure he hasn't seen any of them at Void... then turns his focus to Christian.

ABE (CONT'D)
I bet I'm better than you.

The other guys collectively "oooooh." Abe takes out a few tattered 20 dollar bills.

ABE (CONT'D)
I'll put money on it.

CHRISTIAN
(thick accent)
My friend, I would be more than happy
to take your cash, thank you.

Abe slaps the cash down, then stands beside Christian.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(points)
You stand over there.

Laughs from the peanut gallery as Abe does as he's told.
Christian serves a ball - Abe whiffs it completely.

ABE

Nice serve.

A quick **MONTAGE** of points: Abe displays slight athleticism which allows him to win some points, few and far in between. But overall, Christian abuses Abe: easily outclassing him.

We jump out of the montage -

CHRISTIAN

This is it, my friend. How would you like to lose? On a short point or a long one?

Abe ignores the shit-talking and serves an easy ball -
 Christian approaches, takes a swing -

Abe slides over, purposefully trips over Christian and TRAMPLES on Christian's ankle with his entire body weight as he falls onto the ground!

Christian **SCREAMS IN PAIN** as his ankle **SNAPS** in the wrong direction - him and Abe tumble onto the court together.

ABE

Holy shit, I'm so sorry. You okay?

Abe clutches his knee, as the other guys rush over to tend to Christian: **ankle mangled beyond repair.**

A coldness bubbles behind Abe's eyes as he observes Christian writhing in pain on the ground.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Abe sits at the same booth as before, his sweaty undershirt has dried. His cold stare in tact: directed onto nothing.

Abe's phone, perched beside him on the table, buzzes: **David MacDonald "Void Floor Manager" calling...**

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - AFTERNOON

Abe at the table he sat at for his interview with David. The room now filled with Void's **STAFF (BOTTLE GIRLS, BUSSERS, PROMOTERS, BARTENDERS, BARBACKS, SECURITY, PORTERS).**

About **30** of them in total sit at the 74 tables. Everyone chats and laughs with one another, no one talks to Abe.

NATHAN BLOOM (46) enters. Whatever he lacks in intelligence, he more than makes up for with charm and brawn.

NATHAN
(to staff)
There you are! I was looking all over
for you! What're we waiting for?
Let's go, let's get started!

Most everyone claps and cheers.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Alright, tonight we're hosting the
most expensive art exhibit ever in a
nightclub. Our guy Alec Monopoly will
be showcasing some new and some
classic pieces of his.

Abe notices **WORKERS** hang up **cartoonish, graffiti paintings of Richie Rich and the Monopoly Man**. Nathan gets a phone call.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
(re: phone)
Speak of the devil.
(then)
I'll let David and Hank take over. If
any of you have any questions, you
know where to find me.

Nathan nods to David, who sits next to **HANK (34)**, balding and emaciated from years of cocaine and nicotine.

Abe can't take his eyes off Nathan as he answers his phone and exits through the back. David rises from his seat -

DAVID
Everyone meet the new busser?

Everyone collectively glances over at Abe like a caged animal in the zoo - emotional miles between him and them.

DAVID (CONT'D)
His name is Abe, and he will be
filling in for Christian, who hurt
his ankle and will be out for a bit.

Groans from some of the staff.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I can't afford to move any of you up
during season. Let's just get through
the next few months, then reevaluate
during the summer. For now, I need
everyone to be a team player.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (to waitresses)
 I've texted you your sections. Abe,
 you're with the first section.

MOXY
 Why?

Moxy sits with the rest of the **BOTTLE GIRLS**.

DAVID
 Because you're in that section and
 you've been here the longest.

MOXY
 So my job is to train new employees?
 On the busiest weekend of the year?

DAVID
 Abe's fully capable. And if you want,
 I'll move you to a different section
 so you won't have to "train" anyone.

The room quiets in awkward silence - Moxy rolls her eyes in
 Abe's general direction.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - NIGHT

The party in full swing as the music *blasts*. **PATRONS** drink
 and laugh amongst the tables and dance-floor.

We notice **DJ KHALED, ALEC MONOPOLY, LENNY KRAVITZ, LEO MESSI**
 and other Miami **MAINSTAYS** amongst the guests.

After a few moments... the lights in the club **SHUT OFF**
 simultaneously as the **MUSIC STOPS** - like a power outage.

Agitation of confused souls fills the giant room... then --
 the Imperial March by John Williams **blasts even louder on the**
state-of-the-art speaker system - **THE CROWD ERUPTS!**

Liquid nitrogen shoots from the ceiling and punctures the
menacing red glow produced by light boxes.

Flashes of yellow light flicker amongst these clouds as
thunderous noises absorb into the atmosphere.

Abe follows a group of waitresses and bussers carrying
 bottles of Dom Perignon through the Bottle Service Section.

Abe carries one of the champagne bottles himself with
 sparklers attached. The group approaches table 36.

Abe pivots slightly and stands below a CCTV camera on the ceiling. He lifts his bottle as high as he can so that the burning sparkler just barely reaches the camera -

Abe angles the sparkler so it melts a cord going into the camera, leaving the body of the mechanism untouched. The plastic coating of the cord softens...

MOXY (O.S.)

What's your name?

Abe turns to Moxy, now in a pink, sequenced dress that shows off her large breasts and healthy posterior.

MOXY (CONT'D)

Hello?!

***Note: during Void operation hours, folks will have to speak LOUDLY to be heard by one another.**

ABE

Hey, yeah, I'm Abe.

MOXY

Can I have the bottle, Abe?

Abe looks up, notices the sparkler no longer lit. The cord behind the CCTV camera melted beyond repair.

ABE

Sure. Sorry.

He hands over the bottle.

MOXY

I need forty one set up. Now.

ABE

Rocks glasses, mixers and ice?

MOXY

Yes. And we'll need more champagne --

ABE

There's champagne flutes underneath.

(off Moxy)

I stocked tables thirty one to forty five before doors opened.

MOXY

So you know where forty one is?

ABE

Two lower tables over from the table
I was sitting at during pre-shift,
where you rolled your eyes at me.

MOXY

Don't take it personally. David hires
mostly idiots.

ABE

I hope we can become friends.

MOXY

I don't need friends, I need you to
help me make my money.
(then)
Go get forty one set up.

Abe leaves Moxy behind as she pours out the bottle of Dom for
the obnoxiously wealthy table **CLIENT (52)**.

Just as Abe gets to forty one - he catches sight of Lev,
Isaak, Lev's henchmen, as well as other nasty-looking FRIENDS
entering the Bottle Service Section.

Abe leaves forty one and follows them from a distance as they
push through the crowd. Abe reaches the golden staircase --

ISAAK (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Isaak blocks Abe's path as the rest of the crew climb the
stairs to the Champagne Room.

ABE

Hey, Isaak. Remember me?

ISAAK

Where are you going?

ABE

It's Abe, the busser. I was gonna set
up your table.

ISAAK

We're okay.

ABE

It's no problem, really.

Abe tries to go around Isaak, easily blocked.

ISAAC
You don't go up there unless I tell
you, you understand? And you
definitely stay away from him.

Isaak indicates Lev, who disappears into the Champagne Room.

ABE
Is that your friend?
(sotto)
The boss?

Isaak takes a step down so he's right up against Abe's face.

ISAAC
Did you hear what I said?

ABE
Yes, I'm sorry. I didn't mean --

ISAAC
You get anywhere near him or that
room and you'll force me to do my
job. Which neither of us want.

ABE
I think I understand.

ISAAC
I need to know you understand.

ABE
I understand.
(then)
If you need anything, anything at
all. Please let me know.

Isaak stares into Abe's eyes to make sure the message was
received, then turns and scales up the golden staircase.

INT. VOID BACK HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Abe, tie and shirt loosened, puts away clean ice buckets.

The camouflaged door propped open as staff go in and out to
the now-silent and empty Bottle Service Section.

MOXY (O.S.)
Good work, tonight.

Moxy hands Abe *more than five hundred dollars*.

MOXY (CONT'D)

We keep making this kind of money,
we'll be fast friends.

ABE

That's great news.

Moxy turns towards the Bottle Service Section.

ABE (CONT'D)

Hey.

(off Moxy)

I don't think it was right the way
David spoke to you in the pre-shift
meeting. I was watching you upsell
tonight and was very impressed. He
should have a higher appreciation for
the money you bring this club. I hope
training me wasn't too much of a
burden on you.

Moxy holds on Abe for a beat, tries to calculate his general
demeanor... then exits back into the club.

Abe digs in his pocket, takes out a stack of cash and adds
Moxy's to it: more than eight hundred dollars there. Abe gets
lost in the money for a brief moment...

Then disassociates and turns to a cracked-open door down the
hall. He pockets the money and carefully stalks towards a
muffled argument inside. Abe glances in -

INT. VOID OFFICE - NIGHT

To a bare-bones room where two desks face one other:

Nathan sits at the bigger desk which has a tower of CCTV
monitors showing surveillance of every room in the club.
Beneath this desk is a giant safe.

Hank, the bar manager from the pre-shift meeting, sits across
the room at the smaller desk.

NATHAN

No one's picking on you. I'm gonna
talk to David about it later.

HANK

None of my guys even go into that
fucking room.

Nathan has a laptop open, he logs into a website that shows Void's CCTV footage on his computer: Abe carefully watches Nathan enter his EMAIL and PASSWORD...

HANK (CONT'D)

I don't think one of ours would be stupid enough to steal a painting.

MOXY (O.S.)

(whispers)

What are you doing?!

Abe steps back, turns to -

INT. VOID BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moxy. Standing behind him.

MOXY

Don't do that.

ABE

Oh, I was not doing what you think --

MOXY

Trust me, these aren't guys you wanna fuck around with.

ABE

I wasn't --

MOXY

It's for your own good, just keep your head down and do your job.

ABE

(beat)

You're right, it's silly for me to argue. You clearly know better.

Abe stands awkwardly still, waits for Moxy to exit again - then peaks back through the cracked door of the office.

A MONTAGE takes us through multiple nights inside Void...

- Abe busses tables.

- Abe follows Moxy and other bottle girls with mixers as they proudly bring an array of expensive liquor bottles to tables.

- Abe collects MORE AND MORE CASH. He watches as Moxy and the other waitresses and bartenders tip out his fellow bussers and barbacks.

****Abe studies the barbacks and bussers faces: they organically light up once the money hits their hands.***

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - NIGHT

Abe bussers another table -- sees Isaak descend upon the staircase and enter the Cocktail Lounge.

Abe leaves the table, slowly nears the lounge - where Isaak approaches **PANCHO (44)**, a devilishly handsome bartender with an award-winning smile.

INT. VOID COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Abe enters the room: *sophisticated warmth of an exclusive lobby bar at a boutique hotel in the West Village.*

Abe bypasses the 100-ft bar surrounded by an LED-ridden moat covered by transparent, orange-tinted plexiglass. Across is a row of purple, plush velvet-adorned booths.

Abe pretends to clean the booths as he eavesdrops:

ISAAK
(to Pancho)
Maybe tonight is the night you can
finally make me a decent sidecar.

Pancho smiles as if Isaak is joking, but Abe gets the sense that he's not.

Abe continues to "clean" as he simultaneously focuses on how Pancho concocts and shakes Isaak's beverage.

Pancho rims the Nick and Nora glass with white sugar, then pours the smooth, yellow-brownish liquid inside. Pancho slides the drink over to Isaak.

ISAAK (CONT'D)
(takes a sip)
Jesus Christ, this is fucking sweet.

PANCHO
I tried to make it less boozy than
last time.

ISAAK
Too much Cointreau.

Isaak slams the drink against the bar.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Just get me the Louis. Double.

Pancho grabs the fancy bottle of Louis XIII off the top shelf, carefully measures it into a snifter.

Isaak snatches the snifter and leaves the barely-touched sidecar cocktail on the bar as he navigates out the lounge.

Abe turns his back to him, hides... once Isaak is out of the room - Abe heads for the bar, grabs Isaak's glass --

PANCHO

What are you doing?

ABE

Clearing this for you.

PANCHO

Is that your job?

ABE

I was in the area.

PANCHO

What the fuck are you even doing in here? Your area is bottle service, leave this shit to the barbacks. That's what we pay 'em for.

ABE

Sorry.

Pancho ignores Abe as a **CUSTOMER (24)** approaches: Pancho hands them a white baggie - they hand back cash.

Abe briefly clocks this... then turns his attention to Isaak as he climbs the golden stairs with his cognac.

EXT. VOID NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Moxy waits outside by herself. Checks the time on her phone --

ABE (O.S.)

Hey.

Abe exits the club.

ABE (CONT'D)

Waiting for someone to walk you home?

MOXY

What makes you think I need someone
to walk me home?

ABE

I'm sure you are quite independent
and don't "need" anyone. But you are
still here and I know that as soon as
your shift is done you want to be as
far away from this place as possible.

Moxy laughs.

ABE (CONT'D)

Want me to fetch Oliver?
(indicates nose)
He's in a "meeting" with Nathan.

MOXY

Fucking children.
(off Abe)
You busy?

Abe smiles... Moxy leads him down Collins Avenue.

ABE

May I ask an intrusive question?

MOXY

I guess...

ABE

I notice you consistently tip us out
more than the other waitresses. I'm
trying to understand how that could
possibly benefit you.

MOXY

You'll learn that the only thing
people give a fuck about in this town
is money. That's why the biggest
dicks, usually the richest, get away
with murder.

ABE

I have picked up on that.

MOXY

The more I give, the harder you guys
work. If you work harder, it gives me
the luxury of time which helps me
upsell the shit out of my clients.

ABE
That makes complete sense.

MOXY
Any other questions?

ABE
I'm sorry, it's just the world of
nightlife fascinates me. Bussing has
gotten my foot in the door, but in
order to move up, I'll need to keep
learning and growing.

They approach a towering condominium building.

MOXY
Thanks for walking me home.

ABE
You ever serve the Champagne Room? I
tried to buss it the other night, but
they wouldn't let me.

MOXY
Yeah, don't do that. No one's allowed
up there.

ABE
How do they get drinks?

MOXY
Nathan.

ABE
So he behaves as both their busser
and their cocktail waitress?

MOXY
If I were you, I'd keep my head down
and just do as I'm told.

She takes in Abe... then turns to enter her building. Abe
stays on Moxy until she disappears into her lobby.

INT. VOID OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Abe walks into the empty office, everyone has left for the
night. He takes out another walkie-talkie from his bag,
secures it to another piece of velcro.

Abe places this listening device beneath Nathan's desk,
between the wall and the safe where no one can see it.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - LATE NIGHT

Abe scales the golden stairs, tries to open the Champagne Room door. Locked.

INT. VOID COCKTAIL LOUNGE - LATE NIGHT

Abe walks through the empty club, goes over and sits down on the velvet booths. He rubs his hands across the lush fabric.

Abe studies the bar with that patented, dead stare of his: the cognac bottles *illuminated in their brown glory*.

Abe slowly gets up, gets behind the bar. He notes the speed racks of booze, the sinks, the fridge, etc.

He rubs his hands over the counter top, then looks to the other side of the bar with a giant smile: mimicking Pancho's.

ABE
(to no one)
Hey, how's it going Isaak? Great to see you, again.

Abe's face muscles strain as he tries to maintain that big smile, the effort more creepy than anything...

ABE (CONT'D)
Oh, come on now, you have nothing to apologize for. I know you were just doing your job.
(listens)
How about I make you your favorite to bury the hatchet?

Abe's face lights up, as if sharing a moment with a friend.

ABE (CONT'D)
You're making me blush, I don't know about being the bigger person. I just want us to be as close as possible so we can share fun secrets.

Abe forces an awkward, hearty chuckle.

ABE (CONT'D)
Oh Isaak, you are a sick fuck, I love it. And I love you.

Abe gazes at the space where he imagines Isaak to be... the forced smile quickly fades.

He takes out his new iPhone and opens the browser to dozens of saved bookmarks: "the best sidecar recipe."

He clicks on one of the tutorial videos, the **TEACHER** pours cognac into a shaker tin. Abe mimics everything -

- *He grabs lemon juice from the fridge.*

- *Triple sec from the speed rack beneath him.*

- *Shakes the tin furiously (just like Pancho did).*

--- **Abe tries sidecar after sidecar** - a sea of half-drunk cocktails lay on the bar in front of him ---

Abe shakes his hundredth sidecar. He pours the glossy liquid into a glass with a perfectly symmetrical sugared rim.

Abe takes a step back, observes his creation... he slowly picks up the glass and takes a sip. We can tell by the subtle smile in his eyes: this is it.

INT. SOUTH OF FIFTH APARTMENT - THE NEXT NIGHT

Abe on a couch, next to a tussled pillow and blanket: clearly where he sleeps. Very little furniture reside within this decades-old, modest abode.

Abe sits in complete darkness... face lit by a laptop logged onto the same CCTV website Nathan used.

Abe watches live footage of Void after-hours: he scans **THE BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION, THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE, THE BACK HALLWAY** as employees exit the club, one by one.

A time-lapse of Abe observing the empty club through the late hours of the night... then, a **WOMAN (27)** enters from the back alley into the back hallway.

Abe has never seen her before. He studies her athletic body and beautiful dress as she enters the liquor room.

Abe immediately switches to the **liquor room: Nathan** waits for her. He closes the door behind them and locks it.

They chat for a brief moment, then begin kissing... he rips off her underwear as they fuck against the tequila shelves.

Abe disengages from his computer and glances over at a pile of neatly organized cash perched upon his coffee table. Next to the cash: **a ziplock bag with a heavy-duty knife inside**.

Abe gets up as the footage of Nathan fucking this mystery woman continues on his computer.

Abe crosses the room, passes the Alec Monopoly painting of Richie Rich we saw at Void, leaning against a wall.

Abe walks down a short hallway and **stops** at a bedroom door. Abe holds at the closed door for a **BEAT**, refuses to enter...

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - NIGHT

The party in full swing: Abe stands in the middle of the chaos, holds mixers for a table as he gazes towards **Nathan**.

Nathan laughs with a **DOUCHE BAG (27)** client at one of the tables -- just as Isaak's decent down the golden stairs intercepts Abe's attention - Isaak walks over to Pancho.

INT. VOID COCKTAIL LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Abe struts behind the bar, up to Pancho and Isaak.

ISAAK

Let's see how you do today --

ABE

Mind if I take a crack at it?

PANCHO

The fuck you doing?

ABE

(to Isaak)

Trying to get this gentleman a decent sidecar. For once.

PANCHO

Get the fuck out of --

ISAAK

No. That's fine.

(to Abe)

Go ahead.

Abe shoves Pancho to the side with his body, as he reaches up and grabs the Louis XIII from the top shelf.

PANCHO

What the fuck are you doing?

(off Abe)

That's made for sipping.

(MORE)

PANCHO (CONT'D)

You don't put a thousand dollars worth of booze into a sugary, mixed drink.

ABE

Maybe the problem is that your sidecars are too sweet.

Isaak smiles wide, a few of his gold-capped teeth show.

- Abe pours the Louis into a shaker tin - he throws in some Luxardo cherries and muddles them against the booze.

- Abe hand-squeezes half a lemon into the tin - adds a couple dashes of Grand Marnier.

- Once his perfectly measured concoction is complete - Abe caps the tin and shakes it vigorously... stares at Isaak.

- Abe takes out a plate of evenly-spread brown sugar from the back of the fridge, perfectly coats the rim with the sugar.

PANCHO

Where'd you get that?

- Abe strains the contents from the tin into the glass... then slides it over to Isaak.

Isaak picks up the glass, eyes Abe, then takes a sip.... holds the taste...

ISAAK

Fuck. Me.
(then)
This is perfect.

Isaak walks away with his sidecar, leaving Abe and the furious Pancho behind. Abe pats Pancho on the shoulder.

ABE

You should take more pride in what you do. Otherwise, what's the point?

Abe points to the mess he made.

ABE (CONT'D)

I'll let your barback clean that up, since that's what you pay them for.

Abe exits into the Bottle Service Section.

INT. VOID BACK HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Moxy gives Abe cash at the end of another shift: *he sets aside about a third of it* and pockets the rest.

*Quick shots of Abe tipping out **BUSSERS, PORTERS, BARBACKS, SECURITY**, even Oliver - they're confused at first, but eventually accept the cash.*

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - NIGHT

Abe sits on the bench with the radio next to him. **We take note of his designer, yet somewhat gaudy sweatsuit:** his attempt to blend in with the affluent surroundings.

He watches/listens as Lev exits Void with Isaak and the rest of his security detail. They clear a path for him to navigate through the mob of **PATRONS**.

LEV (RADIO)
*My daughter is less sensitive than
this fucking guy.*

Lev and his henchman laugh at Isaak, who doesn't seem to be enjoying the joke as he hops into the driver's seat of the **same, black Escalade** Abe saw earlier.

Abe coldly watches the luxury truck peel away with unnecessary torque.

Back at the Void door, **RICK MANFREDI (44)** approaches Oliver. Rick wears khaki pants and a blue, collared shirt with a Miami Beach Fire Department crest on it.

RICK (RADIO)
*I can't believe my eyes, it's the
best doorman on the beach!*

Oliver barely makes eye contact with Rick as he hands him a stuffed envelope.

RICK (RADIO) (CONT'D)
Is it all there?

Rick laughs, Oliver doesn't, as he refocuses on a **PROMOTER (19)** with six **MODELS (20's)**.

OLIVER (RADIO)
(to promoter)
How many with you tonight?

Oliver lets them all in.

RICK (RADIO)
You need to lighten up, I'm joking.

Abe watches as Oliver continues to ignore Rick and tend to the other **CLIENTS** at the door.

A defeated Rick walks away, opens the envelope. Abe gets up - rushes down the street - approaches Void.

OLIVER
A bit late for your shift tonight?

ABE
It's my night off.

OLIVER
(off Abe's clothes)
You look like Liberace's retarded second cousin.

ABE
I'm dressing better, so I could pull some decent girls.

OLIVER
(laughs)
This is not what I meant.

ABE
(re: Rick)
Who was that?

OLIVER
Fire Marshal.

ABE
I've never seen him before.

OLIVER
Because he's scum and as long as I'm here, will never go inside.

ABE
What's he checking for?

OLIVER
Occupancy.

ABE
Doesn't he need to go inside to check for that?

OLIVER

If he comes in, we're fucked.
Thankfully even a tight ass like him
has his price, we take care of him to
make sure he never sees how jam-
packed this place gets every night.
Knowing him, he'd pull our liquor
license right away. Shut our whole
operation down.

Abe studies the nerdy Rick walk away as he checks the
contents of his envelope.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(re: Rick)

Look at that cocksucker. Six years
we've been giving him that same
envelope, we're never short, and he
still counts every bill right away.

Abe doesn't disengage from Rick...

EXT. CORAL GABLES BUSINESS PARK - MORNING

Abe navigates this labyrinth of giant, glass buildings.

After a few steps, we realize he's following **BENJAMIN BUDZIK**
(43) from a lengthy distance.

Benjamin wears thick rimmed glasses that beautifully frame
his flakey, balding dome perched upon a scraggily neck.

Benjamin turns around, almost sensing Abe's presence -- Abe
juts to the side: out of view.

Abe waits... then follows Benjamin as he enters the: Florida
Department of Business and Professional Regulation building.

INT. FDBPR BUILDING - MORNING

Abe watches as Benjamin hops into an elevator with some other
BUILDING EMPLOYEES.

Abe stays on the elevator as the doors close... notices it
stops on the third floor.

EXT. FLAMINGO PARK - AFTERNOON

Abe walks through a beautifully manicured park: **KIDS** and
ADULTS mill around: playing football, picnicking, etc.

He approaches a block of backgammon tables: notices a couple **PEOPLE** waiting for an adversary.

Abe bypasses them as he approaches a table already in progress: Benjamin battles an **OPPONENT (52)**.

It takes Benjamin a few turns to easily defeat this opponent - Abe immediately sidles up to the table once the game is over-- before Benjamin even has a chance to reset the board.

ABE
I've got next.

BENJAMIN
(beat)
Oh, um... okay.

Benjamin and the opponent stare at Abe as he hurriedly puts the pieces back into their starting positions.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - NIGHT

Moxy leads a group of waitresses lifting eight bottles of Cristal above their heads over to table forty.

Abe and a pack of bussers follow. Abe holds two sparklers above his head while others carry extra champagne flutes.

Abe's face laced in stone cold deadness: his mind clearly somewhere far, far away from this unnecessary debauchery.

As the champagne bottles arrive to the **CLIENT (31)** at their table, Abe gets yanked back --

HANK
Can I have a word?

ABE
I'm busy.

Hank drags Abe through the Bottle Service Section and into a quieter area bordering the Cocktail Lounge.

HANK
What the fuck are you doing?!

ABE
Excuse me?

HANK
I hear you're jumping behind the bar
and making fucking drinks?

ABE

Ownership seems to feel like your staff has some shortcomings with certain cocktails.

HANK

That's not your concern, you little fucking shit.

ABE

I don't really appreciate the manner in which you're speaking to me, Hank.

HANK

Who cares what you do or don't appreciate?! You want to keep your job, you'll listen!

ABE

Since you're technically not my boss, can you terminate me?

HANK

That's it, man. You're fucking out --

ISAAK (O.S.)

What's going on?

Hank and Abe turn to Isaak.

HANK

Hey, Isaak. Just making sure --

ABE

Hank was about to fire me for making you that sidecar the other night.

ISAAK

(to Hank)

You're not firing anyone.

HANK

We can't have just anyone stepping behind the bar for obvious reasons. I think Lev would agree.

Isaak takes a step closer into Hank's face, their size difference much more apparent now.

ISAAK

You don't worry about what Lev thinks, I'll communicate that to you.

(re: Abe)

(MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)

He makes better drinks than your shitty bartenders. And my opinion means more to Lev than yours. Do we understand each other?

HANK

Yeah.

(off Isaac)

Yes.

ISAAC

(to Abe)

Go ahead and make me one.

Abe shoots Hank a subtle, yet cocky shoulder shrug à la Michael Jordan as he heads towards the bar.

INT. SOUTH OF FIFTH APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Abe stands in the hallway, at the same closed door of the bedroom, still refuses to enter. This time, however, an anger rises... he **slams** his fist against the doorframe.

EXT. I-395 NORTH - NIGHT

Abe on a familiar stretch of highway in his Hyundai, he follows Isaac's G-Wagon.

EXT. ELEVEN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The G-Wagon pulls up to a giant club that dwarfs Void. Isaac and a few of Lev's henchmen jump out.

Abe watches as they skip the long **LINE**, greet the **DOORMAN (41)**, and enter.

INT. ELEVEN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Abe enters the club: a luxurious, unique melding of high-end nightclub and strip club.

Abe sees Isaac and the henchmen at the bar. Abe waits patiently as each henchman gets sucked into a lap-dance from beautiful **STRIPPERS (20's)**, leaving Isaac by himself.

Abe dodges similar requests from a bevy of **STRIPPERS** as he approaches... he stops just short of Isaac and turns to order a drink from a sexy **BARTENDER (28)**.

ABE
(to bartender)
Can I get a Hennessy --

ISAAK
Abe?

Abe turns to Isaak.

ABE
Isaak, hello.

ISAAK
What are you doing?

ABE
I figured it wouldn't hurt to check
out our competitors.

ISAAK
(to bartender)
Whatever he wants, on my tab.

Isaak downs his drink. They wait for the bartender to make
them their next round.

INT. ELEVEN NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Abe and Isaak sit at one of the booths towards the back,
they're both insanely fucked up: both will *slur their speech*
for the remainder of this conversation.

ISAAK
I could drink five of your sidecars,
and not get sick of it.

ABE
It's not that hard. If Pancho cared
more, he could make them, too.

ISAAK
Well, lucky for you, he doesn't.

ABE
(beat)
I am fairly confident that I have
never seen this many beautiful women
in one location.

ISAAK
Lev has me take the guys here once in
a while to blow off some steam.

ABE

Does he ever join?

ISAAK

Not anymore. He used to bring us here
all the time.

ABE

What happened?

ISAAK

Things change.

ABE

I get that. He is married, right?

ISAAK

Yeah, but that's got nothing to do
with it.

(laughs)

He fucking hates her.

ABE

(forces a laugh)

Oh, that is unfortunate.

ISAAK

(beat)

I need another drink.

ABE

Why does Lev hate his wife?

ISAAK

Don't worry about it.

ABE

I'm not worried about it. I'm just
curious about -- it's just that the
power structure of clubs fascinate
me. I'm interested by those who run
these clubs. What do they do when
they're not at work, you know?

Isaak looks at Abe with a scowl... then smiles.

ISAAK

Be careful with that curiosity of
yours... too much of it will get you
into serious trouble.

ABE

You know what? That's a really great suggestion, it's not the first time someone has told me that. Thank you for caring enough to share with me.

Abe waits for more as he maintains an even gaze devoid of fear - he stares deeper into Isaak's eyes.

ISAAK

It's all about the kids for him. Lev and Kasey keep... they just keep up appearances. If it wasn't for their kids, he would've thrown her out on the street years ago. He tries to pretend like she's not wild, but we know her. We know who's mess we always have to fucking clean --

Isaak stops himself abruptly, finally clocks the severe focus in Abe's eyes. Isaak finishes his drink.

ABE

(beat)

I need another drink.

ISAAK

Get us a double of the Louis.

ABE

Isaak, you spoil me.

Abe stumbles to his feet and heads for the bar. As he distances from Isaak, we notice his walking steadies, his face stiffens: he's not as drunk as we think.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - THE NEXT DAY

Abe enters the Bottle Service Section. The staff seem to be hovering over something in excitement.

Abe gets closer and, as the staff break up a bit, sees... CHRISTIAN in the middle: everyone welcomes him back.

Abe instantly turns and *sprints* for the camouflaged door.

MOXY

Abe! Get over here, I want you to meet Christian --

But Christian and Moxy can only see the back of Abe's head as he disappears under the giant mirror.

INT. VOID BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Abe digs out an eye dropper and squeezes a few droplets of clear liquid into the back of his throat. He approaches the office, knocks.

DAVID (O.S.)

Yeah?

Abe opens the door -

INT. VOID OFFICE - DAY

A **WOMAN** (27) sits next to David, head buried in her phone.

DAVID

Abe, this is my wife, Jessie.

Jessie takes a break from her oblivious texting to briefly look up - Abe recognizes her right away: Abe saw **Nathan fucking JESSIE in the liquor room.**

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's up?

ABE

(to Jessie)

Nice to meet you.

(to David)

I'm not feeling so good. Is it cool if I head home?

DAVID

What the fuck are you talking about?

It's Friday. You can't go home.

Abe stares at the camouflaged door - *he can feel Christian's presence on the other side.*

ABE

(back to David)

I have some sort of stomach flu.

JESSIE

Gross, let him go home.

DAVID

Take some Pepto Bismol or some shit.

Christian is back today, I wanted you to meet him --

Abe *snatches* a champagne bucket from a shelf behind him - and instantly **projectile vomits** into it!

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck me.

JESSIE
Babe, let the fucking guy go home!
He's gonna puke all over a guest.

DAVID
Alright, yeah. I'll see if I can call
someone in to cover your shift.

ABE
I'll be back tomorrow, I promise. I
think I just ate something funky.

DAVID
Text me later tonight and let me know
how you're feeling so I don't have to
scramble to find someone for you.

ABE
Thanks so much.
(to Jessie)
Nice to meet you.

Abe turns and hustles for the back alley.

EXT. VOID BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Abe walks through the dingy alley, takes out his walkie-talkie and turns it on:

DAVID (RADIO)
Trust me on this.

JESSIE (RADIO)
It's his general vibe, it's... wrong.

DAVID (RADIO)
I know, I thought the same thing.

JESSIE (RADIO)
Something's off about him.

DAVID (RADIO)
*He's harmless. And easily the best
guy I've got on the floor.*

Abe listens with severe indifference as he rounds the corner
to a side street just off Collins Avenue.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA - LATE NIGHT

The same blacked-out Cadillac CT5-V Blackwing we saw earlier pulls up to Christians's Spanish-style home.

Christian gimps out, still limping on his tender ankle. He's dressed in the all-black, Void busser uniform.

Christian locks his car and approaches his house. As he gets closer, he notices someone sits on his doorstep.

CHRISTIAN

Excuse me? Can I help you?

The figure, in all black, rises and unsheathes their hoodie. As it gets closer to Christian... we realize it's Abe.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Get off my property, man.

ABE

You're Christian, right?

CHRISTIAN

Do I know you?

ABE

My name is Abe. I work at Void.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, shit. You the new busser?!

ABE

I wouldn't say "new."

CHRISTIAN

I was hoping to meet you tonight.
David said you weren't feeling good.

ABE

Yeah.

CHRISTIAN

(beat)

What are you doing here?

ABE

I wanted to meet you, too.

Abe steps under a street lamp - Christian sees his full face.

CHRISTIAN

Have we met before?

ABE
I'm not sure.

CHRISTIAN
Why do you look so familiar?

ABE
Maybe I just have that --

CHRISTIAN
Wait a second... holy shit! What the fuck?! It's YOU?!

ABE
It was an accident. I fell --

Christian rushes Abe with clenched fists.

CHRISTIAN
You got some fucking balls, my boy.
Christian goes to hit Abe in the face --

THWIP!

Christian stops mid-swing, his mouth agape. He stumbles back, holds his stomach.

We notice Abe wears black gloves, **holds a knife now covered in Christian's blood: the same heavy-duty knife we saw in the ziplock bag in Abe's apartment.**

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
You... fucking... piece...

Abe slowly approaches Christian and ***stabs him in the stomach again! He drags the knife up through more of his organs.***

ABE
I really am sorry, man.

Abe's face static, like a statue, as if objectively watching these events from afar.

ABE (CONT'D)
I didn't want events to transpire in this manner. I was truly trying to figure out a way in which I could get you to understand where I was coming from, so that you and I could get to know one another. I heard you were a great guy. But... you know how tough it is down there. And it's just...
(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)
 right now, I can't afford to lose
 this job. I'm too close.

Christian collapses onto the ground, Abe kneels beside him...

ABE (CONT'D)
 Maybe one day, in another life or a
 different universe, you will forgive
 me. Maybe we can even become friends.

Abe sloppily wipes the knife, then throws it in a bush a few feet away. He then takes Christian's wallet out, pockets the cash inside and leaves the empty wallet next to the body.

Abe takes out his cellphone, **texts David:**

ABE (TEXT) (CONT'D)
**Thanks again for letting me take the
 night off. Feeling MUCH better
 already. See you tomorrow :)**

Abe pockets his phone. He takes one last, expressionless gaze at a lifeless Christian... then hustles away from the corpse.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - FORT LAUDERDALE - LATE NIGHT

Abe walks along the pristine sand of this south Florida beach. We recognize it as the same beach where **Lev and his men murdered that poor guy in the opening scene.**

Those same *sounds of ocean water slapping against sand* invade Abe's ear drums.

Abe walks through the wide expanse of sand until he reaches the bed of stones Lev surrounded at the beginning.

Abe's eyes moisten as he hops down into the charred stones. He kneels down, his fingers glide across the gravel...

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - FLASHBACK

*Abe at the same booth, stares into the abyss... until **RONI approaches - we recognize RONI AS THE GUY LEV BURNED ALIVE!***

ABE
 You're late.

RONI
 I'm sorry.

ABE
 It's nice to see you.

RONI

(beat)

To what do I owe this pleasure?

Abe takes off his necklace and hands it to Roni: the same Star of David necklace Roni wore in the beginning.

RONI (CONT'D)

(re: necklace)

This is why you came down here?

ABE

You remember this? You refused to take it off when we were kids, thought it gave you super powers. I found it in mom's room.

Roni almost gets lost in the nostalgia of the Star -- then crudely shoves it into his pocket.

ABE (CONT'D)

I came to bring you back home.

RONI

And just like I told you over the phone, you're wasting your time.

ABE

I think the Miami experiment has gone on long enough, don't you?

RONI

I'd rather die then move back to Tampa and live in that beat-up trailer with you.

ABE

That's your mother's house.

RONI

You should sell it and get the fuck out of that town like I did.

ABE

It's where we grew up.

RONI

It's where mom put out her cigarettes on us when we didn't clean our room.

ABE

She had her bouts of anger. But you and I had each other, if anything it brought us closer together.

RONI

(beat)

I met a girl. It's serious.

ABE

As serious as the last one?

RONI

I knew you were gonna say that.

ABE

I am worried about you.

RONI

I'm an adult, Abraham. You don't need to parent me, anymore.

ABE

It hurts me deeply when I witness you sabotaging your life. If you stopped distracting yourself and put half your energy into --

RONI

I'm sabotaging my life? Which one of us went from being the top student in our class to wiping down piss at the local Tampa Gold's Gym bathrooms?

ABE

I am the only one who cares for you.

RONI

Why don't you look out for yourself? Why don't you use your smarts to get a fucking job and make real money? You need friends, Abraham --

ABE

I don't need anyone.

RONI

You don't see a problem with that? What do you do all night when you get home from work? Sit alone in mom's house like some psychopath?

ABE

Please come back with me.

RONI

I can't. I love her.

ABE
She'll leave you like the last one.

Roni stands up.

RONI
*I'm sorry nobody likes you, but don't
 put that shit on me.*

Roni exits the diner.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - FORT LAUDERDALE - EARLY MORNING

The sun slowly rises on Abe as he lays in the bed of gravel.
 He picks up one of the charred stones - grips it *tightly*.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - DAY

Abe enters the room to a somber mood. The staff crowd around
 one another. A **POLICEMAN (28)** and **POLICEWOMAN (41)** there.

Everyone looks over at Abe, stops.

ABE
 What's going on?

POLICEMAN
 Christian Velazquez was murdered
 outside his home last night.

ABE
 Is that...
 (to Moxy)
 Christian?

Moxy can barely nod "yes."

ABE (CONT'D)
 What the fuck...?

Abe sits next to Moxy, tries to keep pace with the somber
 mood. The policewoman addresses the staff:

POLICEWOMAN
 Who was the last one to see Christian
 last night?

Silence amongst the staff.

MOXY
 I tipped him out at the end of the
 night. I saw him leaving after that.

POLICEWOMAN

No one else?
(to Abe)
How about you?

DAVID

He didn't work last night.

POLICEWOMAN

(to Abe)
Is that your usual night off?

ABE

No. I went home before the shift
because I had some sort of stomach
flu thing.

POLICEWOMAN

All better today?

ABE

Somewhat, thank you.

Both police stare at Abe. The policewoman then *hands a photo to Hank* - it gets passed around.

POLICEWOMAN

We found this man's prints on the
weapon used to murder Mr. Velasquez.
His name is Jean Saint-Fleur, if
anyone knows or has seen him, please
let us know. Withholding any
information from us is a felony and
punishable with jail time.

The photo arrives to Abe: **it's a mugshot of the same Haitian man Isaak killed at the car-jacking.**

Abe glances at the photo, then up at the policewoman.

INT. 2010 HYUNDAI ACCENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Abe studies the CCTV app on his cellphone, his walkie-talkie on the dash.

On the CCTV: Nathan and Hank hover over Nathan's desk as they watch footage of the club.

HANK (RADIO)

*Why do you need to tell David? You
can just fire him yourself.*

NATHAN (RADIO)
It's not my department.

HANK (RADIO)
The entire club is your department!

NATHAN (RADIO)
We need to be sure.

Abe zooms in, Hank and Nathan watch Abe hold the Dom Perignon sparkler under a CCTV camera at the Alec Monopoly event.

HANK (RADIO)
This guy burns a camera that just happens to be pointing at the painting that went missing? I think we should at least look into it.

NATHAN (RADIO)
I'm gonna give David a minute to deal with this Christian thing. Then I'll talk to him, okay?

Abe observes Nathan, sees him vacillating.

INT. VOID BACK HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Abe puts away clean glassware into the appropriate shelves after another shift, then approaches the office door --

MOXY (O.S.)
 I need a drink.

Moxy takes a step forward, blocks Abe from the office.

MOXY (CONT'D)
 I can't stop thinking about him.

ABE
 Me neither. It's awful.

Abe and Moxy share a moment... she hands Abe cash.

MOXY
 (re: money)
 Before I forget.

ABE
 Thanks again, as always.

MOXY
 By the way, have you been giving money to the other support staff?

ABE

Now that I make more than all the other bussers, I have come to realize how much of a team effort this really is. It's like you said: the more I take care of them, the more they'll take care of me.

MOXY

I'm a waitress, I'm *supposed* to tip you out. It's pretty fucking weird for a busser to do that.

ABE

Well, I'm pretty fucking weird.

Moxy laughs, that one caught her off guard.

Abe looks over at the office door... **BEAT.**

MOXY

Abe?

ABE

Let's grab that beverage.

Abe studies the door for another brief moment, then follows Moxy out to the Bottle Service Section.

INT. TED'S HIDEAWAY - LATE NIGHT

Abe and Moxy sit in a booth at this dive bar ironically located in the posh, south-of-fifth district of Miami Beach.

ABE

I can't believe you hang out here.
Seems a bit beneath you.

MOXY

When you've worked in clubs for as long as I have, these kinds of places are a breath of fresh air.

ABE

How long have you been at Void?

MOXY

Man... almost ten years I think.

ABE

Do you like Lev?

MOXY

The owner? Don't really know him. He pretty much keeps to himself.

ABE

Seems a bit odd not to know him after such an extended period of time.

MOXY

That's why Nathan's there.

(off Abe)

Trust me, we're better off. In most clubs, the owners hang out with the staff and it's fucking toxic.

ABE

I have noticed that.

MOXY

You work at other clubs down here?

ABE

Couple places up in Lauderdale.

MOXY

Different animal.

(off Abe)

Did you move down by yourself?

ABE

My brother lives here.

MOXY

Cute. You guys close?

ABE

I'm not sure it gets closer. I took care of him after our mom passed.

MOXY

I'm sorry.

(beat)

You ask a lot of questions about Lev and Nathan.

ABE

Is that abnormal?

MOXY

Most bussers don't give a shit about who runs the clubs they work at.

ABE
The power structure of clubs
fascinates me.

MOXY
Yeah, I remember you saying...
(then)
You wanna run your own one day?

ABE
(scoffs)
Yeah, busboys make great managers.

MOXY
I could see it. You know more than
most managers about operations,
you're a hard worker and you take
care of the people around you. I
think you'd be a great boss.

Abe gazes into Moxy's eyes... he doesn't quite know how to
fully receive this compliment.

MOXY (CONT'D)
I'm not just saying that. Like
Christian was an amazing busser, but
I could never see him running a club.

ABE
(beat)
That means a lot coming from you.

MOXY
I think you guys would've really
gotten along. The girls were excited
to have you both on the team.

ABE
Since his-- accident, I've felt this
responsibility to perform my duties
with twice the efficiency as before.
It's so stupid when I say it aloud,
but I guess the thought is that if I
can make it feel like he's still
there, he won't really be gone.

Moxy smiles at Abe, puts her hand over his across the table.
Abe looks down at his watch, notices the time.

EXT. TED'S HIDEAWAY - EARLY MORNING

Abe and Moxy exit onto the street. Abe has his bag slung over
his shoulder. A red Tesla pulls up.

MOXY
This is my Uber.
(off Abe)
You sure you don't wanna come over
for a little nightcap? I won't bite.

Abe checks his watch again: **4:57 a.m.**

ABE
I have quite the extensive list of
deliverables to check off today.

MOXY
(laughs)
Okay...

Moxy and Abe hug, she gives him a sensual kiss on the cheek
and heads over to the Tesla.

Abe waits for the car to pull away, then hustles in the
opposite direction and takes out his phone - **calls David.**

ABE
(into phone)
Hey David, I'm so sorry, it's Abe.
Did I wake you?
(listens)
I'm so silly. I went for a nightcap
at Ted's and realized I forgot my
work bag in the liquor room.

We refocus on Abe's bag, still hanging off his shoulder.

ABE (CONT'D)
I know. It won't happen, again.
(listens)
No, yeah, I'm here but it's locked
from the outside.
(listens)
My house keys happen to be in there
and I can't get into my apartment.
(listens)
You're the best, I'm so sorry.

Abe hangs up the phone with an even demeanor just as he
reaches his apartment building.

Abe opens up the CCTV app that shows him footage of Void:
sees Jessie (David's wife) enter through the back alley.

INT. SOUTH OF FIFTH APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abe sits on his laptop, watches Nathan fuck Jessie... he switches footage to the back hallway -

David enters. *David looks around... wonders where Abe is, then hears something from the liquor room.*

Abe has a **text** typed out on his phone:

ABE (TEXT)

Dude, you're gonna kill me. My bag was in my trunk the whole time. I fucking owe you, man. I'm so damn sorry. See ya tomorrow!

Abe's finger hovers over the send button as *David approaches the liquor room, and just as David goes to enter -*

Abe hits **send** simultaneously with *David entering the liquor room and witnessing his wife fucking his boss!*

Abe observes *David pushing Nathan, Nathan pushing David back - a full-on fistfight ensues.*

EXT. FLAMINGO PARK - DAY

Abe and Benjamin play backgammon against one another.

BENJAMIN

You've been practicing...

ABE

You think I was just gonna keep coming back for annihilation?

Benjamin smirks, then moves a piece.

BENJAMIN

Now we sprint.

ABE

May the gods be on my side.

Benjamin laughs as Abe rolls the dice.

ABE (CONT'D)

Listen, I work at this nightclub.

BENJAMIN

Which one?

ABE

Void.

BENJAMIN

Oh yeah, of course.

ABE

You've heard of it?

BENJAMIN

It's my job.

ABE

I didn't know you work in nightlife?

BENJAMIN

I don't, not exactly.

Benjamin rolls the dice.

ABE

I wanted to invite you to come in one night. As my guest.

BENJAMIN

I don't know...

ABE

You married? Kids?

BENJAMIN

No. Not yet.

ABE

Perfect. We'll find you both. I mean, there's no kids at the club. We'll find you a wife. Then you can... have kids with that wife.

Benjamin enjoys Abe's awkwardness: he relates to it. Abe hands Benjamin his phone, watches him put his number in.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - AFTERNOON

Nathan leads another pre-shift meeting.

NATHAN

David's not feeling so well, so I'll be setting up sections on the floor for the next few days...

Abe looks around: gauges his co-workers mostly tepid, apathetic reactions.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - NIGHT

Abe busses dirty glassware towards the back - sees Lev, Isaak and the rest of the crew enter.

Abe doesn't make eye contact with Lev, but fist bumps Isaak as he walks by.

ABE
Let me know when you want it.

ISAAK
Now's good. Two this time.

ABE
Two?

ISAAK
(re: Lev)
The big bossman tried mine the other night and wants his own.

ABE
Sheesh, no pressure, right?

ISAAK
Why don't you go ahead and bring it up to the room for us.

ABE
Oh, okay.

ISAAK
I'll let security know.

Abe watches Isaak trail behind Lev, up the golden stairs.

INT. VOID COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Abe twists a lemon peel over the two sidecar cocktails.

PANCHO
Can I have my fucking bar back?

ABE
Shit dude, I'm so sorry. If this is inconvenient for you, make sure to go crying to Hank like a little bitch like you did last time.

Abe brushes by Pancho as he navigates out the bar with the two cocktails, trying not to spill.

Abe slowly walks out the lounge and into the -

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION

Abe takes in the staircase across the room, Moxy rushes up -

MOXY
(re: sidecars)
What the fuck are you doing with
those?! Fifty three needs mixers!

Abe maintains his focus on the gilded stairs as he replies:

ABE
I just checked in with them, they
don't want mixers, they're switching
to champagne. They were thinking Dom,
but wanted to speak with you first. I
preemptively stocked three flutes for
every person at the table.

Abe moves past Moxy, towards the Champagne Room. Once he
reaches the bottom of the golden steps, he stops.

It daunts him: the stairs somehow double in count as they
stretch upwards into a distant stratosphere...

Abe takes a deep breath... **then slowly climbs up:** the higher
he elevates, the more the liquid in the glass tremors.

Abe clocks the **SECURITY GUARD (24)** at the top of the stairs.
A scary motherfucker with broad shoulders that don't quit.

The guard sees Abe... opens the door for him: Abe takes
another, even deeper breath - **then enters the** -

INT. VOID CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

*This room feels more like a hotel suite than a bottle service
area: beautifully crafted interior belongs to another time.*

*The furniture, wallpaper and various design details reminisce
the elegant kitschiness of 1970's Las Vegas.*

Abe stands at the door, **everything moves in extreme slow
motion** as he observes Isaak and other scary **DUDES** of
different shapes and sizes flirt with **MODELS (20's)**.

*Lev sits by himself on a giant circular banquette accosted in
alligator leather. In front of him is an equally grandiose,
gold-brushed table. He smokes another finely-rolled joint.*

*Lev catches sight of Abe standing with the drinks at the entrance: **he waves him over.***

Abe hesitates as he processes the command... but eventually gathers his bearings and approaches.

*Abe puts Isaak's drink on the table, then hands Lev's to him. As soon as Lev grabs his drink, **time speeds back to normal:***

LEV

Thank you.

(then)

Now get the fuck out.

Abe takes a beat to decipher if this was an attempt at humor by Lev: hard to tell - so Abe turns for the exit --

LEV (CONT'D)

I'm fucking joking.

(off Abe)

Sit.

Abe does as he's told. Lev takes a sip of his drink.

LEV (CONT'D)

Fuck.

(takes another sip)

Exactly like last time. This is the best fucking thing I've ever tasted.

Lev too enthralled by the beverage to realize how Abe glares at him: **with a sinister gaze.**

LEV (CONT'D)

(re: Isaak)

You waste this beautiful gift on that fucking retard every night?

Everyone in the room laughs at Isaak's expense. Abe takes note of Isaak's stoic disapproval.

LEV (CONT'D)

(laughs)

I don't mean to offend, but he never fucks any of these girls. And he's never had a girlfriend. So he's either a retard or a faggot.

Even more laughs than before.

ABE

(beat)

I guess... I guess I was hoping it would make him less retarded.

The room *quiets* immediately: Abe has completely killed the vibe. Lev holds on Abe... for what feels like an eternity... then finally breaks into another hearty cackle.

LEV
What's your name?

ABE
Abe.

LEV
Avraham?
(off Abe)
Why did your parents give you such an old, biblical name?

ABE
My mother was religious, she used to tell me stories of Abraham leaving his home to fulfill the destiny of his people. We don't come from much, she probably hoped I would break free and make something of myself. Fulfill whatever my destiny is.

LEV
(beat)
Your destiny to be a bartender?

ABE
I'm a busser.

LEV
Where'd you learn to make this drink?

ABE
I taught myself.

Lev leans back, observes Abe.

LEV
You look a little familiar.
(off Abe)
I feel like we've met before.

ABE
Maybe in another life.

LEV
Don't be a fucking smart-ass.

The tension returns...

LEV (CONT'D)
So? What is your destiny?

ABE
I want to manage this place.

LEV
(laughs)
You're a fucking busboy.

ABE
I'm a fucking *smart* busboy. And no
one understands how clubs are run
better than bussers.

Lev studies Abe for another **beat**, then mutters something *in Georgian* to Isaak - Isaak exits the room.

After a few moments of uncomfortable silence... Isaak returns with Nathan. They take a seat beside Abe and Lev.

LEV
(re: Abe)
Nathan, you hire this guy?

NATHAN
(to Abe)
You a barback?

ABE
Busser.

NATHAN
David did, then.

LEV
This is Avraham...?

ABE
Cohen.

LEV
(smiles)
Cohen? That's my mother's name...
(to Nathan)
Abe wants a management position. What
do you think about having another
Cohen in a position of power?

Nathan scoffs into a disdained cackle.

LEV (CONT'D)
Did I say something funny?

NATHAN

No. I think we should hire everyone named Cohen to manage this place.

ABE

I understand the operations of this club better than anyone.

NATHAN

I'm sorry, but is this an actual, serious conversation?

(off Lev)

You're gonna promote this guy because he's a Jew?

LEV

Isn't that how you got promoted?

NATHAN

Lev, all due respect, I wasn't a busser when you hired me.

ABE

Well, if Lev is open to the idea... at the previous establishment I worked at, management would hold votes amongst the staff whenever they wanted to promote someone from within. That way they could ensure that their promotion had the backing of those who it affected most. I suppose we could do the same at tomorrow's pre-shift?

NATHAN

Vote for what?!

ABE

For me to be the new floor manager.

(off Nathan)

Unless... you feel like David is doing a good enough job.

Nathan eyes down Abe: *how the fuck does he know about David?*

LEV

(to Nathan)

Is he?

NATHAN

(stays on Abe)

We had to, um, let David go...

(to Lev)

It's fine. No trouble.

LEV

Good. Then it's decided. Nathan,
you'll hold a vote with the staff for
Abe to replace David.

ABE

(to Nathan)

You'll find the staff to be much more
astute than they get credit for.

Lev studies Abe as he sips his cocktail.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - DAY

Abe, Moxy and the rest of the staff sit at the tables as
Nathan addresses the room.

Abe is dressed in a navy-blue suit, with a matching button-
down shirt unbuttoned at the top: **the same exact outfit David
wore when he interviewed him in the beginning.**

NATHAN

I have some bad news... I'm sorry to
say David no longer works at Void.

Groans and murmurs from the staff. Abe maintains his focus on
Nathan, studies him intently -

NATHAN (CONT'D)

No one will miss David more than me,
but we both felt it would be better
for him to find different
opportunities somewhere else. As far
as what this means for Void,
ownership and myself have been eyeing
one of our own to move up and replace
David as the new floor manager.

(then)

Abe Cohen.

Some of the staff laugh, others gasp: *this must be a joke.*
Hank doesn't find the humor in any of it.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I know how it sounds to have a busser
be promoted to Floor Manager, but Abe
has shown great commitment in
learning the ins and outs of this
place. Pretty sure we can all agree
he has become a huge part of our
success on the floor. Ownership backs
me on this, but it's important to us
that you guys are on board as well.

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

If not, we'll have Hank fill in until we find a permanent, outside hire.

(then)

So, Abe and Hank, could you please leave the room for me?

ABE

Of course.

Abe gets up and heads for the camouflage door.

NATHAN

Actually, do you mind hanging out front? I just want this to be as anonymous as possible.

ABE

Absolutely.

Abe and Hank head towards the entrance... Nathan waits for the door to shut behind them.

NATHAN

You guys gotta be selfish, here. Think about if Abe being your *boss* will be the best thing for you.

The staff stare at one another, then Nathan.

EXT. VOID NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Abe and Hank step out. Abe confidently stares at Hank, Hank returns a scowl and walks away.

Abe sneakily takes out his cell phone and opens the CCTV app to the Bottle Service Section:

Nathan finishes addressing the staff... then raises his hand.

*Abe watches as Pancho keeps his hands down: expected. An awkward beat as no one raises their hand... **THEN: Moxy raises her hand! A busser sitting next to her raises his hand**...*

*Eventually, **the entire floor staff follows suit, followed by the barbacks, then Oliver, then security: everyone Abe tipped out over the months votes for him.***

Abe zooms the camera in on Nathan's shocked face --

HANK (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Abe quickly pockets his phone - covers with that blank stare.

ABE
What's up?

HANK
(re: suit)
Why the fuck are you dressed like that? You look like a fucking idiot.

ABE
Dress for the job you want, not the job you have, Hank.
(then)
Best of luck to you.

HANK
Cut the fucking shit.

ABE
Why so hostile?

HANK
I don't buy your "will you be my friend" bullshit. I loved David and you completely fucked his life.

ABE
Actually, his wife technically fucked him out of the job.

Hank steps closer into Abe's face.

HANK
My personal mission is to take your ass down, you understand?

ABE
You seem very driven. It's inspiring.

HANK
You're a fucking cancer. You're a piece of shit.

ABE
Is this still about making Isaak and Lev those sidecar cocktails?

HANK
You think you won, but --

ABE
Because I have no problem maybe teaching our guys how to make a proper one. I could --

HANK

Fuck you!

ABE

I think you should calm down. And give me some space.

HANK

I know you did it.

ABE

Did what?

HANK

Don't act stupid. The painting.

Abe holds on Hank's face as Nathan exits the club.

NATHAN

What's going on?

ABE

Hank was just threatening me, again.

HANK

No, I wasn't.

ABE

He said he was going to set me up for stealing the painting because he blames me for David losing his job. He said he convinced you that I burned cameras or something.

HANK

That's not what I said!

Abe looks over at Nathan, signals for him to follow him to Hank's Tesla, parked in front of the entrance.

HANK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ABE

I'm done being bullied by you. Open the trunk, please.

HANK

Nathan --

NATHAN

Open it.

Hank looks at Abe, then Nathan - opens the trunk: just some clothes and shopping bags.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
... okay?

ABE
(to Hank)
Keep going...

HANK
What the fuck are you talking about?!

ABE
(sighs)
Open the secret latch, Hank.

HANK
This is fucking bullshit. Nathan, you need to fire --

Nathan opens the latch: the Alec Monopoly painting inside.

HANK (CONT'D)
What the fuck?!
(then)
Nathan, this is bullshit --

ABE
(to Nathan)
During Hank's arrogant rant that he was going to get David's job, he accidentally revealed to me where he hid the painting. He probably felt, on a subconscious level, that if it was between you believing a busser or an assistant GM, you would always take his side.

Nathan studies the Alec Monopoly painting.

NATHAN
What the fuck, Hank?

HANK
He's lying!

NATHAN
(beat)
You're fired...

Nathan takes the painting and heads into Void - Abe follows him, but not before **shooting Hank an assured glance**.

INT. OHEV SHALOM MIAMI CONGREGATION - EVENING

Abe and Lev, flanked by Isaak and the other henchman, sit in the giant, historical congregation amongst other **JEWS**.

Abe's transformation complete: dressed in a finely tailored, pink, Dior suit. His messy ponytail slicked back into a smooth bun, not a hair out of place: *the handsomeness Oliver alluded to now on full display.*

Abe and Lev whisper to one another.

ABE

Thank you again for the invite.

LEV

You are a manager at my club. That means that you are family. I have to trust you as if you were blood.

ABE

Cohen blood.

LEV

(smiles)

Nathan told me that almost all the staff voted for you. Impressive.

ABE

They feel as though I am one of them.

LEV

Are you?

ABE

Sure. I take care of them and they took care of me. They know I have their back.

LEV

From busser to manager...

ABE

All thanks to you.

LEV

(re: suit, haircut)

Are you too fancy to make Isaak and I those cocktails, now?

ABE

Who's Isaak?

Lev smirks as he stares forward at the **RABBI (63)**.

ABE (CONT'D)

I'm so grateful Nathan was open to our voting idea.

LEV

Did he have a choice?

ABE

I look forward to working directly beneath him. I'm sure he can teach me a lot.

Abe turns to the Rabbi, Lev studies Abe as we...

JUMP into a MONTAGE through many nights at Void:

- **Abe assigns sections to waitresses at the pre-shift.**
- **Nathan and Abe in the office with Oliver: Nathan grabs an envelope for Oliver from the safe (ABE STUDIES THE CODE).**
- **Abe brings sidecar cocktails to Lev and Isaak.**

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - LATER

Abe ushers Benjamin (backgammon buddy) through the labyrinth of tables over to **SNIPE (23)**, cute promoter with midwestern charm flanked by 90's grunge.

ABE

Snipe! I wanted to introduce you to Benjamin. A good buddy of mine.

Benjamin beams at the introduction: could be the first time someone has called him a friend.

SNIPE

Oh, he's fucking cute!
(off Benjamin)

Does he wanna hang with us tonight?

Benjamin notices six beautiful **MODELS** at Snipe's table.

BENJAMIN

That's okay --

ABE

He actually wanted to buy you guys a bottle of Ace of Spades rose.

SNIPE

My guy!

BENJAMIN
Oh, I can't afford --

ABE
(re: Benjamin)
The modesty on this gentleman never
ceases to amaze.

Abe pushes Benjamin up to the table. Snipe pours him a drink
and hands it to him, gives him a kiss on the cheek.

ABE (CONT'D)
I'll have Moxy grab the bottle.

Abe winks at Benjamin - we get the sense Benjamin's never,
ever been happier than he is in this very moment.

INT. VOID OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Abe and Nathan sit at their respective desks, Moxy waits at
the door. Abe counts out **thousands of dollars** from a pile of
cash - hands it to Moxy.

MOXY
(smiles)
Thanks.

ABE
Great work, tonight.

Moxy holds on Abe for another beat -- he immediately goes
back to counting more cash. She leaves.

NATHAN
She likes you.

ABE
She's very sweet. Was very helpful
and kind to me when I started.

NATHAN
You're picking this up quickly.

ABE
You're a great teacher.

NATHAN
Where did you say you worked before?

ABE
I'm sorry?

NATHAN

You said you worked at a club that voted to promote people.

ABE

Oh, Club Sway. It's a smaller nightclub located in Fort Lauderdale.

NATHAN

Weird. I grew up in Aventura and I never heard of it.

ABE

Not as weird as you think. It is by no means an establishment that someone of your ilk would frequent.

NATHAN

Yeah, it's just I managed clubs in Fort Lauderdale for years and it's not that big of a city.

ABE

That is an interesting piece of information. Maybe it did not exist when you lived up there.

NATHAN

(beat)

Hank seems convinced that you planted that painting in his trunk.

ABE

That would be something.

NATHAN

Usually when someone gets busted they don't double down like this. He hasn't stopped texting me about it since he was fired.

ABE

Hank is a unique character.

NATHAN

(another beat)

Did you know you burned that camera?

Abe takes a break from counting, looks up at Nathan: takes note, for the first time, his velcro-ed walkie-talkie on Nathan's desk.

ABE

I'm sorry?

NATHAN

Your first night at the Alec Monopoly event. You moved under a camera with a sparkler, then stood there as it burned the power cords behind it.

ABE

I'm really sorry about that.

NATHAN

So you did know?

ABE

After Hank informed me. Yes.

NATHAN

You sure you didn't do it on purpose?

ABE

Do what?

NATHAN

Burn the camera?

ABE

What would be my motivation to deface Void property on the first night of my employment?

NATHAN

If Hank was here, he'd say you did it to set him up to get fired.

ABE

That allegation is a bit confusing to me. That on my first night, I would decide to ruin Hank's life even though I had never met him before.

(off Nathan)

I find that when people are backed up against a wall, they will say or do pretty outlandish things to get out of their predicament.

Abe confidently studies Nathan... then returns to the money as he ignores the walkie-talkie.

NATHAN

(re: walkie-talkie)

Found this underneath my desk. Someone had it on a channel we don't use.

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I've been going through footage of the cameras to see who put it there and haven't found anything yet. Must have been a while ago.

ABE

Maybe you should ask Hank about it.

NATHAN

Maybe I will.

Nathan's gaze burns holes in Abe. But Abe refuses to engage, plays it cool as he counts the same stack of cash again.

EXT. VOID NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dozens of potential **PATRONS** shout and plead with Oliver to let them in. Rick, the Fire Marshal, muscles his way through.

RICK

Well, I'll be. If it isn't my favorite doorman.

Oliver hands Rick an envelope.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nice to see you, as always.

Oliver ignores him per usual, turns his attention to Snipe with some of her **GIRLS**.

Rick brushes it off, swallows his pride, and walks away as he opens the envelope: *takes out the money.*

The money on the outskirts is real, but as Rick shuffles through, he notices the interior comprised of **fake bills**.

Rick ruffles through the fake cash - then finds permanent marker on the middle bill, it reads "**LAST PAYMENT, BITCH.**"

Abe, dressed in another equally stylish suit, approaches Void from his usual bench: he watches Rick open his money.

As Rick turns back towards Void, Abe quickly hustles down the street and crosses to the Void **VALET**: *tells him something --*

Rick rushes into Oliver's face.

RICK (CONT'D)

Who the *fuck* do you think you are?!

OLIVER

Back the fuck off!

Abe takes the opportunity of Rick and Oliver's screaming match to hurry into Void.

INT. VOID COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Abe sprints behind the bar - collects all the little white baggies beneath each bartender.

ABE
Fire Marshal is coming in. I need all
of it, right now!

BARTENDERS quickly collect whatever drugs they have stashed
at their stations and hand it over to Abe.

INT. VOID CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Abe barges in! He holds the drugs he took from the bar. Lev,
Isaak and the usual suspects inside.

ABE
(re: Lev)
Get him out.

ISAAK
What are you talking about?

ABE
Fire Marshal is coming in.

LEV
The bar --

ABE
(re: bag of drugs)
I emptied it. I'm going to put it in
the trunk of my car.

Isaak, Lev and his crew get up.

ABE (CONT'D)
Go out the back. I told the valet to
bring your car around. Fire Marshal
is already at the front.

LEV
How the *fuck* did this happen?!

ABE
I think that's a conversation we
should have tomorrow.

Lev pats Abe on the cheek, just as Nathan *rushes* into the Champagne Room -- stops in his tracks when he sees Abe with Lev: Abe gives Nathan **that assured glance** he gave Hank.

EXT. CORAL GABLES BUSINESS PARK - DAY

Abe navigates these same glass buildings, enters the: Florida Department of Business and Professional Regulation building.

INT. FDBPR BUILDING - DAY

Abe scans the directory for departments on the 3rd floor... lands on Division of Alcoholic Beverages and Tobacco.

INT. FDBPR BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

Abe exits the elevators. Peruses the dozens of cubicles as he winds through a labyrinth of ringing phones.

He hears a voice he recognizes - stops at the desk of **Benjamin Budzik** (the guy he introduced to Snipe).

ABE

What are the chances?

BENJAMIN

Abe, what are you doing here?

ABE

How was the other night?

BENJAMIN

Drank a bit too much.

ABE

Snipe recalled that she had quite the time with you.

Benjamin blushes, Abe forces an uncomfortable chuckle.

BENJAMIN

Thanks again for those bottles. You really didn't have to do that.

ABE

Oh, it was my pleasure. I'm just glad we have become such close friends.

BENJAMIN

(beat)

How did you find me here?

Abe pulls out Benjamin's card from his pocket.

ABE

(re: card)

You slipped this to me as you were leaving at the end of the night. Said if I needed anything...

BENJAMIN

Sheesh, I'm such a lightweight.

(off Abe)

Please, have a seat.

ABE

(sits)

I'm sorry to bother you, here. I went to the park to look for you.

BENJAMIN

I was gonna go in thirty.

ABE

Oh, right. Well, unfortunately we had a visit from our Fire Marshal, Rick Manfredi, last night. And he... well, he decided to shut us down.

BENJAMIN

Why?

ABE

Occupancy.

BENJAMIN

Oh, okay. That shouldn't be too bad. Usually just a warning for a first time offense.

ABE

I know, and it is. But it seems as though he will push to pull our liquor license.

BENJAMIN

Really?

ABE

I was not aware of this, but our doorman had been compensating Rick on the side. It seems that on this given night, ego got the best of him and he either shorted Rick or decided to establish a new arrangement, so...

BENJAMIN

Jesus.

ABE

Another troubling detail is that our occupancy is 900 and the clicker was at 845 on this evening. I tried to show it to Rick, but he refused. He seemed hell bent on punishing us.

BENJAMIN

He is legally obligated to check the clicker number.

ABE

It seems as though his focus was fully entrenched within his newly strained relationship with Oliv-- our doorman, instead of on the law. You think you could block it?

BENJAMIN

I mean... you're putting me in a bit of a tough position, here.

ABE

You know me, and that would never be my intention. The truth is, we follow the letter of the law with great strictness. I would just hate for all those honest workers to be out of a job because one doorman behaved in such a selfish manner.

(off Benjamin)

He was acting on his own accord. Management had no idea what he was doing, I can promise you that. We've also gone ahead and relieved him of his duties, by the way. No questions.

(beat)

We wouldn't want Snipe to be out of a job because of that one rogue asshole, now would we?

Benjamin tries not to smile, then picks up the phone.

INT. KASEYA CENTER - NIGHT

Abe sits with Lev and Isaak in a luxury box overlooking the basketball game below: New York Knicks vs. Miami Heat.

ABE

He's blocking Rick's proposal, so we keep our liquor license and can stay open without interruption. His boss spoke with the Fire Chief and they are terminating Rick for taking bribes, so we'll have a different Fire Marshal from now on.

LEV

How did you know the Fire Marshal was coming in?

ABE

I was escorting a VIP through the ropes when I saw Oliver and the Fire Marshal going at it. I just... I didn't think. It felt more pertinent to get you out than to try and de-escalate their conflict.

LEV

You know that liquor license of ours is worth over a million, at least.

ISAAK

Getting a new liquor license on the Beach is impossible these days.

ABE

I'm just happy I was at the right place at the right time.

LEV

You friends with this guy? The one keeping us in business?

ABE

I tracked him down as soon as you promoted me. Made sure that I was close with him, that we had the right people on our side.

LEV

You saved me a lot of headaches --

ABE

It's not all good news.

(off them)

He told me that before he blocks it, he'll need Void to make an example of someone. He needs to sell this to his boss as two bad actors operating independently of ownership.

ISAAC

So we'll have to fire Oliver?

ABE

That's what I suggested, and he agreed. But Oliver isn't enough. He knows that Oliver didn't pay him off with his own money. That it had to be someone higher up orchestrating this. Someone with access to club funds...

LEV

(off Abe)

Nathan is like family.

ABE

But this is business.

Lev turns to Isaac.

ISAAC

Nathan has been getting a bit comfortable. He's losing focus.

ABE

Can you move him to another property with a different Fire Chief? One of your restaurants in Brickell, maybe?

LEV

Yeah, I'm sure he'll love that.

(then)

I'll go ahead and assume you believe you should take over?

ABE

This new friend of ours let me handpick our new Fire Marshal: he's a nice guy and he made it obvious to me, in so many words, that he plays ball. Oliver and Nathan were rude to the previous Marshal, they didn't respect the power he wielded. That needs to change. My focus will inherently operate on the basis that our side business needs to progress without further interruption.

(off Lev)

I know how this looks. But I always respected Nathan, regardless of what transpired between him and David's wife. For the most part, it really felt like he did what was best for Void. But with this, I just...

(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)

it feels as though your options are limited between keeping Nathan or keeping Void.

LEV

What happened with David's wife?

ABE

You don't know why David was fired?
(off Lev and Isaak)
I prefer not to say.

LEV

Let's cut the shit, okay? Anyone with half a fucking brain cell can see you've wanted Nathan's job since day one. You're a fucking killer whether you care to admit it or not.
(smiles, off Isaak)
I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't reward you for that.

Abe masterfully contains his happiness: manufactures a melancholic punim for the departed Nathan as he shifts his focus from Lev and Isaak to the game below.

INT. VOID BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Abe speaks with Pancho, now dressed in country-club casual attire, at the camouflaged door.

PANCHO

I voted for you.

ABE

These lies waste both of our time.

We notice the timbre in Abe's voice knocked down an octave: a new-found confidence that overshadows the once-robotic insecurity in his delivery...

ABE (CONT'D)

Truth is, I wouldn't have voted for me, either. I pushed you hard and turned you against me. It's kill or be killed out here and you thought Hank was your best shot at survival, you were just very wrong. Luckily for you, I am a forgiving man and won't punish you for your lack of judgement. But let me be clear, we are in different territory now.

(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)

I'm extending you an olive branch
from a higher pedestal, which means
if you fuck me, the consequences will
be a lot more severe than a
promotion.

PANCHO

Thank you. Really, I didn't --

ABE

Thank me with your performance, not
with your words.

(off Pancho)

Get the fuck in there.

Pancho hustles into the Bottle Service Section. Abe stares blankly at the closing door - *sighs* to release his residual, pent-up tension.

INT. VOID BOTTLE SERVICE SECTION - DAY

Abe enters from the camouflaged door with manufactured enthusiasm to **HIS STAFF**: waiting for the pre-shift meeting.

ABE

There you are! Where've you guys
been? I've been looking all over...

Abe trails off, notices his delivery not quite the same as Nathan's. The staff tepid.

ABE (CONT'D)

I know, what the fuck, right? What
the fuck has been going on?! I... I'm
not sure what has brought upon all
this chaos onto our beloved
workplace. All I know is that I'll
miss Nathan. He was a great guy and I
wouldn't be standing here without
him. He, along with all of you, gave
me my first shot. But the truth is,
him and Oliver put our jobs in
jeopardy and we're lucky that this
club is still open. All that being
said, we don't judge a man based off
the worst thing he's done. Ownership
will take care of Nathan, so don't
feel too bad for him.

(then)

Now, as far as the door, I've gone
ahead and promoted Brandon to be our
new doorman.

The staff turn and cheer for **BRANDON (27)**, a security guard we've seen many times at the door alongside Oliver.

ABE (CONT'D)

Brandon doesn't have the rolodex Oliver had, but Void practically sells itself and Brandon has the personality that is more than capable of running a smooth door for us.

(then)

And for some more amazing news, I am VERY excited to introduce you guys to our new floor and bar managers!

Moxy, dressed in a designer button down and slacks, stands up. So does Pancho.

ABE (CONT'D)

We all know and love them and if anyone deserves to run their own departments, it's them. Now, the way they'll run things will be a bit different than how most clubs do it. Since they both have so much experience, I will have them on as both managers and "floaters." This means Moxy will be available to serve tables and Pancho will be there to serve drinks when needed. Departments will pull five percent of tips and give them to Moxy and Pancho at the end of each night. This is to be pulled before paying anyone else out. This will also take pressure off of us when things get hairy and give our customers the best service possible. We'll never be understaffed and I truly believe it will lead to everyone making more money.

(off staff)

How do we all feel about that?

Everyone nods their heads in agreement.

ABE (CONT'D)

Good, 'cuz I was gonna do it anyway.

Abe finally gets a laugh.

ABE (CONT'D)

I know this is a lot to process. If anyone has any questions or concerns, please, come see me in my office.

(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)
(smiles at Moxy)
Wanna get going with sections?

Moxy and Abe share a moment... Abe turns and disappears into the camouflaged door.

EXT. LEV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abe pulls up to the monstrosity that is Lev's 20,000 sqft palace in the exclusive Sunset Islands neighborhood.

Abe parks his new, blacked-out Tesla Cyber Truck in the street. Isaak meets him out front.

ABE
Well, hello there.

ISAAK
He's waiting for you.

ABE
Wouldn't want to keep him waiting.

Isaak nervously laughs. Abe procures a snake-skin duffle bag, slightly opened: we see nothing but cash inside.

ABE (CONT'D)
It's a bit heavier this week.

Abe hands it over to Isaak.

ISAAK
This is --

ABE
Yours. Void is making more money than ever, especially since I incorporated promoters into the "side hustle." I want everyone sharing in that success. And no one is more important than you and your men.

ISAAK
Thank you, brother. You know, I keep thinking... I wish we started off on a better foot.

ABE
Saving your life wasn't good enough?

ISAAK
You know what I mean. I'm sorry --

ABE

You were doing your job, nothing I respect more than that. And you know what? There is no way I can do this without you, so never let yourself forget that.

ISAAK

Nathan's been trying to set up a meeting with Lev.

Abe takes a BEAT to process this information...

ABE

You ready for tomorrow?

ISAAK

No.

ABE

Perfect. Neither am I.

(re: Lev)

Better not keep him waiting.

Abe hops out and heads inside. Isaak watches him with unease.

INT. LEV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abe sits at the giant dining room table with Lev's **FAMILY**: wife **KASEY** (37), daughter **ANNIE** (12) and son **AXEL** (10).

KASEY

I hope we can keep having you over for Shabbat dinners.

ABE

It's such a pleasure.

Abe takes a bite of his juicy brisket.

LEV

Abe is part of the family, now.

As everyone chows down on the food, Abe scans the table:
lands on Kasey - Abe focuses on her as -

WE CUT TO A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHBACKS:

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Abe follows Roni out of the diner.

ABE

You seem pretty confident in her love for you.

RONI

Well, Kasey's leaving her husband so we can start a life together.

ABE

She's married?!

RONI

To some douchebag club owner. You should hear how shitty he treats her and the kids.

ABE

You're not worried about him?

RONI

Oh, please, I think I can handle a pissed off old man.

ABE

What if she doesn't leave him?

RONI

She will.

ABE

This sounds bad, Roni.

Roni stops in his tracks -- turns to Abe -

RONI

I can't do this anymore, Abe. I can't handle you coming down here every few months to remind me of all the mistakes I've made and that I should go home! I love you, but... maybe it's best we don't talk for a little.

ABE

I'm trying to help --

RONI

It's hurting more than it's helping. You stress me out, man. You need to go home and figure your shit out. Leave me the fuck alone.

Roni hops into his truck and peels away.

EXT. I-75 WEST - NIGHT

Abe drives back to Tampa across alligator alley in the same **beat-up Buick he used to hit Isaak's assailant.**

Abe at a loss: his reddened eyes glazed over as the night sky reflects upon his tear-stained cheeks.

INT. SOUTH OF FIFTH APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Roni stirs in his bed, wakes up to Lev's henchman hovering over him -

Roni tries to escape -- but these behemoths overpower him - they drag Roni out through the living room (**this is the same apartment in which Abe currently resides**).

INT. MIAMI GARDENS MORTUARY - DAY

Abe guided by a **CORONER (51)** and **POLICE OFFICER (38)** as they approach multiple, giant steel cabinets.

The coroner pulls out one cabinet: inside is a **BODY** covered by a white sheet. Abe braces himself...

The coroner pulls off the sheet, the body severely burnt: completely unrecognizable except for the Star of David necklace still wrapped around the neck.

Abe tries his best to keep his composure -- but eventually collapses onto Roni's ashen chest in uncontrollable hysteria.

INT. SOUTH OF FIFTH APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abe, on his laptop in the now-disheveled living room, peruses Kasey's instagram page. Sees a picture of her, Lev and the two kids. **Abe zooms in on Lev.**

EXT. LEV'S HOUSE - DAY

Abe parked many houses down. Sees the henchmen guarding Lev's house in the distance: **an impenetrable forcefield constantly surrounding Abe's target.**

INT. SOUTH OF FIFTH APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abe back on his computer. Beside him, the two walkie-talkies he used to spy on Void's staff.

Abe studies Void nightclub's website: the layout, history, etc. He clicks "**Jobs:**" sees an opening for **busser**.

EXT. LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

Abe meets with the Haitian **MAN who robbed Isaak at gunpoint** in an isolated back alley. The man wears a janitor's uniform with a name-tag: **J. Saint-Fleur**.

Jean hands Abe **the knife used to kill Christian**. Abe wears black gloves as he accepts it, hands Jean a stack of cash.

LEV (O.S.)

Abe?

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. LEV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abe hangs onto the above nostalgia as he locks onto Lev like a predator in the wild. Lev speaks but Abe just hears muffled noise... the sound **FWIPS** back.

LEV

Abe?

ABE

Yeah.

LEV

Kasey wanted to know how you were enjoying the brisket.

Abe looks down at his plate, then back up at Kasey - he quickly manufactures a smile.

ABE

Sorry, it's delicious.

LEV

Maybe you're working too hard.

KASEY

(re: Lev)

He's one to talk.

Lev reaches over and gently squeezes Kasey's hand. Abe scowls at the couple in "love."

INT. VOID CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Abe enters the Champagne Room with two sidecar cocktails. He hands Isaak one of them, then the other to Lev.

ABE
Everything okay?

LEV
I don't know, is it?

ABE
I'm not sure what you mean.

LEV
What was with you at my house?

ABE
Oh, I hope I wasn't rude. My intention was to be a gracious guest.

LEV
Should I be concerned that you're forgetting who the fucking boss is?

ABE
Absolutely not. My life is worth too much now to fuck around with you.

The room laughs, Lev doesn't.

INT. VOID OFFICE - NIGHT

Abe counts money and watches the Champagne Room on the CCTV monitors: *Isaak comes up to Lev and cheers him.*

Lev scolds Isaak about something, then finally drinks: Abe watches Lev's lips purse around the brown sugar rim.

*Lev makes a face, something off with his drink. He tries to stand, but his balance is shaken: he's woozy. After much fighting - **Lev finally collapses onto the banquet.***

Abe looks over at a yellow vial on his desk: the same vial from the opening scene. He takes a deep breath and stands...

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - FORT LAUDERDALE - NIGHT

Abe still standing, now all alone in the middle of the same desolate beach we've seen a couple times.

Abe stares with that patented, eery gaze into the ink-black sky as it touches upon the stark-white beach... a dark figure slowly emerges towards him from the onyx expanse.

ABE
There you are...

The figure somehow gains momentum towards Abe without altering its stride - as if strolling along a moving walkway.

ABE (CONT'D)
I warned you.

As the figure nears Abe, we see it's Roni: clothes burnt, but not a scratch on his actual body or face.

ABE (CONT'D)
Why didn't you listen?

RONI
Look at what you've become.

ABE
Was she worth it? I really miss you.

RONI
I'm so fucking proud.

ABE
I would rather you be here.

RONI
You got friends. You have money --

ABE
I miss you.

RONI
And now, just one final detail before you become --

ABE
I MISS YOU!

Abe's **outcry** halts Roni. Roni's voice disembodies, begins to echo all around Abe.

RONI
Abe...? Abe...?!

ISAAC (O.S.)
Abe? You good?

Abe notices Isaak next to him. Some of Lev's other men flank them - the night sky brighter, the sand darker: Roni gone.

Abe turns to the same bed of gravel Roni burned in, now directly behind Abe. Lev lays in the gravel: tied up and covered in a similar, shimmery substance - slowly waking up.

ABE
 (to Isaak)
 Good.
 (to henchmen)
 All of you. Good job.
 (to Isaak)
 Spray some more on his face.

Isaak does as Abe commands, picks up a canister beside his foot and sprays gasoline on Lev's face.

Lev stirs... his eyes burn as they adjust to his current reality: zip ties on his wrists and ankles, the gravel.

LEV
 What the fuck is going on?!

ABE
 Hi.

LEV
 WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!

ABE
 Emergency meeting.

LEV
 (to Isaak)
 You dumb fuck! You spineless coward.
 I knew you always wanted my --

ABE
 He's been nothing but loyal to you since the beginning. I witnessed this first hand in how extremely difficult it was to get to you. The real problem is you, Lev. You took Isaak's loyalty for granted. I've learned a lot about you since I've arrived at Void. One flaw in your repertoire is that you don't appreciate those who have helped you along the way. You are so self-involved that you are blinded from truly understanding human nature.

LEV

Fuck you!

ABE

There is this entitlement that once you do something nice for someone, they owe you forever. But that's not how it works, we are not the priority for anyone but ourselves. You have to keep taking care of others, if you want them to take care of you.

LEV

Isaak doesn't fucking move unless I instruct him to. You think it was his idea to bring you in?

ABE

I think Isaak realized I would allow him to be the best version of himself. I recognize that the better he does, the better I do. And even with the small amount of power I've sniffed, I've lived up to that notion. I've already doubled Isaak and the guys payments over the past month and that's only going to grow.

(then)

But we've gone completely off subject. Do you know who I am?

LEV

Don't fucking play games with me, you little cunt. I brought you in, I made you part of my family!

Abe takes out Roni's burnt necklace, already wrapped around his neck, and lets it dangle on top of his shirt.

ABE

The only family I had left was my brother, Roni. And you took him away.

Lev recognizes the necklace... his face whitens --

ABE (CONT'D)

That's who I am.

Abe's tone quiet and calm: but the undeniable sinister intent laced within makes even Lev's henchmen shift their weight.

LEV

He wouldn't leave her alone --

ABE

They loved each other. She ensured him she was going to divorce you.

LEV

Bullshit.

ABE

And yet your wife is alive and well in that beautiful mansion while Roni was brutally murdered.

(re: gravel)

Isaak told me how you butchered him. You inspired all this.

LEV

Fuck you.

ABE

(laughs)

Life is cruel... my brother always wanted me to push myself, "to reach my potential" as he would say. He thought that I was too attached to our past. I sort of understood what he was saying, he wanted me to move on, but I didn't want to face it. As awful as our childhood was, there was comfort in taking care of him, the real world was much scarier to me. It was only when you took him away, that it forced me to act upon his wishes. To "spread my wings" if you will. So here I am, reaching that potential he saw in me and yet I can't share it with him. My baby brother.

LEV

Your brother was a piece of shit. You would have done the same thing if you were me.

An anger rises within Abe... but is quickly squashed by a strange calm that washes over: that possessed streak of revenge returns -- **this is business.**

ABE

Unfortunately, I'm not currently in the appropriate headspace to operate within hypotheticals bred in empathy for you.

LEV

Please. Don't hurt my kids. They're innocent in all this.

ABE

Innocent? Innocent like a young man falling in love with a woman who was about to leave her abusive husband?

Abe hops down onto the gravel, takes out a piece of paper and pen from his back pocket.

ABE (CONT'D)

Luckily for your kids, I'm not a monster like their father.

(then)

Sign this.

LEV

For the club?

ABE

Yes. But in a manner, for your kids as well.

(then)

The more money I have, the easier it'll be to ensure that nothing absolutely terrible happens to them.

Lev squirms and struggles to break free of his restraints, but his efforts are futile...

ABE (CONT'D)

It's the last, but arguably most important, decision you'll make during this iteration of life.

Abe maintains a calm, even demeanor despite Lev's manic state. It strangely calms Lev...

LEV

(beat)

Fine.

Abe places a pen in Lev's bound hand, then moves the contract into a position where Lev can sign: he does.

Abe scoots up to the sand, out of the gravel. He hands the contract to Isaak, then takes out a cigarette and lights it.

ABE

Any last words?

LEV
I'll see you in hell.

ABE
You've been to synagogue a lot more
than I, but I'm pretty sure we don't
believe in hell --

LEV
(Hebrew)
Fuck you...

ABE
Are you absolutely certain that you
want those words to be your last?

An undeniable sense of deja-vous overcomes Lev...

LEV
That's what he was trying to tell me.
That you would find me --

Abe tosses the cigarette into Lev's chest - *HE INSTANTLY
ENGULFS IN FLAMES! His **SCREAMS** fill the empty night sky.*

ABE
I gave you that numbing agent a bit
earlier than Roni's... I've been
patient enough with you, it's time
for you to feel some real pain.

*Lev tries to crawl out of the pit, to put himself out - but
he just slips back into the pit, all he can do is **burn alive**.*

*Lev's painful screams get smothered by the growing sounds of
ocean water slapping against the soft, south Florida sand.*

We pan up to Abe's face. His expression blank as the flames
rising off Lev's lifeless flesh reflect upon his cheek.

*We zoom in until Abe's face fills the entire frame - his
indifferent gaze melts into an organic, euphoric smile: a
genuine happiness as if his brother was still alive...*

FADE TO BLACK.