

MAXINE

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. HOTEL POOL - DAY**

It's egg-frying-on-the-sidewalk-hot.

CHILDREN cool off in the pool while their PARENTS seek refuge under cabanas pretending to watch.

A group of TEENAGE GIRLS test the water, it's perfect. But they are much too cute to get in.

THREE ADOLESCENT BOYS hang back watching their every move.

**MARK** (45) looking incredibly conspicuous with his receding hairline and Hawaiian shirt, sits across from **DEALER** (30s) at a table near the deep end of the pool.

MARK

... Couldn't have picked something more subtle?

Dealer, unfazed by the heat, takes a gulp of beer before-

DEALER

You got somethin' against pools?

MARK

Might as well be a spotlight on us.

But nobody is looking.

DEALER

Hey man, you wanted public - This is public.

SCREAMS. Splashes.

Mark nearly knocks over his drink. Turns around just in time to see the last Adolescent Boy get pushed into the water by the Teenage Girls.

DEALER

You gotta relax. Take a Valium or something.

But he doesn't.

Dealer grabs his beer. Gulps it down. Mark goes in for a gulp. Only musters out a big swallow.

Impatient. Dealer drops a bulky envelope on the table.

Mark snatches it up. Tucks it into his jacket. Looks around.  
 Dealer chuckles - nobody gives a shit.

**EXT. ROOFTOP**

A small suitcase hits a thin layer of gravel.

Then **MAXINE BRADSHAW** (30s) kneels beside it.  
 Ponytail tucked through a baseball cap. Composed.  
 The very definition of discipline.

She slips her phone out of her back pocket.

**ON THE PHONE**

Her finger glides across the screen. Swipe right. Tap the  
 bulls eye icon. Seconds later...

The X-Mark application loads. It may look like a dating app  
 but it's not. Only available to a specific network of

Assassins.

X-MARK: Alert message  
*You have a match!*

She taps the message. A profile of a man pops up - it's Mark.  
 He's THE MARK.

Another tap on:  
*Scan for Confirmation*

The camera app loads...

**ROOFTOP**

Maxine pops over the rooftop. Snaps a picture.

X-MARK: Both pictures side by side, a green light rolls  
 across *Match Confirmed*

Maxine glances at her smart watch. It's 2:05 pm.

**EXT. HOTEL POOL**

Mark takes another sip of his drink.

DEALER

So uh... If you aren't gonna count  
 it. We settled up then?

Mark watches the Teenage Girls on the steps of the pool posing for group selfies.

He pulls out a flash drive from his pocket. Tosses it over.

DEALER

This the only copy?

MARK

Yeah man. I need this to be over.

Dealer can't get a good read on him. Slips the drive in his pocket anyway.

**EXT. ROOFTOP**

A sniper rifle is mounted and ready.

Maxine takes position.

**THROUGH THE SCOPE**

Mark's shoulder... then head... then chest.  
Then suddenly he's gone.

**EXT. HOTEL POOL**

Mark walks along the edge of the pool catches eyes with the teenage girls. Gives them a wink.

They sneer as only girls that age can. Dealer sneaks up.

DEALER

Real smooth, asshole.

Keeps walking.

Mark pulls out the envelope. Fingers the cash.

Gives the Teenagers another smile. Gets the middle finger back in return.

**EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP**

Maxine positions her scope. Steadies.  
Pulls the trigger.

**EXT. HOTEL POOL**

Mark grabs his chest.  
Loses balance.  
Stumbles into the pool.  
Dead before he hits the water.

The teenage girls laugh until blood mixes in.

They scream. Scramble out.

Everyone screams. Chaos.

- A WOMAN swoops her TODDLER out of the water.
- A MAN grabs his drink. Takes cover behind a table.
- THREE HOTEL SECURITY GUARDS rush over.
- SECURITY GUARD ONE slips on the wet deck.
- SECURITY GUARD TWO screams.
- The three adolescent boys spot the floating hundred dollar bills. Jump in to collect the cash.
- SECURITY GUARD THREE eyeballs the Mark. The blood. Then hurls into the bushes.

**INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR**

Quiet.  
Alone.  
No ball cap.  
No ponytail.

X-MARK: Mark's headshot.  
Finger swipes left.  
*Expired*

She tucks her hat into her suitcase.

Deep Breath in... Deep breath out.  
Deep Breath in... Deep breath out.

The doors slide open. Fire alarm BLARES.

She steps into the crowd of PANICKED GUESTS being ushered out by the unprepared HOTEL STAFF.

Glances at her watch. It's 2:22 p.m.

**EXT. HOTEL**

Maxine spots her Uber. Approaches the car. The **UBER DRIVER 1** rolls down the window.

UBER DRIVER 1  
Sarah?

MAXINE  
That's me.

He moves to help with the suitcase.

MAXINE  
It's okay. I'll slide it back here.

**INT. UBER**

UBER DRIVER 1  
What's going on?

Clicks on her seatbelt.

MAXINE  
Fire drill.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER**

The Uber door slams shut... Takes off.

Maxine walks down the aisles. Stops at a Tesla.

The trunk POPS open. She plops in the suitcase.

An AMERICAN ESKIMO (ZOEY), crawls out from under the car.

The driver's side door opens. Zoey jumps inside. Maxine follows.

**INT. TESLA - MOMENTS LATER**

The dash screen lights up - incoming call.

Zoey hops into the backseat.

DASHBOARD SCREEN: *Caller ID*  
*CJ Walker*

She pushes the *Answer* button.