

APPARENTLY NOT

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

The cross hairs of a SNIPER SCOPE follow a well-dressed BUSINESSMAN on the street below.

Nearby, a YOUNG BOY smiles as he taunts his LITTLE SISTER, dangling a STUFFED RABBIT just out of her reach.

ISABEL (late 30's) clutches the silenced rifle. She focuses on her breathing, steadies her trembling hands.

She closes her eyes and KISSES the rifle. She opens her eyes, locks onto her target.

FRANK (O.S.)
I've gotta admit, Isabel-

Startled, Isabel squeezes the trigger. The shot goes wide.

The stuffed rabbit EXPLODES in a puff of fabric and cotton. The boy's smile vanishes.

Isabel's target disappears into a shop, oblivious.

Isabel turns to see FRANK (late 40's), his 9MM SERVICE PISTOL trained on her.

FRANK
I'm a little jealous.

Isabel gets to her feet, raises her hands over her head.

ISABEL
So what now?

FRANK
You go to jail. I go back to my stack of open cases.

Isabel turns on the flirt.

ISABEL
So you want to see other people? Is that it?

FRANK
(flustered)
No. I mean, yes. I mean-

Isabel steps closer.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

You sure you don't want to just let me go?

FRANK

Twenty-two years on the force, and I've never let a perp off the hook. I'm not about to start now.

She dons a look a mock disappointment.

ISABEL

We had a good run, didn't we? I was getting ready to move on anyway.

FRANK

To see other people?

ISABEL

Early retirement.

She steps closer to Frank, brushes the barrel of his 9mm with her breast. She lowers her hands.

ISABEL

You gonna shoot me, Frank?

Frank doesn't answer. The barrel drifts down.

Isabel spins into Frank so they're facing the same direction. She wrests the gun from his grip with one hand as she produces a BERETTA M9 9MM PISTOL from her waistband.

She spins back around, training both pistols on Frank.

FRANK

Apparently not.

Isabel inches away from Frank. She packs her rifle and the Beretta in a duffel bag, never lowering Frank's pistol.

ISABEL

I don't want to hurt you, Frank. After I do this, you'll never see me again.

FRANK

I know.

The tinge of regret in his voice makes her hesitate, but only for a moment.

She tosses Frank's pistol over the edge, into the alley, then disappears into the stairwell.

Frank doesn't give chase.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Frank stares at a wall of PHOTOS, X'ed out faces connected via a spiderweb of yarn. Two photos stand out, exceptions:

Isabel and the businessman. No X'es, no yarn.

Frank's partner, DETECTIVE HAMER (early 40's), nurses her coffee.

HAMER

She overpowered you?

FRANK

She's very fast.

HAMER

I've never had that problem. Wish I could have said the same about my last boyfriend.

FRANK

Mind out of the gutter, Hamer.

Frank nods toward the wall of photos.

FRANK

What am I missing?

Hamer moves between Frank and the photos.

HAMER

It's obvious.

(points to Isabel's target)

Russian gangster.

(points to Isabel)

Jilted ex-lover.

Frank gives Hamer a dismissive look.

HAMER

She goes after the guy in broad daylight, in public, with military grade equipment. This isn't about money, Frank. You show me a chick that pissed who says it's not about love, I'll show you a liar.

Frank pulls Isabel's photo from the wall. He stares into Isabel's eyes as Hamer's words sink in.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Isabel holds a photo of Frank in her hand. She stares into his eyes.

Isabel sticks a PUSHPIN through Frank's forehead. She hangs the photo on the wall, connecting it to her own spiderweb of X'ed out faces.

She smolders at the only other photo without an X, that of her Russian gangster.

SAM (O.S.)
Give it a rest, will you?

Isabel smiles.

ISABEL
Soon enough, Sam. Soon enough.

Isabel turns and walks to the room's only bed.

SAM (late 30's) sits shirtless on the edge of the bed, following her with his eyes. His torso is wrapped in a BLOODIED BANDAGE.

SAM
Do you still kiss your gun?

Isabel nods.

SAM
Don't you think that's a bit phallic?

ISABEL
Absolutely. Does it turn you on?

SAM
Absolutely.

Isabel slips by Sam and goes to her duffel bag instead. She pulls out her Beretta and begins cleaning it.

SAM
The Beretta? Seriously?

ISABEL
What's wrong with the Beretta?

SAM
It makes your butt look big.

She feigns insulted, but it's a familiar game.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

My butt makes my butt look big.
Besides, it's a good gun. Keeps me
one step ahead of people like Fra-
Detective Temple.

Uncomfortable silence.

SAM

He let you get away.

ISABEL

Right. Poor, defenseless little
Isabel, can't get away from the big
bad detective unless he lets her.

More silence. Neither one wants the tension.

SAM

I still say the Beretta makes your
butt look big.

Isabel tries not to laugh, but she can't help it.

SAM

I don't want to see you get hurt,
Isabel.

ISABEL

I didn't want to see you get hurt,
Sam. Sometimes we don't have a
choice.

SAM

We always have a choice. Call him.
Let him try to talk you out of
doing this.

ISABEL

And if he can't change my mind,
will you let it go?

SAM

You're a big girl, Isabel. Your
choices are your own.

Isabel picks up her cell phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Frank sticks Isabel's photo back on the wall. His cell phone rings.

ISABEL (O.S.)
Bryant Park, tomorrow morning, ten
am. Come alone.

She hangs up. Frank stares at his phone, incredulous.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - DAY

Frank meanders through the park, looking for Isabel. She's nowhere to be seen.

His phone rings. He stops, looks around, answers the phone.

FRANK
Isabel?

ISABEL (O.S.)
Hey, Frank. Long time, no see.

FRANK
You could have called me at home.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Isabel has her rifle trained on Frank, following him through the scope. She speaks into a hands-free headset.

ISABEL
A little fresh air never hurt
anyone.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - DAY

Frank scans the nearby buildings. He knows she's up there, watching him, but he can't find her.

FRANK
You wanted to talk?

ISABEL (O.S.)
I want to put a bullet in
Privalov's brain. Sam wants you to
talk me out of it.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Who's Sam?

ISABEL (O.S.)

Doesn't matter. So talk me out of
it.

Frank's caught off guard. He considers his next words.

FRANK

I don't think you killed those men,
Isabel. Any of them. Am I right?

ISABEL (O.S.)

Ask your friends down at the
station.

FRANK

I'm asking you.

Silence.

FRANK

Talk to me, Isabel. Why are you
doing this?

ISABEL (O.S.)

Take your shirt off.

FRANK

Excuse me?

Nearby, the young boy from the day before swipes a BALLOON
out of his younger sister's hand. He smiles, taunting her.

Isabel's bullet POPS the balloon. The boy's smile vanishes.

ISABEL (O.S.)

Your shirt.

Frank removes his shirt.

ISABEL (O.S.)

Now your pants.

FRANK

Isabel, I don't think-

ISABEL (O.S.)

We're all out balloons, Frank. What
do you want me to shoot next?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Okay, okay.

Frank slips off his pants.

ISABEL (O.S.)

You want to know why I'm doing
this?

Frank tries to ignore the stares of mothers as they pass by,
covering their children's eyes.

FRANK

I'd love to.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Tears roll down Isabel's cheeks. She keeps the rifle trained
on Frank.

ISABEL

That feeling you have right now,
standing alone and naked in a crowd
of strangers. Imagine feeling like
that every day, everywhere you go.
It hurts, Frank. Privalov needs to
stop hurting people. He needs to
pay for what he's done.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - DAY

Frank catches a GLINT of something high up on one of the
nearby rooftops. He looks in that direction.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Isabel doesn't look away as Frank stares right at her.

FRANK (O.S.)

Tell me what he's done. File
charges. I'll bring him in myself,
I promise you. You're not alone.

She sniffs, looks away, looks back.

ISABEL

Frank...

EXT. BRYANT PARK - DAY

Frank relaxes. He's finally getting through to her.

FRANK

Yeah?

ISABEL (O.S.)

Cute boxers.

The phone goes dead.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Frank paces in front of the wall of photos, going through Isabel's FILE. Whatever he's looking for, he can't find it.

He THROWS the file down in frustration.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Isabel throws a COCKTAIL DRESS on the bed. She slips out of her clothes, into her lingerie.

Sam covers his eyes, but makes a show of peeking between his fingers.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Frank's eyes go over a series of folders and photos laid out on the table before him.

He picks up one folder, skims the contents, replaces it. He repeats the process with another folder.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Isabel's eyes go over the assortment of weapons laid out on the bed before her.

She picks up a SHOTGUN. She looks at Sam, sitting in a nearby chair. He shakes his head.

She replaces the shotgun, picks up a SNUB NOSE REVOLVER.

Sam nods his approval.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Frank picks up the last file, skims it. His eyes LIGHT UP. He turns back a couple of pages, his excitement palpable.

He hurries to the computer and pounds on the keys. Comprehension settles in.

He grabs his jacket and slips it on.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Isabel slips on her cocktail dress and zips it up. She tucks the snub nose revolver into her garter belt.

She looks to Sam.

SAM

Stunning.

Isabel blushes.

EXT. UNION SQUARE BALLROOM - NIGHT

Expensive cars and limos roll up in front of the ballroom, depositing party goers dressed in their finest clothes.

Isabel stands in the shadows, watching. Then she sees him.

Privalov.

Her target disappears into the ballroom, surrounded by an entourage.

Isabel melds into a small crowd of party goers and follows them inside.

INT. UNION SQUARE BALLROOM - NIGHT

Indie lo-fi music fills the air. The lights are low, and everyone laughs over a drink.

Everyone except Isabel.

Isabel stands at the bar, watching her prey with infinite patience.

Time passes.

Privalov stands, excuses himself, and makes his way toward the restrooms.

Isabel follows.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Privalov sits on the toilet, his pants around his ankles.

Isabel KICKS the stall door in.

PRIVALOV
What the hell?

Isabel points her revolver at his face.

PRIVALOV
Who are you?

ISABEL
Isabel. Isabel Allen.

Nothing.

ISABEL
Sam's wife.

Understanding crosses Privalov's face, shifts to terror.

PRIVALOV
Please. I have money. Name your
price.

Isabel bites back her anger. She cocks the revolver.

Behind her, the CLICK of another gun being cocked. She turns.

FRANK (O.S.)
Put the gun down, Isabel.

Isabel turns. Frank has his pistol trained on her. Torn, she turns her own gun on Frank.

FRANK
You don't want this.

ISABEL
I want justice.

FRANK
This isn't justice. This is murder.

Privalov moves to pull his pants up. Isabel spins, points her gun at Privalov. His hands go up, his pants go down.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

Tell him.

Privalov refuses to meet her gaze.

ISABEL

Tell him! Tell him what you did.

PRIVALOV

He was killing my men. What was I supposed to do?

Isabel turns to face Frank. Sam stands behind Frank, shirtless, his torso still bandaged.

FRANK

Isabel...

SAM

Iz...

No one can see Sam but Isabel. Tears well up in her eyes.

ISABEL

You killed him. You killed my Sam.

Isabel turns to face Frank, her gun still trained on Privalov.

ISABEL

Where's the justice in that, Frank? You heard him. He's got money. He'll get a good lawyer, he'll pay off the right people, and he'll walk. He'll go right back to hurting people, unless I stop him.

She turns back to face Privalov.

ISABEL

You gonna shoot me, Frank?

Frank considers, then lowers his gun.

FRANK

Apparently not.

Isabel catches her breath. Not the answer she was expecting.

She steadies herself, steps closer, places her gun against Privalov's forehead.

FRANK

You're a big girl, Isabel. Your choices are your own.

(CONTINUED)

Isabel freezes. Frank's voice, Sam's words.
She turns to face Frank, points her gun at him.

ISABEL
On the roof, you let me go.

Frank doesn't answer. He doesn't have to.

ISABEL
Why?

Sam appears behind Isabel, whispers in her ear.

SAM
Why do you think?

Frank steps toward Isabel, presses his chest against the barrel of the gun.

FRANK
I don't want you to go.

Frank and Isabel stare into each other's eyes. Isabel lowers her gun.

Frank places his free hand behind Isabel's neck and pulls her into a passionate KISS.

Privalov reaches down to pull up his pants.

Still kissing, Frank and Isabel turn as one, pointing their guns at Privalov.

Privalov drops his pants, raises his hands, sighs.

Frank pulls away from Isabel. He reaches into his jacket, produces a pair of HANDCUFFS.

Frank handcuffs Privalov to the toilet.

Frank turns to face Isabel.

Isabel looks toward Sam.

Sam nods his approval.

Isabel walks to the trash can, throws away her gun. Frank does the same.

Frank extends his hand.

FRANK
Early retirement?

Isabel accepts Frank's hand.

Sam smiles, fades away.

Frank pulls out his phone, punches in a number.

FRANK
Hamer? Frank. I need you to send a
squad car to the Union Square
Ballroom.

Frank and Isabel leave the restroom, hand-in-hand.

Privalov sits alone in the empty restroom, handcuffed to the
toilet. The broken stall door hangs ajar.

The restroom door opens. The young taunter walks in.

Privalov looks up, considers an explanation. He hangs his
head in shame instead.

The young boy points at Privalov and smiles.

FADE TO BLACK