

~~The Anchor continues to read out names in the background.~~

14

INT. LIVING ROOM, KOVACIC MANSION - DAY - LATER

14

Vivienne is catching her breath on the couch. She is sweating. Her hair is in a mess. Ivan is touching Vivienne's feet apologetically. He has a bruise on his temple.

IVAN

Mommy, I didn't mean to hurt him. I just cannot control myself sometimes.

Vivienne looks at Ivan, disgusted. She playfully caresses his hair.

VIVIENNE

I think you're singlehandedly the worst mistake I've ever made. I blame myself really. I shat. That's what I did. I took a massive, stinky shit and *voila*, I have...you - my shitty masterpiece.

Vivienne shakes her head in disappointment. She takes out a cigarette from a gold-plated case; lights it up and takes a couple of puffs.

Ivan looks poker-faced. His eyes are moist with tears.

IVAN

I beg of you, mommy. Give me one last chance.

Vivienne laughs. Ivan stands up intently.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I'm serious. I'll give up drinking. I'll stop with the coke. All of it. One last chance. That's all I ask.

Vivienne meets his eye. She unzips her purse, and takes out a polaroid photo of MARK HALL (41, WHITE, SKINNY). He hands the picture to Ivan, who looks at it like a lost puppy.

VIVIENNE

That's Mark Hall. He's a Nobel Prize nominee this year. Quantum Physics. What's your IQ, Ivy?

IVAN

(surprised)

Huh?

Vivienne shakes her head, frustrated.

VIVIENNE

My point exactly. So, this guy is smart as hell. He has an IQ of 180. That's smart. Very smart. Something your empty skull won't be able to comprehend.

Ivan sulks miserably, avoiding eye contact with Vivienne.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Mark here likes his electronic music. DJ Mock, his favorite, will be performing at the Capital One Arena tonight. Mark WILL be present.

Vivienne pulls in closer to Ivan.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Abduct him. Bring him to me, UNHARMED. There's an Etorphine syringe in the *Tesla's* glove compartment. Use it.

Ivan nods frantically. He's sweating.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Will you fuck this up?

IVAN

No, Mommy.

VIVIENNE

(affirmatively)

WILL YOU FUCK THIS UP?

IVAN

NO, MOMMY!

Vivienne scans Ivan. She closes her eyes, then looks at Ivan, who stares back at her intensely.

VIVIENNE

Good boy.

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~~INT. BAR, DJ MOCK'S CONCERT - NIGHT - LATER~~

15

~~A regular Joe's bar, bustling with people. There are couples making out with each other. Some are drinking. The rest are deep in conversation. There's a bartender filling beer in a glass in front of Mark.~~