

THE DEAL

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bits of dust float in the air, illuminated by rays of sunlight cutting through broken windows.

CREAK. A large door opens with a groan of rusted metal. LEXI PARKS, 38, female leader of the RED SPARKS GANG, enters wearing a necklace of pearls over a red velvet coat. SLICK and MACE, her loyal bodyguards, stand waiting on either side.

A scrappy-looking salesperson steps forward, welcoming them with raised arms.

SCOOTER

Ladies! Gentlemen! Connoisseurs of luck and luxury! Welcome-

LEXI

Skip the speech. The dust is ruining my coat.

She flicks a white-gloved finger across the shoulder of her red velvet coat.

SLICK

You said you had something worth our time.

SCOOTER

Something? Buddy, I got *the* something.

Scooter slaps a scuffed briefcase on a table, pops the latches, and spins it around. Lexi steps closer, plucks out a slip of paper, eyes narrowing.

LEXI

Is this a joke?

SCOOTER

An opportunity.

Mace holds out a hand to Lexi. She hands him the paper. He reads it.

MACE

Temporary daytime parking permit.
Expired.

LEXI
Slick.

SLICK
Yes ma'am?

LEXI
Hand me your gun.

Slick reaches inside his jacket. Scooter raises hands defensively.

SCOOTER
Whoa! Hold on! Let me explain!

LEXI
Twenty seconds.

SCOOTER
You like numbers? Here's one.
Seventy-six percent of all heists
fail during the getaway.

Lexi crosses her arms.

LEXI
Go on.

SCOOTER
The perfect plan. Meticulous
preparation. Flawless execution.
They don't matter. Why?

Scooter lifts up a hand, counting up with each finger.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
Closer car, quicker exit, and no
headaches. That's the getaway
dream, folks.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)
These aren't just slips of paper.
They're golden tickets. No more
tight alleys and back doors. Just
prime parking that guarantees
you're halfway home before they
even find the door.

Lexi ponders in a moment of silence.

LEXI
What's the catch?

Slick relaxes his grip on his weapon.

SCOOTER

As you can see, my operation
needs... upgrades.

SCOOTER (CONT'D)

I can crank these out by the
thousands. Valid authentication
codes. Official seals. Perfect
replicas.

LEXI

Hmm.

Lexi starts to walk away, thinking.

SCOOTER

We could even get you to the
Citadel's front door. And with a
little investment? Everyone in this
city will be lining up at yours.

That stops her. She turns.

LEXI

How much?