

R-Squared  
by  
Alverne Ball

Based on the Quality Quill comic book "R-Squared"

Alverne Ball  
Alverneball@sbcglobal.net  
773-744-5356

FADE IN:

EXT. A CROWDED DOWNTOWN AREA

People are mulling about to and fro, they are busy trying to get to their respected jobs.

A dark limousine pulls up to the curb of a high-rise building, the driver exits the limousine, rounds the car, and opens the door to the car. Out steps MARIO PATEL, he is wearing an expensive suit, along with a gold pinky ring. Your usual organized crime boss. Patel is on a cell phone.

PATEL

You listen to me you sonofabitch.  
Either I get those contracts or  
there's going to be a new seat in  
city counsel.

Patel walks past a group of casual workers into the building. He continues to talk on the phone.

PATEL

I don't want to hear excuses. I  
only want to see progress. Is that  
clear?

Patel hits the button for the elevator. Standing next to Patel as he waits is a very beautiful brunette woman in a business suit. Patel eyes the woman taking her in very slowly.

PATEL

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'll call ya  
back and when I do, I expect those  
contracts.

Patel and the woman both enter the elevator, they push different floor numbers.

PATEL

Twentieth floor huh? You know, I  
own the whole twentieth floor. The  
names Mario Patel. What's yours  
sweetheart?

WOMAN

(silent)

PATEL  
 Silent treatment huh? That's OK,  
 by tomorrow I'll own the twentieth  
 floor and you'll be begging me to  
 know your name.

The woman steps off the elevator without even giving PATEL another look.

PATEL  
 Nice to meet you too. Ya dumb  
 broad.

Patel exits on the twenty-fifth floor. A huge sign on the wall reads PATEL'S CONSTRUCTION. Patel walks into an office, sitting in a chair behind a desk is a voluptuous woman. Patel walks past the secretary into his office as he spouts out orders.

SECRETARY  
 Good morning Mr. Patel.

PATEL  
 Morning Vanessa. Find out who owns  
 the twentieth floor. I want it  
 bought by lunch time.

SECRETARY  
 Yes Mr. Patel.

EXT.

Outside, somewhere amongst the crowd of people. CROSS, the main character is standing. The shot focus' on the bottom portion of Cross' mouth as he talks on a cell phone.

CROSS  
 Dial Patel.

INT. PATEL CONSTRUCTION

the receptionist is answering the ringing phone.

SECRETARY  
 Patel's Construction, how may help  
 you?

(PAUSE)  
 One moment please.

The secretary buzzes Mario Patel's phone.

PATEL  
 (voice from phone)  
 Yeah what is it?

SECRETARY  
 Sir. You have a call on line one.

PATEL  
 (voice from phone)  
 Is it my wife?

SECRETARY  
 No sir.

PATEL  
 (voice from phone)  
 Thank God. I'll take it in a  
 second.

INT.

Inside Patel's personal office. Patel has picked up the phone. He is sitting at his desk with a cigar in mouth

PATEL  
 Patel here. Who's this?

The shot splits to reveal the same close up of Cross talking on the phone. Patel gets agitated by the caller and jumps up out of his seat.

CROSS  
 Mr. Patel

PATEL  
 Yeah. Who's this?

CROSS  
 The syndicate has optioned to black  
 ball you from it's ranks.

PATEL  
 Like hell They have. I am the  
 commission.

CROSS  
 Not any more Mr. Patel.

Cross pushes the end button on his phone.

Patel's personal office explodes.

A crowd of people scatter as shards of glass and metal fall to the ground. As the crowd scatters, a lone figure in black stands with his head slightly down as he returns his phone to his inside coat pocket, right before he walks away.

FADE OUT: ENTER THE SCREEN CREDITS AND TITLE.

FADE IN:

INT. PATEL'S DEMOLISHED OFFICE.

The office is crawling with police officers and forensic specialists. In a nearby corner, the secretary is being questioned by an officer. Out of the gray filled hallways of the office building steps DETECTIVE WILLIAMS. He is wearing a light brown trench coat, along with a stub of a cigar in his mouth.

WILLIAMS

Damn. Who opened the can of whoop-ass?

Williams walks over to the officer questioning the secretary. He eyes the officer right before calling him out of his routine questioning.

WILLIAMS

Excuse me officer, could ya come over here for a second?

OFFICER BYRD

Be right there detective.

Williams eyes the officer's badge, then continues on with his questioning.

WILLIAMS

(whispering)

Ummm, Officer Byrd is it? Don't ya think it would be much more easier to question the witness somewhere other than the crime scene?

OFFICER BYRD

Yeah. I'll get right on it, sir.

The secretary is sitting right across from Patel's demolished office when the plastic that's covering the doorway falls. Blood and human flesh are scattered about the demolished office. A loud scream pierces the smoke filled air.