

He turns it over again and the car rumbles to life.

He puts the car in gear, and grimaces as a torrent of freezing air rushes in the broken window as he drives off, the shattered glass on the passenger seat evidence.

PARKER
Cocksuckers!

Gritting his teeth in cold and anger, he cranks the heat up.

13

INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

13

Small and local watering hole littered with a few REGULARS chomping cashews, throwing drinks back and glancing at the game on the tube. A CD Jukebox rattles some minimalist jazz music in the background.

Parker, perched over the bar. He's alone, nominally watching the game; really, trying to let the toll of the job recede.

PARKER
The ghost of Jordan would be better
than we got.

He finishes his last gulp of whiskey. GARY, 50's, the bartender, refills his drink by reflex.

GARY
You're not wrong about that, Champ.

PARKER
We ever gonna get good again?

GARY
I mean, maybe....hopefully Hell
don't freeze over first.

Parker nods. It's true about the team. And other things as well.

A WOMAN (we will later know as COREY) wearing a worn-in cardigan, plunks herself down at the end of the bar and spills her purse out for all to see as she begins rifling to find a packet of cigarettes.

Parker observes out of the corner of his eye. He is about to say something, but a MAN sits down next to her.

GARY (CONT'D)
You know Parker there are some
women who love you for yourself.
That never really lasts either.

PARKER

You're talking to one of the few
guys who didn't improve his
situation by getting divorced.

GARY

Amen to that.

14 EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 14

In this middle class neighborhood, the streets decidedly nicer than anywhere we've seen thus far, Parker pulls up across the street from a modest brownstone.

15 INT/EXT. PARKER'S CAR - MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 15

He stares at a single upstairs window, illuminated. Bebop Jazz music can be faintly heard. His mood is tense as he fidgets with a bar straw he taps in his hand.

Looking up, he sees an adjacent building where an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN is walking through a room carrying a wine glass. Parker's gaze follows her until a MAN appears behind her and they disappear from view.

He takes a swig from his flask. Pops the glove box. Pulls his Glock. Tucks it in his waistband. Goes to flip his shirt to conceal it. But this time it just lands on top.

He gets out. Leans against his still running car. Clearly not sober. He stares daggers up at the illuminated window, he was first fixated on where -

POV

A MAN, 60's, gray shaggy hair (we will later know as MARCUS), reads a book.

16 INT/EXT. MARCUS' BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 16

From up here, behind the man, Parker is visible down on the street, stewing, the distinctive clacking of his car engine just audible.

Parker takes two steps towards the brownstone. Stops in the middle of the street.

The man doesn't notice him as he reads.