

FLIGHT TO SOUTH COVE

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EXT. MIAMI STREET - DAY

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Duan FERNANDEZ (40), a muscular, Cuban hardened criminal dodges along the street in a grey tracksuit and a baseball cap, low over his eyes.

He stops at a crowded pedestrian crossing.

He drums his fingers on the large bag slung over his shoulder.

The lights change and Fernandez unslings the bag and steps off the curb amid a sea of pedestrians.

In the middle of the road, Fernandez passes the bag to a burly man, who walks in the opposite direction.

The burly man passes a small package to Fernandez and slings the bag over his shoulder.

Both walk on.

A young couple loiter in the middle of the road, watching the exchange.

The male runs after Fernandez and tackles him to the road.

The package in Fernandez hand falls amongst many feet.

The slightly built female grabs the burly man's arm and flashes a badge.

He drops the bag, pushes the female agent over, and bolts into the milling crowd.

As Fernandez and the male struggle on the road, two unmarked black cars SCREECH to a halt inches from the tangled bodies.

Guns drawn, four men in black FBI jackets spring out and two jump on Fernandez, kneeling on him.

Pedestrians scatter and watch as the girl collects the bag.

Traffic clogs the intersection and TOOT as Fernandez is hauled to his feet, handcuffed.

INT. LEGAL OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

LINDA SPARINGTON (33), a petite, sandy-haired lawyer in a suit, talks on the telephone in a posh office.

The New York skyline fills the window behind.

BOBBY SPARINGTON, walks into the office.

He is about forty, a lawyer in a dark suit, short and sinewy with close-set eyes make him look weasel-like.

Linda, who is on the phone, looks up at him.

LINDA  
(into phone)  
I've got to go.

Linda hangs up and walks around her desk to face him.

BOBBY  
What do you want?

LINDA  
We need to talk.

Bobby studies his gold Rolex watch.

BOBBY  
I have to get to court.

LINDA  
Why are you giving me Finance files  
...from Florida?

Bobby turns and heads for the door.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Bobby!

Linda's secretary, ALISON (25), tall and pretty, looks up from her desk outside the door.

Linda follows him as he stops and turns.

BOBBY  
Just handle them.

LINDA  
(smiles)  
I can up-skill myself. Then I may  
make partner, before you.

BOBBY  
(sarcastic)  
Great.

Linda takes Bobby's arm and tries to pull him in close.

He shakes her off and turns for the door.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
(condescending)  
We'll talk tonight, maybe.

Linda watches Bobby stalk past Alison, who watches Linda.

Alison enters Linda's office.

ALISON  
You okay?

LINDA  
Sure.

Linda faces the skyline.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
He's hiding something.