

CRIME SPREE MAYHEM

Written by

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Based on the novel *Crime Spree Mayhem*, by Anthony Michael Perri

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**INT. IMPERIAL TOKYO HOTEL / ROOM 604 / TOKYO CITY - NIGHT**

We find ourselves inside of a hotel room that is being unsystematically torn apart. A broken mirror and shards of glass sticking out of the carpet. Holes in the walls. The TELEVISOR is pried open and its multicoloured wires are exposed.

In the middle of the room is the perpetrator of said destruction. Standing over 6 feet tall, wearing black leather boots with oversized rubber soles and blood-stained gauze wrapped round his knuckles, is **BOBBY CONSTANCE**, CRIMINAL ROCKSTAR. A giant BLONDE BOWLCUT adorns the top of his head.

There's a knock at the door. Bobby's eyes narrow. As he pulls out his BERETTA 92FS he flips the switch on the wall and the lights go out.

Tones of burnt-orange pour through the peep-hole. A shadow flits by. Bobby vaults through the room, and with a finger lifts a slat of the venetian blinds covering the windows.

**FROM BOBBY'S PERSPECTIVE**

It is snowing lightly in Tokyo City. Bobby's HONDA NSX is parked on the side of the street. Directly in front of it is a SILVIA S12. In the front seats of the Silvia are two indistinguishable figures, and as we focus in on them we see what looks like the glare cast from a MOBULAR lens.

**ON BOBBY**

Bobby hops onto the bed and pulls out his own MOBULAR DEVICE and a napkin, emblazoned with the logo of the Imperial Hotel Bar on one side and a number messily scribbled across the reverse. Bobby punches the number into his mobular.

Silence. And then, a single ring, followed by a click. Then the stillness of air coming through static. There is someone on the other end, we can hear their breathing.

BURLY MAN (O.S.)

Room service!

The voice comes from the door. It's the voice of a BURLY MAN.

BURLY MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is anyone there? I'm coming in for room service!

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)

What do you want?

A rattled, smokey voice, coming through hoarse like a whisper.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
Give me a second. They know I'm  
here.

Bobby shuts off the bedside lamp. The room is engulfed in darkness. We hear the sound of the keycard entering and the machinations of the door unlocking and then opening. There is a moment of silence, and then...

Shots ring out, each blast filling the room with a monochromatic flash, each instance of light lasting for a tenth of a second and each one accompanied by a deafening blast. Then silence, again.

The bedside lamp is flicked back on. Bobby lies unfazed on the bed, his gun resting in his hand, and on the floor is a man with a moustache and three holes in his shirt-front and blood pouring out of them. He is DEAD.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
Is it over?

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
Not yet. There's more outside.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
And the package?

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
Looking for it.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
Shouldn't be hard to find.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
It'd help if I knew what it looked  
like.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
(pause)  
Didn't they brief you?

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
Yea, they briefed me. Imperial  
Tokyo Hotel. Room 604.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
That's all?

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
It was brief.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
For god's sake...

As they speak, the door to the bathroom opens. A YOUNG GIRL, not above 11 or 12, steps into the hotel room. She wears a cream-coloured gown and has long blond hair that reaches down to her thighs, and is rubbing her eye with the ball of her hand as though she's just woken from a nap. She looks up at Bobby.

YOUNG GIRL  
Who are you?

Then she notices the body of the man on the floor.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)  
Is he dead?

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
Call me when you're at the airport.

He hangs up and we hear the drone of the mobular dial tone.

2 **EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE IMPERIAL TOKYO HOTEL / TOKYO CITY - NIGHT**

Bobby is hailing for a taxi. He's not happy to leave his NSX behind, and we see the displeasure on his face, but the girl complicates things.

A taxi stops and he steps in and the girls follows.

3 **INT. INSIDE OF A DATSUN SUNNY B210 / TOKYO CITY - NIGHT**

The taxi is an older model, a DATSUN SUNNY B210, beat up and dented. The TAXI DRIVER is even older than the car itself, and looks back suspiciously at his fare through the rear-view mirror as the young girl in the blood-stained gown pelts the rebellious-looking man with strange questions for this time of the night.

YOUNG GIRL  
So are you going to tell me who you are? Or where we're going?

Bobby ignores her. The girl huffs and sits back, crossing her arms. She looks at Bobby and rolls her eyes.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)  
(with a hint of sarcasm)  
You must be what they call the strong and silent type. I'm impressed.

She extends a small hand.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)  
My name's Emelia.

Bobby doesn't seem to care. EMELIA sighs with resigned finality and turns her attention to the view available through the windows.

EMELIA  
Where in the world are we? What a strange city...

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
(confused)  
Don't you remember how you got here?

Emelia scrunches up her face and purses her lips.

EMELIA  
No! I can't remember a thing!

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
(pause)  
What's the last thing you remember?

EMELIA  
(thinking)  
...I was on vacation with Mommy and Daddy. We had taken the boat...That's right. We stopped off at an island. Daddy wanted to do some fishing. My Daddy loves fishing. He goes every weekend, if Mommy lets him...but that didn't happen...and I can't remember why...ow!

Emelia cups her head in her hands.

EMELIA (CONT'D)  
My head hurts...I don't feel good...

She turns to Bobby and begins hitting him with her small fists.

EMELIA (CONT'D)  
Where are you taking me!

Bobby takes out a cigarette and lights it. He rolls the window down.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
 (looking out the window)  
 Back to your mommy and daddy, I  
 imagine.

EMELIA  
 What's that supposed to mean? Don't  
 you know where we're going?

TAXI DRIVER  
 (in a Japanese accent)  
 No smoking!

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
 This was a last minute job. All I  
 know is we're headed to the  
 airport. From there we're flying to  
 Reykjavik. That's where you're  
 from, right?

EMELIA  
 That's right! Oh, that's so good!  
 That means I'll see Mommy and Daddy  
 again...

Emelia sits back with a smile. But despite the good news her face is suddenly possessed by a look of pure terror. Afraid she is going to have some sort of attack, Bobby grabs her by the arms and makes to shake her to her senses. But just as suddenly as the look of terror came over her it is washed away by an expression of vacancy. As Bobby lets go of her wrists he notices the RED LIGATURE MARKS across them, as though they had recently been bound together.

Disgusted, Bobby looks out through the windows of the Datsun.

#### **ON THE CITY**

To his right, a deep neon glow emanating from between the concrete towers of Shibuya City.

#### **ON THE WATERS**

To his left, the Bay of Tokyo, the waters black and still.

#### **ON THE STREET**

The streets are mostly empty, it is just after 3AM. Streetlamps pass by in temporally exact repetition. The taxi is fast approaching a tunnel, a rectangular hole cut in the concrete, amber lights dotted up in the corners of the ceiling, when suddenly...

The Silvia S12 we saw parked out front of the Imperial Hotel rear-ends the Datsun.

**INSIDE THE DATSUN**

Emelia screams. The taxi driver is about to get out, but Bobby pushes him back into his seat just as the occupants of the Silvia start spraying their SPECTRE M4s in his general direction.

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**INT. A CURVING TUNNEL / TOKYO CITY - NIGHT**

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
(to the taxi driver)  
Just drive.

Bobby says it as he pulls out his MINEBEA PM-9.

**IN THE TUNNEL**

The roar of the engines resounding in the tunnel. The tires screeching across the pavement. Then, the noise of a horn sounding.

**IN THE DATSUN**

The taxi driver has been shot and his head is pressing against the steering wheel, the dead weight of his foot full throttle on the accelerator

Bobby presses Emelia into the front seats.

BOBBY CONSTANCE (CONT'D)  
Can you hold the wheel?

EMELIA  
I don't know how to drive!

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
(distracted)  
Pretend it's a game.

Bobby manually cranks down the window, places a hand on the roof and pulls himself out bodily through the portal, coming to sit on the ledge of the door, his Minebea pointed back at the approaching Silvia.

**ON BOBBY**

We see Bobby from a fixed perspective, extending out from the fender of the Datsun and looking up as Bobby's blonde bowlcut rushes over his face as they race through the tunnel. Bobby shoots his Minebea.

**ON THE SILVIA**

The bullets crack against the windshield of the Silvia and it swerves to the side and crashes into the wall of the tunnel.

**ON BOBBY**

Bobby dumps the body of the taxi driver before taking control of the Datsun from Emelia.

BOBBY CONSTANCE (CONT'D)  
 (to Emelia)  
 Put your seatbelt on.

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**INT. HANEDA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT**

At this time of the night the terminal of the airport is empty, save for a lone CUSTODIAN mopping in the distance. Bobby looks up at the flight information display terminal.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
 (speaking into his  
 mobular)  
 Flight's delayed.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
 Nothing to do about that. Sit  
 tight. Keep an eye on the package

The voice on the mobular hangs up. Bobby looks over his shoulder. Emelia sits at a linoleum table, eating a cheeseburger and fries, the same vacant look on her face. Bobby sits across from her.

Bobby bites his lip and looks around, everywhere but at Emelia. A moment of silence.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
 What happened?

EMELIA  
 (between chews)  
 Huh?

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
 (swallowing, looking away)  
 What were you doing in that hotel  
 room? Who brought you there?

EMELIA  
 I...I don't remember. I told you  
 already. I can't remember anything.



Emelia tries to smile, a piece of processed cheese stuck to the side of her mouth.

EMELIA (CONT'D)

But it's OK, right? Because now I'm going home...back to see Mommy and Daddy...

As she says this her eyes well up with tears and she begins to sniffle and cry very softly, broken only by her sad little sobs.

Bobby is overwhelmed with feeling. You can see the hairs bristle on him. He starts jabbing his hand into Emelia's plate, stealing her fries and stuffing them into his mouth along with gobs of ketchup. Emelia looks up to see Bobby's mouth stuffed to the brim and she begins to giggle. Bobby begins laughing too, but instead starts choking on the mash of potatoes in his mouth which causes Emelia's laughter to grow even more.

**WIDE ON THE TERMINAL**

The custodian is gone.

**ON BOBBY**

Two MEN in suits and black glasses stand before Bobby. Bobby is on his feet.

MAN 1

The girl.

BOBBY CONSTANCE

I can't do that.

Bobby's mobular begins ringing.

MAN 2

Answer it.

Bobby gives the men a searching look before slowly answering.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)

Bobby Constance.

BOBBY CONSTANCE

What's going on?

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)

Your directive has changed. Hand over the package.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
And Reykjavik?

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
These men will now be taking charge  
of the situation. Your job is done.

Bobby looks over his shoulder at Emelia, who is frozen to her seat, a mixture of tears and ketchup muddled against her pale cheeks.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
(to the voice)  
What's going on here?

Now, more silently.

BOBBY CONSTANCE (CONT'D)  
Are the parents alive? Is that  
where we're taking her?

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
(pause, breathing)  
That is none of your concern.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
What kind of handler are you?

A moment of silence. When the voice returns, it is with a particularly repulsive tone.

VOICE ON MOBULAR (V.O.)  
(patiently, threateningly)  
I understand you picked up this job  
from one of my brokers. We haven't  
worked together before. My name is  
Filth. Now hand over the girl.

For a few seconds Bobby doesn't say a thing. He's busy calculating the distance between himself and the men in suits, and from the men in suits to Emelia.

FILTH RAY (V.O.)  
Don't get in over your head. Just  
do as you're told and you'll be  
paid your contracted rate.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
(smiling wryly)  
I'm bringing the girl home. You can  
go to hell.

He hangs up.

MAN 1  
 (flashing a GUN)  
 You're making a mistake.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
 (shrugging)  
 I don't leave jobs half done.

Man 2 pulls out a KNIFE.

MAN 2  
 The difficult type.

Bobby positions himself between Emelia and the men.

BOBBY CONSTANCE  
 That's what they tell me.

MAN 2  
 You're doing this to yourself...

He lunges forward with the knife. Bobby grabs the crook of his arm as he stabs which helps deaden the blow.

**FROM BOBBY'S PERSPECTIVE**

Still, when Bobby looks down the point of the knife has punctured his stomach and blood is coming out.

**ON BOBBY**

Bobby picks a PLASTIC FORK up off the linoleum table and in a rough blow stabs it down into the man's eye. Bobby's no martial artist, his movements are raw like a street fighter's.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)  
 (hysterically)  
 Ahhhhhh!

**WIDE ON THE TERMINAL**

Man 2 drops to his knees, clutching his face, his screams resounding in the empty terminal.

**CLOSE UP**

As we see the gore oozing between his fingers.

**ON BOBBY**

Bobby grabs a handful of GREASY NAPKINS off the linoleum table and in a swift motion pulls out the knife and daubs the wound with the napkins, kissing his teeth as he does so.

Man 1 draws his gun, shaken, and adopts a spread-eagled stance, trying to make himself look big as though he were squaring up against a bear. Bobby looks up at him, something of a masochistic smirk teasing his lips, and points the tip of the knife that was embedded in his stomach at the man.

Gunshots sound. Bobby clutches his side, his head dropped, the blonde bowlcut covering his face. Man 1 smirks, then pauses before looking down to his chest.

#### **CLOSE UP**

The hilt of the knife is sticking out of his left pectoral. For a moment he considers it, before falling to the ground.

#### **ON THE TERMINAL**

Airport security rush into the terminal, alerted by the gunshots. Several run to the bodies of Man 1 and Man 2 and quickly retrieve the knife and gun. The HEAD OF AIRPORT SECURITY makes his way to the linoleum table.

#### **ON EMELIA**

Emelia is sitting there, in shock. She hasn't moved since the Men appeared.

HEAD OF AIRPORT SECURITY  
(in a Japanese accent)  
Are you OK? What happened here?

Emelia takes a sharp breath in. She shoots her head side to side, looking for someone, looking for Bobby. But there's no trace of him.

The Head of Airport Security follows her gaze, then turns back to her.

HEAD OF AIRPORT SECURITY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, there are none left.  
You are safe now.

**THE END**