

REMEDY OF A KILLER

Written by

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SIXTH DRAFT

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

CARLOS FERNANDO, 32, sits in an all-night DINER, eating breakfast.

The CAMERA views a DISTANT, WIDE SHOT of the diner's HUGE window.

NANCY MONTGOMERY, 28, walks up to the window. She observes Carlos eating. He is unaware, as she goes inside.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Nancy enters the SPARSELY LIT DINER, as she approaches Carlos. He continues eating.

The table is covered with various plates of BREAKFAST FOOD.

A partially opened NEWSPAPER rest at Carlos' left side.

Nancy sits down, disgusted. A young waitress, JANICE, 21, adds additional plates of food. She rests the tray under her arm, pulling out a notebook.

JANICE
(speaks to Nancy)
May I take your order?

Nancy looks down as Carlos continues eating.

NANCY
Coffee. Cream, but no sugar.

Janice writes it down, then walks away.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(disgusted)
There are other effective ways in
maintaining a *mode de vie sain*. A
healthy lifestyle.
(pause)
It's beyond belief that you're
actually going through with it.

Carlos stops eating, as he examines his plate.

CARLOS
(convincing)
It's simple.
(looking over plate)
You cover the eggs with the gravy
and then break up the biscuit and
stir it to a perfect consistency.

NANCY
(unimpressed)
Go ahead. Continue making jokes.
And I'll turn into the laughing
Mademoiselle.

Carlos point his fork.

CARLOS
You know your problem? You take
things too damn serious. Always
riding that fucking high horse.

NANCY
Does that also include being a
little discriminate?

CARLOS
(shrugs)
Business is business.

Nancy watches as Carlos continues to eat.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - DAY

Nancy, Carlos and JOHN NICHOLS, 33, walk together in the
hallway of a rundown apartment. They pull out guns.

INT. APARTMENT - ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Three YOUNG MEN sit at a table, playing POKER. Man #1 appears
nervous. A gun is taped under the table. He reaches for it.
Man #2 speaks.

MAN #2
It's your call.

MAN #3
(interrupts)
Talk about the worse poker face.

Man #1 lays down his cards.

MAN #1
Full house.

Suddenly, the door busts open as Nancy, Carlos and John
enter. Man #1 pulls out the gun, as he points it at Carlos.

Suddenly, Man #1 raises up his hands and tosses the gun.

John grabs him by the shirt, pulling him to the side.

The men scramble as they are apprehended.

Carlos and Nancy tie up MAN #1 and MAN #2, sitting in chairs, with their backs facing each other.

John takes MAN #3, pressing his gun to his head.

JOHN

We'll make this simple, pretty boy
Floyd. Get what we came for, as if
your ass depended on it.

MAN #3 pulls out a grocery bags and pours bundles of MONEY.

Nancy and Carlos point their guns at MAN #1 and MAN #2's head. They pull the triggers as the mens bodies fall over sideways, remain tied in the chairs.

Carlos and Nancy passionately kiss.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Carlos continues to eat.

CARLOS(CON'T)

No matter how you fuckin slice it,
you either live up to the bargain.
(pause)
Or answer for it.

Nancy reaches for the newspaper, as Carlos prevents her by covering it with his hand. She pulls back.

Carlos pulls back the newspaper, revealing the barrel of a

SILVER PLATED .357 MAGNUM.

CARLOS(CON'T)

Sound advice lies in the barrel of
a loaded gun. Each serving its own
victim.

EXT. APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Carlos and Nancy stop kissing, as John examines the money. Carlos cocks his gun and rushes up quickly to Man #3.

Man #3 steps away in horror, holding his arms in the air.

MAN #3

(scared)

What the fuck! I did what was
asked! Please, god! Holy shit!

John intervenes, as he stands between Carlos and Man #3.
Carlos pulls back.

JOHN

(talks to Carlos)

Wow, lay it down Quick Draw McGraw.

John turns to Man #3.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(talks to Man #1)

What the hell did I tell you? Is
the English language too fucking
hard to understand?

John takes out FIFTY DOLLARS and gives it to him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here, or I'll
think about shooting you myself.

Man #3 runs out of the apartment. Carlos steps up.

CARLOS

What is this shit?

JOHN

He was just a stooge. I wanted to
make sure to find the pricks that
had Romanski's money.

CARLOS

(upset)

I about decorated this shit hole
apartment with his bloody, brain
fragments and you fucking didn't
say anything to us?

JOHN

(disconnected)

And who is us?

Carlos turns to Nancy.

NANCY

(not surprised)

We met our objective. No sense
getting pissed off.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
Let's just take the money and make
our ass scarce.

Carlos walks away as John hands her the money bag.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Carlos continues to eat.

CARLOS (CON'T)
One -- Honesty.
(pause)
To hold information is the worse
determinant. Could get your ass
buried alive.

EXT. APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Carlos pulls his car up to a sidewalk. They get out walking
up to a mob leader, ROMANSKI, 58.

ROMANSKI
It's about fucking time. Where is
my goddamn money. If that bastard
was double dealing?

John walks up to Romanski, as Carlos leans against his car.
Nancy stands between them, holding the money bag.

JOHN
No need for hostility. We got the
dirt bags and your money, per our
agreement. Other than the fact that
Carlos was a bit unruly, I was
capable in towing his ass.

Romanski grabs John by the shirt, turning him around and
pushes him against his car.

ROMANSKI
Since, you're not my wife. No one
else toys around with my DICK and
thinks I appreciate it. Now, you
ladies can continues with your
private escapade, but don't think
I'd allow a hand job when it comes
to my prestige.

Nancy steps forward and points her gun directly at Romanski's
head. He turns slightly, giving a smile.

Nancy hands out the money bag.

NANCY

Let him go. Or our job will be far from complete.

Romanski tosses John to the side. Nancy pulls back her gun as he grabs the money bag. He looks inside. He closes it.

ROMANSKI

Scarlet, you have the flair for the dramatic. I like that. Maybe you could help illustrate to your friend a more proper etiquette.

(pause)

But considering the circumstances, might prove to be a hopeless case.

NANCY

It's all there. You've got our word.

ROMANSKI

It better be, even if words typical stinks from the rotten ass it comes from. Take care -- ladies?

Romanski gets into his car as he drives away.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Nancy watches Carlos.

CARLOS

Two.

(pause)

Watch everything with a peripheral vision. Seeing is believing. You'll never know who'll fuckin try to Broke-back your ass.

EXT. APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Carlos and John face each other, standing next to their car.

CARLOS

Another dance with danger? Excuse me, if I don't share in the music.

JOHN

No, you'd prefer a good old fashion hee haw, Mrs. Cow, "like to get to know yea," square dance. I --

NANCY

(interrupts)

Would you two fucking knock it off?! My god, it's like dealing with children. I'm feeling like a goddamn underpaid baby-sitter.

JOHN

It was all meant with the best of intentions. He's a damn schizoid. Romanski thinks everyone wants his money. Believe me.

CARLOS

(irritated)

Bullshit!

Carlos walks to car's driver side. He leans, smoking a cigarette. John and Nancy stand alone.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Carlos looks at Nancy.

CARLOS

Three.

(pause)

Be cautious who you call friends. In real life, they are few and far in between.

EXT. APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Carlos prepares to get into the car, as he notices John being flirtatious to Nancy. She laughs, appearing to enjoy it. John opens the back seat door.

CARLOS

(speaks to John)

Here's something thought provoking.

(pause)

Instead of stinking up the back seat, maybe it'd be more suitable to take the public transport. I hear the winos put on one hell of a show.

Carlos opens the car door, and prepares to get in.

CARLOS(CON'T) (CONT'D)

You might find it better company.

John slams the door as he walks away, as Carlos sits behind the wheel.

Nancy get inside the car.

NANCY

How long are you going to keep this up? This machismo? It's getting tiresome.

CARLOS

And why is it when I nearly get my head blown off, you come to his defense?

NANCY

I'm the last person to question on loyalty. And if you can't see it, then you're the blind leading the blind.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Carlos pulls out a yellow MANILA ENVELOPE. He hands it to Nancy, as she opens it.

CARLOS

Four.

(pause)

Take everything into account.

(pause)

For knowledge alone is not enough
as ignorance is bliss.

Nancy opens the envelope, loaded with pictures. She is shocked.

INT. CARLOS APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Carlos enters his apartment, carrying a suitcase. MOANING sounds are heard as he walks toward the bedroom.

INT./EXT. CARLOS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

He creeps open the door, as John and Nancy are on the bed, making out.

Carlos turns his back against the wall. He is shocked. He quietly sits down his case, and pulls out a CAMERA.

He takes pictures.

SPX

Pictures are taken in live action, as the IMAGES transition into single BLACK AND WHITE PICTURES.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Nancy looks at pictures of her and John. She is shocked.

CARLOS

Five.

(pause)

Never sleep with the enemy.

(pause)

No matter how much a desirable fuck that person might be.

Nancy sits down the pictures. Carlos continues to eat.

EXT. CARLOS CAR - STREET - FLASHBACK - DAY

Nancy and Carlos sit in his car. Carlos' cell phone rings as he answers it.

CARLOS

Yes. Are you certain?

(pause)

I'll take care of it immediately.

(pause)

Yes, I can do that. No problem.

Carlos hangs up the phone. Nancy is concerned.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Apparently, John's been doing more of his own, call of duty? He's the white-collar defalcator Romanski was concerned about. The plundered swindler, getting his hands caught in the cookie jar.

Carlos pulls out his gun, and loads it.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

And now, I have a duty to perform.

NANCY

What business does he have stealing from Romanski? You've been partners for 15 years. John has always been an ass, but if you're going to just throw that all away --

CARLOS
 (interrupt)
 I'll be damn to make the bed he's
 spent his entire life sleeping in.

Carlos turns, facing Nancy.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
 And those that don't like it, can
 get the fuck out!

Nancy gets out as Carlos drives away. She stands alone on the
 street corner.

EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Carlos walks up to an apartment door, pulling out his silver
 .357. He knocks on the door.

CARLOS
 (shouts)
 John? It's Carlos! Open the fucking
 door! We have important matters to
 discuss!

JOHN
 (shouts)
 Just a minute! I'm just finishing
 in taking a shit!

SPECIAL EFFECT
 As Carlos stands away from the
 door, it explodes with a BIG

SHOTGUN HOLE. Carlos kicks open the door. Carlos and John
 point their weapons at each other. John is half dressed.

JOHN
 God, you've got to love a good old
 fashion, Mexican stand-off.
 (pause)
 Well, brother. Destiny has finally
 brought us together, as it should.

CARLOS
 Don't fucking call me that! You're
 the last person to be considered a
 kindred spirit.

JOHN
 How pathetic. You trash everything.
 Your family. Your life. Your girl?
 (MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

From what Nancy has told me, you've become quite the stud. She's a great teacher, even taunt me a trick or two.

(pause)

If there is one thing we have in common, it's good taste in women. And she is all that. And more.

John smiles as he prepares to shoot as the shotgun JAMS. Carlos extends his gun, with the barrel pointed at John's head. John lowers his shotgun.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Carlos pulls out the .357 from the newspaper. He holds it, resting his arm on the table. He taps it with his finger.

Janice carries a tray to another table, removing items.

CARLOS

Six.

(pause)

Never, ever take things so GODDAMN serious. Accompany with irrational decisions. It's a real side winder to find out that your one and only was FUCKING the asshole who you've been contract to erase, only to be given fair warning.

Nancy starts breathing heavy as she is tough, but scared.

INT. CARLOS' BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Carlos stops taking pictures of John and Nancy as he notices a large BAG OF MONEY sitting on a chair. He looks at Nancy, as she is riding John.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Carlos looks deep into Nancy's eye.

CARLOS (CON'T)

And apparently, it wasn't only his DICK that kept you preoccupied.

Nancy moves her right hand slowing across her lap as she reaches up inside her jacket. She reaches for her gun, a

BARRETTE.

NANCY

(intense)

You know what's the real problem?
You're too fucking paranoid. You
spend your entire life with this
chaos theory and how you're the
only person dealing with the shits
of the world. Don't you know it's
all a giant Ringling Bros. Circus?
We're all just parading around,
putting on the show that everyone
expects.

Carlos removes his hand from the gun, as it lays on the table.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm not particular with whom
I spend my company. But, there's a
difference between love and a lame
fuck. And now, you're willing to
let it become a tragedy.

Nancy grabs her gun.

NANCY (CON'T) (CONT'D)

I do it with a heavy heart, and not
through a guilt trip. I'm sorry my
love. You're not the only person
who has a contract to keep.

Janice walks up behind Nancy, carrying a tray.

CARLOS

(pause)

Ignorance -- is bliss.

Nancy starts to pull out her gun. Carlos grabs his gun.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The CAMERA views a DISTANT, WIDE SHOT through the window as Carlos fires his gun. A FLASH with a muffled SOUND. PEOPLE run out, screaming.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Nancy sits with a bullet hole in the forehead. She lowers her right hand on the diner seat, letting go of her gun.

Carlos holds out his gun, as he pulls it back. PATRON SCREAM in the background. He stands up and puts his .357 into a holster, under his jacket.

Carlos pulls out a PICTURE and places it on her LAPEL.

CARLOS
Bon Voyage, Mademoiselle.

Janice stands frozen. Carlos takes money from his wallet, placing it on her tray.

He stares at her, placing a couple more dollars.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
My compliments to the chef.

Carlos walks out as Janice stands covered in BLOOD. Her face expresses a MORBID SHOCK.

The CAMERA pans down to the picture on Nancy's lapel, as it shows John shot dead --- in the same fashion.

FADE TO BLACK