A Flip Side to That Coin

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A standard ‘50s-inspired diner. Linoleum tile floors, red vinyl booths, jukebox, the works.

A ragged-looking man in a black trench coat and jeans, DAVID CARLISLE (38), sits at a corner booth. A black backpack sits next to him on the seat.

Across from David; CHRIS DEJESUS (36), clean shaven, business suit and glasses, sits, holding a glass of milk.

David’s eyes look tired as he stares at Chris.

CHRIS
So, of course you know the meaning behind the name Molotov Cocktail?

DAVID
Yeah. They were named after Vyacheslav Molotov, the Chairman of some group of theirs. The Russians.

Chris looks deep into David’s eyes in an accusing manner.

CHRIS
Not quite. I mean, yes, they were named for him, but they were created by the Fins to mock him.

DAVID
So?

David’s eyes glance up to a man sitting at the counter, JASON HOUSTON (47), who glances back.

CHRIS
Doesn’t that seem perfectly ironic to you? You do all these great things for your country and yet your enemy creates a weapon using your name to mock you.

DAVID
Great things, huh? This scumbag helped sign a deal with the Nazis in the late ‘30s and went along with everything Stalin believed in.
CHRIS
You misunderstood. All the great things he did weren’t for the good of the people. They were for the good of the country itself.

DAVID
Whatever you say, man.

Chris takes a sip of his milk.

CHRIS
So, what’s so special about you?

DAVID
I’m not special. I don’t know where you got the idea that I was.

CHRIS
Somebody obviously thought you were. Who am I to ask questions, though, right?

DAVID
Guess so.

CHRIS
You didn’t answer my question, though. You mentioned Molotovs then we got completely sidetracked.

DAVID
I have to admit it’s an easier question that you’d think.

CHRIS
Enlighten me.

DAVID
Bow and arrow.

Chris looks surprised by the answer.

DAVID
You see, in medieval times, those knights could hit an unmoving target with an arrow from five-hundred yards away.

CHRIS
And, if they were moving?
DAVID
Hundred and fifty. Amazing, isn’t it?

CHRIS
Sure. I suppose.

DAVID
You supposed correctly.

Chris checks his watch.

DAVID
But, that’s how it is nowadays. Nobody has any real skill anymore. Some guns have these scopes which could hit people from three quarters of a mile away.

CHRIS
What’s wrong with that?

DAVID
Besides the fact that they’re almost cheating?

CHRIS
It’s not cheating. Technology advances. Weapons improve.

DAVID
Maybe. But I’d bet five-hundred grand you couldn’t hit me with an arrow from fifty feet.

CHRIS
(Chuckles)
I bet you’ve got it, too.

David smirks at Chris.

DAVID
More.

A young brunette in a waitress outfit, LISA (26), walks over to their table. She smiles at David.

LISA
Did you want something now, or no?

DAVID
No, I’m good but my friend here could use a refill on his milk.
Lisa looks over at Chris.

    CHRIS
    Really, it’s fine. We’re almost out of here anyway.

    LISA
    (Smiles)
    Ok. Great.

Lisa walks away, into the kitchen.

    CHRIS
    I wouldn’t bring anyone into this more than they have to be.

    DAVID
    Well, you just looked kind of parched. I’m looking out for your best interests.

David reaches into his jacket pocket.

    CHRIS
    Uh-uh...

David slowly pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

    DAVID
    Jumpy?

    CHRIS
    You know how it is. You relax for one second then all of a sudden, the guy whips out a shotgun and blows your face across the restaurant.

David and Chris both laugh.

    CHRIS
    You know? They’d be pulling pieces of my brain out of someone’s soup.
    (Pause)
    I’d probably feel bad for them.

David lights a cigarette and sets the pack on the table.

    DAVID
    So, how long are you planning on keeping this up for?
CHRIS
What? You and me?
(Off David’s look)
Until he shows up.

DAVID
Any chance we can hurry this up?

CHRIS
“All good things come to he who
waits.” Word to the wise.

David looks over; he and Jason make eye contact again.
Chris looks at Jason then back to David.

CHRIS
Know him?

DAVID
He looks kind of familiar.

CHRIS
Why don’t you go over there and say
hi to him?

David raises his eyebrow at Chris.

CHRIS
It was a joke.

DAVID
Mm... So, how about you, now?
What’s yours?

CHRIS
What? My favorite weapon?

DAVID
Yeah. You know mine. What about
you?

CHRIS
It’s no contest. .357 Magnum long-
barrel. Not too heavy and has a lot
of stopping power, in case... you
know, someone tries to get clever.

David leans down to the right and peers underneath the table.

Chris holds a .357 Magnum under the table, pointed directly
at David. David sits up straight and smiles.
DAVID
Guess I should’ve figured, huh?

CHRIS
In case someone tries to get clever. Am I right?

DAVID
‘Course if you kill me, you’ll have to kill the other people in here, too.

CHRIS
You mean the guy who you possibly recognize and the waitress? Big deal.

DAVID
Don’t forget the grill man. He’d hear a shot from that go off, too.

CHRIS
So long as you don’t try anything, they don’t need to hear anything.

DAVID
And, if I do you willing to do that?

CHRIS
I don’t know. Wanna try me?

Chris takes a sip of his milk. David watches the milk drain out of the glass.

CHRIS
Tell me something, would you?

DAVID
Maybe.

CHRIS
How much money did you steal from him? I mean, really?

DAVID
In total? About $800,000. ‘Course I only wanted about five-hundred, but once I took some...
CHRIS
(Scoffs)
Now I know why he didn’t want me to kill you right now.

DAVID
He shouldn’t anyway. I blew over two-hundred grand already.

CHRIS
Wow. You blew through it in a couple weeks?

DAVID
More like a day.

David chuckles. Chris joins in.

DAVID
Of course, I think I spent the money wisely.

CHRIS
We’ll see.

DAVID
Yeah. We will.

Chris and David stare in silence at each other.

CHRIS
Ok, tell me. I’m dying to know. What’d you spend it on?

David smiles at Chris and looks out the window. A silver 2011 Mercedes SLK 350 pulls up to the diner and parks, idles.

DAVID
Our boss is here.

CHRIS
Yeah... I don’t think he’d consider you to be associated with us anymore.

DAVID
Looks like it won’t be long until I’m actually fired, though, huh?

Chris nods.
DAVID
I’ll tell you what. If you kill him instead of me, I promise I’ll let you live.

CHRIS
Wow. You’re gonna let me live? I’m stunned. And, here I was thinking I had the gun.

DAVID
You do. But, you’re still going to die if you side with him. I may even split the rest of the money with you.

CHRIS
Oh, David. You know, I pity you. A last desperate attempt to save yourself and you’re wasting it trying to bargain with me.

Outside, the driver’s side door opens. David looks at Chris.

DAVID
Last chance.

Chris motions his head towards the backpack.

CHRIS
The bag. Hand it over.

DAVID
Your funeral.

David picks the backpack up and lifts it over the table. Chris grabs it and sets it down on the floor.

A bell above the door rings. Chris looks up.

A burly African-American in a white suit and sunglasses, MR. CARSON (44), walks in, with purpose.

Mr. Carson stops at their table. David eyes him up and down.

DAVID
And, here I thought Kingpin was only a comic book character.

MR. CARSON (Sarcastic)
That gets funnier every time you say it.
David forces a smile then looks outside.

Mr. Carson sits down next to Chris. He leans over and whispers something in Chris’ ear. David doesn’t notice.

Chris nods and looks down at the backpack. Mr. Carson unzips it and looks at the stacks of money inside.

DAVID
I guess this is it, huh?

MR. CARSON
No, that would be too fast. I’d like to enjoy this a bit.

DAVID
Sure you would. I mean, it’s not like you have millions to replace what I took.

MR. CARSON
You see? That’s what you could never understand, David. It’s not about the money.

David looks over at Mr. Carson.

MR. CARSON
It’s about you stealing from me. Allowing that would set a very dangerous precedent.

(Scoffs)
I’ll probably even bury the rest of the money with you.

DAVID
Thanks a lot, Mr. Carson. You know that’d just make my day.

Just as David looks back towards the window, Jason stands up. David smirks as he stares out at the Mercedes.

Just then, several quiet gunshots as blood obscures his view of the car. David doesn’t flinch.

David looks across the table; Mr. Carson and Chris are riddled with bullet holes.

Jason stands at the table’s side, holding two silenced handguns. He sets them down on the table.

Lisa walks back into the dining area. Jason turns and points both of his guns at her. She shrieks and puts her hands up.
DAVID
Hey. No.

Jason looks back. He and David make eye contact.

JASON
Fine. Where’s the rest?

Jason puts the guns back in their respective holsters.

DAVID
In the bag. As we agreed, half before and half now.

David stands up as Jason leans over and grabs the backpack. Jason looks inside and pulls out five stacks of money. David walks over to Lisa. He gets right in her face.

DAVID
You see my face?

Lisa is completely frozen.

DAVID
Nod if you do.
(Off Lisa’s nod)
And, you saw his face?

LISA
(Whimpers)
Yes.

DAVID
Good because now, you’re going to erase them from your memory. Do you understand?

LISA
Yes.

Jason sticks the money in his pockets. David looks back.

DAVID
You got your other hundred?

JASON
See ya.

Jason leaves.
DAVID
Now, I want you to call the cops and tell them two people are dead. You don’t know how because you were talking to the cook, in back. Just that they’re dead and you didn’t see anyone come in or out. You got all that?

Lisa nods, as if to make David go away.

DAVID
Repeat it.

LISA
(Hurried)
Two people are dead. I didn’t see how because I was talking to Quentin in the back. They were just dead.

DAVID
Good girl.

David grabs the backpack from the table. He sets two separate piles of money, three to each pile.

The band on each stack reads "$10,000".

DAVID
One’s for you. The other’s for... Quentin, was it? Make sure he doesn’t remember my face, either. Just in case.

David puts the backpack around his face. Lisa looks down at the money in front of her.

David begins to walk away but catches himself. He walks back to Mr. Carson’s body and reaches in his jacket pocket.

He takes a set of keys and puts them in his pocket.

DAVID
Would be a shame to just leave a car like that, wouldn’t it?

David chuckles to himself. Lisa stares blankly at him.
DAVID
I guess my humor’s a little rusty.
Chris, Mr. Carson...
(Looks at Lisa)
...Lisa, I bid you farewell.

Lisa watches as David leaves the diner at a calm pace.

FADE OUT.