

A Night To Remember

By

Gabriel Moronta

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email:GLION185@aol.com

FADE IN

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Classical MUSIC plays in the background. Soft light emanates from the rafters.

There are a large number of people present. The GENTLEMEN wear traditional tuxedos. The LADIES are dressed in elegant garments.

They drink expensive champagne and eat exquisite condiments served by the CATERERS.

Clad in gray buttoned up collar shirts, black pants, and sporting white gloves, the Caterers move through the crowds balancing silver trays.

AT THE CORNER

Three GENTLEMEN are seated in lavishly furnished armchairs in a semi circular formation. A dark mahogany table stands in the corner side wall. On top is a small lamp.

With his back against the wall, MR. JACOBS (mid 30's) raises his glass and sips.

MR. JACOBS

I'm in the automobile business myself. Me and Mr. Wershaw run it.

MR. PIERCE (late 40's) swirls his drink around.

MR. PIERCE

Is Mr. Wershaw here?

MR. JACOBS

No. He's home. Too exhausted to come.

MR. WILLIAMS (late 30's) looks around.

MR. WILLIAMS

He's sure missing a party.

Looking at a group of women, he smiles at them.

MR. WILLIAMS

But it lessens the competition for us.

All three heartily LAUGH.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PIERCE

So, how is that coming out, the automobile business? I've heard positive things about that field.

MR. JACOBS

It's the best damn thing that has ever happened to me.

MR. WILLIAMS

I'm considering in entering that field myself and giving the textile business to my brother.

MR. PIERCE

What do you suggest as a good place to start?

MR. JACOBS

Well,...

He raises his glass and sees that it's empty.

MR. JACOBS

Pardon me for one moment, gentlemen.

Without standing up, Mr. Jacobs turns his head to the side and glances around.

Black and white tuxedos and a wide array of garments cloud his view.

From his right side, dressed in a black jacket and a pair of gray pants, he catches sight of the BUTLER skimming through the crowd.

MR. JACOBS (O.S.)

Butler...

The butler stops and turns his body around.

MR. JACOBS (O.S.)

Butler...

He faces us now. He searches.

MR. JACOBS (O.S.)

Butler...

Looking center, the butler spots the possible caller.

For confirmation, Mr. Jacobs gestures him to come over.

(CONTINUED)

A sunny smile quickly shines on the butler's face as he walks towards him.

BUTLER

Sir.

MR. JACOBS

Can you get me a refill?

BUTLER

Most certainly can do sir. I'll send someone here shortly.

MR. PIERCE

Excuse me, when will Mr. Hirsch come out.

MR. WILLIAMS

Yes, I would like to see him before the next millennia preferably.

BUTLER

He will come out shortly. I apologize for the long wait, gentlemen.

With a little bow, the butler leaves. Courteously apt, he passes people with no problem.

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Mr. Hirsch's is one lucky sonfabitch. I would have left this place now if I didn't know about his wealth.

The butler passes through a group of women who GIGGLE.

MR. PIERCE (O.S.)

Have you heard of anyone being this rich?

He spots a caterer carrying a silver tray with glasses and walks towards him.

BUTLER

Refill everyone's drink back there.

MR. JACOBS (O.S.)

Mr. Hirsch.

The butler obliquely points behind. The caterer nods and moves in the direction.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)
He's just a lucky bastard.

The butler continues walking onward.

MR. PIERCE (O.S.)
That's a lot of problems put upon
on one man.

MR. JACOBS (O.S.)
I agree.

He opens two double doors.

HALLWAY

Four caterers run. They quickly halt in front of the butler.

CATERER #1
All the doors are locked and we got
people on the exits.

BUTLER
Good. And Mr. Hirsch?

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)
That's what he gets.

CATERER #1
He's still in his room.

BUTLER
I'll handle him. Go to your posts.

The caterers leave.

BUTLER
Oh!

One of the caterers in the back stops.

BUTLER
Remember to put a chair near Mr.
Hirsch's entrance.

CATERER #4
Yes sir.

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)
Karma always has a way of evening
things out.

(CONTINUED)

Caterer #4 leaves. The butler continues going in his direction.

MR. JACOBS (O.S.)
Do I detect envy Mr. Williams.

He passes closed doors and other caterers, who salute him and then leave.

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)
Yea.

He stops in front of a door and KNOCKS. He straightens his jacket, brushes off some lint off his shoulder. No answer.

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)
I don't want to talk about it.

He KNOCKS again. The butler looks side to side. Still, no response.

MR. JACOBS (O.S.)
No pressure.

He BANGS on the door.

MR. PIERCE (O.S.)
All is well.

FOOTFALLS resonate behind the door. A low CREAK sounds and the door opens, not entirely though only a small slit.

BUTLER
Your guests are awaiting you.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mr. Williams drinks his drink in one swoop.

MR. WILLIAMS
Hey! I want a drink.

Mr. Pierce and Mr. Jacobs look away.

The guests are still having a great time.

Caterers casually line themselves up against the walls, facing inwardly.

Two diagonal lines form near the center of two double doors, which leads to a central passage within the mansion.

(CONTINUED)

Both lines invert from each other creating half an x shape. Near the double doors rests a chair.

From the side, the butler enters.

He walks to the chair, taking a champagne glass while on the way.

Arriving at his destination, he stands on the chair and TAPS the glass several times.

The COMMOTION slowly settles down. All turn their attention to the butler, who smiles brightly.

BUTLER

Ladies and gentlemen, this will be short and simple, I promise you. Firstly, I will like to thank you all for taking time out of your busy schedules in attending this special invitation. It truly means a lot for Mr. Hirsch. Secondly, I will also like to extend my deepest apologies for the long excruciating wait you've guys were put through. You're all angels.

Mr. Williams SNORTS.

The butler turns to his direction.

BUTLER

And lastly, without further ado...

He jumps off the chair and moves to the side. He raises his glass.

BUTLER

Ha-ppy Birth-Day...

ALL

To You!

Two of the caterers walk to the door...

ALL

Ha-ppy Birth-Day To You!

Each grabs a doorknob, turns it, and opens...

ALL

Ha-ppy Birth-Day Mr...

BOOM! The first five people in front of the crowd fall backwards. They hit the ground roughly.

Puncture wounds show on the shoulders, chest, and some on the face. Huge quantities of blood stream out.

CH-CH! Another BOOM sound resonates. A couple more people fall down.

A woman SHRIEKS.

People scramble in all directions. Tables and chairs are thrown aside. People are pushed out of the way.

MR. ANDREW B. HIRSCH enters. dressed in long satin robes, pockets slightly bulgy, he wields a Remington shotgun.

He RACKS the shotgun and a red shell flies out of the side chamber.

Straight ahead, BANGING noises come from the main doors leading out.

A small crowd of people are huddled over there. The doors violently shake back and forth, but refuse to open.

Mr. Hirsch aims the shotgun at them and fires two consecutive rounds.

An ELDERLY MAN sits in a chair gaping at Mr. Hirsch. Mr. Hirsch approaches him, points his shotgun at him, closes his eyes, and BANG! Blood splatters his face.

All the other guests are fleeing the living room and entering the hallways.

Mr. Hirsch catches sight of a man running. He points his shotgun at him and tracks him.

The caterers stand frozen to their posts, doing absolutely nothing; they only staring forward.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Pierce enter into Mr. Hirsch's frame.

The butler interrupts the shotgun's movement from proceeding onward.

Now, it stays dead center on the butler who replies to this with a whole hearty grin.

Mr. Hirsch lets out a furious ROAR, RACKS the shotgun, and walks off on hot pursuit of the other stragglers.

IN THE HALLWAY

The guests run.

Some stop and try opening the doors; their reward, they get run over.

BOOM! A couple of guests fall down. Among these are MR. Williams, who bleeds from the back of his head, and Mr. Pierce, who is injured on his shoulder.

Mr. Pierce tries to get up but is SHOT back down again.

The other survivors SCREAM and CURSE! The hall breaks forcing the guest to split up.

Coming from the back, walking quickly, is Mr. Hirsch. He fires one shot to the left and heads the opposite direction.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The butler stands among bodies and blood.

BUTLER

Let's go.

The caterers nod and spread out. They pick up the chairs and tables.

One table flies towards a caterer. Mr. Jacobs pops out with a silver revolver in his hand.

MR. JACOBS

No body move!

He aims the gun at the butler, who calmly takes out a cigarette and a lighter.

BUTLER

Mr. Jacobs...

He lights the cigarette.

BUTLER

What good of you to bring a weapon.
Especially a nice weapon like that.

MR. JACOBS

I want the key out of here.

(CONTINUED)

BUTLER

May I enquire where you got it?

MR. JACOBS

Listen you crazy shit I want the key!

BUTLER

No, especially in that tone of yours. Now do I need to go over there and check it myself.

MR. JACOBS

Try it.

The butler takes him on his offer.

Mr. Jacobs aims at the butler's shoulder and fires. The bullet zooms out. It gets close to the arm. Several inches, the bullet ricochets.

Shocked, Mr. Jacobs stumbles backwards and fires again at the chest.

The butler's eyes are glowing fiery red. Like before, the bullet ricochets away.

Mr. Jacobs stumbles to the ground still pointing the gun at the butler. The butler grabs it and examines it with gleeful interest.

BUTLER

I'll have to investigate this. Hope you don't mind.

He pockets the gun.

BUTLER

My men and I have some work here to do. I suggest you go to the hallway peacefully or we would force you.

MR. JACOBS

Please...I have money.

The butler snaps his fingers and four caterers come quickly.

MR. JACOBS

I'll pay you!

The caterers grab him: two hold his arms and the other two hold his legs. Mr. Jacobs struggles.

(CONTINUED)

MR. JACOBS
Damn it! I'm rich! I'll give it to
you all if...

He freezes. The four caterers carry him easily to the hallway. The butler's eyes still glow red.

HALLWAY

The four caterers drop Mr. Jacobs and return back to the living room. Two of the caterers close the doors and lock it.

Mr. Jacobs moves again. He MOANS in pain.

MR. JACOBS
Let me go!

He slowly stands up, holding his back.

MR. JACOBS
No! Open the door!

He staggers to the door.

Loud GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS echo.

Mr. Jacobs turns around. With no other option, he moves forward. More GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS sound. They come from the left.

AT THE CORNER WALL

Mr. Jacobs peeks. He sees dead bodies, but no sign of Mr. Hirsch.

Mr. Jacobs runs the opposite direction.

DIFFERENT HALLWAY

Mr. Hirsch walks briskly. He leaves a trail of bloody shoe prints behind.

In front of him, several guests are running.

A break in the hallway, going to the right, comes. Mr. Hirsch aims his gun in that direction. Nothing.

He relaxes and continues walking.

Up ahead, hiding behind the corner, is GUEST #2.

(CONTINUED)

Coming close to the corner, Mr. Hirsch points the gun to that side. Guest #2, not expecting this, ducks.

BOOM! More blood splatters on Mr. Hirsch. He RACKS the shotgun and moves forward.

MR. JACOBS' HALLWAY

Mr. Jacobs sneaks around. There's a break up ahead. He hears FOOTFALLS coming from that direction. He slowly retreats.

A short, stocky FEMALE GUEST runs, oblivious to Mr. Jacobs. He SIGHS in relief.

He peeks in the direction that she runs.

FEMALE GUEST HALLWAY

She runs as fast as possible, which is not much. She comes to a intersection where is she blown backwards.

Mr. Hirsch shoots her a second time. He looks up.

MR. JACOBS' HALLWAY

Mr. Jacobs hides back. He jogs downward.

From behind, Mr. Hirsch appears. He follows Jacobs, while reloading his shotgun.

Mr. Jacobs grows farther in distance. He turns the corner and comes to a dead end filled with dead corpses.

MR. JACOBS

Mr. Hirsch! Don't do this. Listen to reason...You have no idea on the amount of trouble you are getting yourself into. You are being duped!

A male guest appears in the background.

MR. JACOBS

Help me!

He sees what's going on and runs off.

MR. JACOBS

You'll be spent to prison for the rest of your life! What's the point?!

BOOM! He flies to the back wall. His face expresses blankness.

INT. MR. HIRSCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. The door opens.

Hallway light casts a shadow on the floor.

The door closes. Mr. Hirsch enters.

He stumbles over to the little bar, pops open a bottle of gin and drinks it.

He falls onto one knee to the ground.

The door opens and the room's light turns on.

Mr. Hirsch is completely covered in blood. He crawls forward.

BUTLER (O.S.)

Stupendous job, Mr. Hirsch. You are really getting a hand on this.

Mr. Hirsch arrives at his work table. He leans on it for support.

BUTLER (O.S.)

It's amazing how you've improved. Completely stunning work.

He staggers over to his revolving chair behind his work table and plumps down.

In the background, the butler stands in front of the open door.

MR. HIRSCH

Leave me be.

BUTLER

Most certainly sir. I've just come to congratulate you on a fine days work and to inform you that my predecessor has inquired another event. I believe it's for the homeless. Simply wanted to inform you, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

MR. HIRSCH

How much?

The butler looks at Mr. Hirsch questionably.

BUTLER

Excuse me sir?

MR. HIRSCH

How much do I have so far?

BUTLER

You're close. Very close. Good day,
sir.

He turns off the light and exits, closing the door on his way out.

INT. MR. WERSHAW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. The door BELL rings.

FOOTFALLS sound, growing closer to the door. The door opens.

A BLACK SUITED MAN (early 20's) stands at the entrance.

MAN

Sorry to have disturbed you so late
in the night Mr. Wershaw.

He smiles as he waits for something. Mr. Wershaw (50's) wears a robe and slippers. He hesitates a bit but gestures for the man to enter.

MAN

Thank you.

MR. WERSHAW

My wife's sleeping...

He flips the light on.

MAN

Don't worry about it, Mr. Wershaw.
I won't take long. I simply came by
to inform you that Mr. Jacobs has
died, leaving you his business
which will be stated in his will.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WERSHAW

How?

MAN

Mr. Hirsch would provide you with an escort to your job. The chauffeur will tell you what to say. That's all I came here to say. I'm off. Have a good night, Mr. Wershaw.

The man lets himself out.

MAN

Oh.

The man turns.

MAN

You're business is always welcome at Mr. Hirsch's home.

The man walks off.

FADE OUT