

Blood Brothers

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An old fashioned telephone rests in the sunlight on a table.

A female hand, red nail polished fingers, picks up the receiver. Dials '911'.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The moonlight illuminates a graffiti covered wall, the dead end of the alley.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS approach.

A silhouetted FIGURE crashes into the wall. Turns around and sinks to the pavement.

CHARLIE(early 20s, good looking)raises his head. His eyes wide with fear. His breath harsh and quick.

Slow FOOTSTEPS nearby...closer. They stop.

CHARLIE

Come on, you know I wouldn't do
that...not to you. Come on!

SILENCE. Seems like an eternity as Charlie's eyes search for hope.

A calm MALE VOICE suddenly breaks the silence.

MALE VOICE(O.S)

I know exactly what you would do,
Charlie.

He cocks the gun at his side.

Charlie moves onto his knees. He begs.

CHARLIE

Please...what can I say? I didn't
fucking do anything!

A SUITED MAN stands in front of Charlie, face in shadow under his fedora. He raises the gun.

Charlie sinks back against the wall. He covers his face with his arms.

EXT. CAR, ROAD - THAT MOMENT

A SHADOW of a man in the drivers seat. He smokes a cigarette then taps the ash out of the open window.

BANG! A gun fires close by.

In the distance; BLUE LIGHTS flash in the air. More, they get closer. A convoy of police cars.

The man throws the cigarette out of the window and speeds off with a squeal of the tires. Pulls a U-Turn and bullets away from the police as -

EXT. BACK ALLEY - THAT MOMENT

PAUL(late 30s) walks onto the street. BLUE LIGHTS reflect on his stunned face.

He gazes around at the police cars that surround him. The gun drops to the floor as he raises his arms in the air.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (EARLIER)

Expensive but very understated. Tables sparingly placed. Plenty of space between each one.

Paul sits alone at a table. He looks to his watch and shakes his head. Takes a sip of his red wine.

Charlie walks in and takes a seat opposite Paul. He receives a deadly stare for his trouble. Charlie raises his arms defensively.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry bro, lost track of time.
You been waiting long?

Paul shakes his head and puts his glass back on the table.

CHARLIE

You ordered?

Paul locks eyes with Charlie. Charlie gives a cheeky smile.

CHARLIE

Come on bro, you ain't pissed with
me are ya?

A reluctant smile fades onto Paul's face. He CHUCKLES and finishes his wine. Picks up the bottle and pours the remaining dregs into his glass.

He raises a hand to the WAITER, and clicks his fingers.

PAUL
Another bottle, please.

The waiter nods and walks off.

Paul sits back in his chair with a confident demeanor.
Glances at Charlie.

PAUL
You're having the fish.

Paul reaches under the table and pulls up a manila folder.
He tosses it in front of Charlie. Demeanor unchanged.

Charlie looks down and opens the folder. Eyes widen.

PAUL(O.S)
They say it's good today. Nice and
fresh.

Charlie scans through the different pages. Eyes dart between
that and Paul.

CHARLIE
Paul, it's not what it looks like.

Paul smiles to the waiter as he approaches. Watches him pour
the wine.

CHARLIE
Bro, please let me explain.

Paul nods to the waiter as he backs away. Turns his gaze to
Charlie. Gestures for him to -

PAUL
Go ahead.

Paul stares with intensity at Charlie. If looks could kill.

Charlie averts his eyes. Catches sight of a HEAVY set man
through the front door windows. Looks back to Paul.

Charlie jumps up. His chair falls to the ground. Runs out
through the back doors.

Other DINERS look to Paul. He stands up calmly and scatters
some cash notes on the table.

He straightens out his jacket and walks to the front door.

INT. KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

Typical restaurant kitchen. Busy and NOISY.

Charlie CRASHES through the double doors not breaking his stride. He knocks people out of his way. Reaches the main door. He shoulder barges it open.

EXT. RESTAURANT - THAT MOMENT

Paul and TONY, a heavy set man in his late twenties, approach the car. Tony gets in the driver's seat, Paul in the passenger's. The car speeds off.

INT. CAR

Paul pulls a gun from the dashboard. Opens the barrel - yeah, loaded - and slaps it shut again.

Tony, driving, reaches out for the gun but Paul shakes his head and slides it into his jacket pocket.

PAUL

This is personal, Tony. I'll take care of the little prick.

A reluctant smile fades onto Tony's face as he sees Charlie round a corner into a back alley.

Paul reaches into the back and grabs his fedora. Puts it on.

EXT. CAR

They skid to a stop in front of the alley.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

SUPER: LAST NIGHT

Paul sits behind his desk in the vast, expensively decorated room. The moonlight pours through the large window to his side.

He looks through the manila folder in front of him. Tony watches Paul's reaction from across the desk.

A PHOTO

- of a beautiful blonde goddess, LIZZIE(20s). She lies in Charlie's arms. Both naked.

Paul stands up and walks to the window. He looks into the night sky in the b.g.

TONY(O.S)

So, what ya wanna do boss?

PAUL

Get the sonuvabitch on the phone.
We'll do it tomorrow.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: YESTERDAY

Lizzie and Charlie lie naked on the bed. FLASH!

Lizzie removes Charlie's arm from around her. Sits up and smiles. Charlie remains still.

LIZZIE

So, how did I look Tony?

She smiles and stands up. Puts a robe on and walks towards Tony as he lowers the camera.

TONY

Just perfect baby.

She GIGGLES and embraces him. One bare foot raises as she kisses him on the lips.

Two empty champagne glasses sit on the bedside table. The rim of one of them caked in a white powder.

LIZZIE(O.S)

It's going to work, isn't it Tony?

TONY(O.S)

Of course it is baby. Ya know how protective he is of ya.

Charlie lies unconscious on the bed.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lizzie stands at the bottom of the stairs and watches Paul put on his coat. He picks up his fedora and glances to her, emotions deeply hidden.

LIZZIE

I'm sorry, Paul...honey?

Paul puts his fedora on and opens the door. Walks out and SLAMS it shut.

Instantly, her face breaks into a smile. She walks through to the -

INT. LIVING ROOM

An old fashioned telephone rests on a table in the corner.

Lizzie walks to it, picks it up and dials. She leans against the wall and looks -

OUT OF THE WINDOW

Tony opens the passenger's door for Paul, he gets in.

Tony's gaze moves to the window, a smile, quickly dropped.

BACK TO SCENE

Lizzie GIGGLES and twirls the phone cord between her fingers.

LIZZIE

(into phone)

Police please.

She waits on the phone, glancing around at the well decorated, impressive room.

LIZZIE

Yes, there's going to be a murder...tonight.

FADE TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Paul scowls, eyes dead ahead.

LIZZIE(V.O)

How do I know? He just told
me...said he was gonna kill his
brother.

Not even a blink from Paul...a man on a mission.

FADE OUT.