Five Till Close

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FADE IN:

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

The upscale bistro/bar combo is expansive and spacious and made more spacious by the fact that only one person is sitting in the entire restaurant.

The well-dressed man at the table, DAVID CARLISLE (34), is sitting only two tables away from the bar.

David runs his hands through his hair and sweats nervously as he stares down at the cell phone on the table, in front of him.

In between David's feet is a silver, metal briefcase. He clutches it tightly between his legs.

The bartender, CHRIS DeJESUS (37), stands there, wiping down the bar.

Chris sets his cloth down and walks over to David.

David, now with his head in his hands, looks up at Chris.

CHRIS Sir, we're just about to close.

DAVID

Please, don't let me keep you waiting.

David pulls out his wallet and holds out a \$100 bill for Chris.

DAVID (CONT'D) I'd just like to borrow the restaurant for five more minutes.

CHRIS Absolutely, sir.

Chris takes the money and pockets it. He walks to the sign on the window an flips it so "CLOSED" faces the street.

Chris stares around outside. He can't see too far with snow coming down hard outside and wind blowing the snow in every which direction.

David keeps breathing deeply and exhaling loudly.

DAVID (Whispering) Come on. Call.

The phone rings, but before it can even complete its first ring, David has already answered it.

DAVID (CONT'D) I'm here, Jason. I've got it.

JASON (O.S.) That's nice. But, you're still late. Your daughter's already dead.

DAVID No! I got it. I swear to God, I have it right here with me.

David grabs the briefcase with his free hand and slams it down on the table.

JASON (O.S.) Too late. I told you. 11PM.

DAVID I called you at 11:03, you son of a bitch!

JASON (O.S.) That language is uncalled for, Mr. Carlisle. (Beat) You failed. How many ways can I make that clear to you?

David holds the phone directly out in front of him.

DAVID You son of a bitch! You will never see this money, now!

JASON (O.S.) Believe me, Mr. Carlisle, when I want the money, I'll get the money. (Beat) You are unreliable, and we cannot have that.

DAVID Please, just tell me she's alive.

JASON (0.S.) I'll do no such thing.

DAVID

Is she alive?!

JASON (O.S.) I will call back in three minutes if your daughter is still alive.

David bursts into tears as he drops the phone to the ground, by his feet.

DAVID

Fuck!

Chris hurries over to David.

CHRIS Sir, are you all right?

David doesn't even begin to acknowledge Chris.

DAVID My daughter was kidnapped.

CHRIS Oh, my God. Have you contacted the police?

DAVID They said not to.

CHRIS You have to. They will help you find your daughter.

David glares up at Chris for a moment then back down at his feet.

DAVID I can't go to them. I had to kill a dealer for this.

CHRIS

For what?

David taps the edge of the briefcase with the palm of his hand. He spins the briefcase towards Chris and opens it.

CHRIS (CONT'D) How much--?

DAVID \$125,000. I had to have the money by 11 and call this guy then. Chris looks at the money then back at David. CHRIS Is that what you were talking about? 11:03? David looks up at Chris, then back down, again. DAVTD Yeah. (Beat) It's all right, though. He'll call back. CHRIS When is he supposed to call back? DAVID Soon. (Beat) I hope. CHRIS I think it'll all work out in the end. DAVID Why? CHRIS Because she's alive. DAVID Wh - -?Chris pulls a silenced handgun out from under his vest and fires two shots into David's forehead. David falls out of his chair, onto the ground. Chris places the gun back inside the vest. The phone on the floor rings. Chris bends down and answers it. CHRIS It's done.

On the other end of the line, the phone clicks.

Chris press 9-1-1 on the phone and puts the phone to his ear.

DISPATCHER 911. What is your emergency? CHRIS

Yes, there's been a murder at 1567 93rd Street. Send the police as soon as you can.

Chris hangs up the phone and sets it gently back on the table.

He grabs the briefcase off the table.

Chris walks back behind the bar and pulls out a large duffel bag.

He sets the briefcase down on top of the bar.

Chris unbuttons his vest and throws it inside the bag. The gun is in a shoulder holster.

He takes off the white gloves on his hands and throws them inside. He looks at the latex gloves on his hands.

From a different part of the bag, Chris grabs a pair of black gloves and puts them over the latex gloves.

He closes the bag and sets it on top of the bar. He grabs a light brown trenchcoat and a scarf off of the tie rack behind him.

He puts the tie and coat on and grabs the bag and briefcase. He walks into a utility closet.

UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Chris looks down at a little girl, HEATHER CARLISLE (9), wrapped in a blanket, cowering in a corner.

She looks up at him, nervously.

He sets the briefcase down and kneels next to Heather.

She's already in a corner, but she tries to back as far away from him as possible.

CHRIS It's all right. It wasn't my job to hurt you.

He turns and points at the closet door.

CHRIS (CONT'D) Your dad is out there. (Beat) Go ahead.

She slowly gets up and creeps past him.

Chris watches as Heather passes. As soon as she's out of view, Chris turns to his right and unlocks a padlock on a rusted, metal door.

He takes the lock off and opens the door.

As he opens the door slowly, the wind pulls it all the way open as the wind blows snow into the utility closet.

Chris grabs his collar and pulls it tight against his neck.

Chris reaches down and grabs the briefcase and walks outside.

BISTRO - CONTINUOUS

Heather pushes on David's shoulder.

HEATHER Wake up, daddy. Wake up.

She stops for a moment and looks out the window. Heather watches as Chris walks along the window to the restaurant.

She watches him as he walks into the street and disappears into the blizzard.

FADE OUT.

THE END.