

Late At The Diner

By

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FADE IN:

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

VINCE (20s) stands in front of the sink staring at his reflection in the mirror. He takes in a deep breath, holds a beat and then releases.

VINCE
You can do this, pal. You wanna do
this. Do this and we're in.

He runs his fingers through his hair and takes another deep breath, holds and releases.

VINCE
We're in. You can do this.

He walks over to a stall and opens the door to find a beautiful .44 Magnum taped to the other side.

VINCE
Why such a big gun? Jesus Christ,
that's gonna blow his whole head
off.

He rips the gun off the door and then shoves it down his pants. He takes yet another breath.

VINCE
Show time, buddy.

INT. DINER - SOON AFTER

Vince exits the restroom. He's walking sort of funny with the gun lodged down his pants.

He stops at the counter and waves the CLERK over. They whisper to each other.

CLERK
You ready, Vincy?

VINCE
Yeah. You lock up?

CLERK
Just us and him, buddy.

Vince nods then continues over to a booth where a nice, young man, LARRY (20s), sits.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Took ya long enough, I mean they already closed up shop and everything. What the hell were ya doin' there?

VINCE

Ah, nothin', just, ya know, takin' a shit.

LARRY

That sick, ya know.

VINCE

What? Shitting?

LARRY

No, doin' it in public. Ya know how nasty those bathrooms are? I wouldn't sit on the toilets if my life depended on it, ya know.

Larry bursts out laughing. Vince pretends to laugh along.

VINCE

What's so funny?

LARRY

Nothin', just that the whole time you were in there takin' a shit, I was out here eating my pie and getting ready.

Vince's fake smile quickly turns to a frown. The Clerk also sports a frown now. He knows?

VINCE

What? Getting ready for what?

LARRY

I'm sorry, but...it's the only way.

Larry jumps from the booth with a Sub Machine Gun in hand.

LARRY

It's the only way I can get in.

CLERK

Hey!

The Clerk reaches under the counter, pulls out a Shot Gun and aims it at Larry.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE
You can't do that!

LARRY
And why not?

VINCE
I'm supposed to do that ta you.

LARRY
What?

VINCE
I'm supposed ta kill you.

There's a beat of silence.

LARRY
No, I'm supposed ta kill you.

VINCE
Says who?

LARRY
Mr. Du.

CLERK
Du? William Du? That's impossible.
Du told him ta kill you.

LARRY
What?

VINCE
Yeah, Du told me ta kill you. It's
my only way into the business.

LARRY
No, it's my only way into the
business.

VINCE
Your crazy, pal, this is my job.

LARRY
No, it's my job, buddy.

There's another beat of silence. Vince opens his mouth to say something, but recoils. Larry does the same and then the Clerk.

VINCE

Fuck you, I'm getting this.

LARRY

Fuck you!

Larry pulls the trigger and a barrage of bullets fly through the diner. Vince is hit in the left arm and falls to the floor.

The Clerk shoots catching Larry in the left shoulder. As Larry falls he squeezes the trigger.

The bullets fill up the Clerk's chest and he falls to the floor, dead. His shot gun lands on top of the counter, practically tipping off the ledge.

VINCE

You bastard!

Vince lets out a shot and blows off all the fingers on Larry's right hand. Larry screams at the top of his lungs and squirms around on the floor.

LARRY

What the fuck! Where are my fingers? How the hell am I gonna do anything now?

VINCE

Fuck you!

Vince rises to his feet, gripping his left arm tightly. He aims his gun and blows off the fingers on Larry's left hand. Again Larry screams at the top of his lungs.

LARRY

This was supposed to be my chance to get in, you dick!

VINCE

Screw you, I'm gonna getting in!
This is my chance!

Vince aims his gun at Larry's head. Just as He goes to pull the trigger, the Clerk's shot gun falls off the counter and goes off. Suddenly Vince's hand is blown off and he drops.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

A car pulls up to the front and two men step out. One is WILLIAM DU (50s) and his BODYGUARD.

DU

This is the place, right?

The Bodyguard nods and they head inside.

INT. DINER - SOON AFTER

Vince and Larry are now wrestling each other. Punching one another with their bloody stubs. They're also growing tired because of their lack of blood.

LARRY

Screw you!

VINCE

Screw you! And just so ya know, your not funny. And what was up with that whole thing about shitting?

LARRY

Screw you.

William and his Bodyguard enter and find the two kids wrestling and rolling around in a pool of their own blood.

DU

What the hell is this.

LARRY/VINCE

Du!

They start trying harder to kill each other.

DU

What is this? Where the hell are your fingers, and your hand? And where the hell is Carl?

VINCE

Behind the counter.

The Bodyguard looks over the counter and motions to Du that the Clerk is dead.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I did that. See, I am a killer.

Du sighs.

DU

Your both worthless!

LARRY/VINCE

What?

Both boys stop fight and look up a Du.

VINCE

Who won?

DU

None of you, ya fuckin' idiots!
What the hell am I supposed to do
with two fuckin' handicap hitmen,
who can't even pass a fuckin' test!

LARRY

Test?

DU

Yeah, I sent both of you ta kill
each other ta see who's the better
killer, but apperantly it's none of
ya.

LARRY/VINCE

What?

William sighs and motions his guard to come over.

DU

I can't do anything with these two.
Ya know what ta do.

The Bodyguard nods.

DU

Hurry up and come ta the car so we
can go home. Sasha made Veale.

Du exits the diner. The bodyguard steps over Larry and Vince
and grins at them. Fear is seen in their eyes.

LARRY

Does this mean I didn't get it?

VINCE

Screw You.

The Bodyguard grins even harder and pull out a pistol.

EXT. DINER - SAME

Du stands next to his car. In the background two flashes light up the diner's windows. A beat later the Bodyguard walks out of the diner.

DU

Good, hurry up, I'm hungry.

The Bodyguard opens the car door, Du steps in and he walks over to the drivers side and enters. The car starts and the pulls out.

FADE TO BLACK: