

Narc  
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FADE IN

EXT. INNER CITY SLUM - NIGHT

Run down neighborhood with brick, three-story tenement houses.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Decrepit, vacant-looking building with boarded up windows. Trash strewn about the yard.

A homeless WOMAN, 30's, shares her food with a mangy, skittish DOG on the front stoop.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A thin, heavily tattooed man, SERGEI, 27, dressed in jeans and an UZI, leans against the wall, nodding off.

A thin shaft of light from a loose window board highlights the thick, crudely drawn gulag tattoos on his chest.

Sergei jumps at the sound of a DOOR opening. Aims his gun.

SERGEI

Who's that?

Glass CRUNCHES. FRANKIE, same age and build, freezes and holds his hands up, and steps out of the shadows.

FRANKIE

Whoaaa... I'm here to see Viktor.

Sergei eyeballs him closely. Clean-cut, all-American good looks. Spits in his general direction.

SERGEI

Sosi moi hui sooka! (suck my cock,  
bitch)

Waves his gun at a doorway down the hall.

Frankie steps over two huddled ADDICTS in the hallway, a young couple deep in the throes of a romantic overdose.

INT. VIKTOR'S "SAFE HOUSE" APARTMENT - NIGHT

The living room is cramped, dark. Old horse-hair plaster falling off the walls. Boarded up windows. Hazy light shines through in shafts.

Thick, heavy curtains cover the other doorways.

VIKTOR, 32, sits on the ruins of an old couch, wearing black jeans, an open black dress shirt, a thick gold chain, and a crazed look on his face.

On the table in front of him are all the signs of a medium scale drug dealing operation: a scale, a kilo, and several packages of white powder in various stages of being packaged.

Smoke from a forgotten cigarette in the ashtray wafts lazily in the air.

Viktor eyeballs a bank of

SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS

with sudden suspicion. An unmarked Crown Vic with extra lights and a large antenna drives by.

BACK TO SCENE

VIKTOR

What did you do, bring them with  
you?

Viktor stares at Frankie long and hard. Sticks the tip of a knife into a bag of white powder. Raises the blade up to his nose and sniffs deeply.

FRANKIE

What the hell's that supposed to  
mean? You're the one who called me  
and asked if I could unload the  
shit.

Viktor wipes the blade on the leg of his pants. Hands it to Frankie, handle end first.

More movement on the screen. Both turn and watch as the same car slowly cruises by in the other direction.

Frankie watches in horror as Viktor jumps up, flips over the couch cushion, pulls out a fully loaded .45, peeks out a crack in one of the boards.

Frankie looks at the drugs on the table. At the knife in his hand. He's got a "deer caught in the headlights" look.

The phone RINGS, startling the both of them. Viktor hits speakerphone.

OKSANA (V.O.)

Baby, there's something going on.  
There's a bunch of unmarked cars in  
the parking lot up the street. You  
better get out of there.

Frankie looks like he's about to be sick.

FRANKIE

Fuck...

Puts the knife down. Starts cleaning up the drugs and paraphernalia.

Viktor runs behind one of the blankets. Comes back with a polished aluminum briefcase.

Shoves stuff out of the way and opens it on the table. They load it up, and Frankie wipes the table with his sleeve.

Viktor snaps it shut, shoves it at Frankie.

VIKTOR

Ischézni!

Frankie's feet are glued to the floor.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

NOW.

Viktor shoves Frankie roughly towards the door.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Frankie trips over the dog in his haste to escape. Lands hard on the ground. The briefcase flies out of his hand, skitters across the pavement.

Turns around and makes brief eye contact with the woman. For a second, she almost looks like she's grinning. Frankie looks again. A blank expression.

He picks up the briefcase and looks around nervously.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A black SUV skids around the corner, stops in front of Frankie. OKSANA, 22, a strung-out looking bleached-blonde, leans out the window.

OKSANA  
Get in... hurry up.

Frankie grabs the door handle. Jumps in as she pulls off.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Frankie breathes a sigh of relief. Puts the briefcase protectively on the floor by his feet.

FRANKIE  
Thanks. You have no idea how much --

OKSANA  
What happened? Why isn't Viktor with you?

Oksana glances down at the briefcase.

OKSANA (CONT'D)  
Der'mó... is that what I think it is?

Frankie puts the briefcase on his lap. Turns it towards Oksana. Opens it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The black SUV races off, its passenger door hanging open. Frankie rolls on the pavement.

The silver briefcase comes flying out after him. It breaks open on the ground, spilling its contents everywhere.

A police car going by in the opposite direction does a double take. Flips their lights on. Turns around and races back.

Frankie reaches for his wallet, comes up empty.

FRANKIE  
Shit.

Frankie looks up and down the street nervously. Starts scooping up the packages.

TWO OFFICERS jump out of their car, guns drawn.

OFFICER ONE

Hands up. Hands up, asshole. Put em  
where I can see em.

Frankie puts his hands up. Drops a kilo on the ground.

FRANKIE

This isn't what it looks like...

A second police car skids to a stop alongside them. They wait  
inside while officer one opens the back door, and officer two  
cuffs and stuffs Frankie.

INT. CRUISER TWO - NIGHT

Frankie watches as officers one and two huddle around the  
drugs.

They look up and down the street. No one else is around. They  
scoop up the remaining packages, throw them in the trunk of  
their cruiser. Drive off.

FRANKIE

No fucking way!

(beat)

DID YOU SEE WHAT THEY JUST DID?

Frankie finally looks at the two people in the front seat.  
Sergei and the homeless woman are laughing their asses off.

Sergei turns around and holds a DEA laminate up to the steel  
mesh divider for Frankie to see.

SERGEI

You did good, rookie. Let's go get  
some *real* drugs off the street now.