

ONE LAST FIX

By

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INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Two men sit a table in the center of the room. They break up large bags of heroin into smaller bags.

The first man is DUANE, a skinny black man in his mid twenties. He has a large afro hairstyle and wears dirty clothes.

The second is FRANCO, a late twenties Puerto Rican with closely cropped hair. He wears a white track suit and a gold crucifix around his neck.

DUANE

Man, this is a whole lotta stuff.

FRANCO

Yeah.

They break out the heroin until Duane sits back in his chair. He eyes Franco suspiciously.

DUANE

So, where'd ya get it?

Franco focuses on his work.

FRANCO

Don't worry about it.

DUANE

You ain't never had this much shit at one time in your whole life.

Franco still refuses to look at Duane.

FRANCO

Yeah, so what?

DUANE

Ya stole it, didn't ya?

Franco stops and looks up. He glares at Duane.

FRANCO

You wanna help me with this and get a hit or not?

DUANE

Yeah.

FRANCO
Yeah what?

DUANE
I wanna help.

FRANCO
Don't try to play that good
Samaritan shit with me. You just
want a free hit.

DUANE
I ain't no piece of shit junkie,
alright? I don't need your hit.

FRANCO
Oh, you ain't no junkie huh?

Franco gets up from the table and walks to a nearby counter.
He grabs a small black case that contains a needle, belt,
and syringe.

He drops it on the table in front of Duane.

FRANCO
Prove me wrong.

Duane stares at the black case with large, bulging eyes. He
licks his lips and sweats profusely.

FRANCO
Looks good don't it? You want a hit
don't ya?

Duane grabs the belt and tightens it on his forearm.

DUANE
Gimme a hit man.

FRANCO
Fuck you. Ya ain't dippin' into
this shit.

DUANE
C'mon muthafucka, I need it.

FRANCO
Cause you're a junkie, just like I
told you.

DUANE
Look man --

There's a knock at the door. Duane quickly removes the belt and pulls out a gun. Franco looks to the door.

FRANCO
Who is it?

LENNY (O.S.)
It's Lenny. Lemme in.

FRANCO
Go away. I ain't got time right now.

Franco motions for Duane to put his gun away and he does.

LENNY (O.S.)
C'mon.

FRANCO
Whaddya want?

LENNY (O.S.)
I wanna inquire about a purchase.

FRANCO
Hang on.

Franco goes to the door. He opens it and walks back to the table without acknowledging that Lenny is there.

LENNY, late twenties, white and short with shaggy hair, enters and closes the door behind him.

He sees the heroin on the table and is shocked.

LENNY
Damn, dude. Where'd you get all that from?

FRANCO
Somebody.

LENNY
Who?

FRANCO
Don't worry about it. Now what about this purchase?

Lenny throws a ten dollar bill on the table.

LENNY

A dime of your best marijuana
please.

Franco picks up the bill, looks at it, and sighs.

FRANCO

You make me open up the door for
this? A dime?

LENNY

You know I'll be back later.

FRANCO

Then why don't you just buy it all
at once?

DUANE

Or better yet, buy some of this
shit.

Duane points at the heroin.

LENNY

No way. I don't mess with that
stuff. Makes you all goofy, and I
can't stand needles.

DUANE

Yeah, you don't wanna be messin'
with no stolen shit anyway.

Franco smacks Duane in the mouth, hard.

No blood, but Duane holds his hand up to it as a look of
wanting to cry comes across his face.

FRANCO

Shut your mouth.

DUANE

Muthafucka, you eva' hit me like
that again and I'll --

Franco slaps him in the mouth again.

FRANCO

You'll what? Huh? You'll nothin'.
Now shut up.

DUANE

Alright, alright.

Franco turns back to Lenny.

FRANCO
Hold on a second. I ain't got
anything bagged this small. It'll
take a minute.

LENNY
Well you could always gimme one of
those big bags if you're feelin'
charitable.

A big grin crosses Lenny's face as Franco shakes his head at
him.

FRANCO
Yeah. Right.

Franco gets up and heads to the kitchen. Lenny takes a seat
at the table.

LENNY
You think he stole it?

DUANE
Man, I know he stole it. Ain't no
way he got the cash to score all
this at once.

LENNY
So who'd he steal it from then?

DUANE
Only one guy I can think of with
this much stuff floatin' around.

LENNY
Who?

Duane looks around, grabs one of the small bags of heroin
and puts it in his pocket.

LENNY
What the fuck are you doin'?

DUANE
Nothin'. Shut up.

LENNY
That shit ain't right.

FRANCO (O.S.)
Whaddya expect from a junkie?

Lenny and Duane's eyes dart over to see Franco in the
doorway to the kitchen. He holds Lenny's dime bag.

DUANE

Hold up. You got the wrong idea.

FRANCO

No, I think I got it. Put the bag back and get the fuck outta my house.

Duane puts the bag back, gets up from the table and walks over to Franco.

DUANE

I wasn't gonna steal it.

FRANCO

Get out.

DUANE

Where am I gonna go?

FRANCO

I don't care, take your ass down to the homeless shelter with the rest of the fuckin' lowlifes.

DUANE

Can I at least get a hit before I go?

FRANCO

You blew that. Now get the fuck out!

Franco raises his hand to Duane again, but Duane retreats to the door. He opens it and turns back to Franco.

DUANE

You ain't gonna get away with treatin' me like a punk.

FRANCO

You threatenin' me?

Franco walks toward Duane, but Duane runs from the apartment. Franco slams the door, and turns back to Lenny.

FRANCO

Now what the fuck do you want?

LENNY

I believe that dime you're holdin' belongs to me.

Franco throws the bag on the table.

FRANCO

Oh...yeah.

Lenny puts the bag in his pocket and smiles.

LENNY

Pleasure doin' business with you.

FRANCO

Lemme ask you somethin'.

LENNY

Go ahead.

FRANCO

Am I a bad person? I mean, do I deserve to be livin' like this?

LENNY

Well, Franco, I'd say other than your choice of occupation you seem pretty alright to me.

FRANCO

Yeah, well when I get rid of this stuff, I ain't gonna have no occupation no more.

LENNY

It's a start. I'd suggest hangin' out with a better class of people too. You get these dingleberries like that guy that just left, they just look for a chance to get a hit.

FRANCO

You're tellin' me.

LENNY

And the first chance they get they're either offerin' to suck your dick or tryin' to steal it from ya. Those guys ain't the kinda people you need around ya.

FRANCO

You know what, you're right. Those fuckin' guys don't show no loyalty.

LENNY

Which is exactly why I don't get involved with that.

Lenny points at the heroin.

LENNY

Too many creeps. I'll just stick with the smoke, thanks.

FRANCO

Man, you ain't nothin' like my other customers.

LENNY

I like to think I got a little bit of sense.

FRANCO

At least you ain't dozin' off on me when you're talkin'.

LENNY

I really don't wanna get into your business, but that guy that just left...

FRANCO

Duane?

LENNY

...He seemed pretty convinced that you stole this stuff and who you stole it from.

FRANCO

Who'd he say I stole it from?

LENNY

He didn't say. It was right when he put the bag in his pocket.

FRANCO

Yeah, well I'm pretty sure he don't know shit about who I got it from, but just in case...

Franco takes a cell phone from his pocket, dials a number, and waits a second before he speaks.

FRANCO

Yeah, it's Franco. I got a little job for you to do. A drop. Just come by my place and pick it up. Bye.

Franco hangs up the phone and puts it back in his pocket.

LENNY
Who was that?

FRANCO
Insurance.

LENNY
Alright, dude, I'm gonna get outta
here before this place turns into
Scarface.

FRANCO
Alright. I'll see ya.

Lenny gets up from the table and walks to the door.

LENNY
And don't worry about whether or
not you're a good person. Good
things are gonna happen to you. I
can feel it.

Lenny exits the apartment. Franco stares at heroin.

FRANCO
I fuckin' hope so.

He shakes his head and exits the room.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Franco now lies sound asleep in his bed. He wears boxers and
his crucifix still hangs around his neck.

A knock at the door stirs him slightly awake.

He lifts his head from his pillow, looks around and lays
back down. Another knock. He sits up.

FRANCO
Who is it?

DUANE (O.S.)
It's Duane. Lemme in.

FRANCO
What the fuck do you want?

DUANE (O.S.)
I got some shit you might wanna
hear.

FRANCO
What kinda shit?

DUANE (O.S.)
Just open the door.

FRANCO
(to himself)
Fuckin' junkie.

Franco gets up and walks to the door.

He opens the door and turns around, not looking at the person on the other side, just as he did with Lenny.

Two large men, CASMIR and TONY, both mid thirties, rush in and grab Franco by the arms.

Duane jumps up and down with excitement.

DUANE
We got you muthafucka', we got you!

Duane jumps up and down as VIRGIL RYKER, a well dressed, late forties man with slicked back white hair, enters and closes the door.

Virgil looks at Duane.

VIRGIL
What's this we? There's no we.

Duane stops his celebration.

DUANE
But I helped you. I helped you get 'em.

Virgil places his hands on Duane's shoulders.

VIRGIL
And why did you suddenly offer up this help?

DUANE
Cause he punched me in the mouth.
Tried to punk me out like a fool. I ain't no punk.

Franco struggles with the two goons.

FRANCO

That's right. You ain't nothin but
a two bit basehead nigger. I'm
gonna kill you motherfucker!

He struggles some more, but the goons overpower him and
throw him into one of the chairs at the table.

Virgil removes his hands from Duane's shoulders and turns
his attention to Franco in the chair.

VIRGIL

Now Franco, we know that violence
doesn't solve anything. Where are
my drugs?

FRANCO

I don't know what --

VIRGIL

Tony, punch him in the face.

Tony punches Franco in the face without hesitation.

VIRGIL

Where are my drugs?

FRANCO

I told you I don't --

VIRGIL

Casmir.

Casmir punches Franco in the face, also without hesitation.

Blood trickles from Franco's mouth as he stares menacingly
at Duane.

FRANCO

You sonofabitch.

Virgil kneels down in front of Franco.

VIRGIL

Now that you've met Tony and
Casmir, do you know who I am,
Franco?

FRANCO

Yeah, I know who you are.

DUANE

That's Virgil muthafuckin' Ryker
right there, bitch!

Virgil turns to Duane.

VIRGIL

You. Shut your fuckin' face.

Duane settles down and Virgil turns back to Franco.

VIRGIL

And are you starting to see the
pattern that's developing here,
Franco? I ask you a question, you
begin to lie, I interrupt you, and
have one of my men punch you in the
face. Do you see the pattern?

Franco lowers his head.

FRANCO

Yeah.

VIRGIL

Wonderful. You must be one of those
smart dealers I've been hearing so
much about. Of course, you couldn't
be that smart if you were dumb
enough to steal from me, right?

DUANE

Right.

Virgil turns to Duane with a look of anger on his face.

VIRGIL

Am I talking to you? Am I?

DUANE

No.

VIRGIL

Then shut the fuck up before I have
Casmir give you the hundred proof
special.

Duane looks at Virgil dumbfoundedly.

VIRGIL

Simply put, Casmir takes some of
his famous hundred proof Polish
vodka, douses you with it, and

VIRGIL
lights you on fire. The slow burn
and pretty blue flame are actually
quite breathtaking. Right Casmir?

Casmir lets out a sly grin.

DUANE
Man, fuck that.

VIRGIL
So how 'bout you make yourself
useful and go in the kitchen?

Duane goes to the kitchen as Virgil turns back to Franco.

The two goons stand at Franco's side.

VIRGIL
You should really start hangin' out
with a better class of people.

FRANCO
Someone already told me that today.

VIRGIL
Well, you should probably take
their advice. These fuckin'
mullinjeans will rat you out first
chance they get.

FRANCO
I'm tellin' you I don't know
nothin' about any stolen drugs.

VIRGIL
I'm really startin' to lose my
patience with you.

FRANCO
That muthafucka stole your stuff
and he's just tryin' to blame me
cause he said I sold him some bad
shit. You think I'm dumb enough to
steal from you?

Virgil places a hand on his chin as he stares at Franco. He slowly shakes his head at him.

VIRGIL
Now let's just say, hypothetically
of course, that I believe you. Why
would he get involved in this by
coming to me?

FRANCO

Because it gets the heat off of his back, and you come here and fuck me up.

Virgil taps his chin with a finger, and looks to the ceiling.

He removes the hand from his chin and looks back to Franco.

Virgil shakes his head very slowly, and Tony immediately pulls a roll of duct tape from his coat pocket.

Tony and Casmir tie Franco's hands and feet to the chair.

Virgil goes to a nearby closet and rummages through it. After a moment he stops and smiles.

VIRGIL

Ah, yes, this will work nicely.

Virgil removes an iron and an extension cord from the closet.

He sets the iron on the table and plugs it in via the extension cord. Franco stares at the iron.

FRANCO

What are you gonna do?

VIRGIL

I'm going to get my shit back, and you're going to tell me where it is.

FRANCO

I told you --

VIRGIL

Stop, stop, stop. You're wasting your time, sir. Your waste of life friend has already given me every piece of info I need except for the current location of my stuff, which is what I need you to tell me.

FRANCO

It's not here.

VIRGIL

Then where is it? Who has it?

Duane enters with a cheese sandwich. He sees the hot iron on the table and walks over to it.

He puts his sandwich flat on the table, picks up the iron and presses it down on the sandwich.

The sandwich sizzles as it cooks.

DUANE

Nice.

Duane picks up the sandwich and takes a bite. The other four men stare at him.

A smile comes over Franco's face.

FRANCO

Not sure where it is, but Lucius has it.

Duane does a double take.

DUANE

Lucius? Ain't no muthafuckin' way Lucius is up in this shit. You a damn liar.

FRANCO

Mister Ryker, Lucius has the shit. Don't listen to Duane. He's just tryin' to protect his brother.

Virgil turns to Duane.

VIRGIL

Do you know your brother's whereabouts?

DUANE

I don't know where he is. I ain't seen 'em in six months. This fool here is trippin'.

VIRGIL

Why do you say that?

DUANE

Cause my brother don't sell. I'm tellin' ya the truth. You gotta believe me.

VIRGIL

Why the fuck would I believe you? You think I don't know that you're in on this shit too? I should have your ass in a chair! The only

VIRGIL
reason you're not is because the
life you lead is a fate worse than
death.

Virgil stares a hole right through Duane, who does nothing but put his head down and take a small bite from his grilled cheese.

FRANCO
Lucius took it for the exchange. I
can give you the money when it gets
here.

VIRGIL
Oh, you'll give me the money
alright. What I'm worried about
though, is the principle of the
thing. I have to make sure you
never do anything like this again.
An example has to be made.

FRANCO
I won't. I swear.

VIRGIL
Let's be sure anyway.

Virgil picks up the hot iron.

VIRGIL
You like music Franco?

Franco shakes his head yes.

FRANCO
Sure.

VIRGIL
I'm not talkin' about that gangster
shit. I'm talking about real,
honest to goodness music.

Franco nods yes.

FRANCO
Yeah. I like music.

VIRGIL
They say that when it comes to
music, you're either a Beatles man
or an Elvis man, but I'll be damned
if I don't like both of 'em the
same. Know what I'm sayin'?

Franco eyes the hot iron in Virgil's hands. A look of fear projects from his face.

FRANCO

Yeah.

Virgil kneels in front of Franco.

VIRGIL

Two songs I like, in particular,
are the Beatles 'Here Comes the
Sun', and Elvis' 'Burning Love'

DUANE

Those are nice songs.

Virgil puts his head down.

VIRGIL

I suggest you shut up.

He lifts his head back to Franco.

VIRGIL

Yeah, every time I hear 'Here Comes
the Sun', I think about the sun
actually coming right for us, and
when it gets close enough, it'll
just burn us all. Kinda like this.

Virgil places the hot iron against Franco's left leg and presses firmly. Franco screams in agonizing pain.

Casmir removes a handkerchief from his pocket and stuffs it in Franco's mouth.

Virgil removes the iron. Chunks of burnt, bloody flesh stick to it.

VIRGIL

And 'Burning Love'? Well I honestly
don't even like that song, but it
fits, don't ya think?

Virgil presses the iron firmly against the side of Franco's right leg. The skin bubbles and Franco's muffled scream intensifies.

Virgil removes the iron. As he pulls it away, more flesh sticks to it and cooks.

Duane sniffs the air.

DUANE

Man that's some repugnant shit.

VIRGIL

I will not warn you again. Please do not speak while I'm working.

DUANE

But it fuckin' stinks, man.

Virgil slams the iron down and grabs Duane by the throat.

VIRGIL

Listen here, motherfucker. Do not, repeat, do not talk when I'm working.

Duane struggles for air.

DUANE

But I --

Virgil grabs the iron and quickly touches it against Duane's mouth.

Virgil releases his grip, and Duane pulls back holding his mouth and whimpering loudly.

VIRGIL

Now shut the fuck up before I burn it closed.

Virgil turns back to Franco, who is still in horrible pain.

VIRGIL

Now, the hard part is over.

Virgil takes a step back. He looks Franco up and down until he notices the crucifix around his neck.

VIRGIL

Are you a religious man, Franco?

Franco cries in horrible pain.

Virgil becomes frustrated.

VIRGIL

Listen, you cry on your own fucking time. Answer my question.

Franco shakes his head yes. His screaming subsides, but he grimaces and breathes heavily, still in horrible pain.

Virgil removes the handkerchief from Franco's mouth.

VIRGIL

What?

FRANCO

Yeah.

VIRGIL

Now, how can you be a religious man doing what you do for a living? Were you plannin' on donating the money to the church?

FRANCO

No.

VIRGIL

Of course not. So then, why did you decide to steal from me?

FRANCO

I could've quit all this if I pulled it off.

VIRGIL

Well, you certainly didn't succeed.

FRANCO

I just want out of this life. I don't wanna be some small time dealer hangin' out with a buncha junkies anymore. I wanna have a purpose.

VIRGIL

And you think if you stop dealin' and wear a cross around your neck that's gonna happen?

FRANCO

Yeah.

VIRGIL

Lemme tell you somethin'. You can say ten rosaries a day and wear the Holy Grail and the Ark of the Covenant around your neck, and it gonna change the fact that God, Jesus, and all the angel and saints simply don't give a fuck about you. You're a piece of shit, and you offer nothing to society.

FRANCO
Is that right?

VIRGIL
That's precisely right, but I'll
give you this, you gave me a
fantastic idea.

FRANCO
What?

VIRGIL
I'm gonna try something new here,
so forgive me if it doesn't quite
work how I expect.

Virgil rips the chain from Franco's neck, and takes a Zippo from his pocket.

He lights the Zippo and holds the cross over it until it's nice and hot.

He presses the hot crucifix into Franco's forehead for a moment and pulls it out.

He stands back and admires his work as Franco yells in pain.

VIRGIL
Wow, it worked. Looks just like
Charlie Manson, eh boys?

Tony and Casmir shake their heads and smile.

Duane attempts to smile as well, but the burns on his lips causes him to grimace in pain.

VIRGIL
God, I love my job.

There's a knock at the door. Virgil motions to Franco, and then the door.

FRANCO
Who is it?

LUCIUS (O.S.)
It's Lucius. Open up. I got the
cash.

Virgil holds up one finger.

He pulls out a gun, places a silencer on it, and trains it on Duane as he puts a finger to his lips.

He signals to Franco.

FRANCO

It's open.

Lucius, early twenties, enters the apartment. He's a tall, fat black man, with dirty clothes on.

He has his head down and admires a briefcase he holds.

LUCIUS

Man, piece of cake. I gave him the
shit, he gave me the money, and
that was that.

Lucius raises his head to see Franco in the chair with Tony and Casmir beside him. Duane stands in the corner.

DUANE

Lu, get the fuck outta here!

LUCIUS

Ah, shit.

The door closes behind Lucius, and he turns to see Virgil, who walks toward him with his gun drawn.

Lucius drops to his knees. Virgil puts the gun to his head.

LUCIUS

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't know
it was your shit.

VIRGIL

Who'd you give it to?

LUCIUS

It was this guy. White dude. I
don't know who he was. Franco set
it up.

VIRGIL

You just stay right there.

Virgil walks over to Franco.

VIRGIL

Who?

FRANCO

I don't know his name. I met him on
the street and he told me he'd pay
top dollar for your stuff if I

FRANCO
could get my hands on it. That's
all I know.

VIRGIL
Are you sure?

Virgil puts the gun to Franco's head. Franco nods toward a small table behind him.

FRANCO
His number's on the table there.

Virgil walks over to the table.

Lucius gets up and makes a run for it. Virgil raises his gun and shoots him in the back of the head.

Lucius falls to the ground, dead.

Duane runs over and tries to help Lucius. Virgil sighs and shakes his head. He picks up the paper and glances at it.

A look of anger overcomes Virgil. He walks back over to Franco and sticks the paper in his face.

VIRGIL
What is this? A joke?

FRANCO
That's the guy, I swear.

Duane holds Lucius' dead body. He cries and looks to Virgil.

DUANE
He's dead. You killed 'em. You
killed 'em.

VIRGIL
Of course I killed 'em. He tried to
run away.

Virgil walks over to the two on the floor and picks up the briefcase.

DUANE
You didn't have to shoot 'em.

VIRGIL
What the fuck else was I gonna
do? Kill him with the Vulcan mind
meld?

DUANE

You could have let him go.

VIRGIL

He was a thief, and he got what he deserved. Tony, Casmir, time to go.

Tony and Casmir move toward Virgil. Duane jumps up.

DUANE

That's it? You're leavin'? What about him?

Duane points at Franco.

VIRGIL

Something else has come up.

DUANE

Well ain't that some shit.

VIRGIL

He's gonna disappear and never come back.

DUANE

Disappear? That's it? You shoot my brother in the fuckin' head for makin' a delivery, and the guy who actually stole the shit gets to walk? Man that's fucked up.

Virgil points a finger in Duane's face.

VIRGIL

Now you get to get the fuck outta town too! I swear if I had the time right now, you wouldn't even have the chance.

DUANE

Where am I gonna go?

Virgil looks at Duane like he just asked the dumbest question ever.

VIRGIL

I don't care where you go. I'm sure there are plenty of cities with a Y-M-C-A for you to live in. Just heed my warning, or six of your friends will be carryin' you by the handles, if they find the body. Now

VIRGIL
are you gonna get lost, or do I
kill you now?

Virgil points his gun at Duane's face.

DUANE
I'll get lost.

VIRGIL
Excellent. Now, since you don't
look like the brightest bulb, I'll
remind you that the man that's
responsible for this is still tied
to a chair.

Duane eyes Franco in the chair and smiles.

FRANCO
Fuck.

DUANE
I'm gonna get you muthafucka.

Virgil reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small bag of
heroin. He tosses it to Duane.

VIRGIL
Try to be creative. Make it look
like an O-D or somethin'.

DUANE
I'll think of somethin'.

VIRGIL
I'm sure you will.

Virgil looks past Duane to Franco, who shakes his head in
disbelief.

VIRGIL
If for some reason, crackie here
decides not to kill you, I'd
suggest you don't try to walk for
awhile. All the blood rushing to
your legs could cause you to go
into shock, but I don't see it
being a problem since you're duct
taped to a chair.

CASMIR
Where to now boss?

VIRGIL
To pay my nephew a visit.

Virgil looks to Duane.

VIRGIL
You do what you gotta do, and then
get the fuck outta dodge.
Understood?

DUANE
Yeah.

VIRGIL
Good. I don't wanna have to give
you the Norton.

DUANE
Norton?

VIRGIL
I won't go into details, but
basically you end up in the sewer.
Have a nice life.

Virgil exits and closes the door. Duane turns to Franco.

DUANE
Now lookie here, muthafucka. Look
who's in charge now. The Duane
train, muthafucka. Woo woo!

Duane goes to the kitchen and returns with a large knife. He
holds it up to Franco's throat.

FRANCO
Wait. Don't you wanna hit first? I
heard his shit is real good.

Duane removes the knife from Franco's throat, and puts a
hand up to his head. He has a pained expression on his face.

DUANE
I want the hit, but I wanna kill
you too.

He points at Franco with the knife.

FRANCO
Do I look like I'm goin' anywhere?
Take your hit.

Duane slams the knife down on the table and prepares a hit.

He tightens the belt, cooks the heroin, and injects it with the needle.

He sits back in the chair, completely relaxed.

DUANE

Whoa, that's some good shit.

Duane begins to fall into unconsciousness.

DUANE

Whoa.

Duane is completely unconscious. Franco looks over at him.

FRANCO

Hey. Hey.

Franco struggles to get loose for a moment, then stops. He breathes heavily in exhaustion and looks to the sky.

FRANCO

This is how I'm gonna go out? Some crackhead is gonna cut my throat? Maybe Virgil was right. You don't have time for someone like me.

There's a knock at the door. Franco lowers his head towards it.

LENNY

It's Lenny. Open up.

Franco looks back at the sky. He mouths the words "thank you", then turns back to the door.

FRANCO

It's open. Hurry up, I need your help.

Lenny enters the apartment, and takes two steps before freezing.

LENNY

What the fuck?

FRANCO

Just untie me.

LENNY

See? I told you. Scarface. You got the dead guy, the O-D'ed guy, and whatever the fuck happened to you

LENNY
guy. All you need now is some dude
with coke all over his face and
somebody in the shower with a
chainsaw stuck in their fuckin'
head.

Lenny looks toward the bathroom.

LENNY
You don't have somebody in the
shower do ya?

FRANCO
Would you just fuckin' untie me
already?

Lenny goes over and unties him.

LENNY
What happened? Did Duane do this?

FRANCO
Yes and no. He told Ryker that I
stole his shit, and he came and did
it.

Lenny points to Lucius' body.

LENNY
And who the fuck is that guy?

FRANCO
That's Duane's brother Lucius. He's
the guy I called earlier to make
that delivery for me.

Lenny's eyes light up.

LENNY
So just in case Duane decided to
rat you out, his brother would be
involved.

FRANCO
Yeah.

LENNY
Fuckin' brilliant.

Lenny examines Franco's legs.

LENNY

Dude, you're pretty messed up. We need to get you to a hospital.

FRANCO

What the fuck am I gonna tell 'em? That I stole drugs from a mob boss, and he came to my house and burned me?

Lenny thinks it over for a second.

LENNY

We'll just tell 'em somebody broke into your place. Burglars. They don't need to know the truth.

FRANCO

That might work.

LENNY

Of course it will. Now let's go.

Lenny finishes untying Franco. He starts to help him up.

FRANCO

Hold on. I got somethin' else to take care of first.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Duane is still unconscious, only now he is the one tied to a chair.

As he comes to, he looks around to see Franco in a chair next to him, and Lenny in a chair across from him.

He struggles to get free.

DUANE

Lemme go. Lemme go.

FRANCO

Not a good feeling is it?

DUANE

You no good muthafucka!

FRANCO

You fucked up, Duane. You had me. You had me right where you wanted me, coulda killed me easy. But you let the shit get the best of you.

Duane looks to Lenny.

DUANE
Help me, man.

LENNY
Help you? I don't even know you.

FRANCO
Looks like the Duane train just derailed. Hey Lenny, do me a favor.

LENNY
What?

FRANCO
In my fridge, there's a bottle of triple X hot sauce. Get it for me.

LENNY
What the hell you gonna do with that?

Franco gives him an evil grin.

FRANCO
You'll see.

Lenny gets up to the table, goes to the kitchen, and returns with a bottle of triple x hot sauce. He places it on the table.

LENNY
Here.

Franco takes the bottle from Lenny.

FRANCO
Now, hold his mouth open.

LENNY
What for?

FRANCO
I'm gonna pour this down his throat.

LENNY
The whole bottle?

FRANCO
Did I stutter?

LENNY
It'll kill him.

FRANCO
Probably. If not, it'll at least
give him internal third degree
burns.

LENNY
If you insist.

Lenny holds Duane's mouth open. Franco goes to pour the hot sauce into it, but stops.

FRANCO
Wait. Get a piece of duct tape
ready. I don't want him screaming
too loud or spitting it out.

Lenny locates a roll of duct tape, tears off a piece and sets it on the table.

Franco pours the hot sauce into Duane's mouth. Duane spits it out as Lenny continues to pour.

When the bottle is empty, Lenny places the duct tape over Duane's mouth as he screams and writhes in pain. Franco laughs.

LENNY
Christ.

Duane's muffled screams get louder and louder as the hot sauce takes effect.

Franco reaches into his pocket, and produces a syringe.

He holds it up for Duane who continues to scream.

FRANCO
Now now, Duane. Do you want the
pain to go away?

Duane quickly shakes his head yes as he continues to scream.

LENNY
You're gonna give him a fuckin'
hit?

FRANCO
Not exactly.

Franco looks at Lenny, who is puzzled.

LENNY

What kind of hit is it?

FRANCO

It's complicated.

LENNY

Complicated? What's complicated is tryin' to figure out how some peaceful, pot smoking, guy like me managed to get himself mixed up in some crazy shit that ends up with me pouring a whole bottle of hot sauce down a guy's throat, and nearly burning him alive.

Franco holds the syringe up to Lenny.

FRANCO

This, is nothin' but a needle filled with air. It's gonna give Duane his one last fix.

Duane's eyes light up, and his muffled screams become even louder.

LENNY

Jesus, do you know what that'll do.

FRANCO

I know exactly what it'll do. Make the Duane train go away, and not come back another day.

Franco laughs hysterically.

LENNY

Ok, Doctor Suess, can you quit screwin' around so we can get outta here? I'm gettin' the fuckin' creeps.

FRANCO

No problem.

Franco jabs the syringe into Duane's neck, and presses on the plunger.

After a few seconds, Duane shakes uncontrollably until he expires. Lenny checks for a pulse.

LENNY

He's dead.

FRANCO

Good. Now cut him loose, and get me up so we can get to the hospital.

Lenny helps Franco up. Franco throws an arm around Lenny's shoulder and leans on him heavily. They stagger towards the door.

FRANCO

Now run this story by me again.

LENNY

They broke in and did this to you, and I came and helped you.

FRANCO

You think the cops are gonna believe that?

LENNY

Two black guys breaking into somebody's place to rob 'em? Of course.

FRANCO

I guess you're right.

LENNY

And what I said before about good things happening to you?

FRANCO

Yeah?

LENNY

That starts now.

They open the door and exit the apartment.

THE END