ONE LAST FIX
By
MIKE SHELTON

WGA Registered
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

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.
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.

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

I don’t know what --

Tony, punch him in the face.

Tony punches Franco in the face without hesitation.

Where are my drugs?

I told you I don’t --

Casmir.

Casmir punches Franco in the face, also without hesitation. Blood trickles from Franco’s mouth as he stares menacingly at Duane.

You sonofabitch.

Virgil kneels down in front of Franco.

Now that you’ve met Tony and Casmir, do you know who I am, 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 stares a hole right through Duane, who does nothing but put his head down and take a small bite from his grilled cheese.

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.

CASimir
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