

The Marv

By

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FADE IN

EXT. TCHAD MCNAMARA'S HOUSE -- DAY

A Fex-Ex delivery guy walks up to the front door holding a package far out, away from his body. He rings the door bell and turns his head to the side to gasp for air.

TCHAD MCNAMARA opens the door.

TCHAD :
Yeah?

FED EX GUY:
Delivery for Tchad McNamara.

TCHAD :
That's me.

Tchad leans forward, trying to read the label on the box while the delivery guy wipes his hand on his shirt.

TCHAD : (CONT'D)
Need me to sign?

FED EX GUY:
Yes sir.

Fed-Ex guy hands Tchad a clip board. Tchad scribbles a quick line and slings it back at him. He grabs the box and looks at it, still trying to read the label.

FED EX GUY: (CONT'D)
Be careful sir, the package is
leaking.

TCHAD :
Leaking? What is it?

FED EX GUY:
I don't know, but whatever it is,
don't order it again. It smells
really bad.

Tchad lifts the package to his nose and sniffs. He winces.

TCHAD :
Aw man! What is this?

FED EX GUY:
I don't know sir. It's not my problem
anymore.

Fed-Ex Guy quickly walks off and Tchad shuts the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. TCHAD MCNAMARA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad sets the package down on the coffee table just as his cell phone, also on the table, rings. He picks it up and looks at the number.

TCHAD :
Unknown?

He flips it open

TCHAD : (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. SHAPIRO'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

We see close up of a shadowy figure, SHAPIRO, talking on the phone. Only his mouth can be seen.

SHAPIRO:
(into the phone)
Tchad

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

TCHAD:
Uh, Shapiro?

SHAPIRO:
Yeah.

Tchad pulls the phone away from his ear and puts his hand over the mouthpiece.

TCHAD:
(whispers)
Oh shit!

Tchad collects himself and brings the phone back to his ear, putting on a fake smile.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
Hey buddy! What can I do for you?

SHAPIRO:
Did you get my package?

TCHAD:
(laughs nervously)
Oh, that was from you? I haven't opened it yet.

SHAPIRO:

Well what are you waitin' for? Go ahead and open it.

TCHAD:

Uh, Ok. Sure.

Tchad picks the box up off the table. A small puddle has formed where the box was.

He holds the phone to his ear with his shoulder and tears the box open with his hands. He squints as he looks down into the slender package.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

I can't see anything.

SHAPIRO:

Keep looking.

TCHAD:

It's dark. I don't know. I can;t see what it is.

SHAPIRO:

Well, maybe you should reach your hand down in there and see if you can feel it.

Tchad grits his teeth and runs his hand down into the package. He feels something. He pulls his hand back out and it's cover in brown mush.

TCHAD:

Is this what I think it is?

He sniffs his hand and gags.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Is this... is this dog shit?

SHAPIRO:

No. It's my shit.

TCHAD:

What?! What's the matter with you?!

SHAPIRO:

I wanted to let you know how serious I am.

TCHAD:

Well, you're seriously disgusting.

SHAPIRO:

And you just seriously stuck your hand in shit. But you know what? If you don't have my money by Friday, your whole life is gonna be in shit. Deep shit.

TCHAD:

Oh yeah. What was it twenty, thirty-

SHAPIRO:

(interrupting)

Fifty thousand. And I want it all. Friday. Or I'm coming after you, that no good bartender, and that stripper wife of yours. You got it?

TCHAD:

Go-go Dancer.

SHAPIRO:

What?

TCHAD:

She's not a stripper, she's a go-go dancer.

SHAPIRO:

She's dead if I don't get my money.

Tchad gags. He puts his arm up to his mouth to dampen the smell

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)

Do you got it?!

TCHAD:

Yes. Yes I got it. Friday. I'll talk to you then.

Tchad closes the phone, drops the package, and runs to the bathroom. We here him throwing up offscreen.

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE

"The Marv"

EXT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- MORNING

Cars whiz by the run down looking hotel that sits by the highway.

One old, run down looking car sits in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. BAMBOO MOTEL BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MARVIN OGLETHORP is lying on the bed asleep. The alarm goes off. He pops up, turns off the alarm and sits straight up, immediately putting on his fedora.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM -- MORNING

Marvin is shaving. He nicks himself and notices a small amount of blood. He freaks.

He rumbles through the drawer below the counter and pulls out a ridiculously large band aid, and he puts it on his throat.

CUT TO:

INT. BAMBOO MOTEL BEDROOM -- MORNING

Marvin puts on a tie and jacket in front of the mirror. After adjusting his clothing, he walks over to the bed.

He reaches under the bed and pulls out an old typewriter, an empty briefcase, and a pack of computer paper and places them all up on the mattress. He tears open the pack of paper and pours the paper into his briefcase.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- MORNING

Marvin awkwardly comes out of the room holding the briefcase and large typewriter. He staggers to his car and gets in. He cranks it and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER -- MORNING

A waitress, SALLY, is fixing a fresh pot of coffee when the cook, LENNY, walks up behind her. He looks down at her bottom and then back up to the back of her head.

LENNY:

(grinning)

What you do last night, Sal?

SALLY:

The usual. Fed my cats. Ate some ice cream. Read one of my romance novels.

LENNY:

You and them trashy novels. You need a real man. I know you must get lonely.

Lenny grins real big and leans in.

LENNY: (CONT'D)

Come here. You just need some kissin' is all.

Sally pulls her head back and waves her hand in front of her face.

SALLY:

Whew, no! Not until you brush your teeth.

Sally walks off to stack the dishes while Lenny heads back towards the grill

LENNY:

(laughing)

Brush my teeth? My gums ain't even bleedin' yet.

SALLY:

Well, bleedin' or not, you keep them gums away from mem you hear?

Sally looks out the window into the parking lot.

SALLY: (CONT'D)

What in the world?

CUT TO:

SALLY'S P.O.V. -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin staggers across the parking lot with a typewriter under one arm and a briefcase in his other hand. He nearly drops the typewriter as he opens the door and stumbles in.

CUT BACK TO:

FULL SHOT DINER -- CONTINUOUS

SALLY:

(To Marvin)

Good morning. Sit anywhere you like.

Marvin walks up to a nearby booth and flops his briefcase down on the seat and sets his typewriter up on the table.

Sally wipes her hand on a towel and walks over.

SALLY: (CONT'D)
Hey hun. What can I get you?

MARVIN:
Coffee please. Black.

SALLY:
Sure thing, hun.

Sally walks off.

Marvin pulls out some wrinkled paper from his briefcase. He loads a sheet into the typewriter. He stares at it, not typing anything.

Sally returns with the coffee and sets it on the table.

SALLY: (CONT'D)
One black coffee. Will you be eating anything this morning?

MARVIN:
uh, no. I mean, not now I don't think. Maybe later.

SALLY:
Ok, well my name's Sally if you need anything.

MARVIN:
Ok. My name's Marvin if I do...too.

SALLY:
Are you a writer, Marvin?

MARVIN:
Yes, I'm a freelance story-writer. I'm kind of in town on assignment.

SALLY:
Well that sounds fun. What's your assignment?

MARVIN:
I don't know yet.

SALLY:
Oh. Well, who are you working for?

MARVIN:
Just myself right now. I like to give myself assignments to stay busy.

SALLY:
(confused)
Oh.

MARVIN:

It's pretty neat actually. Like, when you walk away, I'll probably write about this conversation. And this coffee.

SALLY:

Wouldn't you wanna write about something more exciting? Something thrilling?

MARVIN:

Well, I find coffee to be thrilling sometimes. Why? What do you find thrilling?

SALLY:

(nervously laughing
and blushing)

Oh My! Well, I guess there's nothing like the thrill of being completely nude in front of strangers.

Marvin looks back down at his typewriter

MARVIN:

I bet.

SALLY:

You ever do anything like that?

MARVIN:

No. Well, not on purpose anyway.

SALLY:

Well you should try it sometime.

Sally reaches up and squeezes Marvin's bicep.

SALLY: (CONT'D)

(smiling)

You've certainly got the body for it.

Sally walks off and Marvin looks at his bicep and flexes it. He looks out the window and squints his eyes, pondering what Sally just said. He shrugs and then goes back to typing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR -- MORNING

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad McNamara and his wife, CANDY MCNAMARA are sitting at the bar. LEO, the bartender, is standing behind the bar talking to them.

Tchad is staring down at his newspaper, habitually thumping his cigar over an ashtray.

Candy is looking into her compact mirror, adjusting her makeup

Leo is leaning over the bar, anxiously rocking forward.

LEO:

Look Tchad, this is bad. Shapiro's gonna kill us if we don't figure something out. I don't have 50 grand, and neither do you.

Tchad coolly takes a sip of his drink and never looks up. He wiggles in his barstool.

TCHAD :

When are you gonna fix this bar stool? I feel like I'm gonna fall over.

LEO:

I'm serious Tchad. What are we gonna do?

Tchad keeps looking down at the paper.

TCHAD:

How long have you known me, Leo?

LEO:

I don't know. 10, 15 years?

TCHAD:

And who got you the job here?

LEO:

You did. But what does that-

TCHAD:
(interrupting)
Then trust me. I'll work this out,
ok?

Candy let's out a sigh of frustration as he puts her make up
back in her purse.

CANDY:
(to Tchad)
Well I hope you know what you're
doing. We trusted you when we got
into this whole mess with Shapiro,
and that's not working out too well
for us.

Tchad finally looks up at Candy.

TCHAD:
I agree toots. We never should'a
gotten involved with Shapiro in the
first place, and I'll take the blame
for that, but just trust me, and
I'll get us out of this, alright?
I'm telling you, I'm not gonna let
anything happen to my bride... or my
bartender, ok? You guys are safe.
I have a plan.

LEO:
What is it?

TCHAD:
What's what?

LEO:
Your plan. What's your plan, Tchad?
I wanna hear it.

Tchad sets the newspaper down.

TCHAD:
Alright listen. A few years ago, I
bought a 5 million dollar life
insurance policy for Candy.

CANDY:
You did what!? Why?

TCHAD:
Well, You seemed real depressed back
then. If you had offed yourself or
something, I at least wanted to be
prepared.

LEO:

That's a pretty big policy, you must've been pretty sure she was suicidal.

TCHAD:

She was.

(to Candy)

You remember, Candy. You were coming home from the club every night, poppin' pills. Crying. You were ashamed of your profession. Said you felt dirty, and didn't wanna be a dancer anymore.

CANDY:

Well, why didn't you help me? You could'a just let me quit.

TCHAD:

What, and lose my prettiest employee?

CANDY:

Well if I was suicidal, you would have lost me anyway!

TCHAD:

Right, but at least the money would have covered the losses.

CANDY:

It would've done a lot more than that! 5 million dollars, Tchad?! Why so much?

TCHAD:

Well, you're my wife too, and it would've taken at least that much just to get over you.

LEO:

Jeez Tchad. That's still pretty cold.

TCHAD:

(to both)

Look, when you're depressed, doesn't it make you feel better to get a nice gift?

LEO:

Yeah, I guess

CANDY:

I suppose.

TCHAD:

Well, I was going ahead and getting myself a nice gift in case I lost my lovely wife and star dancer. And trust me, it would've needed to be a nice gift. Think of it like this: I would've missed you 5 million dollars worth.

Tchad sticks his cigar in his mouth and puffs a few times.

CANDY:

Well, when you put it like that, it's kinda sweet. Sorry, I wasn't trying to-

TCHAD:

(interrupting)

It's ok. Now, listen. If we can stage your death, we can still collect that money. I'll take Shapiro out, and the three of us can split the dough and get lost on an island somewhere.

LEO:

Take Shapiro out. You mean, like kill him?

TCHAD:

No, I wanna date the guy. Of course I mean kill him.

CANDY:

Why not pay Shapiro back with the money? We'll still have over 4 million to split.

Tchad takes a long drag on his cigar.

TCHAD:

Because Shapiro's a bad man. A bad, bad man. He doesn't deserve any money.

CANDY:

Well neither do we.

LEO:

If you're gonna kill him, why not do that now, and then you don't have to worry about faking Candy's death.

TCHAD:

God, You people don't think! Wouldn't you wanna have the money?

LEO:
Well, yeah i guess

CANDY:
I'm more worried about Shapiro

TCHAD:
Shapiro will be dead!

LEO:
Then why do we need the money?

TCHAD:
Because it's money, you moron!

CANDY:
But we asked you about your plan
regarding Shapiro and you started
talking about the money.

LEO:
Exactly.

CANDY:
If you kill Shapiro, how does the
money have anything to do with your
plan?

Tchad buries his face in his hand

TCHAD:
For the love of... Look, if I kill a
man, I'm gonna wanna disappear, ok?
The money will help us do that.

CANDY:
Ok, that makes sense.

LEO:
Yeah, that's all I was wondering.

TCHAD:
Great! You get it. Can I finish my
plan now? Thank you!

Tchad takes a sip of his scotch and leans forward in his
seat.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
Ok, we find some loser. I don't
know, a sad case. Lonely nitwit
type. We set him up. Get him on
film too. Leo, you're gonna be the
director of photography.

LEO:
The what?

TCHAD:
Camera man, you idiot. Nobody can
argue with video evidence.

CANDY:
Wait, so I'm not really gonna die am
I?

Tchad takes a deep breath out of frustration.

TCHAD:
No, honey. You won't die. Just
leave all of this to me.

CANDY:
Ok.

Tchad takes a sip of his drink. Leo wipes the bar where
Tchad's glass was before Tchad sets it back down.

TCHAD:
(to Candy)
Now please, just go home and relax.
Wait for my call, and I'll let you
know when we can set the plan in
motion. Ok?

CANDY:
Ok, but move quickly. We only have
'til Friday.

SHAPIRO:
I know when we have 'til. I told
you, remember?

Candy stands up and leans in to kiss Tchad on the cheek.
Tchad pulls his head to the side and blocks her with a raised
hand to avoid the kiss.

Candy says goodbye to Leo and walks out the back door.

LEO:
Tchad, I get what you're saying and
all, but where are we gonna find
someone to set up?

TCHAD:
I haven't figured that out yet.

Leo starts wiping down the bar and then pours himself a drink.
He takes a long swallow before continuing.

LEO:
Well, it's gonna have to be somebody
dense the way you describe 'em.

TCHAD:

I know

Tchad stares off into space puffing his cigar, lost in his thoughts

Marvin stumbles through the front door, still holding his brief case and typewriter.

MARVIN:

Excuse me! Could one of you help me?

Tchad takes a sip of his drink and picks up his newspaper, ignoring Marvin.

LEO:

Sorry, we're not open yet.

MARVIN:

Well, I was just wondering do you guys have strippers?

LEO:

No, we've got go-go dancers, but we ain't open yet, so come back in about twelve hours.

MARVIN:

Ok. Well can I talk to you about a job?

LEO:

We're not hiring any bartenders or bouncers right now.

MARVIN:

No, I'm wanting to know about a stripping job.

LEO:

I told you, their not strippers, just dancers. And if she's interested, tell her she needs to come in herself.

MARVIN:

Oh no. It's for me. I'm wanting to become a dancer.

Leo turns to Tchad. Tchad lowers his paper and grins.

LEO:

(to Tchad)
He's all yours.

TCHAD:
 (to Marvin)
 Come on over here, son.

Marvin walks up to the bar and sits down where Candy was.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
 Leo, give us a few.

Leo nod and then takes another sip of his drink.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
 I said beat it!

Leo slings his towel over his shoulder and walks off.

Tchad suddenly becomes cordial as he turns to Marvin.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
 I'm the owner of this club... uh...
 sorry, what was your name?

MARVIN:
 Marvin. Marvin Oglethorp.

TCHAD:
 Marvin. Ok Marvin. Well, we don't
 have male dancers here.

MARVIN:
 Why not?

TCHAD:
 Because our customers are men.

MARVIN:
 But if you had male dancers, you
 could have women customers too.
 Twice the profits.

TCHAD:
 No, we would lose all our male
 customers because none of them wanna
 see a man up there dancing around
 with all the women.

MARVIN:
 Oh.

TCHAD:
 Now, You don't exactly strike me as
 the dancing type.

MARVIN:
 Oh, I'm not. I'm a writer.

TCHAD:

Then why are you interested in it?

MARVIN:

Well, I came in from out of town, looking for something to write about. I usually just write stories about coffee and stuff like that. But I figured if I did something exciting and daring for a change, maybe it would inspire me to write a better story.

TCHAD:

Oh I see. And you thought dancing was your ticket.

MARVIN:

Yeah. Well, actually I was thinking about stripping, but if the dancers aren't naked, then that's ok. I can do that too.

TCHAD:

Well listen. There's a lot of things more exciting and daring than getting up there in a short skirt and dancing in front of a bunch of belligerent drunks.

MARVIN:

Really, like what?

Tchad squints his eyes and stares up into the air, pretending to be thinking.

TCHAD:

I don't know. Let's see. Maybe something like assassination? That seems pretty exciting.

MARVIN:

You mean like shooting a President?

TCHAD:

No, not necessarily. It could be anybody. It would certainly be something thrilling and dangerous. Something that would inspire a lot of stories, I'm sure.

MARVIN:

Well that's called murder. You know that? You're talking about murder!

TCHAD:

Nah, it's only murder if you do it for free. Assassination is when you do it for money. There's a lot more prestige to it that way.

MARVIN:

Prestige?

TCHAD:

Oh hell yeah.

Tchad takes another sip of his drink.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Assassination is some prestigious shit.

MARVIN:

Yeah? Well, how am I gonna find somebody who will pay me to assassinate people?

Tchad pretends to be thinking hard for a moment and then slaps the bar

TCHAD:

(smiling)

I've got it! Tell you what. I'll help you out. I'll be your first client.

MARVIN:

You?

TCHAD:

Sure!

Marvin squints his eyes and looks around the bar. He leans forward.

MARVIN:

(in a whisper)

You want me to kill that bartender?

TCHAD:

No, no, no. It's my wife. She... I think she cheats on me.

Marvin looks down at the floor nervously.

MARVIN:

I don't know. Killing someone. I mean. I don't know. She'd be dead and I'd be responsible. Nah, I don't really want to be a killer.

TCHAD:

Oh, you wouldn't be. I would be paying you, so it would actually be me killing her.

MARVIN:

Yeah? How much would you pay?

TCHAD:

I don't know, how does ten sound?

Marvin scowls and stands up. He picks his type writer up and prepares to leave.

MARVIN:

You've got the wrong guy sir. If you think I'm gonna end one of life's most precious gifts, the gift of life, then you're gonna have to pay me a lot more than ten bucks.

Tchad laughs and leans forward. He puts his hand up on Marvin's arm.

TCHAD:

No. Marvin. Ten thousand.

Marvin sits back down.

MARVIN:

Oh. Well that is different, I guess. At least it means you find your wife more valuable than ten dollars.

TCHAD:

(laughing)
Oh yeah. A lot more.

MARVIN:

Well, I still don't know. Can I think about it for a while?

TCHAD:

Sure, sure, sure. Take all the time you need! Just let me know by noon.

Tchad pulls out a business card and hands it to Marvin

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Here. Here's my card. Give me a call. I'll be right here waiting.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF BUSINESS CARD -- CONTINUOUS

The card reads "Tchad McNamara. Owner. The Go-Go Room."

MARVIN: (O.S.)
(Reading the card)
Tuh-Chad McNamara.

CUT BACK TO:

FULL SHOT BAR -- CONTINUOUS

TCHAD:
Uh, just call me Tchad.

MARVIN:
Oh yeah. Like, for short?

TCHAD:
Sure.

Tchad stands back up, preparing to leave.

MARVIN:
Ok, well it was nice to meet you
sir, and maybe we will conduct some
prestigious business together later
in the day.
(Winks)

TCHAD:
(Smiling)
I hope so.

Marvin shakes Tchad's hand and then picks up his briefcase
and walks off.

Leo walks back to the bar.

LEO:
You think it'll work with this guy?

Tchad sticks his cigar back in his mouth and picks his
newspaper back up.

TCHAD:
Oh yeah, that's a dumb son of a bitch
right there.
(starts laughing)

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- DAY

CUT TO:

INT. BAMBOO MOTEL BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin stands in front of the mirror making tough-guy faces and pretending to hold a gun.

MARVIN:
(squinting)
You don't mess with me. I'm Marvin
the Killer.

He adjusts his tie and clears his throat still talking to the mirror.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
I'm Marvin the Assassinator. And
I'll be assassinating you now.

He tilts his hat to the side.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
Excuse me. I'm the Marvinator. The
assassinator.

He straightens his hat back and lifts his imaginary gun again.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
No, that's no good. Hmmm.

He stares hard into the mirror for a few seconds.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
They call me the Marv. Now go to
hell.

He gets excited.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
That's it! I'm the Marv. They call
me the Marv!

He swings around and picks up the phone. He pulls out Tchad's business card and starts dialing.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
Tuh-chad? It's the Marv.

TCHAD:
What?

MARVIN:
Marvin Oglethorpe.

TCHAD:
Oh Marvin, hey. What did you decide?

MARVIN:
I'm in. I'll do it.

TCHAD:
Great! Ok, now do you have a gun?

MARVIN:
Yes, but it's at home.

TCHAD:
Where's your home?

MARVIN:
Oklahoma.

TCHAD:
Ok, that won't work, Marvin. We've got to do this today.

MARVIN:
Ok. Wait, I might have brought it with me.

Marvin puts the phone down and walks to the closet. He opens it up and pulls out a BB gun.

He walks back over to the phone and picks it up.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
Here it is. I found it. I brought it.

TCHAD:
Great. What kind of gun is it?

MARVIN:
It's a BB gun.

TCHAD:
That's not gonna work Marvin.

MARVIN:
Well, I've heard they can be deadly at point blank range, like if you fire it at the temple. Or down their throat or something.

TCHAD:
No. Marvin, that's not gonna work. I have a gun. It's not registered, so they'll never trace it back to us. I can bring it over to you. Where are you?

MARVIN:
The Bamboo Motel. Room 103

TCHAD:
Ok, just sit tight. I'll Be over
there in just a little while.

MARVIN:
Alright, see you soon! Bye.

Marvin hangs up, spins around, and points a fake gun at the
mirror

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
(to the mirror)
The Marv!

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad hangs up with Marvin and dials Candy.

CUT TO:

INT. TCHAD MCNAMARA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Candy is lying on the couch watching TV when the phone rings.
She sits up and answers.

CANDY:
(into the phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

TCHAD:
Hey toots. Listen, I found the nitwit
we've been waiting for.

CANDY:
Really?

TCHAD:
Yeah, I'm gonna send him over in
about an hour or so. Leo will be
parked outside filming everything.
Make sure you wear something sexy.

CANDY:
Why? For Leo's movie?

TCHAD:

No, we want this guy to be thrown off. He's not a bright guy anyway, but we certainly don't want him thinking with the head that's got brains in it. Now, you're gonna have to sell him on not really killing you, and that means using your best assets. Get my drift?

CANDY:

Ok, Yeah. I can do that.

TCHAD:

Alright. Now try to get him to shoot you in the hand?

CANDY:

What?!

TCHAD:

We've got to leave some blood behind, and a shot to the hand shouldn't be fatal.

CANDY:

No! I'm not taking a shot to the hand. Forget it!

TCHAD:

Look woman! You take a shot to the hand, or you take a shot to the head from Shapiro. Besides, once we're rolling in the dough in Costa Rica, you're not gonna care about a little scar on your hand.

Candy pauses for a minute, thinking.

CANDY:

(sighs)

Fine. He can shoot me in the hand. But nowhere else!

TCHAD:

Ok. Now when he comes over, this is what you're gonna say.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- DAY

Tchad pulls into the parking lot. He scopes the scene before getting out.

He slings open the door and puts his cigar out on the ground. He gets out and walks to room 103 and knocks.

Marvin opens the door and Tchad walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. BAMBOO MOTEL BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin closes the door behind Tchad.

TCHAD:

81 Timberdale Drive. The front door is usually unlocked. If it isn't just give it a sturdy kick. It'll fly right open.

MARVIN:

I'm not from around here, so I have no idea where that is.

Tchad pulls out a folded sheet of paper and hands it to Marvin

TCHAD:

I drew you a map.

Tchad runs his hand down in his pocket and looks around the room.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Mind if I use your bathroom?

MARVIN:

Yes. I mean no not at all. I mean no I don't mind, and yes you can use it.

Tchad walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

Marvin turns to the mirror and makes a tough guy face.

Tchad opens the door and walks right back out.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

That didn't take long.

TCHAD:

(shrugging)

I just farted. Didn't even have to go.

Tchad puts on a pair of latex gloves and pulls a gun out from his pants.

He pulls a cloth from his pocket and wipes the gun down. He starts to hand it to Marvin before pulling it back.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Wait a sec. Is that a pube?

Tchad picks a hair off the gun and then wipes it again.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Guess it wouldn't do any good to wipe my prints off if I was gonna leave my hair on it.

MARVIN:

(Fake laughs)

No.

Tchad hands the gun to Marvin. Marvin takes it, holding it gingerly as if scared to touch it.

TCHAD:

Now look. After you're done with that, get rid of it! You hear me? Get rid of it altogether. Throw it in a lake or something. But before you do, you might wanna wipe off any fingerprints.

MARVIN:

Or pubes.

TCHAD:

Exactly. Now go act quickly while it's still daylight.

MARVIN:

What about the money?

TCHAD:

I never pay until a job is done.

MARVIN:

Well I never assassinate until I get paid.

TCHAD:

What the fuck do you mean you never assassinate until you get paid? You've never done this before.

MARVIN:

Well, it's a policy I'm implementing. Without a payment, it's not prestigious. It's just murder.

TCHAD:

You'll get the payment, but what if you chicken out, huh? Then what?

(MORE)

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

I'm out the money and my wife is still alive and cheatin'. I'm good for it, I promise. Just get over there and do it Marvin, and then call me and we'll set up a time to take care of the money.

MARVIN:

The Marv.

TCHAD:

Huh?

MARVIN:

I go by the Marv when I'm working. It's my assassination name.

TCHAD:

Whatever. Just get over there before she leaves.

MARVIN:

I won't let you down Tuh-chad.

TCHAD:

I hope not. I'm gonna go play some golf with a couple of buddies. Get my alibi straight. You call me when you're done.

Tchad opens the door and starts to leave. Marvin turns to the mirror and starts making mean faces.

Tchad turns back around and looks at Marvin like he's crazy.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Are you coming?

MARVIN:

In just a few. I gotta get into character.

TCHAD:

Whatever. Just don't take too long.

Tchad closes the door as he leaves, and Marvin continues to make faces in the mirror.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MARVIN'S CAR -- DAY

The radio is playing as Marv drives, acting like a badass.

CUT TO:

EXT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Marvin pulls up in front of the house and gets out. He walks up to the front door and notices it is slightly open. He pulls his gun out and slowly walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin slowly walks down the hall and hears Candy humming in one of the rooms. The door is slightly open to the room so he pushes it all the way open.

Candy is wearing one of her short go-go dresses, dusting furniture. She whisks around to see Marvin standing there with a gun. She acts startled.

CANDY:

Oh! Who are you? What do you want?

Marvin looks at her in amazement.

MARVIN:

(Nervously)

Huh? Oh wow. Oh, uhh... I don't know. I mean, hey.

Marvin waves.

CANDY:

Well? Who are you?

MARVIN:

Oh, I'm just, you know. A guy. I was actually here just to see Tuh-chad.

CANDY:

You mean Tchad?

MARVIN:

Oh yeah, he goes by that for short. You see, we grew up together back in our...childhood.

CANDY:

What do you want with him?

MARVIN:
 (Still nervous)
 Uh, well... I just came by to...

Tchad looks around for a second and then looks down at his gun.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
 ...To give him this gun. Because I remembered he used to like them when we were little and they were black. The guns I mean. He likes black guns.

CANDY:
 You're not here to see Tchad. He sent you here to see me. Didn't he?

MARVIN:
 (Shrugs and laughs nervously)
 Well I don't... I mean...No, he didn't. What?

CANDY:
 What was your name?

MARVIN:
 The Marv

CANDY:
 Ok, The Marv. I know the deal. I'm not stupid. Tchad sent you over here to sleep with me.

MARVIN:
 (laughs)
 Oh wow. No. He wouldn't have had to pay me for that.

CANDY:
 Aha! So he did send you. What did he pay you to do?

Marv nervously scratches the back of his neck with the gun.

MARVIN:
 Well, I think he wanted me to, you know,
 (waves gun around and mumbles)
 Assassinate you or whatever.

CANDY:
 To what?

MARVIN:

Assassinate you. But now your legs are pretty and I don't want them to die.

CANDY:

What?

MARVIN:

I mean, I'm having my doubts on if I want to be a prestigious assassin.

CANDY:

Look, Tchad did not send you to kill me, ok? He sent you over here to bait me into fooling around with you.

(Motions towards the window)

You see that car out there?

Marvin looks out the window

CANDY: (CONT'D)

That guy has been following me; filming me all week. My husband thought if he sent somebody over here to kill me then I might seduce them to keep them from doing it. And then if we slept together it would have all be caught on tape. That way he would have the evidence he needs to divorce me and take all my money.

MARVIN:

So, we're gonna...
(motions towards the bed)

CANDY:

(disgusted)

No! That's just what he wants. Him and that pervert camera man out there.

Marvin looks out the window again.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEO'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Leo is sitting in the driver's seat across the street filming the exchange going on inside.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MARVIN:

Hey, I know that guy. He's the bartender.

CANDY:

Yeah, he works for Tchad. He's probably been guaranteed a cut of my money.

MARVIN:

So you have a lot of money?

CANDY:

Oh yeah. Lots and lots of it. But it's hidden. They'll never find it.

MARVIN:

Well, if I don't want to kill you now and your legs, and we don't, you know,

(motions towards the bed again)

Then what are we doing? I mean... Hey! What if we go in a room that doesn't have a window?

CANDY:

(In disgust)

No!

Candy takes a deep breath and pulls herself together.

CANDY: (CONT'D)

I mean, no. But if you help me play a little trick on them, we can run down to Mexico to get my money, and then... well, who knows what may happen.

(smiles seductively)

There certainly won't be any camera men around.

MARVIN:
 (Nervously laughs)
 Ok, I like Mexico and playing tricks.

CANDY:
 (holds her hands up
 in the air)
 Ok, I'm going to act like I'm begging
 you not to shoot me. And I want you
 to shoot me in my left hand.

MARVIN:
 You want me to shoot your hand?

CANDY:
 There's gotta be blood on the wall.
 It has to be convincing. I want
 that camera pervert to think you
 really killed me. Then he'll run
 back and tell Tchad and Tchad will
 be devastated.

MARVIN:
 Ok. So I'm gonna shoot your hand
 now.

CANDY:
 Ok, and I'm gonna fall down behind
 the bed so he can't see me afterwards.

Marvin lifts the gun in the air, his hand shaking.

MARVIN:
 Ok, here it goes.

CANDY:
 (Shouting)
 Oh no, please don't shoot me!

Marvin lowers the gun

MARVIN:
 Oh,ok. I thought you wanted-

CANDY:
 (Interrupts)
 That's part of the act, Marv. I'm
 supposed to be begging.

MARVIN:
 Oh ok.

Marvin brings the gun up again and then hesitates. He lowers
 the gun again.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

And it's actually THE Marv. But I only go by that when I'm assassinating. You can just call me Marvin for right now.

CANDY:

Marvin! Shut up and shoot me.

MARVIN:

Ok, here it goes.

Candy closes her eyes and grits her teeth.

Marvin slowly lifts the gun and fires a shot.

Candy opens her eyes and looks at her hand. There's no blood. She turns around and looks at the hole in the wall.

CANDY:

You missed me you idiot!

MARVIN:

Ok, sorry about that. I don't really shoot guns all that much. Just the occasional BB.

CANDY:

Well try to hit me this time. Come on, let's get it over with.

Marvin lifts the hammer of the pistol right up to his eye and closes the other, aiming the barrel at her hand. He extends his arm again and shoots her in the hand.

Candy screams and flops down on the ground beside the bed.

Marvin walks up where she is lying and fires several shots into the ground, laughing like a maniac.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEO'S CAR -- DAY

Leo tosses the camera onto the passenger seat and speeds off.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin is still laughing uncontrollably, firing shot after shot into the ground until the gun is empty.

Candy sits up, holding her bloody hand.

CANDY:

Is he gone?

Marvin pulls himself together and looks out the window.

MARVIN:

Yeah, he's gone. Wow! That was fun. I mean, I felt like I really became an assassin while I was shooting you.

CANDY:

(wincing)

You weren't shooting me. You were shooting the ground.

MARVIN:

Well, I did shoot you once in the hand. And I gotta tell you, it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought.

CANDY:

Maybe not for you!

Candy stands up and starts wrapping a towel around her hand.

CANDY: (CONT'D)

We gotta get out of here.

MARVIN:

Yeah, let's get you to a hospital

CANDY:

No can do. I'm a dead woman now. I can't tip anybody off that I'm alive. It's just gonna have to be whiskey and bandages for me.

Candy quickly walks past Marvin and out of the room, Marvin is left standing there with his hands on his hips, looking smug.

CANDY: (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Marvin snaps back to reality and runs out after her.

CUT TO:

INT. MARVIN'S CAR -- DAY

Marvin drives in the car feeling like a badass, looking in the rear view mirror at himself, making cool faces.

Meanwhile Candy is in the passenger seat moaning and groaning in agony.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

Marvin pulls into the parking lot.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF MARVIN -- CONTINUOUS

He gets out and struts into the liquor store.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Marvin struts back out of the liquor store holding a brown bag.

We hear Candy still moaning from the car.

Marvin climbs back into the car and peels out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- DAY

Marvin and Candy pull up to the hotel and Marvin gets out holding the whiskey bottle in a brown bag. Candy gets out and runs to the door with her head down.

CUT TO:

INT. BAMBOO MOTEL BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin and Candy walk in. Candy snatches the bottle from Marvin and runs to the bathroom and slams the door. Marvin picks up the phone and calls Tchad.

TCHAD : (O.S.)

Hello?

MARVIN:

Tuh-chad! I did it. We need to meet now for the payment.

TCHAD : (O.S.)

It's a done deed?

MARVIN:

Oh yeah. It's doner than... yeah.
I mean, it's done.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad is holding a bag of golf clubs standing by a couple of buddies

TCHAD :

So she's dead? For sure?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MARVIN:

Yep. Deader than a... door.

TCHAD:

Great work Marvin. Just hang tight there for the night, and I'll be by tomorrow morning, first thing. I'll have your money.

MARVIN:

Ok. And I hope you don't mind. I got rid of her body. I threw it in... a canyon... of fire.

TCHAD:

Perfect. I hope they never find her.

Phone beeps

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Look, I gotta beep coming in. Relax and watch some TV or somethin'. Just lay low, and I'll see you in the morning.

Marvin hangs up the phone and falls back onto the bed. He picks up the remote and cuts the TV on.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad switches lines on his cell phone

TCHAD:
Toots. What's happenin'?

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Candy is pouring whiskey on her wound and holding the phone to her ear with her shoulder

CANDY:
(whispering to phone)
I sure hope this is gonna be worth
it cause this hurts like hell.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- CONTINUOUS

TCHAD:
It'll all be worth it, I promise.
Did you find the knife?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CANDY:
Not yet. I'm just trying to keep
from bleeding to death right now.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

TCHAD:
Nevermind all that. I need you to
find that knife. I left it in the
cabinet under the sink.

Candy opens up the cabinet and pulls out a large butcher knife.

CANDY:
Yeah, I see it. Why do we have to
kill him again?

TCHAD:
Because that moron will sing like a
songbird. We can't risk it. Besides,
he's got my business card on him and
a gun which may or may not have some
of my pubes on it.

CANDY:
Alright, well let me get my hand
bandaged up, and then I'll go out
there and take care of it. When can
you come get me?

TCHAD:

Don't know yet. The police are probably at our house right now. You may have to hang there at the hotel overnight. Or at least until I can get them to confirm the homicide.

CANDY:

Are you serious? I gotta stay overnight in a room with a dead body?

TCHAD:

No, you can wait 'til the morning to kill him. Just make sure he doesn't go anywhere.

CANDY:

You've got to be kidding me. I can't put up with this guy all day and night.

TCHAD:

Look, I don't care if you stay there with him while he's dead or alive. Just make sure he's dead before I let Leo turn the footage in.

Candy wraps a bandage tightly around her wrist.

CANDY:

I don't know which one would be worse, spending the night in a room with him or spending the night in a room with his corpse.

TCHAD:

Just hang in there toots. You're doing great. I got a call coming in. It's probably the police.

CANDY:

I love you.

TCHAD: (O.S.)

I'll see you tomorrow.

Candy hangs up the phone and picks the knife back up. She looks at it for a moment and then puts it back in the cabinet.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LEO'S CAR -- NIGHT

Leo is driving and singing with the radio, belting out the high notes. His cell phone rings. He pulls it out, hits ignore and then sticks it back in his pocket.

His phone rings again. This time he cuts the radio off and answers.

LEO:

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE -- NIGHT

VISA MAN:

(to the phone)

Could I speak with Leonard Pruitt?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

LEO:

This is Leo Pruitt.

VISA MAN:

Hi Mr. Pruitt. I'm calling with the Visa fraud department. We were calling to notify you that your credit card has been compromised. What this means is-

LEO:

(interrupting)

Wait. What does that mean?

VISA MAN:

What that means is someone has obtained your credit card number and it's at risk for fraudulent activity. So what we need to do-

LEO:

So what do we need to do?

VISA MAN:

We'll need to shut your card down and issue you a new one.

LEO:

How do I know you are who you say you are? For all I know, you could be the fraudster.

VISA MAN:

If I was the fraudster, why would I be calling you to tell you someone has your credit card number?

LEO:

To throw me off.

VISA MAN:

Well, I assure you I'm not. So what I'll need to do is-

LEO:

(interrupting)

Ok, if you're really from Visa, then what was the last charge I made?

VISA MAN:

I see you spent 214 dollars at Thelma's antiques yesterday.

LEO:

That was for my mom.

VISA MAN:

Ok. Well what I'll need to do is-

LEO:

Now hold on. You still haven't done anything to prove to me that you're with Visa.

VISA MAN:

Well, I just told you your last charge.

LEO:

That doesn't mean anything to me. For all I know, you could have been the salesperson from Thelma's.

VISA MAN:

Ok. The charge before that was to MaxMart for 33.81.

LEO:

That was for a new shower head. The one I was using felt really weak. I thought it was just the water pressure, but the other day I took a shower in the other bathroom and the pressure was great. I heard MaxMart has this new line that let's the water come out more forcefully.

VISA MAN:

Ok. Well what I'll need to do is-

LEO:

Wait just a minute, buddy! I still don't know who you are. Now this is the third time I've told you to prove to me who you are, and you still haven't done it.

VISA MAN:

Ok sir. Just call the number on the back of your card and one of our agents will help you.

LEO:

Now wait a second. I want to know something. How did my card get compromised?

VISA MAN:

I don't know.

LEO:

Who did it?

VISA MAN:

I don't know sir. We have an investigations team that looks into it once I shut your card down.

LEO:

Shut it down?! Why would you shut it down?

VISA MAN:

Because it has been compromised.

LEO:

Well I want the name of the person who did this.

VISA MAN:

I don't have his name sir.

LEO:

Was it Shapiro?

VISA MAN:

I don't know. I don't know who that is.

LEO:

I'll kill him. Once I find out who did this, he is dead. You hear me?

VISA MAN:

Yes I do. So let me go ahead and shut this card-

LEO:

Hang on, now. How is it you know my card was compromised, but you don't know who did it? Sounds funny to me.

VISA MAN:

I'm sorry it sounds that way to you, sir.

LEO:

Nah. No you're not. This is fishy. I'm gonna call the number on the back of my card.

VISA MAN:

Please do.

Leo hangs up the phone. It rings again. He answers it.

LEO:

What!

CUT TO:

INT. TCHAD MCNAMARA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Tchad is sitting at his kitchen table with a bottle of scotch in front of him. His eyes are bloodshot and his hair is wild.

TCHAD:

Don't you ever answer the phone like that when I call you!

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

LEO:

Oh, sorry Tchad. I was on the phone with Visa. Somebody stole my card number.

TCHAD:

Your credit card number?

LEO:

Yeah.

TCHAD:

Well that's interesting.

LEO:

Yeah, I was thinking the same thing.

TCHAD:

Look, you need to come over. We gotta talk.

LEO:
Aww come on. I've had a long day.

TCHAD:
You've had a long day? I've been
grilled by cops for the past three
hours. Get your ass over here.

LEO:
(sighs)
On my way.

Leo hangs up and then cuts the radio back on. He starts
singing loudly again.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. BAMBOO MOTEL BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin is lying on the bed watching TV.

Candy is looking bored, sitting on the foot of the bed,
playing solitaire.

MARVIN:
Maybe I should write something.

Marvin picks up the remote and flips through some channels.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
Yeah, I think I could write something
good now.

Marvin stands up and walks to the window. He opens the
curtains and looks out into the parking lot.

CANDY:
Close those curtains please.

Martin closes the curtains and flops back down on the bed.

MARVIN:
Yeah, I think I might write something.

Candy draws a heavy sigh, rolls her eyes, and then starts to
pick up the cards.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

CANDY:
Nothing.

MARVIN:
You sighed.

CANDY:
I know.

MARVIN:
Why?

CANDY:
Because.

MARVIN:
Because something's wrong?

CANDY:
No.

Marvin stands up again and walks a few feet. He turns and paces for a few seconds and then flops down on his bed.

MARVIN:
Why are we still here again?

CANDY:
Huh?

MARVIN:
Why aren't we headed to Mexico? I don't understand.

CANDY:
Because it's a long drive and we need some rest.

MARVIN:
Mexico's only two hours away.

CANDY:
Not the part of Mexico where my money is. It's all the way down there. Near the gulf.

MARVIN:
Oh.

Marvin picks up the remote and flips through some more channels.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll write something.

Candy closes her eyes grits her teeth.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

CANDY:
Nothing.

MARVIN:
You closed your eyes.

CANDY:
I know.

MARVIN:
Are you tired?

Candy grunts, but doesn't answer.

Marvin starts sucking his teeth.

Candy lets out a loud groan and jumps up. She heads to the bathroom and closes the door behind her.

Marvin gets up and walks to the dresser. He picks up a magazine and begins to thumb through it.

Candy comes back out of the bathroom and we see the knife behind her back. She walks up slowly behind Marvin.

Candy pulls the knife back and just as she thrusts it forward, Marvin casually turns to the side and starts walking back towards the window. Candy misses.

Marvin is still reading the magazine as he walks around the room.

Candy creeps up behind him again and thrusts the knife forward. Marvin casually turns again, making her miss again.

Marvin finally looks up from his magazine and turns around and sees Candy.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
I didn't know you were behind me.
You're very-

Marvin looks down and sees the knife Candy is holding

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
What are you doing with that?

Candy lifts the knife high and swings wildly at Marvin. He leans back, making her miss again.

She lifts the knife again, and Marvin grabs her wrist. They struggle and fall on the bed.

Marvin rolls over on top of her. She is still trying to stab him, but he is still holding her arm steady.

CANDY:
Give it up! You're as good as dead
anyway!

Marvin is struggling to pry the knife from her fingers

CANDY: (CONT'D)
(Screaming)
You're dead! We've got you on film.

The two violently struggle on the bed.

MARVIN:
No!

CANDY:
If I don't kill you, Tchad or Leo
will.

MARVIN:
No!

CANDY:
You'll be locked up. We've got you
killing me on film, you idiot!

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON MARVIN'S EYES

We see the rage build in his face. He snaps.

BACK TO SCENE

Marvin grabs her injured hand and twists it. Candy shrieks in pain. Marvin finally wrestles the knife free.

He lifts the blade high in the air and comes down stabbing her repeatedly.

Candy screams and gasps, flailing her arms.

Marvin laughs hysterically as we see blood splatter up on his face. He stabs her over and over and over until she is motionless.

He is still laughing when he stops. He stands up from the bed and staggers into the bathroom, laughing the whole time.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Leo walks up to the front door and knocks.

Tchad opens it wearing a bathrobe and looking rough.

TCHAD:
We got problems.

Leo walks in and Tchad closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad walks into the kitchen and Leo follows. Tchad goes to the counter and pours two drinks. He hands one to Leo.

The two walk over to the kitchen table and sit down.

TCHAD:
I haven't heard from Candy. I'm guessing she's still holed up in that Motel with Marvin.

LEO:
He's still alive?

TCHAD:
Not sure yet. You haven't turned that footage in yet, have you?

LEO:
No.

TCHAD:
Good. Let's make sure the fella's dead first. I don't want him talkin'.

Tchad downs his drink and slams the glass on the table. He runs his fingers through his hair and winces.

LEO:
Well, what's the deal?

TCHAD:
Oh God.

LEO:
I'm tired. Why did you call me here so late?

TCHAD:
Oh God, we got problems Leo.

LEO:
What? What is the big problem?

TCHAD:

The police won't rule it a homicide until they have evidence that she's dead.

LEO:

That's no problem. They'll have their evidence tomorrow.

Tchad runs his fingers through his hair again and stares at the ground.

TCHAD:

The insurance company won't send me the payment until the police rule it a homicide.

LEO:

Ok Tchad, again, no problem. They'll have their evidence tomorrow.

TCHAD:

(shaking his head)

No, no, no, no, no, no, no. I talked to the insurance company. They said it will take two to three weeks to release the funds after it's been determined that she's dead.

LEO:

Two to three weeks?!

TCHAD:

Yeah.

LEO:

That's a problem!

TCHAD:

Yeah.

LEO:

That's a big fucking problem!

TCHAD:

Yeah.

Leo stands up and takes a deep breath.

LEO:

We've got two days left to either pay Shapiro or kill him.

TCHAD:

Yeah, and Shapiro ain't the kinda guy you kill and then hang around town for two more weeks.

LEO:
Two to THREE more weeks!

TCHAD:
Yeah.

Leo sits back down and slams his drink.

LEO:
I trusted you man.

Tchad leans back in his chair and takes a deep breath.

LEO: (CONT'D)
I say forget the money. To hell
with it. Let's take out Shapiro and
get the hell out of town.

TCHAD:
I can't leave all that money on the
table. It's too much.

LEO:
Well I sure can. That money won't
mean a thing to me if Shapiro or one
of his boys gets to me first.

Tchad stands back up and walks back to the counter. He pours
himself another drink as he thinks. He pauses.

TCHAD:
We gotta be cool about this.

LEO:
Yeah right.

TCHAD:
(shouting)
No, we've got to! Do you understand
me?

Leo sits in silence.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
(calmer)
Look, we've gotta couple days. Marvin
will be dead tomorrow. I'll get
Candy out of that room she's in,
you'll turn in the tape, and then
we'll take care of Shapiro. At that
point, you and Candy can take off.
Get down to Central America. I'll
hang back here and wait for the check.

LEO:
You'll never make it-

TCHAD:

(shouting)

I have no choice! I've got to get that money!

LEO:

Right. You're right. We'll just, we'll just do what you said. We'll wait for you, and you'll meet us down there with the money.

TCHAD:

It's all we can do.

Tchad walks back to the table and sits down, drink in hand.

LEO:

How are you gonna take Shapiro out? He's usually got a body guard around.

TCHAD:

I haven't figured that out yet.

LEO:

Shapiro. Wish I'd never heard of him.

TCHAD:

Me too.

LEO:

And what's with that name? He doesn't even look Italian. He looks, I don't know, Irish or something.

Tchad stares at the floor as he slowly sips his drink.

Leo stands up and begins to walk out. Before he reaches the front door he stops and turns back around.

LEO: (CONT'D)

When I take that tape to the police, they're gonna ask why I was filming.

TCHAD:

Tell 'em your a pervert who had a crush on your boss' wife.

LEO:

I ain't a pervert.

Tchad looks up and stares blankly at Leo.

LEO: (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm a pervert.

Leo turns back towards the door.

LEO: (CONT'D)
Call me as soon as you pick up Candy
tomorrow.

TCHAD:
I will.

Leo opens the front door and walks out.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

The sheets and covers are off the bed. Marvin is scrubbing the walls with a rag. Candy's body is wrapped in a blanket on the floor.

Marvin puts the rag down and walks up to the mirror. He mimics a movie trailer narrator.

MARVIN:
They thought they could mess with
the Marv. But the Marv thought they
couldn't.

He keeps looking in the mirror and pulls the brim of his hat down.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
Just when you thought it was safe...

He turns back and looks at Candy's body in the blanket.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
It's a shame. With legs like yours,
we coulda had something special.

He picks the rag back up and begins cleaning the wall again.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BAMBOO MOTEL -- MORNING

Tchad pulls up and quickly gets out of his car.

He walks quickly to room 103 and notices the door is wide open. He looks in and sees the bed is missing the covers.

He spots the hotel housekeeper a few doors down.

TCHAD:

Excuse me.

HOUSEKEEPER:

Yes sir?

TCHAD:

Have you seen the lady who was in here?

HOUSEKEEPER:

Not a lady. Just a man. I think he was alone.

TCHAD:

Where is he?

HOUSEKEEPER:

Checked out early this morning. About three hours ago.

TCHAD:

And he didn't have a lady with him?

HOUSEKEEPER:

No, although I'd wonder about her too if he did.

TCHAD:

What do you mean?

HOUSEKEEPER:

I mean he was a real strange guy. Told me he crapped all over the covers. For fun. Must've been a freak or something. I told him don't worry about it. We would wash them and the next guest wouldn't know the difference, but he said he wanted to keep them for his collection. He was a freak I tell ya.

TCHAD:

So he didn't leave them?

HOUSEKEEPER:

No, and he left money to pay for 'em so I wasn't gonna complain.

Tchad surveys the parking lot for a second.

TCHAD:

He didn't say where he was going did he?

HOUSEKEEPER:

No sir.

TCHAD:

Alright, thanks.

Tchad slowly walks back to his car, still slowly looking over the parking lot. He gets in and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- MORNING

Leo is alone at the bar, trying to fix the wobbly barstool. He drills a hole into the underside of the seat with a power drill and then sets it on the stool next to him.

He pulls out his cell phone and looks at it.

LEO:

(to the phone)

Come on Tchad. Call me. We ain't got all day.

He shoves the phone back down into his pocket.

He picks a video camera up off the bar and opens it to make sure the tape is still inside.

LEO: (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I'm ready to get rid of this tape, Tchad. You'd better call me.

He picks the drill up and sits down beneath the stool. He is just about to start drilling again. We hear the door open.

LEO: (CONT'D)

Tchad is that you? I thought you were gonna call.

Leo stands up and turns around to see Marvin standing there.

Leo gasps and takes a step back.

LEO: (CONT'D)

What are you... How did...

Leo takes another step back and stumbles into the bar stool.

Marvin stands motionless with his hands in his pockets.

LEO: (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MARVIN:

I came to see Tuh-chad. He owes me some money.

LEO:

Well he's not here. Probably won't be either. Did you try his house?

Marvin takes a couple steps forward without pulling his hands out of his pocket.

Leo nervously looks around as if looking for a gun or something.

MARVIN:

Nah, haven't tried there yet.

Marvin sits down on a bar stool.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if he told you, but he had me assassinate his wife yesterday.

LEO:

Yeah, I think he mentioned that.

MARVIN:

It wasn't easy. My first assassination. Let me tell you, it didn't feel too prestigious either.

LEO:

You mean you really did it?

MARVIN:

Yeah, I mean that's what he said he'd pay me to do. Why wouldn't I follow through with it?

LEO:

Oh boy.

MARVIN:

What?

LEO:

Oh. Nothing. Hey, uh... make yourself comfortable. I'll get Tchad on the phone and tell him to come up here.

MARVIN:

Alright.

Leo quickly runs around behind the bar. He pulls out a glass and sets it on the bar.

LEO:

Say, you could probably use a drink, huh?.

Leo drops a couple ice cubes in the glass

MARVIN:

Nah, I don't drink alcohol.

LEO:

Oh. Well not every drink has alcohol in it.

MARVIN:

Ok. You got soda?

LEO:

Sure!

Leo pulls out a soda bottle and hands it to Marvin.

He quickly runs back around to the front of the bar and sits on a stool next to Marvin.

LEO: (CONT'D)

So how did you do it?

MARVIN:

Do what?

LEO:

How did you kill her?

MARVIN:

I just went over to her house and shot her a bunch of times.

LEO:

What did you do with the body?

MARVIN:

I threw it in a canyon.

Marvin takes a swig of his soda.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

Of fire.

Marvin spots the camera on the bar.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

That's a nice video camera

LEO:

(nervously)

Ha. That old thing. Doesn't even work.

MARVIN:

Looks like there's a tape in it.

LEO:
 Oh, yeah. That tape's been jammed
 in there for years. Won't eject.
 Won't record. Nothin'. Just sits in
 there.

MARVIN:
 Why do you have it?

LEO:
 Huh?

MARVIN:
 The camera. Why do you have it if
 it's broken?

LEO:
 Oh. Well, I was gonna take it to a
 repairman today and see if I could
 get it fixed.

Marvin nods slowly. He stands up and slowly paces in front
 of the bar stool, holding his soda.

Leo watches him anxiously.

MARVIN:
 So, are you gonna call Tchad?

LEO:
 Oh yeah, of course.

Leo runs his hand down in his pocket. He pulls out his phone.
 He looks down at it and begins to dial.

Marvin slowly walks up to Leo. We see him raise the bottle
 in the air behind Leo. He smashes it down on his head.

Leo falls off the barstool and drops the phone.

He groans as he lies disoriented on the ground.

Marvin walks over to the power drill and picks it up.

MARVIN:
 You must think I'm an idiot.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF LEO -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin casts a long shadow on Leo. Blood runs down Leo's
 face. He struggles to stay conscious.

We hear the power drill start running.

LEO:

It was Tchad. It was all his idea.
He needed a fall guy. He
was...collecting... there was life
insurance policy on Candy. 5 million.

Marvin starts speaking in a movie trailer voice.

MARVIN:

Just when you thought it was safe to
mess with the Marv...

Marvin squeezes the trigger on the power drill a couple times,
revving it up.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

...it wasn't.

LEO:

Please. No. It was Tchad.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF MARVIN FROM LEO'S P.O.V. -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin lifts the power drill and thrusts it forward. He
starts laughing.

Bloods squirts up onto Marvin's face.

We hear Leo screaming as Marvin continuously pulls the drill
back and thrusts it forward again.

Leo's screams get louder and louder but they are drowned out
by Marvin's increasing laughter.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- DAY

CUT TO:

INT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad paces back and forth in the living room, looking down
at the ground.

He sits down on the couch and taps his knee anxiously with
his hand.

He pops back up and starts pacing again.

He pulls out his phone and dials Leo.

TCHAD:
Come on Leo. Pick up. Pick up.

The phone goes to voice mail.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Why won't you answer!?

The doorbell rings.

Tchad tosses the phone onto the couch and walks up to the window. He peaks out the blinds.

CUT TO:

EXT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin stands at the front door with his hands in his pockets

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TCHAD AND CANDY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad jerks away from the window.

TCHAD:
Oh shit.

The doorbell rings again.

Tchad takes a deep breath and then opens the front door.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Marvin! Come on in buddy.

Marvin walks in and sits down on the couch.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
What can I do for you?

MARVIN:
I'm here to get the money

TCHAD:
The money.

MARVIN:
Yeah. For the assassination.

TCHAD:
Right. Ok. Yeah. Well, you see,
here's the thing. I don't have it
yet.

(MORE)

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

I was kind of expecting a large payment that hasn't come through just yet. But if you can wait a couple weeks, I'll have it for you then.

Marvin stands up and walks around with his hands in his pockets, looking down at the floor.

MARVIN:

No, that's not gonna work.

Tchad sits down in a chair.

TCHAD:

Ok, look. Let's work something out. Sit down and let's talk.

Marvin sits back down on the couch.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Where is she?

MARVIN:

I told you. I threw her in a canyon of fire.

TCHAD:

Let's cut the crap ok? I talked to her yesterday after you staged the murder. You know that, and I know you know that.

MARVIN:

You know what else I know?

TCHAD:

What.

MARVIN:

I know about the insurance policy. The 5 mil.

TCHAD:

Ok, See? I'm good for the money. I'll be getting the money in a few weeks. I can pay you then.

MARVIN:

No. You've already tried to have me killed. You'll just try it again before then. Maybe I should just kill you now. You certainly do deserve it.

TCHAD:
You're right. I do. But maybe we
can call a truce or something.

MARVIN:
It's not as simple as all that.

TCHAD:
Look Marvin-

MARVIN:
The Marv

TCHAD:
Right, the Marv. You've already
killed one person. You don't wanna
make a habit of it.

MARVIN:
Two people.

TCHAD:
What?

Marvin pulls something out of his pocket and tosses it to
Tchad. Tchad holds it up to the light. It's a bloody eyeball
with a drill bit going through it.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF EYEBALL -- CONTINUOUS

TCHAD: (O.S.)
What the hell is this?

CUT BACK TO:

FULL SHOT TCHAD'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MARVIN:
It's Leo's eye.

TCHAD:
You're a mad man. You're...you're
insane.

MARVIN:
I wasn't. Not until yesterday.

TCHAD:
No, this is sick. This isn't normal.
This has nothing to do with yesterday.

MARVIN:
Yes it does.

(MORE)

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

You see, I've lived a lifetime full of rejection and ridicule. I just suppressed it all. Bottled it up. It made me awkward. Uncomfortable in my own skin.

Marvin stands up and looks out the window.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

All those years I felt tormented. But last night I snapped. All the pinned up rage. It just came pouring out of me. It was a sweet and beautiful release.

Marv turns back around and looks straight at Tchad.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm a mad man now. I'll never be the same. But it's your fault. You created the Marv, Dr. Frankenstein.

TCHAD:

Hey, cut that crazy talk out, ok? Let's not get carried away. We can work this out. I know we can.

MARVIN:

What do you propose?

TCHAD:

I'll give you my word-

MARVIN:

That doesn't mean much.

TCHAD:

I swear to you! You have my word. I'll split the 5 mil with you. Fifty-fifty. And I won't try to kill you before then just as long as you do me one more favor.

MARVIN:

Why should I do you any more favors?

TCHAD:

Because there's a loose end, and if it isn't tied up, neither one of us will get a penny of that money.

MARVIN:

I'm listening.

TCHAD:

I need you to knock off one more person for me. His name's Shapiro.

MARVIN:

Why don't you do it yourself?

TCHAD:

Because he's crazy. Like you. I'm too weak. I could never pull it off. But you can.

MARVIN:

And why do you want this Shapiro guy dead?

TCHAD:

Because he's trying to kill me.

MARVIN:

I don't know. Maybe I should just let him.

TCHAD:

Look, you know I've got the money coming. Half of it is yours, I promise!

MARVIN:

How about this. Forget about paying me. Add me to your will. As the heir to your estate.

TCHAD:

What?

MARVIN:

That way I know. If you refuse to pay me, I can take you out myself and collect the money.

TCHAD:

But I'll pay you, I swear.

MARVIN:

Or if Shapiro gets to you before I can get to him. What then?

TCHAD:

This is garbage.

Marvin stands up and starts towards the door.

MARVIN:

Fine, I'll just let him kill you.

TCHAD:

Ok, ok wait. I'll write you in, alright? But how can I trust you not to just turn around and kill me yourself?

MARVIN:

Looks like you'll have to take my word for it just like I have to take yours.

TCHAD:

Ok, it's a deal. I'll call my lawyer. We'll make an appointment.

MARVIN:

No. No phone calls. No appointments. Let's go see him now.

Tchad runs his fingers through his hair. Finally, he stands up and shrugs.

TCHAD:

Alright. We taking your car?

MARVIN:

Nah. We'll drive separately. I'll follow you.

Tchad grabs his keys and wallet off the mantle. The two men walk to the front door. Tchad opens it.

TCHAD:

After you.

MARVIN:

No, after you.

TCHAD:

No way. You're not walking behind me.

MARVIN:

Well you're not walking behind me. Besides, why would I do anything to you if you're about to put me in your will.

Tchad stands there for a second, pondering.

TCHAD:

Fine.

Tchad walks backwards out the front door, facing Marvin.
Marvin walks out and closes the door behind him, never taking his eyes off Tchad.

CUT TO:

EXT. TCHAD MCNAMARA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tchad walks backwards all the way to his car, watching Marvin the whole time. Marvin keeps a safe distance behind Tchad. The two finally make it to their respective cars and drive off.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. LAW OFFICE -- DAY

Tchad pulls into the parking lot. He turns off the car and just sits there, staring at his steering wheel.

Marvin walks up to the driver side window and taps on it.

Tchad rolls down the window.

MARVIN:
What are you doing?

TCHAD:
Just thinking.

MARVIN:
Well don't. Let's go in.

TCHAD:
Come on Marv. Just give me a second will ya?

MARVIN:
What are you thinking about that is so pressing right now?

TCHAD:
I was just trying to figure out where I went wrong, you know. I screwed my life up. I'm in a bad spot and it's nobody's fault but mine. My wife. My best friend. They're dead, and it's my fault. Whatever life I have left... it's gonna be miserable. Livin' in fear of either you or Shapiro, depending on which one of you doesn't get killed by the other.

MARVIN:
Why would I get killed?

TCHAD:

Because Shapiro's crazy. He may kill you before you even get on his property good.

MARVIN:

You didn't mention it was such a dicey assignment.

TCHAD:

I mentioned he was crazy, which is why I wouldn't take care of him myself. The point is, no matter what goes down, no matter which one of you walks away, I'm gonna be living the rest of my life in misery. I screwed up. I screwed my whole life up.

MARVIN:

Yeah, you screwed mine up too.

Tchad pulls out a business card and hands it to Marvin.

TCHAD:

That's Shapiro's card. His address is on there. That's where you'll find him.

Marvin carefully studies the card and then sticks it in his coat pocket.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

You still got that gun I gave you?

MARVIN:

Yeah.

TCHAD:

When are you gonna take him out?

MARVIN:

Soon as we leave here. I no longer have to make faces in the mirror first.

Tchad nods and stares back at his steering wheel.

Marvin opens the car door.

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

Thinkin' time's over. Get out.

Tchad takes his seat belt off and gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE -- DAY

Tchad and Marvin sit at a desk across from G.F. CHAMBLISS,
Tchad's attorney

G.F.:

I have to say Tchad, I'm a little surprised to see you changing this will. We just drew it up about a year ago.

TCHAD:

If that.

G.F.:

And you'll be taking Candy out of this altogether.

TCHAD:

Yeah. Candy, she... She's gone.

G.F.:

Sorry to hear that. She had a nice pair of legs on her, if I don't say so myself.

TCHAD:

(angrily)

Watch it! That's my wife you're talking about.

G.F.:

Well for cryin' out loud Tchad, you let the whole town see her naked. Why the sudden jealousy.

Tchad looks down at the ground for a second, perplexed.

TCHAD:

I don't know.

G.F. looks at Marvin suspiciously.

G.F.:

So I guess you are the new heir to the estate?

MARVIN:

That's right.

G.F.:

Uh-huh. Sign here.

G.F. slides the will towards Marvin. Marvin leans forward and signs it.

G.F. hands the will over to Tchad.

G.F.: (CONT'D)

Tchad? You don't have to sign this if you don't want to.

TCHAD:

Of course I want to. Why do you think we came all the way over here.

Tchad snatches the will from G.F. and scribbles his name. He tosses the paper back onto the desk.

Marvin stands up and looks at the two men still seated.

MARVIN:

Are we done here?

G.F.:

Yeah. We're done.

MARVIN:

Tchad, I'll see you in about two hours.

Tchad keeps looking down at the ground.

TCHAD:

I hope so.

Marvin walks out, leaving G.F. and Tchad alone, still seated across from each other.

G.F.:

What the fuck, Tchad?

TCHAD:

I don't know what you mean.

G.F.:

You know exactly what I mean. You have always been the most cut-throat, business savvy, hard-nosed son of a bitch I've ever known. Then you let this guy that you don't know from a whole in the ground walk up in here and convince you to leave your entire estate to him? Who the fuck is this fella?

TCHAD:

I have no choice.

G.F. throws his hands up in there and lets out a heavy sigh. He leans back in his chair in resignation.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

My first mistake was getting involved with Shapiro. My worst mistake was getting involved with that guy. He seemed harmless at first. A first-class nitwit. A klutz if I ever saw one. I figured it would be easy to set him up.

G.F:

Well I don't know how you thought that because the guy I just saw does not seem like a nitwit at all. That guy acts like he's got ice-water in his veins.

TCHAD:

I know. And I made him that way.

G.F:

Well, congratulations on your makeover abilities, but turning your fortunes over to him... I just can't understand that.

TCHAD:

Don't be naive, Gil. I'll see to it that he never sees a penny. Either he takes Shapiro out, or Shapiro takes him out. Either way, that's one less problem I have to deal with. Once that's done, I think I can handle killing whichever one is left. That's my plan any way.

G.F:

Well I hope it works.

TCHAD:

Me too 'cause it's all I got.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SHAPIRO'S HOUSE -- DAY

Marvin pulls up into the long driveway. He gets out and stares at the beautiful house for a second. He sniffs a couple times and then walks around to the trunk of his car. He sticks his hands in his pockets, leans over the trunk and takes a long sniff. He winces.

He stands back up straight, walks to the front door and rings the door bell.

A body guard, DEAN, opens the door.

MARVIN:

Hi, I'm here to see Shapiro.

DEAN:

No you're not.

MARVIN:

Uh, actually I am. I have a very important message for him, and I think he's gonna want to hear it.

DEAN:

'Fraid not, boy. You ain't gonna just walk up here, ringin' some man's doorbell and demand to see him. Mr. Shapiro is a private man, and you're gonna respect his privacy. And if you don't, I'm gonna rip your little-

SHAPIRO: (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Dean! Let the man in. I want to hear what he has to say.

Dean steps to the side and motions for Marvin to come in.

DEAN:

Just remember, I tried to stop you. If he don't like your message, you're a dead man.

Shapiro walks out of the shadows, the sound of his boots falling heavily on the ground.

Marvin steps in and swallows hard. Dean shuts the door and stands behind him.

SHAPIRO:

You'll have to forgive Dean. He's just looking out for me.

Shapiro extends his hand and Marvin shakes it.

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)

He is right though. If I don't like what you have to say, you really are dead.

Shapiro steps closer to Marvin, looking deep into his eyes. Marvin holds his ground and stares right back at Shapiro. Suddenly, Shapiro bursts out with laughter.

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)
Come on, I've been expecting you.
What took you so long? Traffic?

MARVIN:
Yeah, it's bad out there.

SHAPIRO:
Come in here, I wanna show you my
new surround sound system.

Shapiro walks into the den and cranks up the volume on his stereo. He faces the receiver and bobs his head.

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)
Ever heard of Link Wray?

MARVIN:
No.

SHAPIRO:
I'm not surprised, but it's a damn
shame. The man invented barre chords.
He should be in the rock and roll
hall of fame. Easily. Nobody gives
him his due. Fuck Clapton and all
those guys. Wray was a pioneer.

Marvin starts to bob his head.

MARVIN:
Sounds pretty good.

SHAPIRO:
Oh, this isn't him. I don't actually
own any of his music.

MARVIN:
(confused)
Oh.

SHAPIRO:
Which proves my point. Nobody gives
him his due. Including me.

Shapiro bursts out in violent laughter. Marvin starts to laugh in agreement.

Shapiro cuts the music off and sits down on the couch. Dean is still standing directly behind Marvin.

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)
Dean! Knock it off. He's cool.
He's with us. Why don't you go take
a break outside.

Dean nods and walks off. Marvin sits down in a chair across from Shapiro.

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)

Look, I was waiting for you to come. I started to give you a call earlier, but I figured you were tying up some loose ends.

MARVIN:

Uh, yeah. You could say that.

SHAPIRO:

Well, I need for you to tell Marcus I can't part with the Guatemalans just yet?

MARVIN:

What?

SHAPIRO:

I know, I know. He's not gonna like it. I didn't forget about our agreement, but I gotta bring three more shipments down from Portland, and I need every illegal immigrant I can get my hands on. I'll be done with them in a week. Two at the most.

MARVIN:

What are you talking about?

SHAPIRO:

I'm talking about what you need to go back and tell Marcus.

MARVIN:

Who's Marcus?

SHAPIRO:

Who's Marcus?! Who are- who the fuck are you?

MARVIN:

I'm Marvin.

SHAPIRO:

Marvin? Marcus didn't send you?

MARVIN:

No. I came here to talk to you.

SHAPIRO:

Oh no, my friend. It don't work that way.

(MORE)

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)

I don't talk to strangers who just show up at my house. I kill strangers that show up at my house, but I don't talk to them.

Shapiro stands up.

MARVIN:

It's about Tuh-chad McNamara.

Shapiro stops in his tracks and sits back down.

SHAPIRO:

Tchad McNamara?

MARVIN:

Yeah, that's right. Tchad for short.

SHAPIRO:

You've got 2 minutes. I'm listening.

MARVIN:

Well, he sent me here to kill you.

SHAPIRO:

Ok. Your time has been reduced to one minute. Go on.

MARVIN:

You see, Tchad wants you dead. But I want him dead. And he wants me dead. But you want him dead. And right now, you probably want me dead too.

SHAPIRO:

You could say that.

MARVIN:

I figure either way I'm bound to die, so...

Tchad pulls a hand grenade out from his jacket pocket and sticks his finger in the ring of the pin.

Shapiro throws his hands up in the air.

SHAPIRO:

(shouting)

Whoa! Whoa! Let's talk. Just be cool. Don't do that, ok? Don't do that and we'll just talk.

Marvin takes his finger out of the ring. He lowers the grenade, but still holds it in one hand. Shapiro keeps a steady eye on it.

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)

Let it be known, Marvin, that I am extending your time. Indefinitely.

MARVIN:

It's simple math, really. Two people want Tchad dead. Two people want me dead.

SHAPIRO:

What? No. I don't want you dead. I changed my mind about all that. We're a team now, you and I. Just don't blow us up, and we'll be a team.

MARVIN:

Ok. Well, I had this cool thing I wanted to say, so even if you don't want me dead, just let me at least say it.

SHAPIRO:

Ok, sure. Go ahead.

MARVIN:

Two people want Tchad dead. Two people want me dead. But only one person wants you dead, and that's Tchad. So if anybody deserves to live, it's you because you have the fewest amount of people who would like to see you dead.

SHAPIRO:

Ok. I like that reasoning. And from what I understand, you are saying that you don't want me dead, correct?

MARVIN:

Correct.

Shapiro breathes a huge sigh of relief and reclines back on the couch.

SHAPIRO:

Ok. Now answer me this: If you're not here to kill me, what brings you this way, other than the need to scare the buh-jesus out of me with that grenade.

MARVIN:

Well, I'm here for two reasons. First of all, I wanted to tell you that Tchad is all yours.

(MORE)

MARVIN: (CONT'D)

I don't want to deprive you of the pleasure of killing him yourself.

SHAPIRO:

(smiling)

Oh, well that's very sweet of you. Thank you.

MARVIN:

You're welcome. You'll find him at his house in about an hour, but be very careful going in. Since he wants us both dead, and he's expecting one of us to show up, I wouldn't be surprised at all if he starts firing the second you walk in.

SHAPIRO:

Good point.

MARVIN:

You should also be aware that his wife and the bartender are already dead. I killed them, but it wasn't really my fault. Sorry.

SHAPIRO:

It's ok. As long as I get to snuff Tchad out myself.

MARVIN:

The second reason I came over is because I think I deserve to know why you want to kill him.

SHAPIRO:

Well, I think that's kind of personal and I don't really-

MARVIN:

(interrupting)

Mr. Shapiro?

SHAPIRO:

Yeah?

MARVIN:

After what I've been through, I'd say it's personal for me too. So please, what did he do?

Shapiro stands up.

SHAPIRO:

Sure, ok. You smoke?

MARVIN:

No.

SHAPIRO:

Well I do. Come on outside and I'll tell you about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAPIRO'S HOUSE -- DAY

Shapiro coolly smokes a cigarette, looking up at the tree tops. Marvin stands behind him with his hands in his pockets.

SHAPIRO:

Counterfeit.

MARVIN:

Excuse me?

SHAPIRO:

I counterfeit credit cards. I knew right after high school that it was gonna be blue collar work or white collar crime for me. So I went with the latter. I never knew how dirty it would get. How many people I would have to permanently silence to keep them from talking. Eventually, murder became just as big a part of the business as the counterfeit itself. It made me uneasy the first time or two, but I got used to it.

Shapiro pauses and takes a drag of his cigarette. He exhales as if he is releasing a life-long secret.

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)

I guess you could say I sold my soul. I never believed in all that kind of talk until I found out that it was exactly what I was doing. Selling my soul.

MARVIN:

How do you counterfeit the cards?

SHAPIRO:

I gain access to the numbers a million different ways. Computer hacking. Illegal software programs. Stolen receipts, statements. Whatever. I get millions of them a month. Literally. Once I get the numbers I test them out by manually keying them in on the internet.

(MORE)

SHAPIRO: (CONT'D)

A dollar here or fifty cents there.
Nothing anyone would notice.

MARVIN:

And you've never been caught?

SHAPIRO:

Nah. I keep my hands clean. Once I make sure the numbers work, I make the counterfeit cards using them. But they don't look like credit cards. Sometimes I'll design them to look like gym membership cards. Or gift cards. Their easier to smuggle that way.

MARVIN:

So you don't actually use them, you smuggle them.

SHAPIRO:

Right. That's the beauty of it. Somebody like Tchad will buy a box of a thousand cards at fifty bucks a piece. That's fifty grand for me, and he thinks he got a great deal because each card has a ten, twenty, sometimes a fifty thousand dollar limit.

MARVIN:

Sounds like it is a good deal for him.

SHAPIRO:

Nah. Half those cards will be shut down by the credit card company once they notice the little charge I put on there. And if he goes around using too many of the cards, he's gonna get caught. If he sings, the fuzz ain't never gonna believe him because he's been caught with a box full of credit cards. They'll think he's counterfeiting them himself. Besides, I never really let these buyers see me face to face. Most of them don't even know my name. They just deal with my immigrants.

MARVIN:

But Tchad knew you?

Shapiro flicks his cigarette out and turns around to face Marvin.

SHAPIRO:

Yeah. I was in Tchad's club one night. I was drunk and trying to hit on his wife. I let some info slip. Next thing I knew, Tchad, his wife, and Leo were all up in my face talking about they wanted in. I was drunk and stupid. I told them I had a box in my trunk I'd give them and they could pay me back later as long as Candy would agree to give me a free lap dance.

MARVIN:

Did she?

SHAPIRO:

Probably, but I wouldn't know. I blacked out. Woke up the next morning sitting in a chair in an empty bar with my own vomit all down the front of my shirt. They never paid me for that box of cards.

MARVIN:

So you wanted to kill them?

SHAPIRO:

When people don't have the money, that's when they're the most likely to go blowin' the whistle on you. They figure if they get you put in the can, they'll be debt free. That's why if someone can't pay. I have to kill them.

Marvin looks down at the ground and shakes his head.

MARVIN:

Man. That's harsh.

SHAPIRO:

Life's harsh. And by all accounts of reason, I should be killing you next because you know everything now.

MARVIN:

But you won't?

SHAPIRO:

Not today. You've got a grenade in your pocket
(starts laughing)

Marvin extends his hand Shapiro shakes it.

MARVIN:

Well alright, Mr Shapiro. Thanks for enlightening me about all of this. You know where to find Tchad, and I hope you are not offended when I tell you I hope I never see you again.

SHAPIRO:

The feeling's mutual. I have the feeling if we do see each other again, one of us will end up dead.

MARVIN:

Well let's just leave it alone then.

Marvin turns and walks to his car. Shapiro watches him as he gets into his car and drives off.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TCHAD MCNAMARA'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Tchad sits at his table in the kitchen with his bottle of scotch, a half empty glass, and a gun on the table in front of him.

He hears footsteps outside

TCHAD:

(shouting)

I hear you out there! Come on in.
I ain't shootin'!

The footsteps stop.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

(shouting)

The suspense is killing me! Come in already. It's unlocked.

We hear the front door slowly open and heavy footsteps get louder as they approach the kitchen.

Shapiro appears in the doorway.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)

Ha. Should'a known he was no match for you.

Tchad picks up his drink and throws it back.

SHAPIRO:

Where'd you find that guy? He's about as crazy as they come.

TCHAD:
I know. I figured one of you would
figure out a way to kill the other.

Tchad tries to stand up but staggers back a few steps before
catching himself on the table.

TCHAD: (CONT'D)
Can I stitch you a grink?

SHAPIRO:
No. I'm fine.

Tchad flops back down into his chair, exhausted from the
effort it took to stand up.

He pours another drink.

TCHAD:
Look now. You came hear to kill me
and it ain't even Friday yet. A
deal's a deal.

SHAPIRO:
If a deal's a deal, why haven't you
paid me?

Tchad take another long drink and then slams the glass down,
spilling scotch all over his hand and the table.

TCHAD:
Because. It ain't Friday yet.
(starts laughing)

Shapiro remains in the doorway emotionless. He waits for
Tchad to stop laughing.

SHAPIRO:
You forfeited your grace period when
you sent someone over to kill me.

TCHAD:
Yeah. Yeah, I guess I did. But!
I'm sure he told you about the
insurance policy.

SHAPIRO:
What policy?

TCHAD:
Well I'm impressed at his candor.
Candor. Is that the right word?

SHAPIRO:
I don't know.

TCHAD:
Is it even a word at all?
(starts laughing again)

This time Shapiro doesn't wait for the laughter to stop.

SHAPIRO:
(abruptly)
What policy?

Tchad stops laughing and blinks hard, trying to concentrate on what he's saying.

TCHAD:
You and him want the same thing.
You both wanted me dead. The
difference is, he was smart enough
to make consizz... conseshions
beforehand.

SHAPIRO:
He did say he wanted you dead, but I
never asked him why.

Tchad points to his own temple and taps it a few times.

TCHAD:
That's because you weren't thinking.
He had to have a reason, right? He
wanted me dead. And he set it up
nicely.

SHAPIRO:
What are you talking about Tchad?
Get to the point so I can get to
mine and get outta here.

TCHAD:
Five million. Life insurance policy
on Candy. He used leverage to get
into my will, and in two to three
weeks it would'a all been his if he
coulda found a way to kill me.

Shapiro's eyes get big.

SHAPIRO:
Son of a bitch. He played me too.

TCHAD:
Huh?

SHAPIRO:
Nothing. It doesn't matter.

TCHAD:

Well, if you're gonna kill me, go ahead and do it while I'm too drunk to notice.

Shapiro stands still for a moment, deep in thought.

SHAPIRO:

You know Tchad, I'm gonna let you live for right now. I've had what you might call "a moment of enlightenment."

TCHAD:

Enlightenment. So I guess you're not in a killing mood.

SHAPIRO:

Oh I am. But there's somebody else I need to hunt down tonight. Something more pressing.

TCHAD:

So you'll give me 'til Friday again? I mean tomorrow again?

SHAPIRO:

No, I'll come back for you in two to three weeks

Shapiro turns his back to Tchad and starts to walk towards the door.

Tchad slowly picks the gun up off the table.

TCHAD:

Hey, Shapiro! One more thing

Shapiro turns back around

SHAPIRO:

What's tha-

Tchad fires a shot into Shapiro's stomach. Shapiro staggers backwards and collapses on the wall behind him, dead.

TCHAD:

I ain't waitin' two to three weeks for your dead ass.
(laughs to himself)

Tchad stands up and staggers over to Shapiro's body. He leans over it.

SHAPIRO:

Yep. Deader than a door.
(laughs)

He staggers back over to the kitchen table. He grabs his bottle and pours another drink.

We see Marvin quietly emerge from the shadows behind Tchad.

Tchad takes a swig from his gals and turns around.

Marvin shoots Tchad in the forehead. Tchad falls to the ground instantly.

Marvin pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes the gun down. He walks over to Shapiro's body, places the gun in his hand and then walks out.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DINER -- MORNING

Tchad sits at the table pounding away at his typewriter.

Sally walks up to his table and places a cup of coffee in front of him.

SALLY:

Looks like somebody must've found some inspiration.

MARVIN:

I guess you could say that. I've decided to write about crime novels.

SALLY:

Oh I love crime novels. You'll have to let me read it when you're done.

MARVIN:

Oh, it's not a crime novel. It's ABOUT crime novels. Like how their sold and about people writing them and stuff.

Sally leans her head to the side.

SALLY:

I just don't understand you. Why would you write about coffee or meaningless conversations or people selling crime-

MARVIN:

(interrupting)

Sally. I'm kidding. It's a story about white collar crime. Credit card fraud. Insurance fraud.

(MORE)

MARVIN: (CONT'D)
 Stuff like that. I'll let you read
 it as soon as I'm done.

Sally puts her hand on her hip and shakes her head.

SALLY:
 Don't bother. I'd much rather read
 a story about murder and revenge.

Sally walks away. Marvin smiles and takes a sip of his coffee. He closes his briefcase and stands up. He throws a couple dollars down on the table, grabs his typewriter and briefcase and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin climbs into his car and drives off

CUT TO:

INT. MARVIN'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

We see Marvin driving from the passenger seat P.O.V.

MARVIN: (V.O.)
 "Two local crooks shoot each other
 over a deal gone bad". At least
 that's what the paper said. Nobody
 disputed it either. Seems whole
 town was glad to see them both dead.
 Leo's death was blamed on Shapiro.
 So was Candy's. They found her body
 buried in Shapiro's back yard. Good
 thing too. She was starting to stink
 up the trunk of my car. I'll always
 feel a little bad about her though.
 She did have some nice legs. You
 may wonder how I got her in Shapiro's
 yard with Dean hanging around.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAPIRO'S HOUSE -- FLASHBACK

The door bell rings. Dean opens the door. Marvin is standing on the porch. He quickly pulls out a gun and puts a bullet through Dean's head.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARVIN'S CAR -- MORNING

Marvin is still driving, soaking up the scenery.

MARVIN: (V.O.)

I'll have to admit, I enjoyed taking him down the most. They found him buried in Tchad's yard. So that one got put on Tchad. I checked myself back into the Bamboo Motel. Trust me, I want to get out of this town as soon as possible, but I have to stick around for another two to three weeks. But something tells me it will all be worth it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Marvin's car drives into the horizon.

FADE OUT:

THE END