

A Flip Side to That Coin

by
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FADE IN:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A standard '50s-inspired diner. Linoleum tile floors, red vinyl booths, jukebox, the works.

A ragged-looking man in a black trench coat and jeans, DAVID CARLISLE (38), sits at a corner booth. A black backpack sits next to him on the seat.

Across from David; CHRIS DEJESUS (36), clean shaven, business suit and glasses, sits, holding a glass of milk.

David's eyes look tired as he stares at Chris.

CHRIS

So, of course you know the meaning behind the name Molotov Cocktail?

DAVID

Yeah. They were named after Vyacheslav Molotov, the Chairman of some group of theirs. The Russians.

Chris looks deep into David's eyes in an accusing manner.

CHRIS

Not quite. I mean, yes, they were named for him, but they were created by the Fins to mock him.

DAVID

So?

David's eyes glance up to a man sitting at the counter, JASON HOUSTON (47), who glances back.

CHRIS

Doesn't that seem perfectly ironic to you? You do all these great things for your country and yet your enemy creates a weapon using your name to mock you.

DAVID

Great things, huh? This scumbag helped sign a deal with the Nazis in the late '30s and went along with everything Stalin believed in.

CHRIS

You misunderstood. All the great things he did weren't for the good of the people. They were for the good of the country itself.

DAVID

Whatever you say, man.

Chris takes a sip of his milk.

CHRIS

So, what's so special about you?

DAVID

I'm not special. I don't know where you got the idea that I was.

CHRIS

Somebody obviously thought you were. Who am I to ask questions, though, right?

DAVID

Guess so.

CHRIS

You didn't answer my question, though. You mentioned Molotovs then we got completely sidetracked.

DAVID

I have to admit it's an easier question that you'd think.

CHRIS

Enlighten me.

DAVID

Bow and arrow.

Chris looks surprised by the answer.

DAVID

You see, in medieval times, those knights could hit an unmoving target with an arrow from five-hundred yards away.

CHRIS

And, if they were moving?

DAVID
Hundred and fifty. Amazing, isn't it?

CHRIS
Sure. I suppose.

DAVID
You supposed correctly.

Chris checks his watch.

DAVID
But, that's how it is nowadays. Nobody has any real skill anymore. Some guns have these scopes which could hit people from three quarters of a mile away.

CHRIS
What's wrong with that?

DAVID
Besides the fact that they're almost cheating?

CHRIS
It's not cheating. Technology advances. Weapons improve.

DAVID
Maybe. But I'd bet five-hundred grand you couldn't hit me with an arrow from fifty feet.

CHRIS
(Chuckles)
I bet you've got it, too.

David smirks at Chris.

DAVID
More.

A young brunette in a waitress outfit, LISA (26), walks over to their table. She smiles at David.

LISA
Did you want something now, or no?

DAVID
No, I'm good but my friend here could use a refill on his milk.

Lisa looks over at Chris.

CHRIS
Really, it's fine. We're almost out
of here anyway.

LISA
(Smiles)
Ok. Great.

Lisa walks away, into the kitchen.

CHRIS
I wouldn't bring anyone into this
more than they have to be.

DAVID
Well, you just looked kind of
parched. I'm looking out for your
best interests.

David reaches into his jacket pocket.

CHRIS
Uh-uh...

David slowly pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

DAVID
Jumpy?

CHRIS
You know how it is. You relax for
one second then all of a sudden,
the guy whips out a shotgun and
blows your face across the
restaurant.

David and Chris both laugh.

CHRIS
You know? They'd be pulling pieces
of my brain out of someone's soup.
(Pause)
I'd probably feel bad for them.

David lights a cigarette and sets the pack on the table.

DAVID
So, how long are you planning on
keeping this up for?

CHRIS
What? You and me?
(Off David's look)
Until he shows up.

DAVID
Any chance we can hurry this up?

CHRIS
"All good things come to he who
waits." Word to the wise.

David looks over; he and Jason make eye contact again.

Chris looks at Jason then back to David.

CHRIS
Know him?

DAVID
He looks kind of familiar.

CHRIS
Why don't you go over there and say
hi to him?

David raises his eyebrow at Chris.

CHRIS
It was a joke.

DAVID
Mm... So, how about you, now?
What's yours?

CHRIS
What? My favorite weapon?

DAVID
Yeah. You know mine. What about
you?

CHRIS
It's no contest. .357 Magnum long-
barrel. Not too heavy and has a lot
of stopping power, in case... you
know, someone tries to get clever.

David leans down to the right and peers underneath the table.

Chris holds a .357 Magnum under the table, pointed directly
at David. David sits up straight and smiles.

DAVID

Guess I should've figured, huh?

CHRIS

In case someone tries to get clever. Am I right?

DAVID

'Course if you kill me, you'll have to kill the other people in here, too.

CHRIS

You mean the guy who you possibly recognize and the waitress? Big deal.

DAVID

Don't forget the grill man. He'd hear a shot from that go off, too.

CHRIS

So long as you don't try anything, they don't need to hear anything.

DAVID

And, if I do you willing to do that?

CHRIS

I don't know. Wanna try me?

Chris takes a sip of his milk. David watches the milk drain out of the glass.

CHRIS

Tell me something, would you?

DAVID

Maybe.

CHRIS

How much money did you steal from him? I mean, really?

DAVID

In total? About \$800,000. 'Course I only wanted about five-hundred, but once I took some...

CHRIS
(Scoffs)
Now I know why he didn't want me to
kill you right now.

DAVID
He shouldn't anyway. I blew over
two-hundred grand already.

CHRIS
Wow. You blew through it in a
couple weeks?

DAVID
More like a day.

David chuckles. Chris joins in.

DAVID
Of course, I think I spent the
money wisely.

CHRIS
We'll see.

DAVID
Yeah. We will.

Chris and David stare in silence at each other.

CHRIS
Ok, tell me. I'm dying to know.
What'd you spend it on?

David smiles at Chris and looks out the window. A silver 2011
Mercedes SLK 350 pulls up to the diner and parks, idles.

DAVID
Our boss is here.

CHRIS
Yeah... I don't think he'd consider
you to be associated with us
anymore.

DAVID
Looks like it won't be long until
I'm actually fired, though, huh?

Chris nods.

DAVID

I'll tell you what. If you kill him instead of me, I promise I'll let you live.

CHRIS

Wow. You're gonna let me live? I'm stunned. And, here I was thinking I had the gun.

DAVID

You do. But, you're still going to die if you side with him. I may even split the rest of the money with you.

CHRIS

Oh, David. You know, I pity you. A last desperate attempt to save yourself and you're wasting it trying to bargain with me.

Outside, the driver's side door opens. David looks at Chris.

DAVID

Last chance.

Chris motions his head towards the backpack.

CHRIS

The bag. Hand it over.

DAVID

Your funeral.

David picks the backpack up and lifts it over the table. Chris grabs it and sets it down on the floor.

A bell above the door rings. Chris looks up.

A burly African-American in a white suit and sunglasses, MR. CARSON (44), walks in, with purpose.

Mr. Carson stops at their table. David eyes him up and down.

DAVID

And, here I thought Kingpin was only a comic book character.

MR. CARSON

(Sarcastic)

That gets funnier every time you say it.

David forces a smile then looks outside.

Mr. Carson sits down next to Chris. He leans over and whispers something in Chris' ear. David doesn't notice.

Chris nods and looks down at the backpack. Mr. Carson unzips it and looks at the stacks of money inside.

DAVID

I guess this is it, huh?

MR. CARSON

No, that would be too fast. I'd like to enjoy this a bit.

DAVID

Sure you would. I mean, it's not like you have millions to replace what I took.

MR. CARSON

You see? That's what you could never understand, David. It's not about the money.

David looks over at Mr. Carson.

MR. CARSON

It's about you stealing from me. Allowing that would set a very dangerous precedent.

(Scoffs)

I'll probably even bury the rest of the money with you.

DAVID

Thanks a lot, Mr. Carson. You know that'd just make my day.

Just as David looks back towards the window, Jason stands up. David smirks as he stares out at the Mercedes.

Just then, several quiet gunshots as blood obscures his view of the car. David doesn't flinch.

David looks across the table; Mr. Carson and Chris are riddled with bullet holes.

Jason stands at the table's side, holding two silenced handguns. He sets them down on the table.

Lisa walks back into the dining area. Jason turns and points both of his guns at her. She shrieks and puts her hands up.

DAVID

Hey. No.

Jason looks back. He and David make eye contact.

JASON

Fine. Where's the rest?

Jason puts the guns back in their respective holsters.

DAVID

In the bag. As we agreed, half
before and half now.

David stands up as Jason leans over and grabs the backpack.

Jason looks inside and pulls out five stacks of money.

David walks over to Lisa. He gets right in her face.

DAVID

You see my face?

Lisa is completely frozen.

DAVID

Nod if you do.
(Off Lisa's nod)
And, you saw his face?

LISA

(Whimpers)
Yes.

DAVID

Good because now, you're going to
erase them from your memory. Do you
understand?

LISA

Yes.

Jason sticks the money in his pockets. David looks back.

DAVID

You got your other hundred?

JASON

See ya.

Jason leaves.

DAVID

Now, I want you to call the cops and tell them two people are dead. You don't know how because you were talking to the cook, in back. Just that they're dead and you didn't see anyone come in or out. You got all that?

Lisa nods, as if to make David go away.

DAVID

Repeat it.

LISA

(Hurried)

Two people are dead. I didn't see how because I was talking to Quentin in the back. They were just dead.

DAVID

Good girl.

David grabs the backpack from the table. He sets two separate piles of money, three to each pile.

The band on each stack reads "\$10,000".

DAVID

One's for you. The other's for... Quentin, was it? Make sure he doesn't remember my face, either. Just in case.

David puts the backpack around his face. Lisa looks down at the money in front of her.

David begins to walk away but catches himself. He walks back to Mr. Carson's body and reaches in his jacket pocket.

He takes a set of keys and puts them in his pocket.

DAVID

Would be a shame to just leave a car like that, wouldn't it?

David chuckles to himself. Lisa stares blankly at him.

DAVID

I guess my humor's a little rusty.

Chris, Mr. Carson...

(Looks at Lisa)

...Lisa, I bid you farewell.

Lisa watches as David leaves the diner at a calm pace.

FADE OUT.