

THE BLACK HOLE

Written by

Bryson G

Escapist (c) 2018

3rd Draft

mwescapists@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. MANSION (OFFICE) - NIGHT

WILLIAM ADLEY, seventy-two, a silver haired man in a blazer and khakis, lounges in one of his high back chairs.

ADLEY

It's my former apprentice, a man named Brier Mazden.

'MR. RASULALA', thirty-two, a lean, muscular, ice cold lookin' mother fucker in a jet black suit. He stands by the fire place, his sub zero gaze locked on William.

ADLEY

He's agreed to play ball with a well know criminal organization.

Adley clears his throat.

ADLEY

My company cant survive the PR nightmare that is sure to come.

MR. RASULALA

You want me to kill this man.

ADLEY

I need you to make it look like an accident.

A beat passes.

ADLEY

Brier plans on finalizing the deal tomorrow when he meets with their chief financial adviser.

Adley stands and walks over to Mr. Rasulala. He reaches in his back pocket, and before he can even pull up--

CLICK! CLICK!

MR. RASULALA

Slowly.

Adley stares down the barrel of a small nine millimeter.

The old man pulls out a small picture.

Slowly.

Mr. Rasulala takes it and looks at the baby faced man in the photograph.

Brier Mazden.

ADLEY

The Dumas Luxury Hotel. Room eight
thirteen.

Mr. Rasulala looks at the wide eyed old man, then, he folds and pockets the picture and heads for the door.

ADLEY

The money has already been deposited
into your Caymen account.

Mr. Rasulala leaves the old man in silence.

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (BAR) - NIGHT

BRIER MAZDEN, twenty-seven, a baby face in a gray Roman cut
suit sits in a booth and converses with...

TOMAS MIKAL, forty-five, African American, sports a sharp as
a straight razor suit with horn rimmed glasses.

Brier drinks a Moscow Mule.

Tomas sips on an aged bourbon.

BRIER

Thirty percent of the illicit funds.
That's what'll get your cash cleaned.

Tomas chuckles.

TOMAS

I'm sorry, thirty percent?

BRIER

I run the biggest risk. If I get
caught, I lose everything while you
don't lose a thing. I can be
replaced. I need 'just in case'
funds.

TOMAS

There's no need for 'just in case'
money. You fuck it up, that's on you.

BRIER

No, it's on you. If I get caught and talk?

Tomas mulls this over.

TOMAS

Twenty five percent. That's it.

BRIER

Then find someone else. I have a date coming soon. It's thirty or nothing.

Tomas Mikal smirks at the baby faced man as he checks his watch.

TOMAS

We'll give you fifty thousand first, see how that goes. If all is well, we'll send triple that amount for you to work with.

BRIER

I can launder whatever amount you put in front of me. Just as long as I get my thirty percent.

Brier extends his hand.

Tomas looks at it, then brings his gaze up to Brier.

He shakes the baby faced man's hand.

TOMAS

I trust you'll produce, you know what comes if you don't.

HALO, twenty-one, walks up to the table. A striking blond with an augmented hour glass figure that fights the seams of a yellow satin cocktail dress tooth and god damned nail.

BRIER

If you'll excuse me Tomas, my date is here. You have my information.

TOMAS

I do. We'll be talking soon, Mr. Mazden.

The black business man excuses himself, but not before he gives Halo a good look and wide smile.

She gives one back and sits next to Brier.

Brier eyes the woman up and down, licks his chops like a wolf who can taste the kill before it actually goes through with it, then back up again.

HALO

Sorry I'm late. Got held up fighting this hair of mine. She wants to do what she wants to do, when she wants to do it.

Brier sits transfixed on her.

BRIER

Let's go. That dress is driving me fucking crazy.

HALO

Oh no! It's the color, right? Too much?

BRIER

No, its that it's still on.

He grabs his wallet and tosses two bills on the table, grabs Halo by the hand and scoots out of the booth. He speed walks her to the elevator.

Before the doors glide closed, Brier nibbles on Halo's neck like a poor man's Dracula, her knees quiver as the doors slide closed.

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (ELEVATOR) - CONTINUOUS

Halo's manicured hand pokes and illuminates the number eight in the swanky carpeted and metallic lift.

Halo bites her lip as Brier licks, kisses, and lightly bites her neck and ear.

INT. HOTEL LAUREN (ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

A pair of tan tactical gloved hands tosses a suitcase onto the pristine king sized bed.

The two hands unlock the case.

CLICK!

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (ELEVATOR) - CONTINUOUS

Brier flips the woman in yellow around, his belly to her back.

He unbuckles and unzips his pants like he's trying to set a world record for fastest time to draw your dick.

Halo bends over at a forty-five degree angle, and slowly lifts her dress up to her waist.

INT. HOTEL LAUREN (ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The hard knuckled gloved hands snap together three parts of an assault rifle, and checks the scope on the tan and black FN SCAR.

Mr. Rasulala configures the glass and screws on the suppressor.

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (SIXTH FLOOR) - CONTINUOUS

Brier jackhammers that ass, skin smacks skin.

HALO

Oh my god!

BRIER

Mmm hmm!

DING!

Brier slows.

HALO

Don't stop. Don't stop...

He obliges.

The doors slide open and an old couple start to step towards the elevator, Brier snaps his gaze to the couple like a raccoon caught going through the trash.

The Old Woman scoffs in disgust, The Old Man chuckles.

The doors close.

INT. THE LAUREN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The man in the black as a starless night suit checks the clip of his weapon.

Twenty rounds of rubber bullets.

CLICK!

Rasulala snaps the magazine in place.

He heads to the window, slides it up, then turns and cuts off all the lights in the room.

He aims out of the window from the dark.

MR. RASULALA POV

The scope scans the building across the street. The optic sweeps across several large windows, with small CAUTION stickers on the upper right corner of each pane, before it settles on one.

THE LAUREN HOTEL

Mr. Rasulala holds his position.

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (EIGHTH FLOOR) - CONTINUOUS

DING!

The doors creep open on the executive style eighth level.

Tongues, lips, and spit clashes as the two make out like porn stars.

Brier rushes her past a handful of rooms until he stops at room eight-thirteen with two big ass GUARDS in tactical gear, each one holds their own Kalashnikov.

The two chuckle at the sight.

Brier whips his room key out and slips it in, the tiny light on the door turns from red to green.

The two burst in the room and shut the door.

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (ROOM 813) - CONTINUOUS

The two rip and tear at each others clothes in the candle lit hallway. The two go at it as if to see whom can get the other undressed first.

Brier removes his blazer, vest, and he loosens his tie, but it becomes stuck. Wider than his neck, but not wider than his head.

He ditches the shirt.

She slips off the dress.

Brier kisses her neck, moves to her ten thousand dollar tits, she pushes him deeper into the dark room.

BRIER
Let's turn on the light.

HALO
Mm-mm.

BRIER
I like to watch.

HALO
Wait right there.

Halo opens up the huge curtains. Her hour glass figure stands as a mere silhouette to the moonlight that penetrates the floor to ceiling window and lands on the carpet of the room.

Brier's jaw drops.

Like a kid who steps off a bus and sees his mother, Brier power walks to the blond bombshell.

INT. THE LAUREN HOTEL (ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Rasulala takes his eye away from the scope and looks with his naked eye.

Yep...

Buns on the glass.

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (ROOM 813) - CONTINUOUS

Brier plunges his lips onto hers. He grabs her hair.

She moans, turns, and bends over.

Brier puts the car in the garage.

Repeatedly.

She throws her hands on the glass for leverage as Brier thrusts her from behind.

She moans.

Brier increases in speed, he accelerates from a casual pace to jack rabbit fast.

Brier sweats and breathes heavily as he speeds his way to an orgasm or a heart attack, whatever comes first.

Brier slows himself.

HALO

Why'd you stop?

BRIER

Don't want to finish you off just yet.

HALO

Oh yeah? Hold my hips.

Brier obliges.

She kicks both legs up, maintains her hands on the glass...

BRIER

Holy shit!

Brier holds her hips and legs in the air as he pumps her from the wheelbarrow position.

BRIER

I'm about to--

HALO

Yeah?

INT. THE LAUREN HOTEL (ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Rasulala fastens his index finger on the trigger. Brings his eye back to the scope.

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (ROOM 813) - CONTINUOUS

Skin slaps and sweat drips.

BRIER

About to--

HALO

Give it to me, baby. Please.

BRIER

Cu--

INT. THE LAUREN HOTEL (ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The gloved index finger pulls the trigger.

POP!

INT. DUMAS HOTEL (ROOM 813) - CONTINUOUS

The plate glass window explodes into small shards.

HALO

HOLY SHIT!

BRIER

WHAT THE FUCK?!

Halo falls through. Brier, deep inside, his hands locked on her hips and ass, goes with her, he leaves a shoe behind.

EXT. DUMAS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Halo sky dives with out a chute butt naked with six inch heels on and multiple lacerations that weep red.

Brier screams bloody murder as he loses his battle with gravity. No shirt, loose tie around his neck, bare chest...

pants and underwear around his ankles. His dick flaps in the wind.

CRACK! CRACK!

Halo collides with the sidewalk below, she folds on impact at an angle that snaps her hickey covered neck, breaks her back in three different places, shatters her entire collar bone, and three ribs.

Instantaneously.

Brier crashes into the pavement, the force rattles the spine, decommissions both hips, compound fractures the left shin, and spider webs seventy percent of the mans skull.

Done-zo.

It rains glass shards shortly after the sickening impact.

EXT. THE LAUREN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

One of the many rooms windows close as screams and cries for help fill the street.

INT. ADLEY INVESTMENTS (MEETING ROOM) - NIGHT

Adley stands by a crackling fire in his work room.

ADLEY
Can't believe he's gone.

William crosses the room, sits behind his desk, and pulls out a bottle of bourbon and a glass.

Shaky hands pour a drink.

ADLEY
They said he and the girl died on impact. It was quick.

Adley knocks back his neat drink.

TOMAS
Quick and unfortunate. Brier was good with money, but greedy.

The Chief Financial Adviser sits on the guests side of the desk.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A classic American muscle car growls through the streets and makes its way onto the freeway.

INT. AMERICAN MUSCLE CAR - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Mr. Rasulala, cool as a god damned icicle, punches it.

INT. ADLEY INVESTMENTS (OFFICE) - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Adley sighs and relaxes in his chair.

ADLEY

So, we agree on thirty percent, then?

TOMAS

Given your expertise, my organization wouldn't mind parting with thirty percent at all.

ADLEY

Fantastic. Send the first fifty thousand in a week and we can get started.

The two shake hands.

TOMAS

Between us, was Brier's death truly an accident?

Adley flashes a grin.

POP!

The smirk flees his face.

TOMAS

FUCK!

Tomas' jaw drops at the sight of Adley's lifeless face with the perfect hole that sits in his forehead that wasn't there seconds ago.

Adley face plants on his own desk then slides off behind it.

Dead.

Tomas gets up and turns to run...

POP!

Mid stride, he eats a bullet to the brain as well and crashes into the furniture before his body collides with the floor.

EXT. ADLEY INVESTMENTS (OFFICE) - NIGHT

Among the tree line that surrounds the eight nine hole golf course, Mr. Rasulala looks up from the scope of his silenced FN SCAR.

He packs the weapon up into his briefcase, and fades away into the night.

END.