Blood Oath

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

A MAN knocks on the door. PETE, early forties, tall, well dressed, in a black charcoal suit.

The door opens.

In the doorway is JIMMY, late thirties, thin, slicked back hair, wearing a white tang top and blue wind breakers.

JIMMY
What’s up Pete? It’s kinda’ late man.

PETE
Frankie wants to to talk to you Jimmy?

JIMMY
Right now?

PETE
Yea, right now. He told me to come get ya’.

JIMMY
About what? This cant wait till the mornin’?

PETE
No it cant.

Jimmy seems concerned.

JIMMY
Uh yea, OK. Just give me a minute. Let me get dressed.

PETE
Hurry up.

BEDROOM --

Jimmy throws on a jacket.

He opens up a desk draw and pulls out a 45 automatic. He pulls the chamber back, then releases.
INT: ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark red Lincoln town car pulls into the middle of an empty dilapidated warehouse.

Pete steps out.

Jimmy closes the glove box, places his pack of smokes on the front seat, then steps out.

JIMMY
What the fuck is this? I thought you said Frankie wanted to talk to me?

Sounds of a metal blade scrapping against a wall.

Out of the shadows, FRANKIE emerges. Mid fifties, rugged street look. A mean mother fucker. He approaches the men while he freely wields around a large two foot blade.

FRANKIE
Shhhhh.

He points the knife at Jimmy.

JIMMY
Frankie what’s up man. What’s this all about?

FRANKIE
Shhhhh.

Frankie holds the blade against Jimmy’s lips.

He then proceeds to pat him down.

He lowers the blade.

FRANKIE
I never really took to knives. It’s like waiving your dick around.

JIMMY
That’s a pretty big dick.

FRANKIE
Me personally..

He drops the blade, and pulls out his 38 revolver. Nickel plated, with a white pearl handle.

(CONTINUED)
FRANKIE
Never jams. Never causes any problems. Consistent, dependable. Doesn’t have me coming out to warehouses at two in the mornin’ about some fuckin’ rat business!

JIMMY
What?

FRANKIE
Word on the street is, we got ourselves a cannery in the crew.

JIMMY

FRANKIE
Don’t look at him!

Jimmy swallows in fear.

JIMMY
I swear to god -

FRANKIE
- Don’t swear to god. You swear to me! You hear me!

JIMMY
Frankie...I swear-

Frankie snaps a quick jab into Jimmy’s face. The blow causes Jimmy to step back and hold his nose.

FRANKIE
The only reason you’re even in my crew is because of the respect I have for your brother Pete. A respect that’s wearing thin.

Frankie shoots a mean look over at Pete.

Pete remains silent. Stern, soldier like.

JIMMY
Frankie listen, I don’t know who told you what, but I ain’t no fuckin’ snitch. I’ll take a bullet before I rat.

(CONTINUED)
FRANKIE
I’m countin’ on it.

Frankie raises his gun, aims it at Jimmy.

JIMMY
Pete. I’m your brother, say something goddammit. This motha’ fucka’s’ crazy.

PETE
Frankie, let’s just think about this for a second. What do we know?

FRANKIE
We know your brother is weak. He’s a bad earner. And I personally, do not like him.

PETE
This is my brother were talking about here. No one likes him. He’s annoying, he talks too fuckin’ much, and he’s never got two nickels to rub together.

JIMMY
Hey, what the fuck.

PETE
But that doesn’t make him a rat.

FRANKIE
So what is he?

PETE
He’s my brother, and...I’m vouchin’ for him Frankie.

FRANKIE
You’re gonna’ vouch for this piece of shit?

PETE
Yea, I am.

FRANKIE
You sure? He’s an awfully risky horse to put your money on.

PETE
Yea well, he’s my brother. And if he tells me he didn’t do it. Then he didn’t do it.

(CONTINUED)
FRANKIE
How can you be so sure? Maybe you’re the rat. Maybe that’s why your so sure.

PETE
Frankie your the boss. I respect you. But don’t ever call me a rat.

FRANKIE
Well we’re gonna’ find out real soon about this rat business. When my guy calls me in the next five minutes, we’ll know.

JIMMY
What guy? I never fuckin’ ratted! This is bullshit, for all I know your guy’s the fuckin’ rat.

FRANKIE
Not likely kid. Not this guy. There are certain people that just can’t be bought off, or sell out. There pride’s too fuckin’ big.

JIMMY
So that’s it? I just..wait for your guy to call? Determine my fate.

FRANKIE
That’s it. If you ain’t a rat, then you got nothing to worry about, right?

PETE
Who’s your guy?

JIMMY
Yea, who’s the fuckin’ guy?

PETE
Shut up Jimmy.

FRANKIE
A good source.

PETE
Frankie, Who’s the guy?

FRANKIE
An old friend. Somebody who specializes in finding out information.

(CONTINUED)
This is fuckin' bullshit.

Jimmy feels his pants pockets. He starts to walk to the car.

Where you going?

My cigarettes. Can I smoke a cigarette? I’m not driving off.

Pete pulls out the set of keys, and jingles it in the air.

See, no keys. I left my pack on the front seat.

Hold it.

Jimmy freezes in place.

You think I’m stupid. Yea sure, go back to the car where you can grab your piece from the glove box. No, I don’t think so. In fact, I’ll get your pack. You stay right there.

Frankie walks to the Lincoln. With his back turned, Jimmy snatches up the blade from the floor and sticks it clean through Frankie’s back. The tip of the blade pierces out through his stomach.


Frankie’s body collapses to the floor.

What have you done Jimmy.

Pete, he was gonna kill me. You know he was. He said himself. He didn’t like me. He just needed an excuse. I had no choice. I had no choice.
PETE
Do you realize what the fuck you’ve done?

JIMMY
You got to believe me man. None of that shit was true. He was gonna’ kill me anyway. You know it. We’re brothers, we gotta’ stick together. It’s family first. Right?

Pete stands in disbelief.

Frankie cell phone rings. Pete reaches down and fishes it out of Frankie’s pocket. He answers it. Puts the phone to his ear and listens.

Jimmy nervously waits.

A brief moment passes as he listens the the man on the other end.

PETE
Thanks.

He ends the call.

JIMMY
So? I told you right. It’s bullshit. Fuckin’ guy lost his mind.

Pete raises his gun at Jimmy.

JIMMY
Whoa, whoa, what are you doing? I didn’t. I didn’t, I swear.

PETE
You swear? You’re gonna’ lie to my face. Your own brother!

Pete’s gun trembles in his hand.

JIMMY
Alright, alright. Pete I’m sorry man. I had no choice. I was lookin’ at twenty years. Twenty fuckin’ years. For some fuckin’ strung out Junkie. What did you want me to do!
PETE
You keep your fucking mouth shut! That’s all you had to do. Not only my own brother’s a rat, you just clipped the boss.

JIMMY
That’s what I’m saying, we gotta’ get the fuck out of here. We hit the road now. Get lost for awhile, disappear. We’ll start over or something. Me and you. Like it’s always been.

Pete say’s nothing. His anger swells underneath.

JIMMY(CONT)
We’re brothers Pete. Bonded by blood, not some bullshit fuckin’ oath. You can’t do this.

PETE
The day you can’t trust your brother, is the day he ceases to be one.

JIMMY
You can’t kill your brother. You can’t. It’s like against –

Jimmy’s head gets blasted back. He falls over. A quarter size bullet hole is centered in his forehead.

PETE
I’m sorry Jimmy.

Pete lowers his gun by his side.

Frozen in place, he pulls out the set of keys. Hits a button on the key chain.

POP!

The town car’s trunk pops open.

FADE OUT: