

COBRA BLOOD COCKTAIL

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Nothing to see but farm tracts and sparse patches of trees - save for one unremarkable sedan.

The car pulls off the pavement and stops next to a raised bank with a scant line of tangled and netted overgrowth.

Out steps GEORGE RUDD, forties, who scans the area.

EXT. SMALL LAKESIDE - DAY

George treads down a worn path. In the lake sits a tiny decrepit houseboat. An ugly brown dwelling covers most of it like an obnoxious growth. George stops a few feet from it.

GEORGE

Hey! Anybody in there?

RUSTLING from inside. A beautiful lady, REGINA, thirties, steps out onto the tiny stern.

REGINA

Yes?

George flashes a police badge. She looks at it worriedly.

GEORGE

I'm Detective George Rudd
with the Loral County Police
Department. Anybody in there
with you?

REGINA

No.

GEORGE

How'd you get out here?

REGINA

My boyfriend brought me.

GEORGE

Where's he?

REGINA

He'll be back any minute...

George approaches.

GEORGE

Turn around and put your
hands on the boat.

REGINA

What's this all about? I
didn't do anything.

George handcuffs her. Tires CRUNCH gravel by the road. They both cock their heads and George pulls a gun.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

JEREMY, thirties, steps out of a weather beaten pickup truck and suspiciously eyes George's vehicle. He pulls a black gun from his truck and stuffs it in the back of his pants.

EXT. SMALL LAKESIDE - DAY

Jeremy cautiously approaches the waiting George, who hides his gun behind him.

GEORGE

Jeremy Knight?

JEREMY

Yeah, who's askin'?

Jeremy looks up to see Regina. She turns and jangles her handcuffed wrists. Jeremy reaches behind him but George pulls his gun first.

GEORGE

Put the gun down!...Put it
down!

Jeremy hesitates a moment, then slowly lowers his weapon.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Jeremy and Regina sit next to one another, handcuffed separately, in the cramped dwelling. George goes through a gym bag stuffed with cash.

GEORGE

You two kids really hit the
jackpot, didn't you?

JEREMY

Look. I don't know her.

George glances up at Regina, who looks terribly frightened.

GEORGE

Yeah, well she thinks
you're her boyfriend.

George slightly laughs as he flips Jeremy's gun into the air
and catches it.

GEORGE

What were you going to do
with a fake gun? You rob
the bank with this?

Jeremy releases a defeated sigh.

JEREMY

People think it's real.

George zips the bag. He stands with his back to the door
when a cold steel barrel pokes him in the back of the head
with the CLICKING of a hammer being cocked.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Drop the bag.

George obeys.

The man's face hangs over George's shoulder. He's a tall
young twenty-something. This is THE POET.

His hand reaches from behind.

THE POET

Give me the gun.

George tries to hand him Jeremy's gun.

THE POET

The real one.

George frowns, reaches into his pocket and surrenders his
gun. The Poet takes it.

THE POET

Put your hands behind your
back.

George does. The LATCHING of handcuffs.

THE POET
I've got my own cuffs.

He reaches into George's pocket and takes his handcuff key.

THE POET
I can always use another
key, though.

George is shoved into the cramped room and falls to the floor, dropping the fake gun.

The Poet enters, well dressed with a smooth silencer attached to the barrel of his gun.

George looks up from the floor with a desperate face.

GEORGE
I'm a police detective. My
badge is in my pocket.

The Poet ignores him and scopes the tiny room.

THE POET
Silence the pianos and
with muffled drum; Bring
out the coffin, let the
mourners come.

He looks down at George.

THE POET
W.H. Auden.

The Poet takes a seat.

THE POET
You probably don't get
much culture out here in
the sticks.

Regina trembles as though she might have a heart attack.

REGINA
Will someone please tell
me what's going on?

JEREMY

That's what I'd like to
know.

Jeremy looks at Regina.

JEREMY

And who the fuck are you?

George tries to use the wall to push himself to his feet.
The Poet kicks him back to the floor and sits back down.

GEORGE

Look! I'm a police officer!
(nods at Jeremy)
And that's a wanted bank
robber!

REGINA

I didn't have anything to
do with any bank robbery!

JEREMY

I don't even know her!

The Poet grins.

THE POET

I shall take my scattered
selves and make them one...
Teasdale.

JEREMY

(frustrated)
What the fuck are you
talking about?!

THE POET

I'm a poet in search of
a good gourmet cobra.

JEREMY

What the fuck kind of
answer is that?! Just
tell us what the fuck is
going on!

George sits up in realization.

GEORGE
You're an assassin.

The Poet looks delightedly at George.

THE POET
Are you familiar with my
work?

GEORGE
I've heard of you.

JEREMY
Well, tell the rest of us.

George glances at Jeremy with an air of desperation.

GEORGE
There's a professional
assassin called the Cobra.
And one called the Poet.

Regina looks timidly at the Poet.

REGINA
You must be the Poet.

He smiles.

THE POET
Always for the first time...
Breton.

Regina nervously smiles back.

REGINA
I keep my answers small
and keep them near...
Elizabeth Jennings.

The Poet's face lights up.

THE POET
Ahh, a poetry aficionado...
a kindred spirit if there
were such a thing.

The Poet lowers his gun. He's happy now.

THE POET

Very well then. Out with it. I'm in pursuit of the infamous assassin, the Cobra.

JEREMY

What the fuck does that have to do with us?

The Poet's face loses luster.

THE POET

Not as cultured as your lady friend.

(to Regina)

What do you see in this baboon?

JEREMY

I told you mother fuckers; I don't even know this broad.

THE POET

And so articulate.

JEREMY

(frustrated)

What the fuck are you doin' here?

George struggles to his knees.

GEORGE

He thinks one of us is the Cobra.

THE POET

Correction. I *know* one of you is the Cobra. And I can't tell you how delighted I am to know I'm in the same room with the aforementioned killer whilst he is in restraint.

He looks delightfully down at George.

THE POET

Just think...I may have
disarmed and detained the
infamous assassin myself
and kicked him to the
floor already.

He looks at Regina and smiles.

THE POET

Or perhaps the Cobra is
a lady. Your Jennings
quote would certainly be
a high point to the
occasion...to know we'd had
such an eloquent exchange.

He looks at Jeremy with contempt.

JEREMY

I really hope it's not you.
At the very least, I would
hope such an uncouth and
uncultured knuckle dragger
such as yourself was only
a façade.

Regina timidly speaks up.

REGINA

Why do they call him the
Cobra?

THE POET

I wonder that myself. It's
not unusual for assassins
to receive names based on
their patterned behavior...
I myself am an example of
such ritual nomenclature.

He smiles reflectively.

THE POET

I've heard tale that the
Cobra actually drinks a
concoction called a
Cobra's Blood Cocktail.

REGINA

What's that?

THE POET

It's a mixture of whiskey
and cobra blood.

Regina winces.

REGINA

Sounds gross.

THE POET

In Indonesia, it's believed
that cobra blood prevents
diseases and acts as an
aphrodisiac. I myself drank
some in Jakarta once.

The Poet drifts into reflection.

THE POET

It was a disgusting
concoction, a mixture of
arak, a local homemade
whiskey, and King Cobra
blood. It was one hundred
and twenty five dollars a
glass. The arak was so
repellent,...I couldn't
taste the blood.

REGINA

So you recite poetry
before you kill people?
That's your thing?

The Poet smiles.

THE POET

It is conceit that kills
us; and makes us cowards
instead of gods...D.H.
Lawrence.

JEREMY

But the Poet is such a
pussy name.

The Poet gives Jeremy a scathing glare.

JEREMY

Seriously. What kind of
pussy assassin recites
poetry.

The Poet raises the gun to Jeremy's leg. Even with the
silencer, the blast is loud and echoed in the tiny room. A
piece of Jeremy's thigh explodes in blood spatter.

Regina SCREAMS and Jeremy YELLS agonizingly as he writhes.

JEREMY

Fuck! Fuck!

George desperately tenses.

GEORGE

He's going to kill us all.

Regina looks at George, horrified, and breathlessly pants.

THE POET

That's one way to kill the
Cobra. But I do so want to
meet him first. If the
guilty party would simply
speak up, I would be
willing to kill only the
affected individual.

GEORGE

And leave witnesses? I
don't think so.

Jeremy loudly MOANS and GROANS in pain.

JEREMY

You fuckin' asshole! I
need a doctor!

George sees water slowly pooling on the side of the room.

GEORGE

You shot a hole in the boat.

Regina's panting turns to full scale terrified WHEEZING and
GASPING.

REGINA
I need my inhaler!

THE POET
You're asthmatic?

She urgently nods.

THE POET
Where is it?

REGINA
(wheezing)
In my purse!

The Poet rifles through Regina's purse and pulls out an inhaler. He holds it up and she inhales the medicine.

THE POET
What's wrong? Why isn't
it working?

GEORGE
She's in shock. She knows
she's about to be murdered.

The Poet turns to George angrily.

THE POET
Shut up!

JEREMY
I need a fuckin' doctor!
I'm gonna lose my fuckin'
leg if you don't...

THE POET
Shut up!

GEORGE
You're losing it.

The Poet looks at George and pauses. He tries to compose himself.

Regina falls to the floor WHEEZING and finally succumbs. The Poet feels her neck for a pulse. He lowers his eyes.

THE POET
She's dead.

JEREMY

Hey man! She was the Cobra.
You got her, man. Now you
can go.

THE POET

The Cobra didn't have
asthma.

JEREMY

You don't know that. Maybe
that's why they called her
the Cobra. She sounded
kinda like a snake hissing
the way she was gasping
for air.

The Poet drags Regina's dead body out of the room, leaving
Jeremy and George alone a moment.

JEREMY

Are you the Cobra?

George looks up.

GEORGE

No...You?

JEREMY

I need a doctor. I'm going
to bleed to death.

George looks at Jeremy's leg, which is covered in blood.

The Poet returns and sits down. He looks distant.

GEORGE

You've never killed anyone
before, have you?

The Poet stirs from his trance.

GEORGE

How could you get the name
the Poet? If your victims
are dead, how would the
authorities know you
recite poetry? You gave
yourself that name.

The Poet just stares at George in disbelief.

THE POET
I've killed people.

GEORGE
You're just a kid. What's
this about? Making a name
for yourself?

He aims the gun at George. George braces himself in a
growing puddle of water.

THE POET
Your grief for what you've
lost holds a mirror up to
where you're bravely
working...Rumi.

GEORGE
Cut the shit, kid. You're
no killer.

The Poet stares blankly at George. Jeremy YELLS.

JEREMY
One person's dead!...I'm
dying!...He's a cop!...You need
to cut your losses, kid!

The Poet's eye twitches. He keeps his stony gaze fixed on
George while he swings the gun from George to Jeremy's head
and pulls the trigger.

SPLAT!

Blood spatters across the wall. Jeremy's head flies back and
then his whole body leans forward lifelessly and slumps to
the floor.

George winces helplessly.

GEORGE
Goddamn it!

The Poet keeps indifferent eyes trained on George.

THE POET
Anymore analogies?

He lowers the gun but he doesn't look relaxed at all.

GEORGE

You just crossed the line,
kid. There's no goin' back
from here.

THE POET

I sincerely hope you're
the Cobra. You've
definitely been the most
challenging of the bunch.

The Poet clumsily struggles to drag the larger Jeremy out of the room. He finally manages.

George, alone, SPLASHES the rising water as he struggles to get to his feet. He frantically moves by the door.

When the Poet returns, George rushes him and SLAMS him against the side of the room. He knees him in the groin. The Poet's gun plops into the water on the floor.

The Poet goes down. George stomps on him until he's barely even awake. He freezes when he sees something...

GEORGE

You?

A bullet rips through George's throat and blasts blood everywhere. George falls to the floor GURGLING desperately.

Regina stands in the doorway and points the Poet's gun with her handcuffs dangling from her wrist. She steps into the room and hovers over the Poet.

REGINA

I made sure you would know
I was here.

The Poet looks up at her, barely able to speak.

THE POET

But how? You were dead.

REGINA

A drug that lowers the
pulse. You gave it to me
yourself...with the inhaler.

THE POET

What about the others?

REGINA

I knew someone lived here
but I admit I didn't know
he was a robbery suspect.

George moves lethargically as he GURGLES.

REGINA

(to the Poet)

You've got it all wrong.
They call me the Cobra
because I'm two faced,
like the eye patterns on
the back of a cobra hood.

George's GURGLING subsides as he succumbs to death. The poet struggles to say something.

THE POET

Death was in that poisonous
wave...

REGINA

And in its gulf a fitting
grave.

The Poet strains to smile.

THE POET

Poe.

Regina fires into the Poet's throat. His neck explodes with blood. He GURGLES as he grabs his throat in terror.

She BLASTS several holes right through the bottom of the boat and then SLOSHES to the door in the now several inches of water.

She turns and looks at the blood all over the Poet's face.

REGINA

Can you taste the blood?

The Poet just GURGLES helplessly in the bloody pool.

REGINA
That's my Cobra Blood
Cocktail.

She exits, leaving the Poet to die and the boat to sink.

FADE OUT.