INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

An old, dirty car riding down a ghetto neighborhood. Behind the wheel is JAY (38), a muscular, scary-looking mafia hitman. Sitting beside him is JIMMY (30), a tamer-looking fellow hitman.

Jimmy is shaking and sweating. He struggles to control himself by repeatedly taking deep breaths. In contrast, Jay acts very relaxed as he is dancing to the pop song from the radio.

JIMMY
So, who’s this guy again?

Jay takes a deep breath, seemingly annoyed by Jimmy question.

JAY
Richard Brickingston. First name Richard, last name Brickingston. And that’s, Jimmy, for the freakin’ nine thousandth time, is the motherfucker whose door we’re going to knock on.

JIMMY
Yeah, I knew the name...

JAY
So?

JIMMY
I mean, who is this Richard Brickingston? I mean, why him?

JAY
Well...

Jay turns the radio volume down.

JAY
...The man’s old. Got no wife, no kids, no friend. And umm... The man’s an addict and sure got enough bucks to be one. So yeah, a perfect candidate I can say.

JIMMY
But, you sure you gonna do it to an old man?
JAY
That’s the point Jimmy. The man’s is older than dinosaurs and is a perma-fried. It’s not like his body’s gonna last till next Christmas. In fact, we’re kinda doing the motherfucker a favor here.

JIMMY
Favor? What do you mean?

JAY
Well, I bet yo ass five thousand dollars it’s hard to be an eighty years old crackhead whose only companion is a ghost of his dead wife.

JIMMY
Jesus! Dude, that’s cruel.

JAY
But, make sense isn’t it?

JIMMY
That I can’t argue.

Jay laughs.

Jimmy looks at Jay cynically.

JIMMY
You look so excited.

JAY
You bet I am.

JIMMY
Why? Cause you’re about to make your peace with Rasul?

JAY
That would be fifty percent of it.

JIMMY
And the other fifty?

JAY
Well, I’m quote on quote selling this old son of a bitch them hubbas for two hundred grand. And what I owe Rasul is one hundred and twenty.
JIMMY

So?

JAY

So, it’ll be one hundred and twenty for Rasul and eighty for me.

JIMMY

Wow!

JAY

That’s a nice choice of word!

JIMMY

Do I get any of it?

JAY

Umm... Well then, my friend I’m givin’ you five percent for companion fee.

JIMMY

Five percent?

JAY

That would be four grand. Man, you got your ass kicked from high school?

JIMMY

No I mean, only five percent?

JAY

C’mon Jimmy, you ain’t here for no altruistic business. Besides, you won’t get your ass sittin’ here if it’s not because of John.

JIMMY

Well, John did tell me to. But, I’m your bro man. I’m always there for you, remember?

JAY

That’s so touching man, but your ass’s still getting five percent.

JIMMY

You dick!

Both men laugh.
EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

The car is parked behind a slummy apartment building. Jay is locking his car’s doors manually and Jimmy is staring at the building in confusion.

JAY
(referring to his car)
Man, I hate this piece of shit.

JIMMY
Are you serious?

JAY
Yeah Jimmy. As soon as I get that old motherfucker’s cash I’m changing this piece of metal with a Mercedes.

JIMMY
No no no, I mean this apartment.

Jay walks toward Jimmy.

JAY
What’s with the apartment?

JIMMY
You sure this is where that umm... what’s the name again?

JAY
Richard?

JIMMY
Yeah! You sure this is where that guy Richard live?

JAY
Yeah, why?

JIMMY
I don’t know man. But, if I could pay a random guy two hundred grand, I’d be living in The Plaza.

JAY
Jimmy, that’s what crackheads do! They put goddamn two hundred grand for powders in budget, but for livin’ in The Plaza? Zero!
JIMMY
I don’t know man, I have a bad feeling about this.

JAY
Yeah, you feel to much, come on!

Jay walks into the building and Jimmy follows him.

INT. STAIRWAY (APARTMENT BUILDING) - DAY
Jay and Jimmy are walking up the stairs.

JIMMY
So how’s this gonna work?

JAY
Easy. We knock on the motherfucker’s door. Motherfucker takes the cash out...

Jay takes out his silencer equipped gun.

JAY
...Motherfucker gets his brain as a wallpaper. And boom! Mission accomplished!

JIMMY
Is that easy?

JAY
Well, this is The Cliff Jimmy! John gets any dirty shit in the The Cliff goes as clean as a nun, does he not?

JIMMY
Right...

Jay and Jimmy walks out from the staircase to the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS
Jay and Jimmy walk along the hallway while continuing their conversation.

JIMMY
So, that’s part of reasons the man’s a candidate?

Jay nods his head.
JAY

Hu uh!

Jay scans through several doors.

JAY

One o three, One o four...

Jay stops at a door with the number '105' written on it.

JAY

... One of five! Gotcha!

JIMMY

Is this it?

JAY

Yap, this is where the old perma-fried live. Okay, let’s not waste our fuckin’ time here.

JIMMY

Wait, wait!

JAY

Sigh! What is it again Jimmy?

JIMMY

Just wanna told you...

Jimmy takes a deep breath.

JIMMY

...please don’t fuck this up, alright?

JAY

Man, it’s my ass which is in the brink of extinction, not yours!

JIMMY

Just, please promise me man! John and Rasul are technically brothers. John’s not gonna appreciate it if you fuck this--

JAY

--Dude! I’m already fucked up enough when Rasul said he wanted my ass as his chandelier! You stay chill, alright?

Jay knocks the door.
RICHARD (82), an obese men with messy and dirty appearance, opens the door. He looks at Jay and Jimmy with confusion.

RICHARD
You must be...

Jay shakes Richard’s hand.

JAY
Jay! Jay Louise! We were talking on the phone right Sir?

RICHARD
Jay?

JIMMY
(whispers)
Louise? Seriously?

JAY
Yes, you Sir must be Richard right?

RICHARD
Yes.

JAY
So yeah, Richard... May I call you Richard by the way?

RICHARD
Yes of course you may.

JAY
Well then man, Richard, I got the stuff you want here! Got a flash? That stuff? Two hundred grand?

RICHARD
Oww...

Richard, stares at the ceiling as he tries remembering.

JAY
You got yourself some memory?

Richard smiles widely.

RICHARD
Oh yes, Jay right?

JAY
That’s right.
RICHARD
Come on in!

Richard walks very slowly into his apartment room. Jay and Jimmy follows him.

JIMMY
(whispers)
Man, there’s something wrong with that guy.

JAY
(whispers)
Yeah, his ass is about to expired. That’s what wrong with the motherfucker. Chill!

INT. RICHARD’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Jimmy follow Richard into his small, messy and dirty living room.

RICHARD
Please, have a seat.

Richard seats on a dirty, old sofa. Jay and Jimmy sit on a similar sofa opposite to him. Between them is a large wooden table.

JAY
Richard, usually I will start with some chit chat. But, because we don’t have much time, how ’bout if we get into the business directly?

RICHARD
Well, okay then if you insist.

JAY
So, Richard, are you havin’ them money with you right now? Money as in cash. Just like what we were talking ’bout on the phone.

RICHARD
Yes, I do.

JAY
Can you show them to us?
RICHARD
But I think you’ll show me the stuff in advance?

JAY
Your stuff is in the car, outside, safe. You show me the money, I’m givin’ you the stuff faster than Usain.

Richard stares at Jay in confusion.

RICHARD
But... but...

JAY
I’m sorry Richard, we gotta principle here called ‘no cash, no stuff.’ Remember I’m tellin’ you to show me, not gimme. You’re safe from any kind of scam here.

Both men’s expressions become more intense. Same applies to the way the men speak. Jimmy becomes more nervous and seems to realize something is going terribly wrong.

RICHARD
Ow, I will really appreciate if you’re willing to decide the opposite.

JAY
I’ll appreciate more if I don’t have to.

RICHARD
Is there any reason why you insist?

It is then revealed that there is a gun equipped by a silencer hidden under the table between them.

JAY
Funny, you’re doin’ it as well.

Richard’s voice becomes even heavier and more intense.

RICHARD
Jay, please, just show me my stuff and I’ll give you your money!

Jay smiles. He seems that finally realizes what’s going on.
JAY
Hey, are you motherfucker the same
Richard openin’ that door for us?

RICHARD
Excuse me?

JAY
As far as my brain reckon, that
nice, old Richard openin’ the door
for us, didn’t talk in this fuckin’
way.

Richard stares at him in silences, his face looks really
tense.

JAY
I bet my ass we both know what the
fuck is happening here Richard. I
also know that for you, I was as
good as french fries before I
walkin’ through that door. But,
what you don’t know is, for me, so
were you.

Richard quickly takes his gun from under the table. He
attempts to shoot Jay, but Jay shoots his face before he
manages to do so, blowing his head in the process. And, as
Jay promised before, his brain scatters on the wall behind
him.

JIMMY
Oh God!

Jay breaths rapidly as the result of what just happened. He
struggles to control his breath.

JAY
I’ll be double dog damned!

BLACK SCREEN
SUPER: "A Few Hours Later"

INT. RICHARD’S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

Richard’s living room is messier than before. All drawers,
boxes, etc. are opened. Jimmy is sitting on the sofa, in
front of Richard’s messed up-looking corpse. His look
suggests that he is in an extreme bad mood.
Jay walks inside the living room with his hands on his waist. He is drenched in sweat.

    JIMMY
    How’s it?
    JAY
    Nothin’
    JIMMY
    Nothing?
    JAY
    (loud)
    Nothing, Jimmy! Motherfucker’s as broke as dirt here!

Jimmy stands up.

    JIMMY
    C’mon man! You serious?
    JAY
    Yeah Jimmy, brother! I’m as dead serious as cancer! I searched and searched my ass off for hours and what I got in this face-holed, syrup-drinkin’ fat barracuda’s cave were nothin’ but these bullshit wreck in the asshole nickels!

Jay throws a few coins to the floor.

    JIMMY
    Oh man, this is not good...
    JAY
    What’s your fucking problem huh? It’s my ass that fucker Rasul want, not yours!
    JIMMY
    No, it’s just--
    JAY
    --What?
    JIMMY
    It’s just--
    JAY
    --What? Just what huh?
JIMMY
Just...

Jimmy takes a deep breath.

JIMMY
Nevermind, forget it.

The two start to calm down. Jimmy sit back on the sofa and Jay sit on his opposite, next to Richard’s corpse.

The sit down in silence for a few seconds, trying to calm themselves down.

JAY
It’s true Jimmy.

JIMMY
What?

JAY
The shit you said earlier. Man got two hundred grand, man’s living in The Plaza. Not in this kind of shithole.

Jay starts to laugh.

JAY
Funny I didn’t think about it before.

Jimmy looks at Jay cynically.

JAY
I mean, who am I shittin’? Look at this place!
(points at Richard)
Look at this pig. Two hundred grand? The fact that Rasul wanna go full Shaka Zulu on me must really fucked my IQ.

Jimmy drops his forehead onto both of his hands. Jay then looks at him confusedly.

JAY
Hey man what the hell?

Jay stands up and walks toward Jimmy. He then sits beside him and holds his shoulder.
JAY
What’s wrong dude? Your big head’s never in danger right? Beside, I still got myself two days. I got this man. I’ll be fine!

He then gives him a tap on his back before walks out from the room.

JAY
C’mon, let’s get the hell out of here!

INT. CAR (MOVING) - TWILIGHT

Jay drives his car in a very quiet area. The radio plays a pop music loudly. He dances to the song while Jimmy stares out of the window.

JAY
Damn man, I love this fuckin’ beat.

JIMMY
How can you be this chill man?

JAY
Well, sweating my ass off won’t pay Rasul a penny.

Jimmy takes a deep breath.

JIMMY
So what now man?

Jay turns the volume of the radio down.

JAY
What now what?

JIMMY
These two days! How’re you gonna get one hundred and twenty grand in two days?

JAY
Umm... I believe there are plenty of Richie Riches livin’ around The Cliff. Robbin’ one or two of those motherfuckers’ palaces should make fancy quick bucks.
JIMMY
Man, The Cliff is a ghetto! That’s why John can get everything clean here.

JAY
Fuck! Well if that’s the case, fifty church rats are still gonna make a fuckin’ eagle aren’t they?

JIMMY
Jesus, Jay, even John won’t be able to get you clean if you rob like fifty houses in two days!

JAY
Havin’ my butthole violated in the county sounds much better than gettin’ blown into the devil’s mansion.

JIMMY
Huh?

JAY
I’ve fucked up a lot man. If I die now, I’m sure as fuck I’m going to the goddamn hell.

Jay drops his forehead onto his left hand.

JAY
I think I’m just livin’ this state for good.

JIMMY
You mean?

JAY
Runnin’ away. Dissapear. Or anything you wanna call it yeah. Fuck this shit man, that dead-ass Gerry who fucked this all up anyway, I was just jinxed enough to get the blame. I bet those motherfuckers won’t find me in Tennessee.

Jimmy looks back at the window.

JIMMY
Where are you heading now?
JAY
Well, outta The Cliff. Home. Take a rest, and thinkin’ about this shit when I’m as fresh as a daisy.

Jimmy takes a deep breath again and anxiously wipes the sweat on his face.

JIMMY
Jay, can you pull over for awhile.

JAY
What?

JIMMY
(nervous)
Just, pull over the car for a minute. I... I need to pee.

JAY
Can you hold it for a--

JIMMY
--No man, just pull it over for a while please. You don’t want me to piss on your lovely--

JAY
--All right! All right! Jesus, chill man! I’m pulling the car over.

Jay pulls the car over.

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

A quiet road in a ghetto area. Jimmy gets down and starts to urinate on the wall. Jay gets out from the car to get some air. He faces the road, opposite to where Jimmy is.

JAY
Hey man, please make it quick, I’m not in the mood for bumbing John in The Cliff alright?

JIMMY
Hey Jay.

JAY
What?
JIMMY
I’m sorry...

Jimmy takes out a gun and shoots Jay. The bullet scratches him in the face and makes him falls onto the car.

Jay responds by shooting Jimmy on his stomach. Jimmy falls onto the ground with blood sprouting from his stomach.

JAY
What the fuck man?

Jimmy screams and shakes violently on the ground while holding his bloody stomach.

Jay stares at him in confusion and disbelief.

JAY
What the fuck?

BLACK SCREEN
SUPER: ’36 Hours Earlier’

INT. JOHN’S ROOM – MORNING (PAST)

John (53), a charismatic looking man in an seemingly expensive suit is drinking a cup of tea on his working table.

Jimmy comes in the room.

JOHN
Ah! Jimmy!

JIMMY
Hey John.

Jimmy shakes John’s hand and sits in front of him.

JOHN
You alright, mate?

JIMMY
Yeah I’m good. How ’bout you?

JOHN
Superb! Do you want some tea?
JIMMY
No, it’s alright.

JOHN
Okay then.

John takes a big gulp of his tea, finishing it.

JOHN
Well, Jimmy. Do you know why are you here?

JIMMY
No, I don’t.

JOHN
Well Jimmy, let me ask you, do you have any brother?

JIMMY
No John, only a little sister.

JOHN
He doesn’t have to be biological.

JIMMY
You mean like buddy?

JOHN
A little bit higher maybe.

JIMMY
If that’s the case, I think every man should have.

JOHN
Nice one!

John takes a gulp of his tea.

JOHN
If, let’s just say, someone, somewhere, mess with your brother, whose side will you take?

JIMMY
Of...
(pause)
Of course my brother.

JOHN
So will I!

John laughs lightly.
JOHN
Now Jimmy, do you know who will I refer to as my brother?

JIMMY
Umm... Rasul?

JOHN
Smart boy! And do you know why?

JIMMY
He helps you in your business?

JOHN
Correct! Rasul, in my humble opinion, is a filthy hyena. But, with the amount of wealth he brings to us, I’m more than glad to see him as a cute little rabbit. Wait, that sounds so wrong, doesn’t it?

JIMMY
Is this about Jay?

JOHN
True!

JIMMY
What do you want me to do?

JOHN
He told me that he’s going for a mission tomorrow for an obvious reason. I’ll appreciate it if you want to take care of him.

Jimmy makes a ‘gun’ with his hand and points it to his head.

JIMMY
Take care of him?

JOHN
No, of course not. Just accompany him, gives him advices if necessary and make sure he manages to get the money, that’s all. However, if he does fail to do so, that’s when you...

John makes a ‘gun’ with his hand and points it to Jimmy.
JOHN
...take care of him.

John shoots his 'gun'.

JOHN
Pew!

JIMMY
But, why?

JOHN
Why? First, if everything is not going well tomorrow, he will get only two days to collect one hundred and twenty grand, a thing that I seriously doubt will even have the slightest chance. Second, Rasul is too wound up already to give any more toleration. He wants either his money to be back, or our friend, Jay, to be gone.

Jimmy smiles awkwardly.

JIMMY
But... Why me?

JOHN
Umm...?

JIMMY
I don’t know. I’m just... I’m not sure if I can--

JOHN
--Why?

JIMMY
Because... You know...

JOHN
Because he is the man you refer as your brother?

JIMMY
Well, yeah, you know it right?

JOHN
Okay, I’ll tell you why. But first, let me ask you something. If Jay, the man you refer as your brother, had a plan to shoot you in the (MORE)
JOHN (cont’d)
head, would you expect it? Would you make some kind of anticipation?

Jimmy gasps. He is clearly shocked by the question that he is unable to answer.

JOHN
Answer my question please.

JIMMY
No...

Jimmy slowly stares on the floor.

JIMMY
No, I wouldn’t.

JOHN
You get my point.

CUT TO

INT. CAR (MOVING) - TWILIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Jay drives his car at high speed, dodging in and out of the traffic. Jimmy lies on the backseat. Blood keeps pouring from his stomach, covering himself and the backseat. He breaths heavily and desperately pushes the wound to stop the bleeding.

JAY
So, you agreed the motherfucker to shoot my ass?

JIMMY
It’s John man! You know what would he do if I didn’t.

Jimmy grunts and shakes from his pain.

JIMMY
Shit!

JAY
I understand...

JIMMY
Oh God! Man, I got to go to hospital!
JAY
Where the fuck do you think I’m drivin’ to right now? Disneyland?

Jimmy’s getting weaker and weaker as the time goes due to his blood loss. His voice’s becoming softer.

JIMMY
Man, I don’t wanna die man! Shit!

JAY
Hey what the hell do you think you are? A pussy? Man the fuck up! Ain’t nobody gonna die from a flesh wound, you hear me?

Jimmy doesn’t answer, just keeps breathing heavily.

JAY
Hey, Jimmy, you hear me?

JIMMY
Yes!

JAY
Imma takin’ you to a hospital out of The Cliff. You get yourself fixed and we’re outta of the state forever alright? We’ll be fine. You’ll be fine.

Jimmy doesn’t answer. His breath can’t be heard no longer.

JAY
Jimmy?

Jay looks on the backseat and realizes that Jimmy is no longer conscious despite his eyes being wide open.

JAY
Shit!

Jay pulls over his car.

He quickly examines Jimmy’s pulse and finds out that his heart’s no longer beating.

Jay looks away from Jimmy and closes his eyes, clearly holding his tears from falling down. He opens and wipes his damp eyes.
JAY

Fuck this!

Jay closes Jimmy’s eyes. He then stares at his best friend’s corpse while rubbing his messy hair.

INT. JOHN’S ROOM – TWILIGHT

John’s phone rings and he answers it immediately.

JOHN

Yeah Jimmy, everything’s alright?

EXT. ROADSIDE – CONTINUOUS

The roadside Jay previously pulls his car at. He talks to John via phone.

JAY

It’s me, you fucker!

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND JAY (TELEPHONE CONVERSATION)

JOHN

Jay? Ow, hei mate! Why are you in Jimmy’s phone? Where is he?

JAY

Dead.

JOHN

Ow, so you failed, did you not?

JAY

Listen John. Next time you wanna put my ass up on the grave, do it by yourself like a man do it!

JOHN

Umm… I’d rather pay somebody else like a rich man do it.

JAY

Man, I swear I’m gonna put a cactus in your rectum!

JOHN

Watch your language alright? By the way, what happened to your friend? You killed him?
JAY
No no no, you killed him!

JOHN
How could I? I was in my office the whole day.

JAY
Yeah, but you told him to put some metal in my head.

JOHN
Yeah, I told him to kill you, not himself. So, you were the one who killed him.

JAY
No no no, If you didn’t, I wouldn’t make him RIP either, so it was you!

JOHN
See, you just admitted that you killed him.

JAY
Ah, fuck!

Jay cuts the line.

INT. JOHN’S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

JOHN
Bloody hell!

John calls another number with his phone.

JOHN
Hello? Yeah it’s me.
(pause)
Would you get The Dog for me please? We get a wanker to exterminate.

EXT. ROADSIDE – TWILIGHT

Jay leans on his car while making hollow facial expression. He stares at the sunset as the movie ends.

FADE TO BLACK