DIRTY BUSINESS 2

By

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EXT. BAR- NIGHT

The small building sits in the dark night. Neon lights brighten up the surrounding area.

Heavy rock music comes from inside the building.

A group of BIKERS crowd around the entrance.

INT. BAR- CONTINUOUS

The small, crowded bar bustles with activity. The rock music is much louder now.

Cigarette smoke fills the crowded space.

HERBERT (40), worn and dirty, stands over a pool table, stick in hand. A group of PUNKS crowd around him.

HERBERT
I told you! I’ll have your money by Friday! I promise!

PUNK
I hope so. For your sake.

HERBERT
I’ll have it! I swear!

The Punks walk away.

Herbert pulls out a cigarette and lights it up. He takes a long drag and exhales the smoke through his nose.

HERBERT
Fags.

BAR

The long bar is completely full. Not one empty seat. The BARTENDER (35) grabs a cold beer out of the cooler and opens it. He slides the beer across the bar to TIGER (40), long haired, long beard, and muscular.

TIGER
Keep’em coming.

Tiger takes a long, hard swig of the beer. He burps and wipes his beard.

Tiger turns around and sees Herbert approaching. Behind Herbert, Tiger notices a STRANGER (35), well dressed, bald, and pale, behind Herbert.
The Stranger sits at a small table with his hands folded in front of him. A glass of alcohol sits in front of him. The Stranger stares at Tiger and smiles.

Tiger stands up and starts in the direction of the Stranger, but is stopped by Herbert.

    HERBERT
    C’mon Tiger, let’s get out of this shit hole.

Tiger looks back at the Stranger, who still stares.

    TIGER
    Wait a second.

Tiger approaches the Stranger. Herbert follows.

    HERBERT
    What are...?
    TIGER
    Shut up.

They reach the Strangers table. Tiger studies the Stranger and smiles.

    TIGER
    A little dressed up for a shitty place like this, don’t you think?

The Stranger smiles back and shrugs.

    STRANGER
    I like to make a good impression.

Tiger laughs and pulls up a chair. He grabs the Strangers glass and downs it.

    HERBERT
    Hey, what are you doing man? Let’s get out of here.

Tiger lays the glass down.

    TIGER
    I told you to shut up Herbert.

Herbert shakes his head, frustrated. Tiger turns back to the Stranger.
TIGER
So. What brings you here tonight?

The Stranger leans back in his chair.

STRANGER
Meeting someone.

TIGER
A lady friend?

The Stranger shakes his head and laughs.

STRANGER
No. A guy.

TIGER
Your boyfriend?

STRANGER
Nope.

Tiger shakes his head.

STRANGER

TIGER
C’mon man. Don’t fuck with me. You wouldn’t be all dressed up if you weren’t on a date.

STRANGER
Why not?

Tiger shoots Herbert a look. He laughs and turns back to the Stranger. Tiger suddenly becomes angry.

TIGER
Because I said so!

The Stranger simply responds with a smile.

TIGER (CONT’D)
I saw you checking me out you fagot! You want me, don’t you?

The Stranger nods.

STRANGER
Yes I do.

Herbert looks at the Stranger in disgust.
HERBERT
And what about the person you’re meeting?

STRANGER
He’s here.

Tiger and Herbert look around.

TIGER
Where?

The Stranger smiles.

STRANGER
You’re sitting right in front of me.

Tiger looks at Herbert, who looks confused. He turns back to the Stranger.

TIGER
I don’t even know you!

STRANGER
Yes I do, Tiger.

Tiger pulls out a butterfly knife. Herbert becomes nervous.

HERBERT
What the fuck!?

Tiger points the knife at the Stranger.

TIGER
Who the hell are you?

STRANGER
That doesn’t matter. The reason I’m here may interest you a little more.

Tiger laughs.

TIGER
Okay then! What business do you have here?

STRANGER
You, Tiger. You are my business. My... dirty business.

Tiger stabs the knife into the table.
TIGER
Stop fucking with me!

HERBERT
Let’s get out of here Tiger!

Tiger turns to Herbert.

TIGER
Another word and I’ll put my knife in you!

HERBERT
Fuck you man! I’m out of here!

Herbert storms away and exits through the front door.

Tiger turns back to the Stranger, who glances at his watch and smiles.

STRANGER
Well, it’s time.

The Stranger looks up at Tiger.

TIGER
Time for what?! Who the fuck are you!

The stranger takes a deep breath.

STRANGER
Well... I guess it wont do no harm to tell you now.

Tiger grabs the knife again.

STRANGER (CONT’D)
Let me just cut to the chase. Phillip Grasia wants you dead.

TIGER
Grasia!? Why!?

Tiger drops his knife and grabs his throat. He can’t breath.

STRANGER (CONT’D)
I don’t know why and I don’t care. My job is to make Phillip happy and make you dead.

Tiger struggles for air. He looks at the empty glass in front of him.
TIGER
... Poison!

The Stranger nods.

STRANGER
Now that you are dead, Phillip is going to be happy. He will give me my reward and then I’ll be happy.

Tiger goes limp. His head hits the table and his eyes roll back into his head.

The Stranger tilts his head at Tiger’s lifeless corpse.

CANDY (19), a pretty waitress, approaches the Stranger. She smiles at him, then turns to Tiger. She turns back to the Stranger.

CANDY
Your friend alright there sweetie?

The Stranger nods and laughs.

STRANGER
He’s fine. Just had a bit too much to drink, that’s all.

CANDY
Well, what about you? Can I get you anything else?

The Stranger shakes his head.

STRANGER
No thanks. I’ve had my fill.

CANDY
Alrighty then sweet thing. You have yourself a nice night.

The Stranger stands up.

STRANGER
You to.

The Stranger walks away and exits out of the front door.

FADE TO-
BLACK
END