

How To Make a Cocktail

By

Dennis Narovchenko

**Greater Philadelphia Area
Dennisnarovchenko@gmail.com**

"Receive with simplicity, everything that happens to you."
- Rashi

EXT. NAME OF THE BAR (IRKALLA'S) - DAY.

(Babe and Barb sit together in a car, from a distance, casually watching Mr. Martini and Calvin who are both outside a bar waiting for Barb and Babe. Mr. Martini and Calvin don't know that because they don't know each other. Mr. Martini is just the bar keeper. Mr. Martini sits on a chair, talking on the phone or having a cigarette. Distanced from Mr. Martini is Calvin who just looks cold and can't wait to go inside.)

BABE

(Staring forward with a look of hypnosis and depression.)

I HAVEN'T FELT LIKE MYSELF FOR THE LONGEST TIME.

BARB

(Raises an eyebrow out of concern)

PUT THE DEVIL INTO HELL IF YOU AINT FEELING WELL... IS WHAT MY MA ALWAYS SAID.

BABE

OH I WOULD, BUT I ALREADY WALKED THE DOGS THIS MORNING, I'M BEAT.

BARB

(Snickers)

LET'S GO, I NEED YOU FOCUSED FOR THIS ONE.

Babe

(Curiously)

WHY THE SUDDEN RIDE ALONG? I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T STOMACH MY WORK.

BARB

(Looks around for an answer)

RED WINE AND OYSTERS...IS OUT. ADRENALINE IS IN. IT'S JUST A BETTER APHRODISIAC.

(Mr. Martini suddenly goes inside, a vehicle with sirens drives by and puts a smile on Babe's face. Babe and Barb jump out of the car at the same time.)

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. INSIDE THE BAR - DAY.

(Barb and Babe are on either side of Calvin as they lead him into the bar. As the door opens, Babe comes into scene in a volume that indicates a potential hint/code.)

BABE

MR. MARTINI! BOY IS IT COLD OUTSIDE OR WHAT!

(Mr. Martini acknowledges this sound off, checks his pistol from under the bar and begins to make a drink. Barb and Babe sit Calvin down at the bar. Barb and Babe sit on either side of Calvin but Barb sits further away at the bar. Barb discreetly checks to see if her pistol is still under the table. A large sign hangs on the wall behind where babe and Calvin sit that writes "IRKALLA'S", the name of the bar.)

CALVIN

COULD YOU MAKE ME A-

BABE

HE'S MAKING YOUR DRINK.

BABE (cont'd)

BARB, THIS IS CALVIN.

CALVIN

IT'S VIN.

BABE

HUH?

CALVIN

IT'S VIN, NO ONE CALLS ME CALVIN.

(Everyone looks at each other, confused)

BABE

YOU SAID YOUR NAME WAS CALVIN?

BARB

BABE, WE GOT THE RIGHT GUY?

CALVIN

I AM CALVIN! IT'S CALVIN ON MY LICENSE, BIRTH CERTIFICATE,
PEOPLE JUST CALL ME VIN.

BARB

LET'S MOVE ON!

(Babe checks to see if her pistol is still under the table.)

CALVIN

(Immediately referring to the barkeeper.)

BARB, YOU THINK THIS BAG OF HAMMERS CAN MIX A DRINK?

BARB

(A slight smile appears on Barb's face as she looks up)

YEAH, BUT IT NEEDS TO SIT.

CALVIN

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS BUT-

BABE

IT MEANS WE'RE GONNA SIT HERE AND TALK WHILE HE SPITS IN
YOUR-MAKES YOUR DRINK.

(Barb, Babe, and Mr. Martini snicker.)

CALVIN

GIRLS, I DO APPRECIATE SUCH WARM HOSPITALITY, BUT, IN A BAR, 2
IN THE AFTERNOON, MAKES ME FEEL A BIT UNORTHODOX.

BABE

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

BARB

IT MEANS HE DOESN'T LIKE HIS OWN KIND.

BABE

WHY NOT?

CALVIN

THAT'S NOT WHAT THAT MEANS.

(Calvin tries to get up but Babe pulls down his tie.)

CALVIN

BABE, MY PEOPLE KNOW WHERE I AM.

BARB

AND MY PEOPLE KNOW WHERE YOUR PEOPLE ARE. SO WHAT?

(Calvin looks at Barb with disappointment, turns back to Babe frustrated.)

CALVIN

YOU WANT TO SIT? I'LL SIT. YOU WANNA TALK? LET'S TALK. ABOUT WHAT?

BABE

OUR ARRANGEMENT.

(Calvin is in a state of juvenile denial.)

CALVIN

CAN'T DO IT. SORRY.

(Babe begins taking out flight tickets, passports, drivers licences, cash etc. and drops them one by one aggressively in front of Calvin. Mr. Martini is wiping the place down.)

BABE

YOU DON'T GET TO OPT - OUT OF THIS ONE. YOU DON'T GET TO
NEGOTIATE HERE AND YOU DON'T GET TO SAY SORRY.

CALVIN

(Ignores Babe)

IS THAT FUCKING DRINK READY YET?

*(The room freezes. Barb and Babe look at Mr. Martini and Mr.
Martini only looks at Babe. Calvin is looking down at the items
dropped in front of him.)*

MR. MARTINI

IT NEEDS TO SIT.

CALVIN

WHAT DOES?

BABE, BARB, MR. MARTINI

THE DRINK!

*(Calvin is annoyed but thinks nothing of it. Barb and Babe look
at each other with concern and Mr. Martini leaves.)*

CALVIN

I CAN'T BABE. MY KIDS GOT FRIENDS HERE, THE WIFE IS IN LOVE WITH
THE HOUSE, I CAN LAY LOW!

*(Babe can't believe what she's hearing. Babe is angry, she
frantically picks up the items in front of Calvin.)*

BABE

WITH THIS? I AM GIVING YOU AN OPPORTUNITY - TO START OVER.
PLEASE LISTEN CALVIN. FOR ONCE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.
FOR ONCE.

CALVIN

OH EXCUSE ME? DEAR?! DON'T THREATEN ME, PLEASE AND THANK YOU!

(Barb raises one leg up onto the stool in front of her as she sits back, relaxed.)

BARB (cont'd)

CALVIN. PLEASE.

CALVIN

(Carelessly glances at Barb)

MADAM.

BABE

VINNY, BABY, GET THIS, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP YOU ANYMORE. IF THEY EVEN KNEW THAT WE WERE IN THE SAME ROOM TOGETHER...YOU DON'T NEED THIS. BE A TEAM PLAYER?

(Calvin shakes his head "no", not looking at anyone. Babe suddenly leaves to go around the bar to retrieve the drink that Mr. Martini had mixed. As Babe walks around back to Calvin, she sits down next to him, gently lays a coaster, napkin, and peanuts in front of him. As Calvin feels less hostile, he goes to pick up the drink while listening to Babe. Babe gets closer to Calvin and begins to almost whisper.)

BABE

C'MON BALDY, PLEASE. PRETTY PLEASE. WITH SUGAR ON TOP?

("With sugar on top?" catches Calvin's attention as they stare into each other's eyes.)

CALVIN

I GOT ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE, THE OTHER ONE ON A BANANA PEEL, KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN?

(Calvin sips the drink and almost immediately begins to choke/coagh, grab his throat etc. eventually, babe steps away, pushes him off the bar stool onto the floor as Calvin continues to choke. Barb and Babe are standing up. Babe remarks sarcasm. She begins to mock his suffering while her silver jewelry jingles.)

BABE

UH OH! THAT'S HOTTER THAN A TWO DOLLAR PISTOL SON! JUST TELL ME WHAT I WANNA HEAR NOW! AND WE CAN GET YOU FEELING BETTER, OKAY!
SO C'MON, TELL MAMA EVERYTHING. LET ME HEAR YOU SAY IT BABY.

(Calvin desperately agrees to do anything they say, but he dies seconds later. Barb tries to hold back her emotions and stay professional.)

BARB

WHAT COULD YOU HAVE DONE?

BABE

NOTHIN', I WAS JUST FUCKIN' WITH HIM.

(Barb stands, looking at Calvins dead body. Babe stands at the bar, slowly collecting all of the items she layed for Calvin. It's quiet, the sound of suffering has passed. Mr. Martini calmly walks back out behind the bar. Walks over to where his gun is, picks it up, quietly turns around so that his back is facing Barb and Babe. He pulls out a silencer, discreetly puts it on and nonchalantly shoots Babe twice in the chest. She falls to the ground. Barb tries to run back to get her gun but Mr. Martini shoots her one time. She falls to the ground. Mr. Martini shoves a bottle of Gin from the bar into his inside vest pocket, walks around to Barb's side and shoots her one more time. He does the same with Babe. Mr. Martini is now in a rush, collects all the items that lay on the bar top and trips over Calvin as he runs away.)

FADE OUT

