

"The Contractors"

By

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FADE IN:

1 INT. UPMARKET APARTMENT/BEDROOM, DOWNTOWN NY - MORNING

A high-end apartment in Wall Street. The size and decor oozes a lavish lifestyle. In bed wearing a t-shirt is GEOFF WARNER, middle-aged, balding, out of shape. On the bedside table is a handgun next to an empty bottle of scotch and a glass.

An ALARM buzzes. Geoff stirs awake and scrambles to turn it off. Sits up, appears hungover. Groans and holds his head in pain.

Scans the room. We get the impression he doesn't belong. Picks up a framed photo from the table. CLOSE ON a happy looking, black couple.

Setting it back down, he sits on the edge of the bed & puts his pants on. Sets the handgun in his belt and heads to the large window. High up, overlooking Manhattan from the Wall Street area. Takes in the view.

Turns to leave. As he passes the bed he trips on something.

CLOSE ON a black arm protruding from under the bed. A gold Rolex on the wrist.

GEOFF  
Fuck. Sorry.

POV: Under the bed.

He calmly tucks the arm back under the bed. Then walks out of shot.

Beat. He re-enters, taking the large Rolex from the wrist.

2 INT. KITCHEN

At the basin, he fills a large glass of water from the tap. Knocks it back and refills.

A phone RINGS. Takes it from his pants. CLOSE ON the callers name: "KRUL".

He answers.

GEOFF  
It's done.

He hangs up. Takes another swig of water.

(CONTINUED)

The phone RINGS again. Answers again.

GEOFF (CONTD)  
I said it's done.

KRUL (V.O)  
Don't you ever hang up on me again.

GEOFF  
What do you want?

KRUL (V.O)  
I want an update. That too much to ask?

GEOFF  
God. I said it's done.

KRUL (V.O)  
Are you sure?

GEOFF  
I'm wearing his Rolex and in his apartment. Yes I'm sure.

KRUL (V.O)  
(firmer)  
Are you sure?

GEOFF  
Yes I'm sure. What is this? A black banker called Maurice living in Wall Street. That's the order.

KRUL (V.O)  
Hmm..well that's interesting.

GEOFF  
What's interesting?

KRUL (V.O)  
You might wanna put the Rolex back.

GEOFF  
On what you pay? I'm keeping the Rolex.

KRUL (V.O)  
Tell me something then...why am I looking at the target right now?

GEOFF  
(confused)  
Are you here?

KRUL (V.O)  
At this guy's apartment? No. No I'm not. I'm at a diner in midtown.

GEOFF  
(still confused)  
Are we talking about the same target?

KRUL (V.O)  
Yes Geoff I believe we are.

GEOFF  
I'm lost.

KRUL  
I'm looking at the fucking target now. Whosoever apartment you're in, he's not our guy.

GEOFF  
Then who's this guy?

KRUL (V.O)  
(angry)  
I DON'T FUCKING KNOW. An innocent fucking man from the looks of it.

GEOFF  
But he has pictures of kiddy porn on his PC.

KRUL (V.O)  
What?

GEOFF  
Yeah. Young boys. Video's too.

KRUL (V.O)  
So what? What does kiddy porn have to do with this?

GEOFF  
I dunno. I just figured bad guy.

KRUL  
No he's not the guy.

GEOFF

Shit.

(beat)

But he's still a bad guy.

KRUL (V.O)

Good for you Geoff. I'm so proud of you. Hey guess what...we're not here to provide a public fucking service. You're not Batman.

GEOFF

Not that you know.

KRUL (V.O)

What?

GEOFF

Just sayin....if I was you wouldn't know.

KRUL (V.O)

Shut up. Just shut up. Now get your shit together. The targets on the move and it's not my job to track this fucking guy all day. I open the bar in less than two hours. I'm guessing he's heading back to his office. You got the address?

GEOFF

Why's he in midtown?

KRUL

FUCK ME Geoff...people move around. They don't stand on one fucking spot the whole day waiting for you to come by and shoot em in the head. Now you got the address?

GEOFF

Yeah yeah...downtown something. I got it written down. What do I do with this guy?

KRUL (V.O)

Which guy?

GEOFF

This guy that's not the guy.

KRUL (V.O)  
Clean it up.

GEOFF  
Now? What about the target?

KRUL (V.O)  
Multi-task.

GEOFF  
What kind of advice is that? You sound like my wife.

KRUL (V.O)  
Please don't compare me to that.  
You'll figure it out Batman.

He hangs up.

GEOFF  
What a dick.

Geoff heads refills his glass. As he pours we HEAR a door.  
Geoff freezes. Paralyzed. HIGH HEELS make their way closer.

ON DOOR, a WOMAN enters, tall, attractive. They sum each other up.

POV: Behind Geoff's back

The gun. His right hand inches towards it.

WOMAN  
Who are you?

GEOFF  
(beat; clueless)  
A friend.

WOMAN  
(beat)  
Are you him?

Beat. Geoff plays along unsure where this conversations going.

GEOFF  
Maybe.

WOMAN  
You either are or you're not.

GEOFF

Then I guess I am.

WOMAN

I wasn't expecting to see you here.

GEOFF

Feelings mutual.

WOMAN

Staying over already. Boy he sure moves fast does Maurice.

GEOFF

It...it wasn't planned. We just kinda...

WOMAN

I see.

(beat; scans him)

You're fatter than I imagined.

GEOFF

(insecure)

It's...I'm on a diet. I haven't had a chance to--

WOMAN

And white. He never said you were white.

GEOFF

Sorry that I can't change.

WOMAN

(looks at his wrist)

He gave you his Rolex too. Nice. He moves quick. Two years with me and not so much as a Macy's voucher.

GEOFF

It was a gift.

WOMAN

I see that. How very generous of him. Bet you think you're onto a win.

GEOFF

It's going well.

WOMAN  
It's sick. A man and another man.

GEOFF  
It's...fine.

WOMAN  
Whatever. Is he in?

Geoff briefly glances at the bedroom door.

GEOFF  
He stepped out.

WOMAN  
Well I just dropped by to give him  
these.

From her handbag she retrieves a set of keys and throws them on a table.

WOMAN (CONTD)  
I'm keeping our dog.

Beat. Geoff unsure of how to respond.

WOMAN (CONTD)  
I found an apartment.

GEOFF  
Good for you.

WOMAN  
I'm gonna miss this place. It's  
nice.

GEOFF  
Yeah. Nice views.

WOMAN  
You like the bed?

GEOFF  
Sorry?

WOMAN  
The bed. I'm assuming you've  
fucked.

GEOFF  
Err. Sure. Bed's nice. Comfy.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

I picked that. It was good for fucking.

GEOFF

You have nice taste.

WOMAN

Thank you.

(beat)

Well tell him I said goodbye. I don't suppose I'll see him again.

GEOFF

That's unlikely.

As she prepares to leave.

WOMAN

We were planning on starting a family you know?

GEOFF

He didn't mention that.

WOMAN

He was great with kids. He loved playing with my nephews. They really took to him.

GEOFF

I bet they did.

WOMAN

What does that mean?

GEOFF

No nothing. I just know he loves little boys...kids. He loves kids.

WOMAN

Yeah. I just can't believe he threw all that away...

(beat)

...for such an ugly motherfucker.

She leaves. As we HEAR the door shut Geoff breathes a huge sigh of relief.

GEOFF

Fuck me.

3 INT. HARDWARE STORE - THAT MORNING

Basket in hand, Geoff walks the aisles scanning for items.

AT THE TILL

Geoff approaches, basket contains cling film and a hacksaw.  
The CLERK eyes him suspiciously,

GEOFF  
Steak knife broke.

4 INT. UPMARKET APARTMENT/BATHROOM - SHORTLY AFTER

Geoff saws through the man's body in a bathtub.

5 INT. BEDROOM

CLOSE ON, a very large suitcase. Geoff weighs it up.  
Scratches his ear. Not sure how he's going to do this.

Opens his palm. CLOSE ON, palm. The code to the case,  
written in pen: 8, 7, 4, 8

He attempts to pull the case. It drags badly. Too heavy to  
carry.

6 INT. BROTHEL, QUEENS - SAME TIME

A seedy, musty reception area. Behind the desk is an elderly  
ASIAN WOMAN head in a magazine.

Enter SNAKE, in a PRIEST outfit. It's what he always wears.  
Cold, intimidating man.

He approaches the receptionist who looks up. It's clear she  
knows him as she presses a buzzer.

Short pause. Then:

ON DOORWAY

A sultry, half naked lady appears through the beaded  
doorway.

7 INT. PRIVATE ROOM

Fully naked, Snake lies stomach down on a bed. The prostitute semi-naked stands over him viciously WHIPPING his back.

Snake GROANS and winces in pain with each whip.

8 EXT. CORTLANDT STREET SUBWAY

Dragging his suitcase, Geoff stops at the top of the stairs. Wipes sweat from his brow. As he prepares to go again he drags the case down a stair but it slips from his grip.

GEOFF'S POV: watching the suitcase tumble down the stairs narrowly missing a GROUP OF TOURISTS.

GEOFF

Sorry.

9 INT. SUBWAY

Geoff stands at the platform waiting for a train. An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN nearby catches his eye. They make eye contact.

The train pulls in.

10 INT. TRAIN

Sat next to the woman, they're engaged in conversation.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

No I'm from Jersey actually. I work  
in the city though.

GEOFF

Oh Jersey really? Jerseys nice.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Is it?

GEOFF

Well if you're from there it is.

She laughs.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Oh stop.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF  
Really?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
No carry on.

GEOFF  
You single?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
What if I'm not?

GEOFF  
Then I'll give you a permission  
slip to take you away for the  
night...you'll have to get your  
husband to sign it of course.

Again she laughs.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
Boyfriend actually.

GEOFF  
You're practically single. How does  
he let you out of his sight?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
He trusts me.

GEOFF  
It's not you he should worry  
about...it's all the men like me  
who can't take their eyes off  
your...  
                  (eyes her body)  
...you

The train pulls to a stop.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
This is my stop.

She gets up to leave. The doors open. Geoff follows after  
her.

11      INT. SUBWAY, UNION SQUARE

GEOFF  
Hey wait, I didn't get your number.

(CONTINUED)

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
That's cos I didn't give it to you.

GEOFF  
You tease.

The doors to the train close behind them. The woman notices something behind him.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
Hey wasn't that your case?

GEOFF  
Huh?

He turns to see his case in the carriage as the train pulls away. Attempts to pry the doors open but to no avail.

GEOFF (CONTD)  
(bangs the train)  
MOTHERFUCKER!

12 EXT. PENN STATION - LATER

Geoff comes up the stairs to street level, folding a piece of paper into his inside jacket pocket. His phone RINGS.

GEOFF  
What?

KRUL (V.O)  
Where are you?

GEOFF  
Penn Station.

KRUL (V.O)  
Why?

GEOFF  
I had to make a stop at the lost and found.

KRUL (V.O)  
Oh OK good. Well if you have any other errands you'd like to run, please feel free...not like we have a job to do or anything.

GEOFF  
I lost a suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

KRUL (V.O)  
Where are you going?

GEOFF  
Nowhere.

KRUL (V.O)  
I don't get it.

GEOFF  
It had...  
(quietly)  
...our friend who wasn't our friend  
in it.

KRUL (V.O)  
WHAT!

GEOFF  
Relax, it's got a combination lock.

KRUL (V.O)  
A lock? A FUCKING LOCK? It's New  
York.

GEOFF  
I got it under control. They'll  
call me as soon as they've found  
it.

KRUL (V.O)  
This is unacceptable Geoff. You're  
losing it. And tell me something  
else...what kind of Hitman gets by  
on subway?

GEOFF  
It's Manhattan.

KRUL (V.O)  
Really? Is that really it? Or are  
you still scared?

GEOFF  
Well how would you feel?

KRUL (V.O)  
I would feel like I have a fucking  
job to do...and for that job, not  
having a fear of driving would be  
pretty fucking fundamental to  
fulfilling the core task of  
disposing of waste.

GEOFF  
I'll drive again. It's just...too soon.

KRUL (V.O)  
Tell you what...take the fucking train. Take it all the way home. Go to Brooklyn. I'm calling Snake. He'll clear this up. He has a car. A new one with in-built satellite navigation and an engine you start with your voice.

GEOFF  
No Krul I need this.

KRUL (V.O)  
Too late. Go home.

GEOFF  
I'm not joking. If you take this job there's a very strong chance I won't have a home. If not for me, think about Sam...where will she live?

KRUL (V.O)  
Stick her in the fucking zoo.

Krul hangs up.

GEOFF  
FUCK!

Geoff urgently dials a number.

13 INT. GEOFF'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM, BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS  
Small apartment. On the sofa watching television in her sweats is Geoff's fiancé, SAM; overweight, curls in hair. Her phone RINGS.

SAM  
What?

INTERCUT with "EXT. PENN STATION"

GEOFF  
I need you to do something for me.

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
I'm busy.

GEOFF  
No you're not.

SAM  
I am.

GEOFF  
It's important.

SAM  
I can't, I've got things to do.

GEOFF  
What? What do you have to do Sam?  
You don't work.

SAM  
I've planned this day for days. I'm  
gonna have a 'me' day.

GEOFF  
What the fuck is a me day? I need  
you to help me. This isn't a  
request.

SAM  
No way. I'm watching the Real  
Housewives of the OC back to back.  
The last one tivo'd yesterday.

GEOFF  
Are you fucking kidding me?

SAM  
No. Today's a 'me' day. It's  
cleansing.

GEOFF  
It's on Tivo. Watch it anytime. I  
need help. Is that too much to ask  
from my wife?

SAM  
(calmly defiant)  
I only have one 'me' day a week.  
Today's my 'me' day.

GEOFF  
Every-fucking-day is your 'me' day.  
You don't do anything!

SAM  
(offended)

You're such a typical man aren't you? Er how about keeping the place clean? The cooking, the cleaning, the ironing? Need I go on?

GEOFF

The place has three very small rooms - you start the cooking, I invariably finish it - the place looks like shit - and you did iron once, but fucked up all my clothes so now I do my own. Cos believe it or not, having one pant leg with a crease down the side, and the other with a crease down the middle, is not the fashion these days.

SAM

I'm hanging up.

GEOFF

Fuck that...I'm in a mess and I need your help. Or I am coming home and chucking that Tivo box in the fucking garbage.

SAM

Why can't you do it?

GEOFF

I'm in the middle of a job.

SAM

Oh nice. So now you're getting me mixed up in that shit? This wouldn't happen on the real housewives.

GEOFF

If you take your 'me' day tomorrow, I'll buy you the box-set of whatever shit it is you're watchin...OK?

SAM

(considers)

New Jersey too.

GEOFF

What?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

I want the New Jersey box-sets too.

GEOFF

How many of those shows are there?

SAM

Not enough..

GEOFF

Fine. OK. Look I need you to track a suitcase...I had to take a train, I left it on there, now I'm fucked. I've got the slip, I'll text you the details. Just keep on top of it, it's very important. Call them every ten minutes. I need that case.

SAM

Suitcase? Suitcase? Were you leaving me you cheap piece of shit?

GEOFF

No. It's work related. Look I need that. I can't emphasize enough how badly I need that.

SAM

If it's so important, why don't you just do it?

GEOFF

I'm in the middle of this job. We can't lose it, we're two months behind on rent, I can't do both.

SAM

So you're not leaving me.

GEOFF

No. Why would I leave you...  
(unconvincing)  
...I love you.

SAM

That's a shame. Ah well. Maybe next time.

GEOFF

OK so you've got this.

SAM  
Yeah yeah. What's in the case?

GEOFF  
Better you don't know.

SAM  
Now I wanna know.

GEOFF  
You don't.

SAM  
I do.

GEOFF  
Sam. What I do. You really wanna know?

SAM  
OH MY GOD you want me to pick up a suitcase with a dead body inside don't you?!

GEOFF  
Oh my god shut the fuck up. What have I said about the phone?

SAM  
If I was on the Real housewives and this was being filmed, I'd be mortified. No other wife in the history of that show has to put up with the shit I have to put up with.

GEOFF  
You're not in a reality fucking TV show you idiot.

SAM  
Miami!

GEOFF  
Come again?

SAM  
I want the Miami box-sets too for this.

GEOFF  
There's a Miami?

SAM

And Vancouver if that's out. When you buy the others check for Vancouver. I don't know if that's out yet. If it's not then Atlanta.

GEOFF

Shut up. Will you shut up! I'm sending you the details now.

Geoff hangs up.

14 INT. KRUL'S ALE HOUSE, MANHATTAN - SAME TIME

Quiet German bar in Manhattan. Sat at the bar is Snake. Whiskey on the rocks in hand.

An old barman comes over, white hair, distinguished, authoritative. KRUL.

KRUL

Can I get you another father?

Snake darts him a look.

KRUL (CONT'D)

Not in the mood for jokes today huh?

SNAKE

Who is he?

Krul slips him a note.

KRUL

A banker. Ex banker. He was quite senior. Was privy to a lot of important conversations. Not all of them by the book if you catch my drift. Anyway, now our banker friend is soon to be our whistle-blowing friend. Needless to say our friends need him out of our way by Wednesday when he's due to meet a commission of some sort.

SNAKE

Why has this not been taken care of?

(CONTINUED)

KRUL  
Well our mutual friend--

SNAKE  
The brain damaged one.

KRUL  
Partial memory loss. This mutual friend has had the job for over a week now. I can't explain why he's not carried out the task yet.  
Needless to say our friends are getting very twitchy and it doesn't look good.

SNAKE  
(scoffs)  
Amateur!

KRUL  
He's no amateur. He was good.  
Better than you in fact. Till the accident.

SNAKE  
Whatever you say old man.

KRUL  
He needs to ease his way back in.  
That's my fault. I shouldn't have swung this his way.

SNAKE  
So what are you gonna do with him?

KRUL  
You let me deal with that. No more fucking around. This friend of ours...you know what to do.

SNAKE  
Which friend?

KRUL  
(winks)  
This friend!

SNAKE  
What? I don't know what that wink meant.

KRUL  
(winks repeatedly)  
The friend...the friend.

SNAKE  
Stop saying fucking friend like I know what that means. So far in this conversation we've referred to everyone as a fucking friend. I've got more friends than a cheerleader with implants. Which fucking friend?

KRUL  
The one on the fucking note wise-ass.

SNAKE  
So just say that. No wonder this agencies so fucked.

Snake knocks back his shot and gets up to leave.

SNAKE (CONTD)  
Hey and some advice old man. Let him go. This thing we do and memory loss don't go together.

KRUL  
Who I hire is my business. His dad was a dear friend of mine. And it's partial memory loss. Get that right. He still remembers most things.

15 INT. DELI, MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Small, empty deli. Geoff stands alone waiting for his order. We catch him in the middle of a panic, patting himself down. He's lost something.

GEOFF  
(to himself)  
Where the fuck's my gun? Oh god where the fuck is my gun?

Resigned he rubs his face in anguish. Decides to sit down on a chair & takes his shoes off to check.

DELI WORKER

Watches Geoff begin to undress but doesn't say anything. It's New York.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF

The pants are off. He's patting every inch, talking to himself. No gun. He resigns, doomed.

DELI WORKER  
Sir, your bagels are ready.

Pants still off Geoff takes the sandwich and sits back at the table. Ruefully unwraps his package.

16 INT. GEOFF'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam sat in front of the TV, tissue in hand, crying.

We HEAR a reality show with a MALE CONTESTANT speaking emotionally to the camera.

CONTESTANT (V.O)  
Before I came here, I had no confidence at all. I never thought I'd lose any weight, let alone a hundred and sixty pounds. I couldn't even see my feet.

Sam picks up the phone and a single button to call.

OPERATOR (V.O)  
Welcome to the MTA lost & found hotline. I'm sorry we can't take your call right now. Your call is in a queue and will be answered as soon as possible.

She hangs up and goes back to her television sobbing into her tissue.

CONTESTANT (V.O)  
I can cut my own toenails now.

17 EXT. DOWNTOWN FINANCIAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A busy street. Geoff stands against a wall, smoking a cigarette, watching something from a distance as people walk by.

GEOFF'S POV: a lobby of a large firm. Inside is the BANKER, a black man, dressed in a suit. He shakes hand with a group of other men and leaves the lobby onto the street.

GEOFF

(CONTINUED)

Watches him closely. Stubs his cigarette on the wall and walks after him.

FLASHBACK TO:

18 INT. HARRY'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Geoff's dad; HARRY, pulls up. A younger Geoff sits in the passenger seat.

HARRY

Son I gotta make a quick stop. You wait here OK?

GEOFF

I need to pee.

HARRY

Again?

Geoff nods.

HARRY (CONTD)

Can you hold it?

GEOFF

No.

HARRY

Good boy. I'll be back in ten minutes.

His dad rushes into a building with a giant sign "CAJONES" across it.

Geoff struggles with his bladder for a long beat. Eventually he gets out of the car.

19 INT. CAJONES

A dark, seedy strip club. A mix of semi-nude and fully nude women cavort on stage and in men's laps.

ON DOOR

Geoff enters. Looks around for a while before deciding to go forth. He walks around fascinated. Strippers and customers eye him suspiciously. Until a voice:

(CONTINUED)

BARMAN (O.S)  
Hey kid, you can't be in here, get  
the fuck out!

Startled, Geoff turns to the nearest exit and bursts out  
into:

20 EXT. PARKING LOT

A desolate, empty lot. Harry has a SCRUFFY MAN up against a  
wall struggling with him. They tussle until a GUN SHOT. The  
scruffy man sinks slowly to the floor. His dad wipes himself  
off.

As he turns to head to the car he spots Geoff and freezes.

HARRY  
Geoff. How long have you been  
there?

Geoff doesn't respond.

HARRY (CONTD)  
What did you see son?

GEOFF  
Tits.

HARRY  
What?

GEOFF  
Tits. I saw lots of tits.

Confused, Harry looks back at the scruffy man almost making  
sure he did just kill somebody.

HARRY  
Was that all?

GEOFF  
(nods)  
I need to pee.  
(points to some tall grass)  
Can I go over there?

HARRY  
No. Err no let's get you outta  
here. I'll take you somewhere else  
to pee.

As Harry walks to Geoff.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (CONTD)  
Weird fucking kid.

He leads Geoff away.

END FLASHBACK TO:

21 INT. BANKER'S HOUSE/KITCHEN, CONNECTICUT - NIGHT

The BANKER'S WIFE washes dishes at the basin in front of a large window to the backyard. It's dark.

22 EXT. BACKYARD

CLOSE ON, Geoff. We just about make him out in the dark.

GEOFF'S POV: the kitchen. The banker enters the kitchen and begins talking to his wife. Oblivious to Geoff's presence.

23 INT. KITCHEN

BANKER'S WIFE  
Why can't you just do it now?

BANKER  
Does it matter?

BANKER'S WIFE  
It's gonna smell...just do it now  
please.

BANKER  
Alright alright.

The banker picks up a garbage bag by the door.

24 EXT. BACKYARD

GEOFF'S POV: the banker lifting the bag heading for the door.

GEOFF  
Shit.

The banker flicks a SWITCH and a beaming light encompasses the yard.

In an urgent frenzy, Geoff looks for cover anywhere. There's nowhere to hide. As the banker steps out, he spots Geoff.

(CONTINUED)

BANKER  
What the fuck!

GEOFF  
(panicked)  
Sorry...I err...I think I got the  
wrong yard. Is this the Mohammed  
household?

BANKER  
(shouts to wife)  
CHERYL...can you hand me my twelve  
gauge please?

GEOFF  
No no..no no. That's not necessary.

BANKER  
Oh I think it is. I know who you  
are...I know who you're working  
for. This is very necessary.

BANKER'S WIFE (O.S)  
I can't find it...do you want the  
semi-auto?

BANKER  
Yes please dear.

Enough said. Geoff bolts to the back fence and struggles over.

The banker sets after him, but Geoff just manages to climb over in time.

25 EXT. ALLEYWAY

Geoff hops down almost snapping his ankle. He runs hard.

26 EXT. ROAD

Geoff is too busy looking behind him as he runs across the road.

A CAR almost hits him but brakes just in front. Geoff hands on the hood breathes heavily.

Looks inside: It's SNAKE. The two men stare at each other for a long beat, squaring each other up.

SNAKE

Get in!

Geoff considers his options for a few beats then walks slowly to the passenger door. As he opens it, a GUN SHOT, narrowly misses his head.

BANKER

Still aiming at Geoff's head. Attempts to pull the trigger again but it jams. He tries to fix it.

CAR

Geoff frenetically gets in. Snake pulls away whilst the doors still open.

27

INT. CAR

As they pull away, another SHOT. It clips the passenger rear-view mirror. Geoff cowers down in his seat. Snake drives unmoved, cool, calm.

GEOFF

Jesus. What a fucking nut.

They pull away out of sight. Geoff confident now sits back up. They drive away in silence. Tension in the air. Neither sure what to say to the other. Until:

GEOFF (CONTD)

What the fuck were you doing here?

SNAKE

That your way of saying thanks?

GEOFF

Thanks? For what? This is my target.

SNAKE

He's the target of anyone who'll get the job done...the job you've failed to do.

GEOFF

Failed? I know what I'm doing. I've still got a day to do it. It's a marathon, not a sprint. The turtle and the rabbit.

(CONTINUED)

SNAKE  
Hare.

GEOFF  
What?

SNAKE  
Hare. The fable is about a hare.  
Not rabbit.

GEOFF  
The turtle and the hare?

SNAKE  
Tortoise. Turtoise and the hare.

GEOFF  
What's the fucking difference? And  
why the fuck are you in a fucking  
priest's costume? For someone who's  
trying to be incognito, I hardly  
think a pedophile costume is the  
way to go.

Snake darts Geoff a stern look. He doesn't like being talked to like that.

SNAKE  
You swear too much. It's a sign of  
a lack of intelligence.

GEOFF  
You fucked up my target man.

SNAKE  
Way I see it, the only one targeted  
was you.

GEOFF  
I was doing reconnaissance.

SNAKE  
Good job.

GEOFF  
I had it under control.

SNAKE  
You should have finished the job  
when you had the chance. Your  
inefficiency reflects on all of us.

GEOFF

Ineff--reflects? What? Sorry I  
didn't realise we were being  
reviewed on Compare the Hitman dot  
come.

SNAKE

If you were as good at disposing as  
you were at bitching we wouldn't  
have this problem.

GEOFF

He has kids...a wife...a family. I  
wasn't gonna off him here.

SNAKE

Well you blew my window too. Next  
time you get in my way, you'll be  
collateral damage.

GEOFF

Is that a threat?

SNAKE

A promise.

Geoff see's red. Starts feeling around for his gun.

SNAKE (CONTD)

You won't find it.

GEOFF

Where is it? Where's my fucking  
gun?

SNAKE

You dropped it when you were  
running. What do you think he shot  
at you with?

GEOFF

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! That was my last  
gun.

SNAKE

You have one gun?

GEOFF

No. Two. I lost one earlier.

SNAKE

You have two guns?

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF  
(dejected)  
I have more I think. I just...I  
just don't know...I don't  
remember...

SNAKE  
You don't remember where you hid  
them.

Geoff's silence confirms in the affirmative. Air of  
resignation about Geoff now. Looks out the window as they  
drive quietly.

SNAKE (CONTD)  
Maybe waste management isn't for  
you anymore.

GEOFF  
Shut up.

SNAKE  
I'm being serious. Maybe take a  
break until you get your memory  
back. Fully.

GEOFF  
My memories fine. I remember most  
things. I'm just...just getting my  
sharpness back...that's all.

SNAKE  
I'm just saying--

GEOFF  
Shut up!

28 INT. GEOFF'S APARTMENT - LATER

Geoff enters his empty apartment. Looks around but no Sam.

GEOFF  
Sam?

SAM (O.S.)  
In here?

29

INT. OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

GEOFF  
Where are you?

SAM (O.S)  
In here.

Geoff stops outside the bathroom.

GEOFF  
You in the bathroom?

SAM (O.S)  
Yeah.

GEOFF  
How long you gonna be?

SAM (O.S)  
A little while. I took some fibre  
pills earlier. It's been backed up  
for a while.

GEOFF  
Any luck with the case?

SAM (O.S)  
The what?

GEOFF  
The case. The case I told you to  
track.

SAM (O.S)  
Oh. No. No luck.

GEOFF  
Shit. Well did you keep on them?

SAM (O.S)  
Course I did. What else did you  
think I've been doing all day?

GEOFF  
What did they say?

Long beat.

GEOFF (CONTD)  
Hey!

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF (CONTD)  
Are you listening to me.

SAM (O.S)  
Sorry. I was mid-stream. I couldn't  
talk, it would have broke off.

Geoff recoils.

GEOFF  
What did they say?

SAM (O.S)  
Who?

GEOFF  
The MTA.

SAM (O.S)  
I couldn't get through...it was the  
machine every time I called.

GEOFF  
WHAT! So you've not spoken to  
anyone?

SAM (O.S)  
Don't blame me...blame yourself...  
(beat; she grunts)  
...and the MTA.

GEOFF  
Son of a bitch.

Geoff exits screen.

SAM  
Hey is there a magazine out there?  
I might still be a while.

30 INT. BEDROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

Geoff & Sam are asleep. The bedside phone RINGS. Startles  
Geoff awake. He groggily answers.

GEOFF  
Hello?

KRUL (V.O)  
It's me.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF

What?

KRUL

You asleep?

GEOFF

Yes. It's four in the morning.  
Course I'm fucking asleep.

KRUL

Oh.

GEOFF

Why are you calling so late?

KRUL

(beat)

I don't know.

GEOFF

What is it?

KRUL

Doesn't seem so important now.

GEOFF

Tell me.

KRUL

I heard you had a run-in tonight.

GEOFF

It was nothing.

KRUL

Look this time only, do me a solid  
and stay out of Snakes way.

GEOFF

That weird freak can have it.

KRUL

Good, OK good. We'll give you  
something a bit more  
straightforward next time. You  
know...till you get back on your  
feet. Get back to your old self.

GEOFF

No. No don't bother.

KRUL  
Whaddaya mean?

GEOFF  
I'm done Krul. I'm out. I'm not cut out for this anymore.

KRUL  
Geoff cummon. It's a blip. You been through a lot. The accident--

GEOFF  
I made my mind up.

KRUL  
Well look I'm not gonna convince you otherwise. Why don't you come to the bar tomorrow and we'll talk about it. If you still wanna quit that's your choice.

GEOFF  
Come by the bar? What so you can clip me?

KRUL  
Clip? What? Clip you? Whaddaya mean....I'm not...this isn't....Jesus Geoff I'm not a fucking goodfella. Relax would ya.

GEOFF  
Sorry. I just...alright I'll swing by tomorrow.

KRUL  
Alright buddy. And hey...your old man woulda been proud. He never wanted this for you.

GEOFF  
I know.

Geoff hangs up.

31 EXT. PROSPECT HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN - MORNING

Geoff walks along a street. Different. Calmer.

32 INT. TRAIN - SHORTLY AFTER

He sits on a busy train to Manhattan.

33 INT. SUBWAY STATION, MANHATTAN - LATER

A train pulls into the platform. Doors open and Geoff steps out. He walks in the direction of the turnstiles and prepares to scan his METROCARD.

CLOSE ON metrocard, inches from the reader. Geoff doesn't scan it.

Something has Geoff's attention. He turns his head slowly back towards the platform.

It's the BANKER, stood at the platform, staring over the edge.

Geoff seems unsure but walks a few paces towards him to make sure. The banker turns his head for a moment, but long enough for Geoff to make him.

GEOFF

Oh Jesus.

Geoff weighs up his options. He looks troubled.

Long beat.

His demeanor changes to a more business-like Geoff. A killer. Slowly begins walking towards the banker.

We HEAR a train in the tunnel getting closer. He quickens his stride, his eyes dart around making sure the scene is relatively clear. The banker looks straight down at his feet.

Train louder. Geoff just a few paces behind now, begins to lean in for the push but before he gets to touching distance the target jumps off the platform as the train rolls over him.

We HEAR others on the platform scream and express horror. Geoff stands frozen far enough away to be in the clear.

He looks around. Something grabs his attention--

END OF PLATFORM

Snake in his Priest's outfit just comes onto the platform in time to see the commotion and Geoff in the midst of it. We get the impression Snake thinks Geoff completed the job.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF

The doors to the train open. Commotion as people desperately run around for help.

GEOFF'S POV: INSIDE THE TRAIN

The suitcase. Sitting there. Hovering nearby is a crazy homeless woman.

GEOFF  
(shocked)  
Impossible.

34

INT. TRAIN

Geoff brushes past the homeless woman. She's busy surveying the scene. He checks the case. It's his. He drags it off the train.

35

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Geoff drags the case through the crowds.

HOMELESS WOMAN (O.S)  
Hey where's my case? I was going on  
holiday? Where's my motherfucking  
case?

Geoff makes his way to the turnstile again, but before he goes through turns to Snake. Still stood there watching Geoff.

They stare at each other briefly.

Geoff scans through and drags the case up the stairs out of sight. A short beat then:

The case crashes back down the stairs. Geoff comes down after it.

THE END