The Payoff

By

Michael K. Snyder

Original Story and Characters Created By Jake Louden

Michael K. Snyder
mkscoolone@cfl.rr.com
Open on a blank screen, nothing but a black background. Slowly, words fade out of the darkness...

If you want to make peace, you don’t talk to your friends. You talk to your enemies.

-Moshe Dayan

The quote fades into blackness and we...

EXT.STREET-NIGHT

The pale moonlight illuminates a dark, quiet street. Silence is the only sound. Suddenly, footsteps appear in the distance, and BLACK BITCH walks into view. As she confidently strolls down the street, swinging her hips, two GOONs jump out of the darkness.

The goons circle her, smirking and laughing. She stands, silent, looking straight past them.

   GOON 1
   You’re a pretty one.

He eases closer to her and sniffs her hair.

   GOON 1
   I like dark meat.

Goon 2 pulls a knife out of his pocket, and slides it down her cheek. Black Bitch smiles. She QUICKLY, raises her arm up, grabs Goon 2’s hand, and forces the knife out of his hand.

Goon 1 steps towards her, but she raises her free hand, bearing a gun.

   BLACK BITCH
   You know how I like my meat?

She tosses Goon 2 next to Goon 1.

   BLACK BITCH
   Raw.

She fires the weapon killing Goon 2. Goon 1 turns to run, but is shot before he can take three steps. As the bullet pierces his back, causing blood to explode from his chest, the camera freezes. Title over.

CUT TO:
INT. NICK’S HOUSE—DAY

The sun sets in through the window. It illuminates a fairly large room, filled with a couch, and a coffee table. Sitting on the coffee table is a mirror covered in Cocaine. NICK sits at the couch, mixing the powder with a credit card. His bloodshot eyes are mere remnants of the night before.

He sits back onto the couch resting his head. Someone knocks at his door.

NICK
I’m busy.

The knocking gets louder. Nick gets off the couch and looks through the peep-hole. It’s one of the local dealers.

DEALER
My money Nick. I want my FUCKING money!

Nick backs away from the door and walks out of view.

NICK
(out of view)
Your money? You want your fucking money?

DEALER
Are you fucking deaf? Did I stutter?

Nick walks back and opens the door wielding a gun, he quickly shoots as the dealer tries to grab for his own gun. Nick walks away from the door, and back out of view. Title Over.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT—DAY

A business man walks over to his car. He feels safe. As he opens the car door, MARCUS closes it from behind him. Baffled by the fact that Marcus snuck up on him so fast, the business man backs up against the car door.
BUSINESS MAN
   My money is in...my...my back pocket.

MARCUS
   Not here for money.

Marcus pulls a pistol up and holds it to the man’s forehead. Shot rings out, business man falls to the ground. As Marcus walks away he pulls a cigarette out of his pocket, lights it and begins to smoke. Camera freezes.

CUT TO:

Opening Credits.

INT.WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

The dark warehouse is home to only a single table, with a bright light shining over it. Nick, Marcus, and Black Bitch all wait, standing around the table. Footsteps are heard in the distant darkness.

In walks LIMGUARDY holding a large envelope. He opens the envelope and throws a picture of MR.RIGHT onto the table.

   LIMGUARDY
   They call him Mr.Right. My sources
tell me that he’s moved into this area hoping to expand his already large drug industry.

Marcus picks up a picture of Mr.Right, examines it, and then throws it back onto the table.

   MARCUS
   I’ve seen him around.

   LIMGUARDY
   This is a big job. $20,000 to each of you, and yes this is a team effort.

Nick smiles at Black Bitch, who smirks back.

   LIMGUARDY
   Since Nick is already established as a legit coke dealer, he’s going to get close with Mr.Right.

Nick is in a daze.

(CONTINUED)
NICK
Sounds good.

LIMGUARDY
Marcus, I need your skills elsewhere.

Marcus nods.

LIMGUARDY
I hear Mr.Right is a bit of a pervert.

Limguardy points to Black Bitch.

LIMGUARDY
That’s where you come in. Find out as much as you can about his personal life. This isn’t like many of our other projects, this needs to be organized. We have to take this guy down from the inside out.

Marcus steps off into the darkness.

NICK
Where the fuck is he going?

MARCUS(DISTANT)
To work.

INT.NICK’S HOUSE—NIGHT

Nick stands over his table of coke. On the couch sits some guns and ammo. Nick bends over, takes a hit of coke, and then stumbles over to the couch. He picks up one of the pistols, and inserts the loaded clip.

CUT TO:

INT.MARCUS’S HOUSE—NIGHT

The bare walls are lit only by a single lamp sitting on a lone table centered in the room. The blinds, which are all closed, hold tons of dust and dirt. On the table lies two pistols, each with extra clips sitting next to them.

Marcus straps on a black Shoulder Holster. He slips one of the pistols into the holster, and the other he puts under his shirt in his pants.
He lifts a bottle of Jack Daniels off the ground, and takes a large swig.

He raises his hands to pray.

MARCUS
Though I walk through the valley,
of the shadow of death...

CUT TO:

EXT.STREET-NIGHT

Black Bitch, walking down a street, swinging her hips, glances over at a lone car. She walks over to the car, leans into the front window.

After glancing both ways she backs away from the car, and then enters the back seat.

INT.CAR-NIGHT

Black Bitch sits in the backseat. RICH sits next to her. He smiles.

BLACK BITCH
Can we get down to business, I keep playing this hooker bit and I might get used to it.

She reaches into her top and pulls out a small microphone.

RICH
Beautiful.

Rich pulls a large wad of cash out of his pocket, and tosses it over to Black Bitch.

RICH
You sure nobody suspects you?

BLACK BITCH
Positive.

RICH
Very good.

BLACK BITCH
Limguardy really wants this asshole dead.
RICH
You know what to do.

EXT.STREET-NIGHT
Black Bitch exits the car, adjusts her skirt and then walks into the darkness. The car speeds away.

EXT.PARKING LOT-NIGHT
Rich’s car slowly creeps into view. RICH steps out of the backseat. A lone car creeps directly in front of Rich’s car and parks. MR.RIGHT, along with GUNThER and PARKEY step out of the vehicle.

Rich steps to Mr.Right.

MR.RIGHT
So what kind of problems do I have today.

RICH
Someone really wants you dead.

MR.RIGHT
We both know that can’t happen, so what are you going to do about it?

RICH
I got someone on it. She’s good, real good. She’s working on the inside for us. One by one she’ll take out the competition.

MR.RIGHT
Make sure she is good.

He hands Rich a gun.

RICH
What’s this for?

Gunther walks back over to the car, opens the backseat, and pulls out MARY. She has her hands tied behind her back, and a gag is placed in her mouth. Gunther throws her to the ground, beside Rich.

MR.RIGHT
I have sources, Rich. I knew someone wanted me dead, and to tell you the truth I could kill him

(MORE)
MR.RIGHT (cont’d)
myself. But that’s beyond the point. I need to know that I have someone here I can trust.

RICH
I told you I’d take care of it. My word is worth much more than bloodshed.

MR.RIGHT
Is it? I need to be assured of that. This is Mary. She’s a senseless whore who does nothing but work the streets every single night. You see, Mary is very unhappy, she fucked up. She got pregnant.

RICH
You want me to kill a pregnant woman?

MR.RIGHT
Your a quick one.

Rich places the barrel onto Mary’s head. Reluctantly he pulls the trigger, splattering her head all over the pavement. Blood splatters onto Rich’s face.

Rich drops the gun on her body. Mr.Right throws a handkerchief at Rich.

MR.RIGHT
Clean yourself up.

Rich wipes of his face and walks over to his car. He enters his car, and they drive away. Parkey walks over to Mr.Right.

PARKEY
The bitch was pregnant?

MR.RIGHT
No. It’s the moral of the situation. The moral.

EXT.STREET-DAY
Nick stands on a street, looking to score some cash for his coke. A car pulls up, Rich steps out onto the pavement.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICH
I hear you’ve got some white lady?

NICK
That’s right.

RICH
You looking to make some real money?

NICK
Always. Who the fuck are you?

RICH
I’m the guy who can get you some REAL money. You ever heard of Mr.Right?

NICK
Should I have?

RICH
He’s heard of you.

Nick follows Rich into the backseat of the car.

INT.OFFICE-DAY

Mr.Right sits in his office. The walls covered with pictures from his past. A large wood desk sits between him and another seat.

Rich follows Nick and Gunther into the office.

GUNTER
(to Nick)
Have a seat.

Nick sits down, slouching.

MR.RIGHT
Nick, I presume?

NICK
Correct.

Nick glances at Rich.

NICK
Your right this guy is pretty smart.

(CONTINUED)
MR.RIGHT
I have many friends in many places. But, I am new here. I have yet to establish myself. In order to do that, I need to hit the streets. I hear that you have a great product, as well as even greater costumers.

NICK
Yeah, so what do you want? My customers? My product?

MR.RIGHT
In a way. How would you like to be apart of the biggest drug cartel to hit this country?

Nick leans closer to Mr.Right.

MR.RIGHT
I want you to distribute my products, along with your own of course. Everything you make with your own shit, you get to keep. Twenty-percent of everything you make with my shit you keep. That’s a lot of money my friend.

Mr.Right extends his hand. Nick shakes it.

MR.RIGHT
Let me just tell you one thing. Remember where you stand, Nick, don’t try to fuck me. Nobody fucks me.

INT.NICK’S HOUSE-AFTERNOON
Nick sits on his couch, he pulls his cell phone out of his pocket. He dials a few numbers and then presses the phone up against his ear.

NICK
Hello, Limguardy? Yeah, it’s Nick. Listen, I’m in with this guy. Yeah. He’s sending some goons over here tonight to drop off some shit.

CUT TO:
INT.WAREHOUSE—AFTERNOON

Limguardy stands alone in the center of the warehouse, talking on his phone.

    LIMGUARDY
    Ok, listen, I’m sending Marcus over there. You act normal when they get there, casual. Then Marcus will open fire. No blood on your hands. You call up Mr.Right and tell him exactly what happened, give him something to worry about. You tell him that every thing’s fucked up, all the product was stolen. Tell him you BARELY made it out alive.

CUT TO:

INT.NICK’S HOUSE—AFTERNOON

Nick is now standing on his phone.

    NICK
    Alright.

He hangs up his phone, and slips it back into his pocket. Someone knocks at his door. Nick walks over to the door, and looks through the peep-hole. It’s Black Bitch.

    NICK
    Hold on a second.

His phone rings. He answers it.

    NICK
    Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT.WAREHOUSE—AFTERNOON

Limguardy stands, lurking in the darkness, on his phone.

    LIMGUARDY
    I just spoke with Marcus. He’s going to be a little late, what time are you expecting your guests. Ok. Just hold them over.

He hangs up the phone.
INT. NICK’S HOUSE—AFTERNOON

Nick hangs up the phone and walks over to the couch. He slips his hand under the cushion and pulls out a pistol. He places the pistol under his shirt in his pants.

Black Bitch knocks at the door. Nick walks over to the door and opens it. As he gets the door open, a pistol awaits him. She pulls the trigger, sending his body to the ground.

INT. MARCUS’S CAR—AFTERNOON

As he drives past Nick’s house he notices a lone car pulling up. Gunther, Parkey and THE KID all step out of the car and begin walking towards Nick’s house.

MARCUS
Just another day in paradise.

He parks the car in the middle of the street, lights a cigarette and exits his car. He places the lit cigarette onto the edge of his hood.

INT. NICK’S HOUSE—AFTERNOON

Gunther, The Kid, and Parkey all step over Nick’s body and into his house.

PARKEY
Somebody fucking shot him!

The Kid leans over and examines Nick’s corpse. Gunther steps over to the coke on the table. He wipes his finger into it and rubs it onto his gums.

Before they know how to react, Marcus creeps into the doorway and shoots all three of them. As their bodies fall to the floor, Marcus causally steps out of view.

EXT. NICK’S HOUSE—AFTERNOON

Marcus strolls over to his car, picks up the still lit cigarette and places it into his mouth. He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket, and dials a few numbers.

(CONTINUED)
MARCUS
Nick’s dead.

A bullet flies past his head. He glances over his shoulder, it’s Black Bitch.

MARCUS
I got to go.

He hangs up his phone, and pulls out his pistol. As she steps nearer to him, lowers the weapon.

MARCUS
What are you doing?

BLACK BITCH
I’m sorry Marcus. I have prior obligations.

She raises her gun, and fires. Marcus dives over his car, sliding on the hood, he pops up on the other side. Black Bitch casually creeps around the car still swinging her hips. She is greeted by three bullets, each piercing her chest, dropping her to her knees. Marcus stands up straight, leans over her and puts one last round into her head.

He pulls out his cell phone, dials some number and holds it to his ear.

MARCUS
We need to meet. Somethings seriously wrong.

He hangs up the phone.

MARCUS
Just another day in paradise.

INT.WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Limguardy and Marcus stand by a large table. Documents are scattered all over the table.

LIMGUARDY
This is some serious shit. Black Bitch was playing us the entire time.

MARCUS
What’s the plan.

(CONTINUED)
This guy seems to have his fingers deeper into this town then I thought. If we sit around and wait, we’re dead. If we act, we’ll be like DANTE walking straight into the inferno.

MARCUS
I’m not running.

LIMGUARDY
Pull your head out of your ass, your ONE man.

MARCUS
Your not going with me?

LIMGUARDY
Fuck no. I have to much going for me. I for one enjoy breathing.

MARCUS
You think it matters? You run, they find you.

LIMGUARDY
Not where I’m going.

MARCUS
I’ll take my chances with the inferno.

Marcus steps out into the darkness, leaving Limguardy stunned and alone.

INT.MARCUS’S HOUSE-NIGHT

Marcus kneels in the center of the room. Guns, ammo, and knives surround him. He is holding his hands together in prayer. Directly next to him sits a lone bottle of Jack Daniels.

He stands, griping the bottle. He throws the bottle against the wall, breaking it into many pieces.

MARCUS
No more weaknesses.

One by one, he loads his weapons. As he loads them, he holsters them.

He cocks back one of his pistols.

(CONTINUED)
EXT. MR. RIGHT’S COMPOUND/HOUSE—NIGHT

Two armed bodyguards patrol the front lawn of the compound. They greet each other in the center, exchange a few words and then walk in separate directions.

Down the street from the compound, Marcus pulls up in his car. He parks the vehicle, and then exits. He pulls a cigarette out of his pocket begins to light it, but instead throws it to the ground.

He pulls two pistols out. One from his shoulder holster and the other from under his shirt. He wields one in each hand.

As Marcus approaches the front lawn, the guards are once again meeting at the center.

Marcus steps onto the grass, raises his weapons and fires three shots from each gun. The two guards drop to the ground. Marcus proceeds stepping over their dead bodies.

INT. MR. RIGHT’S COMPOUND/HOUSE—NIGHT

Mr. Right and Rich stand in Mr. Right’s living room.

MR. RIGHT
I thought I could trust you!

RICH
Listen, I have no idea what’s going on out there! I got nothing to do with this shit!

MR. RIGHT
You told me you could handle this problem.

EXT. MR. RIGHT’S COMPOUND/HOUSE—NIGHT

On the side of the compound is another guard. He is much more alert because of the gunshots. He slowly creeps closer and closer to the front lawn. As he reaches the point where the side of the compound meets the front, Marcus stands waiting for him—out of his view.

Marcus raises one of his weapons to the guards head, as he steps into Marcus’s line of sight.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Marcus fires, killing the guard.

CUT TO:

INT.MR.RIGHT’S COMPOUND/HOUSE-NIGHT

Three BODYGUARDS enter the room and stand at Mr.Right’s side.

RICH
I thought I had this covered.

MR.RIGHT
You insignificant little prick.

Rich starts to pull a gun out of his pocket, but a bodyguard shoots him dead before he can fully draw his weapon. Mr.Right pulls his cell phone out of his pocket, dials a few numbers and holds the phone to his ear.

MR.RIGHT
Yeah, it’s me. I’m leaving, something is fucked up here. Hurry.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT.MR.RIGHT’S COMPOUND/HOUSE-NIGHT

Mr.Right and three bodyguards exit through the back. A vehicle awaits them, as they try to make a quick departure. As Mr.Right begins to enter the vehicle, a shot flies past his head, and into the front seat.

The driver door opens, and the driver falls out, dead. More shots ring out. Mr.Right freezes and turns as Marcus stands over the three dead bodyguards.

MR.RIGHT
I knew it would be you.

Marcus steps closer to Mr.Right.

MR.RIGHT
What do you want? Money? I have money. Is it respect that you desire? Let me tell you something, you will get nothing but hate if you kill me.
MARCUS
I take what I can get.

Marcus raises his weapons, aiming at Mr.Right’s head.

MARCUS
Keep everyone guessing...

Marcus empties both clips into Mr.Right. Mr.Right’s body slips down the exterior of the vehicle.

Marcus drops the pistols onto the ground and creeps up to the vehicle. He enters the front seat, starts the vehicle and drives off out of view.

INT.LIMGUARDY’S SAFE HOUSE—DAY

Limguardy sits at a large table, sipping a mixed drink. Out the window, we see a beautiful beach. The waves crashing down onto the sand. As he sits the drink onto the table, the power goes out.

LIMGUARDY
What the fuck?

He gets up and walks out of view.

Footsteps are heard in a distant room, then a gunshot. Silence.

Suddenly, footsteps grow nearer and nearer.

CUT TO:

EXT.LIMGUARDY’S SAFE HOUSE—DAY

The front door slowly opens. Marcus walks out into the bright sunlight. He pulls sunglasses out of his coat pocket, and slips them onto his eyes.

INT.OFFICE—DAY—FLASHBACK

Mr.Right sits at his desk. We focus on him, as he speaks to an unseen character.

MR.RIGHT
I hear that you are good at what you do.

As the camera revolves around the room, we notice Marcus sitting across the desk.

(CONTINUED)
MARCUS
Some think so.

MR.RIGHT
Well, this is an easy assignment. All you have to do is keep your head down, and remember who your friends are. Let chaos do what it does best.

MARCUS
You want me to kill them?

MR.RIGHT
I want you to wait for the perfect opportunity. And when that opportunity arises, trust your instinct.

MARCUS
What if they catch on?

MR.RIGHT
If you do this right, no one will catch on. Keep everyone guessing, and let no one know what your next move will be.

Marcus stands, as does Mr.Right.

MR.RIGHT
Stick to the shadows, and everything will go as planned.

They shake hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMGUARDY’S SAFE HOUSE—DAY

We watch as Marcus walks out onto the beach.

MARCUS (V.O.)
If you have to kill a snake, kill it once and for all. For even without it’s head, it still slithers.

FADE TO:

End Credits.

(CONTINUED)
THE END