

The Poet

By

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FADE IN

POET
(O.S.)

There once was a man named Joel,
Whose dead body now lies cold,
He attacked the wrong man,
Who had a gun in his hand,
And now Joel's full of holes.

INT. BEDROOM - HOME - MORNING

Profile shot on the POET'S left side lying prostrate on the floor, back leaning against the foot of the bed, facing the door (which is off screen). Everything seems calm and tranquil. The POET cool, collected, yet intensely focused on the door a few metres ahead of him.

POET
(coolly)

There once was a man named Kevin,
Who I've known since he was seven,
He was stupid indeed,
When he tried to kill me,
Now he's up in heaven.

There's the sound of heavy breathing off screen.

POET

There once was a man named Phil,
Who, moments ago, was killed,
Like Joel and dumb Kevin,
He's now up in heaven,
Cause he thought I was over the hill.
(beat)
There once was a man named...

BELZER
(O.S.)

Shut, the fuck up! Enough of your poems! Jesus!

Zoom slowly towards the POET and pan around until we face him. Time this with the following dialogue below. When we face him, we realise that the POET can't move because he's been shot in the right shoulder and leg. Blood slowly seeps out of both wounds.

POET

What about haiku's? You know, those three-lined Japanese poems where the first line has to be five syllable's, the second seven and the third five? Try this on for size:
There's five stupid men
Who tried to kill me at home
Only one remains.

PAN away from the POET towards the bedroom door; we see two bodies, both shot dead.

Camera continues to -

EXT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A corridor. Two more dead bodies by the entrance. PAN left to find BELZER, 21, the last remaining hit man braced against the wall, near the doorway, with gun in hand. He's nervous, sweating and dishevelled.

BELZER

Nice, but you're the one who's been shot to shit and I'm still standing. Odds are in my favour you wrinkly prick.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The POET considers this for a moment.

He takes his gun...

Aims...

EXT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CU of BELZER.

BOOM!

BELZER'S eyes widen in shock.

Pan down. He's been shot in the thigh; we see a hole in the wall behind him.

He collapses to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The POET squints.

POET'S POV:

BELZER has collapsed in front of the doorway.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

POET aims again.

BOOM!

The bullet strikes the door frame mere centimetres above BELZER'S head.

BELZER

Ah, fuck!

BELZER ducks, losing his gun in the process.

The POET fires successive shots across the wall.

EXT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BELZER scrambles on all fours down the corridor as the bullets chase him across the wall.

BELZER

Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit!

He dives.

BELZER

Motherfucker. MOTHERFUCKER!

(pulls out his mobile phone - dials)
It's me. I need more guys! Everything
is fucked up!

(pause)

Just do it!

(to POET)

You hear that? I got more guys coming
for you! You're fucked!

BOOM!

The wall explodes by his head.

POET

(o.s.)

Keep talking moron, it's only a
matter of time before I get you.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The POET pulls out a LAPTOP and a WEBCAM from a nearby TARGUS bag and boots it up.

POET

You young punks thought that you
could make a name for yourselves by
taking me out!? A retired hit man?

He attaches the WEBCAM to the laptop and sees his face appear on the display.

POET

There's a very high mortality rate in
my line of work. Not many people make
it to my age, so what does that say
about me? You honestly thought you
could take me out by storming in here
guns a blazing?

He takes the WEBCAM and tosses it out onto the corridor.
It lands soundlessly on the carpet (or one of the
bodies, I'm not fussed).

ON THE LAPTOP DISPLAY

The camera is aimed too high.

The POET jiggles the cable a little and gets a better view. BELZER is frantically gesturing to a hit man, who has come into focus, pointing towards the bedroom door. A third man also appears.

ON THE POET

POET

(to himself)

Five little hit men,
All armed with guns,
I was able to shoot four of them,
And then there was one.
A phone call later,
Another two appear,
One's seriously injured,
But there's still fucking three.
Shit...

He picks up the cordless phone...it's dead.

POET

Of course.

He reaches in his jacket and pulls out his mobile...it's shot to shit.

POET

Well, better you than me.

Looks at one of the dead bodies and starts patting him down. He finds a phone.

POET

Wha la!

He dials a number.

VOICE

(filtered)

Emergency services.

Something on the display distracts him. The two HITMEN are quietly creeping towards the door.

POET

Could you hold on a second dear?

He fires a couple of shots into the wall.

EXT. BEDROOM - MORNING

HITMAN #1 is nailed in the chest. HITMAN #2 reacts quickly enough to avoid a shot to the head. He retreats back.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The POET, stares at the screen, calculates, adjusts his aim and fires.

EXT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Perfect head shot. HITMAN #2 is dead.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

POET
(on the phone)
You still there, hon?

VOICE
(filtered)
Y-yes. Oh my God! What was that?

POET
If it's not too much trouble, could you have the police come round to my home as soon as you can?

VOICE
(filtered)
Y-yes sir.

POET
As soon as you can. Thank you.

He hangs up.

EXT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BELZER'S panicking.

POET
(o.s.)
Well sweetie, I see that it's just you and me again.

BELZER
See?

POET
(o.s.)
That leg is not going to get any better. You should probably leave and go see a doctor.

BELZER spots the WEBCAM.

BELZER
Oh, son of a bitch!

INT. BEDROOM - DISPLAY - MORNING

We see BELZER losing it.

POET

Hi hon. I see youuuuuuuuuu!
BELZER'S fi-na-lly cott-oned on-to
me,
He sees me playing with tech-no-lo-
GY,
That's how I man-aged
To stay ahead of the rest,
And if BELZER keeps pushing this,
He's gonna come out second best.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO

BELZER

Stop with the fucking rhymes!

POET

No one's stopping you from leaving.
In fact, with the police on their
way, you probably should.

BELZER

Hah! What's to stop you from killing
me later on? My friends and I just
tried to assassinate you. What are
the bosses going to say?

POET

They won't say anything because they
won't find out. I'll keep you out of
it. I'll say it was Joel's idea.
BELZER, you're young, impulsive,
eager to move up the food chain, I
understand. You're also my Godson,
the son of my best and closest
friend, so I forgive you. If I tell
them you weren't involved, then
they'll believe you weren't involved,
but if the police catch you here
you're fucked, so you gotta go now.

EXT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BELZER is conflicted, unsure.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The POET watches the screen.

EXT. BEDROOM - MORNING

POET

(O.S.)

Go! Now!

BELZER takes off.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The POET hears a door slam and a car taking off at top speed. He breathes a sigh of relief.

Moment's later, we hear the front door open. The POET tenses.

POET

Christ. Now what?

We hear footsteps in the corridor outside his room. A female voice.

VOICE

(o.s.)

Oh my God.

POET

(frowning)

Jan?

JAN appears, a woman roughly the same age as the POET.

JAN

Oh my God!

(heading towards the POET)

Are you all...?

POET

Stop! You have to go! Now!

JAN

But what happened? Joel. Kevin. Phil.

POET

They planned a hit on me. Your son too.

JAN

What? BELZER? Where is he?

POET

(exasperated)

He left. Now shut up and listen. That's the least of my fucking problems. The police are coming, do you understand? You cannot be here. Your Husband will castrate me if he finds out about us and your son will then have a good excuse to kill me. And who knows what the bosses will do to me after that. Now go! I'll call you later.

JAN

(disappearing)

Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

The POET leans back and breathes another sigh of relief. Sirens in the distance.

POET

(reciting to himself)

Two near misses,
One after the other,
First was the boy,
Then came his Mother.
The boy had thought,
That I was better off dead,
An act of ambition,
So he could get ahead.
The funny thing is,
I held in my rage,
Cause I did the same thing,
When I was his age.
We spoke a little,
And still we are friends,
But if he knew about Mom,
That would all end.
The boy is a hit man,
Just like his Father,
I am too,
But I am retired.
These days I get by,
With a string of affairs,
Right now it's the Mother,
Oh yes, yes I dare.
Nobody knows,
And I'd like to keep it that way,
But after this morning,
I've got to say,
If I had a choice,
On how to be slain
The boy or the Mother..
(pausing to think)
Well fuck!
Give me the boy...Any old day.

With that, the POET gives in to the pain and slumps into unconsciousness.

He has a smile on his face.

FADE OUT

END