

The Woman In The Red Dress

By

John Stone

Copyright © 2014 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the expressed permission of the author.

FADE IN:

INT. ART GALLERY

Middle aged art lover JOHN stands gazing at a painting of a blond haired WOMAN wearing a red dress. Her hair is brushed back as she stands clutching a black handbag in her right hand, her left hand is placed on her hip.

Opposite, a broad shouldered MAN wearing a long black coat stands watching her. His collar turned up and wearing a Fedora hat. He also stands with his hands on his hips.

The painting is (A Life by Kitaj).

DISSOLVE TO.

EXT. A MOONLIT STREET.

The WOMAN leans provocatively up against a white-washed wall. A street lamp lights up her pale skin.

The split in her dress reveals a shapely thigh.

Her black stilettos reflect the light off street lamp.

She takes a nervous drag on a cigarette as she looks across the street at the broad shouldered MAN.

He measurably draws on a cigarette butt.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT

A dark pigmented HOOKER lies naked on a stained mattress.

CU: Needle marks on her arms and legs.

Her eyes roll back inside her head as her legs swing back and forth showing her untrimmed bush.

Her PIMP sits at the open window. He smokes a joint.

His eyes follow a thick cloud of smoke as it disburses.

PIMP'S POV:

The WOMAN in the red dress.

And a RED NEON light that flickers in the distance, opposite the dim light of-

CU: PELICI'S COFFEE SHOP.

A BLACK CHEVY pulls up beside the WOMAN.

She leans through the driver's window and talks to the driver.

The rear door swings open as she takes a glimpse at the MAN opposite, before climbing into the rear of the Chevy.

The car begins to pull away with the WOMAN'S head crushed against the rear window. Her red lipstick smudged upon the glass. She appears to be in distress.

A PACKAGE is thrown from the rear of the car and lands in the direction of the MAN opposite.

CU: The MAN stubs out the cigarette butt with the heel of his well polished shoe.

SFX. PFTT PFTT

PIMP (OS)  
Holy shit! Motherfucker!

CU: Blood splatter covers the rear window of the Chevy as it wheel spins away.

The MAN looks down the street before he picks up the PACKAGE and saunters off into the distance.

BTS.

PIMP  
Holy motherfucker!  
(to Hooker)  
Did you see that-? Well fuck my  
motherfucker ass! Motherfucker  
bitch!

The PIMP jumps to his feet then slips on a pair of denims.

He picks up a HANDGUN from the side table and slides it into his belt.

The HOOKER tries to lift her head as the door slams shut. She begins to throw-up by the side of the bed.

CUT TO

INT. PELICI'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The MAN sits on a stall by the shop window drinking from a mug.

MAN'S POV:

The CHEVY pulls up directly outside the window.

The WOMAN exits the vehicle and walks with a swagger as she clutches her handbag.

She enters the café and stares hard at the MAN.

The CHEVY begins to pull away.

BTS.

The MAN takes off his fedora and places it down on the breakfast bar in front of him.

The WOMAN slides onto a stall next to him, though he continues to stare directly through the window.

WOMAN

Gotta spare cigarette?

He slips his hand inside his coat pocket and takes out a pack of cigarettes and hands her the half empty packet.

She takes one. He gives her a light from a struck match.

She takes a long, hard drag on the cigarette then blows a thick cloud of smoke towards the door.

It has the shape of a heart as it disburses.

WOMAN

Did you pick up the package for me?

The MAN continues to stare through the window.

MAN

Yep.

WOMAN

You got it wit'cha?

MAN

Yep.

He pulls out the PACKAGE from inside his coat and slides it towards her. She slips it inside her handbag.

MAN'S POV:

A small black HANDGUN inside her HANDBAG.

BTS:

Her sparkling BLUE EYES glisten under the light as she clips her BAG shut. He stares through the window as she climbs off the stall.

WOMAN

Look, I've gotta go.

MAN

Sure.

WOMAN

You wanna get together, later?

MAN

Sure. Why not?

WOMAN

Gotta pencil handy?

He takes a PENCIL from inside his coat pocket and hands it to her.

CU: She scratches a telephone number on a napkin then slides it back to him. Her NAIL POLISH matches her LIPSTICK.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Call me. Leave a message.

MAN'S POV:

She exits the cafe as the black CHEVY pulls up outside.

She looks back at him and stifles a smile.

She climbs inside the vehicle and the CHEVY drives off.

BACK TO SCENE:

The MAN continues to stare through the window.

PELICI dries his hands on a filthy towel and stands watchful behind the counter.

MAN  
Pelici, fix me another coffee, will  
yah?

PELICI  
Coming right up, John.

CUT TO

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

The black CHEVY stops outside the well-lit main entrance.

The WOMAN exits the vehicle clutching her bag.

She presses a BUTTON on the glass door panel.

The automated door swings open and she enters the well furnished building.

The CHEVY waits with the engine purring.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

An obese looking HISPANIC MAN sits behind a solid oak desk.

He has a thick mustache and wears an expensive looking suit and a red shirt with frills at the trim.

HISPANIC'S POV:

The GUN with silencer attached in his open desk drawer.

BTS:

The WOMAN stands uncomfortably away from the desk.

She clutches her bag tightly as she watches him like a hawk.

His piercing eyes reflect his thoughts as his tongue shoots out over his moustache.

Her resolve reflects her thoughts as her stance stiffens.

HISPANIC  
Did you bring me the package like  
we agreed?

WOMAN  
(stiffly)  
Yes.

HISPANIC  
Good. Good.

She shifts uncomfortably as he climbs out of his seat.

He approaches her with a filthy looking grin.

He suddenly grabs the bag from her hand.

He opens the bag and takes out the PACKAGE.

He throws the bag back at her and she catches it upon  
instinct.

He walks back behind the desk with the PACKAGE and sits  
down.

He looks up at her and licks his lips.

WOMAN  
You look happy.

HISPANIC  
Ha! Deliriously! You did good. You  
should be well rewarded. Come here  
and let me show you how grateful I  
am.  
(pause)  
Suck this for me.

He unzips his flies and takes out his penis.

She lifts her dress and grabs the handgun inside her belt.

He dives towards the desk drawer in anticipation.

She is much quicker and points the HANDGUN towards him.

WOMAN  
You should lose some weight, before  
you try that stuff with me. That  
kinda baggage can slow you down  
somewhat.

HISPANIC

Wait! Don't shoot! Just wait!

BANG! BANG!

He flies off his seat. His splatter hits the wall behind him as he lies slumped with a gaping hole in the centre of his forehead.

The WOMAN calmly puts the HANDGUN back inside her bag then picks up the PACKAGE.

WOMAN

No kiddin' a kidda.

She exits the apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

She exits the building and climbs into the rear of the CHEVY.

The CHEVY drives off.

CUT TO

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The MAN exits the coffee shop and begins to stroll up the quiet street.

He is suddenly joined by the hysterical drug crazed PIMP waving his gun in the air.

PIMP

Hey! Hey you! Say wat'cha doin' back there, motherfucker? Say wat'cha doin' back there? You lookin' for trouble, motherfucker? I said... you lookin' for trouble or summin'?

(Pause)

Give me the package, motherfucker, or 'l'll blow your white motherfucker brains all over that nice coat of yours, motherfucker!

The MAN looks curiously at the gesticulating PIMP.

PIMP (CONT'D)

Come on, man! Hand over that package! I saw you, man! Yeah, I

PIMP (CONT'D)  
saw you pick it up! Hand it over  
before you wished you had never  
seen my big black motherfuckin'  
ass!

(Pause)  
Come on, motherfucker! Hand it over  
now! Don't you be lettin' me ask  
you again, motherfucker!

MAN  
Hang on. This is my story, not  
yours.

PIMP  
I said give it to me, motherfucker!  
Nice and slow now, come on!  
(Pause)  
And don't you be gettin' any silly  
ideas either! Come on, motherfucker  
asshole! Hand it over!

The MAN stares hard into the PIMP'S drug crazed eyes.

The PIMP uncontrollably draws back then places the GUN  
inside his own mouth. His eyes begin to bulge.

The MAN stares at him intensely, willing him on.

The PIMP squeezes the trigger and his head explodes.

He flies back against the wall in a bloody mess.

The MAN shakes his head in wonder as he pulls up his collar  
and continues up the street.

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The MAN hangs his coat on the door hook, revealing a clean  
white shirt.

He takes the napkin from inside his coat pocket and sits on  
the bed. He looks down at the phone number written on it.

He picks up the phone beside the bed and dials the number.

SFX: A PHONE RINGING BEFORE IT CONNECTS.

## VOICE MESSAGE

Please leave a message after the tone.

SFX: LONG BLEEP.

He's about to hang up, but changes his mind.

## MAN

I'm at Red Eye. Cabin A.

(Pause)

Oh, and bring a pack of cigarettes.

I'm all out.

He hangs up the receiver then takes out his last cigarette from the packet.

He throws the empty packet into the wastepaper bin then strikes a match off the bedside cabinet.

He lies back and takes a long drag on the cigarette.

INT. CAR - FLASHBACK.

The WOMAN enters the car and is immediately thrown against the rear window by a back seat THUG.

His GUN pointed into the back of her head.

The DRIVER slowly pulls away, but then turns and points his own GUN at the THUG in the back.

## DRIVER

Package. Give it here.

The THUG throws the package through the open rear window.

The DRIVER then blows the THUG'S brains out over the rear window.

END FLASHBACK.

BTS:

Tap at the door.

The MAN looks up and stubs out his cigarette butt.

He opens the door to the WOMAN. She stands in a suggestive pose.

WOMAN

You gonna lemme in or am I gonna  
stand here all night?

MAN

Sure. Come in.

She enters the room confidently as he locks the door behind her.

WOMAN

You don't mess around, do yah?

MAN

I guess not.

She throws herself at him and they kiss passionately.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The CHEVY sits parked up. The RED EYE'S neon light flickers in the backdrop.

INT. CHEVY - NIGHT:

The DRIVER chews on a HAMBURGER and drinks a cup of COFFEE.

A THUG wearing black gloves stealthily enters through the rear door.

A NYLON CABLE is forcefully wrapped around the DRIVER'S thick neck and he is forced over the back of his seat. The THUG rips into his neck with the cable.

The windscreen WIPERS are activated as the DRIVER kicks frantically at the dashboard until he becomes lifeless.

INT. HOTEL - CONT'D

Inside the sheets the MAN writhes on the WOMAN.

He kisses her pouting lips and she climaxes memorably beneath him. Her magnificent body jolts beneath him.

He grimaces with equal pleasure as he comes.

INT. CHEVY - CONT'D

The DRIVER'S cadaver lies up against the passenger door.

A BLACK GLOVE opens the dashboard compartment.

The PACKAGE is taken out and slipped inside a coat pocket.  
A burly FIGURE enters the car and sits behind the wheel.

INT. HOTEL - CONT'D

The MAN and WOMAN sit up in bed. They share a cigarette.

WOMAN

I know it sounds like a ridiculous  
thing to say, but what's your name  
tiger?

MAN

John.

She chuckles.

WOMAN

John?

JOHN

What's so funny?

WOMAN

Nothing, John.

(Pause)

Christina.

She offers her hand. He remains nonchalant.

JOHN

Christina?

CHRISTINA

I need a flippin' drink. Is there  
anything inside that mini-bar?

JOHN

Have a look.

CHRISTINA

I will.

She climbs off the bed naked. Her silky skin glows in the  
intermittent light of the flickering RED EYE.

She slips on her dress and opens the mini-bar.

CHRISTINA'S POV:

An assortment of CANNED DRINKS.

She takes one out.

BTS:

CHRISTINA  
You want one?

JOHN  
Sure.

She throws him a can of drink. He catches it mid-air.

RING PULL.

She sits on the side of the bed and downs the drink.

CHRISTINA  
Did you look inside the package?

JOHN  
Nope.

CHRISTINA  
Why not? Don'tcha wanna know what's  
inside?

JOHN  
It's none of my business.

RING PULL!

He knocks back the can of drink.

CHRISTINA  
Well in case you were wondering.  
It's the key to my heart.

He stifles a laugh and smiles at her warmly.

Pause.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
And in case you wanted to know,  
it's in safe hands.

JOHN  
That's good to know.

WOMAN  
Wha'tcha think- I'd be crazy enough  
to bring it with me?

JOHN  
You can't trust anyone these days.

CHRISTINA  
True. But I trust my driver more  
than I trust myself. He saved my  
life on numerous occasions.

JOHN  
Your driver is dead already.

CHRISTINA  
What'd you mean, my driver's dead  
already? How can you possibly know  
that?

JOHN  
Take my word for it.

She climbs up and gives him a deathly stare.

CHRISTINA  
Hey! Stop fuckin' around, won'tcha!  
You're frickin' freakin' me out!  
How can you know whether my driver  
is dead or not?

He climbs off the bed and slips on his pants.

JOHN  
Your driver's dead, I tell yah. Now  
get dressed. We're leaving.

CHRISTINA  
He is not dead! I'd know if he was  
dead!

He buttons up his shirt.

JOHN  
We have to get out of here. This  
joint'll be crawling with cops any  
minute soon.

He grabs his coat as she slips on her shoes.  
He grabs her by the arm and opens the door.

CHRISTINA

Hey! Easy tiger! How'd you know all  
this?

JOHN

We don't have time. Let's go.

She breaks free from his grip before they exit.

DISSOLVE BACK TO

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

JOHN stares at the PAINTING before he is joined by  
CHRISTINA.

He looks at her affectionately as they walk off arm in arm.

FADE TO BLACK.