

HITMEN

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Screenplay by John Grote and Jerod Brennen

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

SUPER: NOW

WILL (late 20's) and DAVID (late 20's) stand in the middle of a muddy field, dressed to the nines and aiming HANDGUNS at each other. A DEAD BODY lies on the ground between them.

WILL  
What are we doing?

DAVID  
Good question.

Unflinching. Eyes locked.

WILL  
What now?

DAVID  
What do you think?

A moment's hesitation, then THREE SHOTS ring out. Both men collapse to the ground.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: THEN

David and Will sit side-by-side at the bar, laughing it up. David throws back a Scotch. Will nurses a Guinness.

David checks his watch.

DAVID  
I though Shaun was supposed to be here by ten.

WILL  
He was.

Will glances around, nonchalant. His demeanor may be casual, but his eyes are alert, wary.

DAVID  
I'm gonna hit the head.

(CONTINUED)

WILL  
I appreciate the info.

DAVID  
Wiseass.

Will finishes his beer as David disappears into the restroom. The BARTENDER appears as if on cue.

BARTENDER  
You up for another?

Will examines his empty glass, considering. A DELICATE HAND appears beside him, gingerly places a TEN DOLLAR BILL on the bar.

EMILY  
Make it two.

The bartender nods, takes the cash.

Will turns and finds himself on the receiving end of a sultry gaze from EMILY (late 20's).

EMILY  
Is this seat taken?

WILL  
It is now. I'm-

EMILY  
Will. I know.

She slides into the seat beside Will. His brow furrows. The bartender returns with their beer.

A cute smirk settles on Emily's lips. She throws back half the Guinness in one drink.

WILL  
Tell me, beautiful, how exactly is  
it that you know my name?

Will's phone VIBRATES. He pulls it from his pocket, reads a text containing a MAN'S PICTURE.

EMILY  
Shaun is dead. I'm his replacement.  
I was sent here to give you a new  
job: take out the man who killed  
him.

She reaches into her CLEAVAGE and produces a SLIP OF PAPER. Will opens the paper. It reads: 631 PARA GRANDE LANE.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Start there.

She finishes her beer, then stands to leave. Will grabs her arm. She looks first to his hand, then to his eyes. It's a look that says, don't stop there.

WILL

Anything else I should know?

EMILY

What else can I give you, Will?

He considers, then lets go of her arm. His eyes return to the man's picture as Emily disappears into the crowd.

INT. BAR MENS ROOM - NIGHT

David HUMS to himself as he flushes the urinal. He moves to the sink, washes his hands, looks into the mirror.

AMY (late 20's) stands behind David, all business. David tenses, but plays it cool.

DAVID

Ladies room is across the hall,  
sweetheart.

AMY

Shaun's dead.

David turns off the water. His eyes take in the woman, the door, the stalls, as he assesses his options.

Amy reaches into her purse. David's ready to go for his own gun when he sees her hand emerge clutching a PICTURE. It's a picture of the SAME MAN on Will's phone.

AMY

He was killed by this man. You are  
to take care of the situation and  
report back to Sal.

She hands him a photo. He looks on the back, finds a note scrawled in pen: THE DRIFTER.

David looks up, but Amy is already at the door.

DAVID

I need more to go on. Maybe over  
dinner?

(CONTINUED)

She glances over her shoulder, gives him an "in your dreams" look, then disappears into the hall.

DAVID  
(to himself)  
Wham, bam, thank you ma'am.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

David takes his seat beside Will.

WILL  
Shaun's dead.

DAVID  
I know. His replacement just  
cornered me in the restroom for a  
quickie.

The bartender places TWO SHOTS in front of the men. Will and David raise the glasses high.

DAVID  
To Shaun, one hell of a contact.

WILL  
And one hell of a nice guy.

They throw back the shots, then slam the glasses on the bar.

WILL  
Now if you'll excuse me, I have  
some business to take care of.

David frowns, produces the picture.

DAVID  
This business?

Will takes out his phone, compares pics. It's the same guy.

WILL  
Son of a bitch.

DAVID  
This is a first.

WILL  
Why in the hell would Sal have us  
take out this guy together? Does he  
look that dangerous to you?

David LAUGHS. He flips the pic so Will can see the back.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Excuse me if I don't piss my pants  
over some guy who's known as The  
Drifter.

Will examines the pic as David flags down the bartender. The bartender arrives with two more shots. David toasts Will.

DAVID

Here's to working together,  
partner.

The two men drink to one another, the suspicions they both harbor plain on their faces.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

MICKEY (late 30's) is roused by a POUNDING on his door. He shuffles to the door with a BASEBALL BAT in hand.

MICKEY

(mumbling)

Pounding on my door at this hour,  
getting me out of bed. I swear to  
Christ, if this ain't an emergency  
it's gonna be for one sorry  
bastard.

He stops at the door, checks the peephole. Will and David stand just outside his door.

MICKEY

(under his breath)

Oh, shit.

DAVID (O.S.)

Open up, Mickey.

Mickey's eyes dart around the room, looking for an escape. Finding none, he musters his courage, opens the door.

MICKEY

Evening, fellas.

Will eyes the baseball bat. Mickey tosses the bat aside as David lets himself in.

MICKEY

Come on in. Make yourselves at  
home.

Will follows David inside, closes the door behind him, LOCKS it. Mickey swallows, hard.

(CONTINUED)

MICKEY

Come on, fellas. I've got nothin'  
new for you. I swear.

DAVID

Do we look like a couple of  
greenies, Mickey? We know you heard  
about Shaun.

Mickey's silence is all the answer they need.

WILL

Just tell us where we can find the  
Drifter, Mickey, and we'll be on  
our way.

MICKEY

The Drifter?

David strikes out, lightning-fast, and SLUGS Mickey in the  
gut. Mickey falls to his knees. He's still gasping for air  
when David's GUN BARREL presses against his temple.

DAVID

I always knew you were a worthless  
piece of shit, Mickey. If you don't  
have any information on the  
Drifter, what use are you to  
anyone?

A soft CLICK as David's cocks his gun.

MICKEY

He's here! He's here!

Will and David exchange a confused look.

WILL

What do you mean, he's here?

MICKEY

They dropped him off here for safe  
keeping. Someone's coming by in the  
morning to pick him up.

DAVID

Who the fuck are 'they', Mickey?

David presses the gun harder into Mickey's temple.

MICKEY

I don't know. I swear to God, I  
don't know. I just do as I'm told.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICKEY (cont'd)  
Please don't kill me. Please don't  
kill me.

Mickey starts sobbing. David looks at his with disgust, then wrinkles his nose.

DAVID  
Ah, Will, he pissed himself.

Will snickers.

DAVID  
What's so funny?

WILL  
He pissed himself over some guy who  
goes by The Drifter.

It takes David a moment. When it sinks in, he and Will start laughing.

MICKEY  
Can... can I get up now?

DAVID  
Yeah, Mickey. You can get up. Where  
is he?

Mickey climbs to his feet, then points down the hall.

MICKEY  
In the closet.

Will draws his gun.

WILL  
Why don't you show us?

Mickey leads Will and David down the hall, stopping at a closet door.

DAVID  
Open it.

Mickey opens the door, revealing THE DRIFTER (late 20's) bound, gagged, and unconscious on the closet floor.

WILL  
Is he dead?

Mickey inches back as he speaks.

MICKEY

They worked him over, but he ain't dead. He must know something, though, for them to leave him breathing.

Will bends down, checks for a pulse.

BLAM!

Will jumps to his feet, spins around, points his gun.

David stands over Mickey's corpse.

WILL

The fuck, David?

DAVID

He was reaching.

WILL

For what? A towel? Jesus, look at this mess.

DAVID

Never liked him anyway.

WILL

You didn't have to shoot him.

DAVID

You're right. I didn't have to.

A tense moment passes between them.

WILL

Come on. Let's finish this.

Will drags The Drifter out of the closet. He and David each take an end and they carry the body out of the apartment.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Will's car rolls to a stop by a recently plowed field. Will gets out, then David. They survey the field.

WILL

This'll work.

They walk to the back of the car together. Will pops the trunk. The Drifter blinks against the light.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Look who's decided to wake up.

Will produces his GUN, David produces a HUGE KNIFE. The Drifter's eyes remain calm. David cuts at the bonds around the Drifter's feet.

David pulls the Drifter from the trunk, SHOVES him toward the field.

DAVID

Walk.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

David pushes the Drifter to his knees in the middle of the field. He tears the DUCT TAPE from the Drifter's mouth.

DRIFTER

What is this? I didn't sign up for any Brokeback shit.

WILL

Look at this, David. We have ourselves a real live film aficionado here.

David PUNCHES the Drifter in the mouth. The Drifter recovers, spits BLOOD into the mud.

DAVID

It doesn't have to be this way. You tell us what we want to know, maybe we let you go, forget we ever found you.

DRIFTER

Bullshit.

WILL

Why'd you kill Shaun?

The Drifter smiles.

DRIFTER

I should've known. That doublecrossing-

David hits the Drifter again.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID  
Quit your bitchin' and start  
explaining.

DRIFTER  
I do what I'm paid to do. I got the  
orders, I carried them out. Simple  
as that.

David hits him again.

DAVID  
How much was it worth? What was  
your payday for taking him out?

DRIFTER  
You're looking at it. (beat) How  
much are you getting paid for this  
job?

DAVID  
Shaun was a nice guy. This one's on  
the house.

The Drifter lets this sink in. He starts LAUGHING. He's  
still laughing when Will puts a bullet through his skull.

The Drifter's body crumples to the ground.

WILL  
Take whatever he's got on him, then  
we leave what's left for animals.

David bends down over the Drifter's corpse. He removes a  
GOLD WATCH first, then a RING, then he pats down the  
Drifter's jacket. He reaches inside, produces TWO ENVELOPES.

He looks up at Will, a troubled expression on his face.  
David holds them up so Will can get a better look. WILL is  
written on one envelope, DAVID on the other.

David stands, hands Will his envelope, then looks at his  
own.

DAVID  
Any ideas?

WILL  
One way to find out.

Both men tear their envelopes open at the same time. Each  
man dumps the contents of his envelope into his hand. Each  
envelope contains the same thing: A PICTURE.

Both men drop their pictures at the same time, then aim their guns at one another. The pictures drift to the ground, landing in the mud at their feet.

The picture at David's feet: WILL. The picture at Will's feet: DAVID.

They bear down on one another, tense, unmoving.

WILL  
What are we doing?

DAVID  
Good question.

Unflinching. Eyes locked.

WILL  
What now?

DAVID  
What do you think?

A moment's hesitation, then THREE SHOTS ring out. Both men collapse to the ground.

Echoes of the gunshots fade into the distance. Three bodies litter the field instead of just one.

EXT. CAR - DAY

The field is reflected in a PAIR OF BINOCULARS. The binoculars come down, revealing a wizened pair of eyes.

SAL  
It's done. Let's go, ladies.

Emily opens the back door for Sal, closing it behind him after he climbs into the car. She climbs in the front seat by Amy.

Amy shifts the car into gear and drives away.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Will's body SITS UP.

WILL  
Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

He clutches his shoulder, pulls his hand away. It's covered in BLOOD. David's body sits up. He winces as his hand goes to his side. MORE BLOOD.

WILL

Twice? You shot me twice?

DAVID

I wanted it to be convincing.

WILL

Remind me to convince you sometime.

They struggle to their feet.

DAVID

Why would he want us dead?

WILL

Who knows?

DAVID

What now?

Will considers.

WILL

The way I see it, we have two options. One, we disappear. We live off the money we've made so far somewhere far away from here and hope he never finds us.

DAVID

What's option two?

WILL

We take him out ourselves.

David considers.

DAVID

So we hide until he finds us and kills us, or we save him the trouble of finding us and let him jump straight to the killing.  
(beat) You suck at planning.

WILL

We're still alive, aren't we?

DAVID  
Fair enough.

They start walking back to their car.

WILL  
Try not to bleed too much on the  
seat.

David instinctively slugs Will's shoulder. Will cries out in pain. David does likewise, as the swing pulls at his own wound.

Through the pain, the two men LAUGH TOGETHER.

FADE TO BLACK