

A Belly Full of Bounty

Revision 7

Parts:

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TIM - Robbie Vecchio
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1 INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT. PREPARATION

1

EMMA stands in front of her dresser in her bedroom. Makeup and clothes are neatly placed around her. She leans in toward the mirror, watching herself, expecting to see something she hadn't seen before.

She reaches down to a large envelope on the dresser and opens it. She slides out papers including several photographs of a man (FOLEY) held together with a paperclip. EMMA leans in toward the first photograph and examines it closely.

EMMA
(softly)
I hate you.

Montage of EMMA getting ready in evening wear. As she gets ready her anger for the photograph increases. Until as she is almost ready she screams out.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I hate you!

Cut back to EMMA's face, where she flicks her now immaculate hair back. She examines herself in the mirror, almost despising her beauty.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Men are so simple.

She reaches for her final touch, her lipstick, and runs it over her lips. She checks herself in the mirror again. While watching herself her frown turns into a big convincing smile. Her facade is complete. She smiles to herself, screws up the photograph throwing it onto the dresser and walks off.

2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - PICKUP

2

TIM and BEN sit in a large saloon car, parked at the side of the road. Both are well dressed in suits, with matching black pencil ties. BEN sits eating some fast food.

BEN
It's only food that really exists.

TIM
Really?

BEN
Food, everything else is just a concept in your head. Like this car, it isn't real.

TIM

How isn't the car real?

BEN

If anything it's a lump of metal that's been stuck together. Take the wheels off, take the engine out, take out the interior, keep going and you're left with a pile of parts right?

TIM

So you've all the parts of a car, but it's not called a car anymore?

BEN

Right.

TIM

So how does that break down?

BEN drinks from the straw of his drink.

BEN

It's whatever is the most basic thing that's real. Like food, and violence, that's another one. Food and violence.

TIM

But sex isn't, even though it's basic.

BEN takes the straw from his drink, folds it up in his hand and places it in his pocket.

BEN

How do you figure?

TIM

It's a composite.

BEN

Of what?

TIM

Food and violence.

TIM's cellphone beeps. TIM pulls it out of his pocket and reads the message.

TIM (CONT'D)

358 Cornby, a research centre. A guy called Foley.

BEN pulls away.

3 EXT. 358 CORNBY - NIGHT - INTELLIGENT ENTRY

3

EMMA leans against the frame of the doorway, under her arm she holds two glasses stacked together and a bottle of whiskey. She presses the buzzer marked 'Foley'.

FOLEY looks up worried, he pauses. Again the buzzer sounds. FOLEY walks over to the video monitor, an image of EMMA can be seen standing outside. FOLEY presses a button.

FOLEY

Who is it?

EMMA

It's Anna. I'm a gift, from Mr Bennett.

FOLEY thinks for a moment, then smiles.

FOLEY

Top floor, take the lift.

FOLEY presses another button and the door unlocks.

Cut to EMMA. EMMA enters, holds the door, then places a card over the lock mechanism before closing the door.

4 INT. 358 CORNBY - NIGHT - BOY SCOUT

4

FOLEY scrambles about inside hiding papers, keeping aware of the office door.

EMMA taps on the office door. FOLEY grabs his gun, presses it against the door and opens it slightly to reveal EMMA standing at the doorway. FOLEY eyes her over. Pleased with the view he closes the door and puts the gun down on a side table, covering it with a magazine.

FOLEY opens the door, EMMA enters as FOLEY checks outside then closes the door behind her, flicking a switch on the door.

EMMA

Why hello? Mr Bennett never told me you were a handsome boy.

EMMA circles FOLEY looking him over.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Drinks perhaps?

EMMA leads FOLEY to the desk. Unknown to FOLEY she looks for anyone else that might be there.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You know I love people.

EMMA turns away from FOLEY and starts pouring a drink for each of them. FOLEY starts to gain interest in EMMA, eyeing her over. EMMA puts a short straw into her drink.

FOLEY
Why's that?

EMMA
They never appreciate the moment. They walk around town worrying about what's happening in the office they left twenty minutes ago. PAUSE. They're like lovable pets. PAUSE. You need to treat them right and make sure they don't damage the furniture.

FOLEY isn't really listening.

FOLEY
Uh huh.

EMMA
(smiling)
I'm sorry! I tend to talk a lot when I know I won't see a man again.

EMMA drops a pill into FOLEY's drink. FOLEY walks over to EMMA, he can't keep his eyes from her.

FOLEY
That's okay, whatever works for you. PAUSE. What else do you love?

FOLEY takes the drink from EMMA. EMMA glances at the drink unable to hide her excitement for a moment she lets out a knowing smile.

EMMA
Love? I love this city. It's so clean. Sex is pushed under the mat, even the sex shops try to act respectable. People think it's the dirty cities with crime that are the places to avoid.

FOLEY strokes EMMA's arm.

FOLEY

Uh huh.

EMMA

But the real money. Now that's made in the clean cities. Because that's where the people try the hardest to hide it.

5 EXT. 358 CORNBY FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - SUBTLE

5

TIM and BEN pull up in their car.

TIM and BEN walk up to the exterior door, TIM pushes the door and it his surprise it opens.

TIM

Convenient.

TIM and BEN enter the building and walk up the stairs to FOLEY's office. They pause outside FOLEY's door. BEN looks around as TIM pulls out some lock picks and proceeds to fiddle with the door lock.

BEN

What are you doing?

TIM

I need to concentrate.

BEN sighs.

BEN

Since when have you been able to pick a lock? I can't see you at night school.

TIM

Look if we do this job right, we'll get paid and we can go to a real city. Don't you want to get out of the dullest city in the world? Patience.

BEN looks around anxiously with the time TIM is taking. A click can be heard. TIM stands in triumph.

(shot of FOLEY inside looking round at door)

TIM (CONT'D)

Ah ha! See?

TIM pushes on the door it doesn't open. He pulls out the lock pick and holds it to his face. Only half is left the rest has snapped off in the lock.

TIM (CONT'D)

Ah.

BEN looks at TIM like he's an idiot. As he steps back and pushes TIM to the side. With one hard kick he smashes the door in. BEN gives TIM a knowing look as they both try to enter the house together. Not fitting through the door way together BEN gives TIM a look. TIM gives way allowing them both to enter.

6 INT. 358 CORNBY - NIGHT - ALWAYS A RUSH

6

FOLEY and EMMA stand together holding glasses, they turn shocked by the noise of the door. FOLEY looks back at EMMA for a moment not quite sure of her involvement. Remembering where he left the gun he rushes towards the table by the doorway.

EMMA's facade drops as she realizes her plans have fallen apart. She looks around the room for somewhere to hide, as she rushes backward her heel snaps off.

7 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - TOO LATE

7

FOLEY realizing he's too slow, picks up a letter opener from his desk as he goes rushing to the doorway to find BEN and TIM.

TIM

A knife? Is that all we're worth a knife?

TIM looks at BEN in amusement.

BEN

I prefer the knife to the gun, it's much more personal. Kind of like home maintenance, hands on.

TIM is lost for words. FOLEY runs at BEN with the knife. BEN with great ease deflects the lunge with a parry. FOLEY slams into the wall dropping the knife as BEN puts his arm into a lock, pressing his face into the wall.

TIM

Where are the papers?

TIM arches FOLEY over and spins him around. Unseen to TIM or BEN, FOLEY's face is inches away from his gun.

FOLEY

In the office - just take them!

TIM and BEN force FOLEY into the office.

8

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - HIDE AND SEEK

8

FOLEY staggers into the room as BEN pushes him inside. FOLEY gestures to a case.

FOLEY

There! There, just take them.

BEN walks over and takes a look through a box of papers, flicking through them. EMMA, hidden, silently listens in.

BEN

They look right. But I don't know if they're all here.

FOLEY

They're all there. Just look. Look!

FOLEY starts pushing through the papers, mumbling dates and figures.

TIM

Is that all of them? Huh?

FOLEY

Yes yes!

BEN gestures a not sure look to TIM. TIM grabs FOLEY.

TIM

Rope. Window.

BEN ties a rope around FOLEY's ankle and then opens the window. BEN and TIM hold FOLEY and rush him to the window, launching him through. FOLEY screams, covering his face as he falls. TIM grabs hold of the rope, wrapping it around his waist. FOLEY stops with a jolt, a bone crack can be heard.

TIM (CONT'D)

Oh a heavy boy. That can't be good.

TIM lets the rope slip a little, jerking FOLEY downwards.

TIM (CONT'D)

Is that all the papers?

FOLEY

Yes! You wont drop me, you can't be sure! No, no.

BEN picks up the two glasses and takes a sip from the straw. He looks at the two glasses for a moment.

BEN

(to TIM)

What do you think?

TIM

I think he's heavy and you should of written down what the boss wanted.

BEN replacing the glasses, pulls the straw out, folds it up and puts it into his pocket.

BEN

Me? Since when have I been the secretary.

TIM

Since when I figured out you were an idiot and couldn't think anything through.

BEN pushes TIM. TIM staggers backward, looks over BEN then pushes him back. As he does his grip on the rope slips and FOLEY falls with a thud on the concrete below.

9

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT - BOUNTY

9

TIM and BEN peer out the window together.

TIM

You were supposed to tie the other end to something.

BEN

Did you say that? Am I some sort of mind reader? Houdini?

TIM

Houdini was a magician not a Pshycic...

EMMA enters.

EMMA

Boys, boys.

BEN and TIM look together toward EMMA.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What's with the squabbling?

TIM
Who are you?

BEN
And was Houdini a Pshycic?

EMMA
I think Houdini was just a
magician, but I could be wrong.

BEN
Oh.

EMMA
What are two cute boys like you
doing here so late? You don't look
like late night office workers.

TIM
No we're here to see a friend.

EMMA
Hmm, odd.

EMMA walks over to TIM, stroking his tie.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(softly)
Do you push all of your friends out
of the top floor window?

BEN puts his hand on his knife on his belt.

EMMA (CONT'D)
It's okay boys. I'm just here
working too.

TIM
Oh no.

FOLEY appears in the doorway, tattered, bruised, with a badly damaged leg and arm he struggles to stand pointing his gun. BEN reaches for his knife and throws it at FOLEY as FOLEY fires at BEN. The knife hits FOLEY in the chest, instantly killing him (eyes open).

Blood spurts from the front and back of BEN, he doesn't seem to notice. As he turns to face the window the bullet passed through.

BEN

What a lousy shot!

TIM looks at BEN not understanding why BEN hasn't realized he's been shot. BEN collapses to the floor dead (eyes open), his left hand opens and the straws he's collected spring out. TIM reaches down and checks BEN's pulse. TIM stands, pauses, then kicks BEN.

TIM

Idiot.

EMMA walks over to TIM, picking up the glasses as she goes. She hands one to TIM. They touch glasses and take a drink.

TIM (CONT'D)

This tastes odd.

TIM looks toward EMMA with a sudden sense of understanding. He walks toward EMMA about to take a swing and then collapses to the floor - dead.

EMMA opens her cellphone and dials. Some muffled voice can be heard.

EMMA

The target is down. PAUSE. Okay.

EMMA starts to leave, but then stops. She turns to TIM's body and searches inside his jacket, she pulls out his cellphone, pauses for a moment then dials. A muffled voice can be heard.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What bounty were you offering on Foley? PAUSE. Your guys didn't make it. PAUSE. Fifty thousand? PAUSE. That's a deal.

EMMA smiles to herself. She pulls out one folder from the stack. As she walks away she pulls out her cellphone again. Her voice fades as we fade to black.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hello Detective Kenner. PAUSE. I'd like to claim the reward for those two murderers you've been looking for. PAUSE. I know where they are.

The End.