

THE REGULARS

WRITTEN BY M. LATHROM



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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A hand taps a white powder loose from a small glass vial onto a sugar-coated brownie.

SAMUEL (36), skeletal features with a receding hairline, checks the coast as he stuffs the vial in his server pouch pocket. He straightens his black bowtie. Takes a breath.

Across the serving rack, MITCH (38), a square-faced man with a military buzz-cut, flick Samuel a nod of confirmation.

Samuel returns the nod. He grabs the plate from the serving rack, then heads out the double doors.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Samuel carries the desert past chrome bar stools and maroon leather booths in the traditional northeastern diner.

Mostly barren. A few regulars sip coffee at the bar. A mother and child eat at a booth in the back. A frail old man reads the paper in the booth behind a man with a novel five inches from his face. Everyone bundled up in long coats and scarves.

Mitch sneaks a glance at Samuel as he grabs a meal ticket from the Kitchen window.

Samuel slides to a stop, then sets the plate in front of MR. MORRIS (59), a thick man with a crotchety sneer.

SAMUEL

Here you are, sir. Can I get you anything el--

MR. MORRIS

Mr. Morris.

Mr. Morris sets his novel aside. Scrutinizes the brownie through the bottom of his bifocals.

SAMUEL

I beg your pardon.

MR. MORRIS

You never asked my name so that you could properly address me. So I took the liberty of doing your job.

He peers over his glasses up at Samuel.

Samuel winces, keep his composure.

SAMUEL

Mr. Morris. My apologies. Can I get you--

Mr. Morris points at the powdered sugar.

MR. MORRIS

What's this?

He leans in to inspect it.

SAMUEL

That's powdered sugar, sir-- Mr. Morris.

MR. MORRIS

No, no, not that, come closer.

Samuel rolls his eyes. Leans over to humor him. Looks at the brownie with apathy.

ANGLE ON MITCH

At the kitchen window, Mitch drops his guise of work, watches the two men with worried curiosity.

Mr. Morris points to a spot of un-powdered brownie.

MR. MORRIS

There, you see?

CLOSE ON SAMUEL

He squints, moves in closer. A bead of sweat drops down his veiny forehead.

ANGLE ON MR. MORRIS

He glances over Samuel at Mitch. Winks. Then

Mr. Morris grips Samuel's bowtie, pulls his face into the table. Samuel's skull bounces off. His mouth hangs open in his daze.

Mr. Morris grabs the brownie with his other hand, shoves it into Samuel's mouth, pulls him into the booth, then holds his head in a vice grip with the brownie trapped in his mouth.

Mr. Morris stares into the kitchen window.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Mitch's face goes white. He bolts past the grill, nearly slips in his panic, to the back door. He throws it open, jumps out.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Samuel squirms, kicks, his eyes roll back. He pants and heaves through his nose, his mouth bulging with brownie.

He spits some out, his eyes flutter closed.

Samuel's legs go limp. His eyes shut.

Mr. Morris drops Samuel to the floor. Foam spills from his mouth hanging mouth.

The old man in the booth behind still read his newspaper. Hans't budged.

The young woman and her child unfazed in the booth in the back.

Mr. Morris rises, steps over the body, wanders past the old man, toward the back.

AUDRIE (33), a porcelain doll with calculating eyes, sets down sets down her compact. The obedient little girl, GWENNY (8), opens a lockbox.

AUDRIE

That ought to make it clear enough
for them.

(beat)

Gweny.

MR. MORRIS

Flies to honey.

Gweny pulls out a handset with a screen. She presents it to Mr. Morris. He take it, looks at the screen through his bifocals.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

A green dot moves across the screen.

GWENNY

Peekaboo.

Mr. Morris smirks. He nods to the two of them. Heads down the row of booths.

He taps the shoulder of the bald old man with the newspaper, BROOK (67). Brook folds up his newspaper, rises, follows Mr. Morris out.

Brook pulls his jacket up behind him. Grips the pistol tucked in his pants.

Mr. Morris halts. Turns around, steps over Samuel, grabs his novels from the table. He shoves it in his coat.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Mr. Morris and Brook step down the diner stairs. Walk off screen.

The glowing "OPEN" sign goes out.

FADE OUT.

THE END