

DRIVE

WRITTEN BY M. LATHROM

DIVVY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APOSTOLIC PALACE - NIGHT

ALAN WATERS (39), modern black suit and chiseled features. He could be mistaken for high society if it weren't for the slightly unkempt black beard and broad Australian accent.

The itchiness of the beard gives him a slight nose twitch.

He stares up at the wall. Above him looms The School of Athens by Raphael.

A short man with a shiny face approaches. Stops beside him. MISTER PATER (55). He has squinty eyes and a smirk as if he's permanently looking into the sun.

MISTER PATER
Scuola di Atene. Admiring the sights?

WATERS
Shopping, I think.

MISTER PATER
Your slice of the pie isn't that big, comrade. And I don't think walls are for sale here. Have you considered a nice getaway?

WATERS
Where'd you have in mind?

MISTER PATER
A visit home might be needed.

Waters nods. Pater nods back.

As Pater walks away...

MISTER PATER
You should visit the Met next time you're stateside. I was always partial to Pieter van der Heyden's work.

Alan Waters eyes the painting one more time.

EXT. FANTASTICARE HOTEL - NIGHT

A flickering vertical sign with green lights spells out Fantasitcare Hotel. It casts a green glow on top of SVEN MASON (42). A bald Frenchman with round, wire glasses and an inquisitive gaze. He wears a long wool coat.

He pulls his glasses off, breathes fog onto them, wipes them on his coat. As he checks them--

Waters pops up beside him, grips his shoulder. Mason startles a bit, but tries to hide it.

WATERS
No place like home, aye?

MASON
Not exactly mother's cottage.

Waters cracks a smile.

WATERS
Yeah, well, pops always had poor taste in decor.

MASON
And I've never been particularly fond of our brothers.

Waters sighs. He pats Mason's back.

WATERS
Just a little longer, mate. Just a little longer...

Mason Eyes the shoulder of Waters' black jacket. A grey dust on his sleeve. A slight tear on the back.

Mason dusts it off.

WATERS
Thanks, uh... Had some car trouble.

MASON
Get a mechanic.

Waters laughs it off.

Wright smirks. He puts his glasses back on.

The door cracks open as someone inside opens it.

INT. FANTASTICARE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Mason and Waters sit stoic on a waiting bench near the door. The hotel interior was nice twenty years ago. Dust lingers in the air. The stained green carpet and maroon walls make it look awkwardly like Christmas.

Across from them, on the other side of the room, sits MEL BARRETT (41), a hulking, African bodyguard-type with a maroon, 1970s jacket that blends into the wall.

He chews a toothpick and stares at them.

Next to him:

BOYD GILMOUR (37), a wiry Scotsman in denim shorts, a denim jacket, and mirror-shine black boots. His mouth agape and head crooked back. A small snore escapes him.

Mister Pater appears at the door beside them. Bangs on the wall with his fist.

Gilmour startles awake.

As the other men get up and follow Mister Pater, Gilmour leans forward, looks down at his shoe. He wipes a spot of dust from it. Licks his finger, shines it.

Mister Pater bangs against the wall again.

Gilmour gets up. Follow.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The men walk through the hotel hallway. Dust outlines where paintings were. Half the lights flicker.

The men walk through the industrial kitchen. Grimy and dark.

The men walk down a spiral staircase.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Waters and Mason stand on one side of the metal table. Barrett and Gilmour at the other. Mister Pater at the head.

Barrett spits his toothpick off to the side.

Four white linen bags sit on the table between them.

The room has painted white brick walls and a few laundry carts. An express elevator a ways behind Mister Pater.

Mister Pater leans forward onto the table with his fists.

MISTER PATER

Gentlemen. Your dirty laundry is as clean as the day it was stitched. A tip for the maid has already been deducted from--

WATERS

Yes, I'm sure it's clean, and the maid has been paid, and every other hotel dandy you can muster up. Mind if we have a look?

Mason smirks.

Mister Pater, deflated, but still smiling, nods in approval.

The men open their bags, dig through white linen to the bottom.

IN WATERS' BAG

He pushes white linen aside, digs deeper.

MISTER PATER

Thank you for all your hard work, gentlemen. My apologies.

He gets to the bottom. Nothing. He looks to Mason who looks stunned at his bag, then over to Waters. They look across from them.

As Barrett and Gilmour lift their hands, the bag falls away to reveal Uzis in their hands. Aimed right at Waters and Mason.

Mister Pater chuckles to himself.

Waters and Mason raise their hands in surrender slowly. They eye Mister Pater. Back up from the table.

MISTER PATER

This is the part where you say you knew it. Because you did. This isn't a shock to you. You felt it in your spines, which is ironic.

Mason sneers.

MISTER PATER

Now get back.

They back up toward the under part of the spiral staircase.

MISTER PATER

What am I doing telling you to-- It doesn't matter where you are. I just get caught up in the fun. Gilmour...

Gilmour fires.

Blood explodes from Mason's chest. His glasses fly off as he stumbles back against the wall. He slides to the floor leaving a streak on the white brick.

Waters' yells. His face red.

WATERS

You bastard mother fu--

Mister Pater nods to Barrett.

Barrett fires at Waters.

Waters shutters at bullets pop into his chest. He falls back onto his back. Rolls over, still.

Mister Pater gazes at the men on the floor.

MISTER PATER

That wasn't really how I imagined it.

Gilmour and Barrett look to him with questioning glares.

MISTER PATER

I suppose it was slow motion in my fantasy. Huh. Grab the bags.

Gilmour and Barrett Grab their bags. The three men file out the back door.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Three generic black sedans wait parked in a line between the brick buildings.

Mister Pater tosses keys to Gilmour and Barrett.

Barrett tosses his bag in the trunk gets in the car in the back of the line. Mister pater gets in the front car.

Gilmour opens the door to his car, sits with his legs out. He peers down at his boots. Grey dust from the alley's concrete. He dusts it off. Licks his finger. Shines the spot.

He swoops his feet in. Then shuts the door.

The three cars head down the alley.

Then...

The cab of Barrett's car explodes in flash of fire and debris. Then Mister Pater's.

Gilmour panics. Throws his door open, swings his feet out.

A burst of fire erupts from behind him.

Smoke rises from the alleyway.

Gilmour's shiny black boots sit lonely outside his smoldering car, coated in grey dust.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Waters and Mason lie motionless on the ground. Then...

Waters sits up quick. He winces in pain, bends over. He strips his jacket off in a hurry, pulls off his shirt.

A bullet-proof vest underneath, blood packets taped to it. He rips it off.

Bruises and red spots dot his torso.

WATERS

God damn, I didn't know they'd burn.

Mason sits up, slow. He grabs his glasses from the floor. Wipes them on his sleeve. Puts them on.

He pulls his wool coat off casually. Unbuttons his stained, white shirt. Pulls off his bullet-proof vest. Just a few bruises.

MASON

More layers. Wool is a great insulator.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Darkness. Then, the trunk opens revealing Waters. He reaches in and grabs the white bag. Pries it open.

IN THE BAG

Wads of American \$100 bills.

Mason stand beside him with the other white bag. Waters ties the bag closed.

They head down the alley with the bags over their shoulders.

MASON

I think I'm done with all of this.

WATERS

What?

MASON

Money. The killing. It's a crime.

WATERS

Don't give me that do goody good bullshit, mate.

MASON

What if one of them had gotten into the car much before the others?

WATERS

What if they'd shot us in the head?

MASON

Hmm.

Mason nods.

The two men round the corner to the street. Disappear behind the buildings.

FADE OUT.

THE END