

Getting Out

By

Mark David Goodin
(S159889)

Page Count: 10

Mark David Goodin
Chequers, Brome, Eye Suffolk,
IP23 8AP
07510226750
markgoodin25@googlemail.com

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD, late forties, a tall, slim, dark-haired, unshaven man sits on the edge of his bed in silence as he meticulously wraps tape around the handle of a semi-automatic pistol. He finishes, gently places the tape to one side and tucks the pistol into the inside pocket of his long, black overcoat. He glances around the small, starkly-furnished room for a moment, stands and walks wearily out.

EXT. RICHARD'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Richard walks quickly towards his black Mercedes, pulling the lapels of his coat closer against the cold. He reaches the driver's side of his car, swings the door open and climbs in.

INT. RICHARD'S CAR - NIGHT.

Richard sits in the driver's seat next to his brother RAY, late thirties, also a tall, thin man, but fair-haired and clean-shaven. He looks pensive. Ray shakes his head and looks at Richard.

RAY

This isn't going to work. He's not just to take the money and go away. He isn't just going to let us leave. You know how he is. I still don't understand why we couldn't -

-

RICHARD

Couldn't what? Kill him? If we kill him there's no turning back. Do you understand we'll be on the run for the rest of our lives, looking over our shoulders? That I can't do.

They sit in silence for a few moments.

RICHARD

This has to work. It's the only way we're getting out of this business with our hands clean.

Ray shakes his head. Richard turns his key in the ignition and drives them into the night.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Richard's car pulls up opposite a small, grubby-looking bar with ERIC'S BAR plastered in yellow paint across the splintering wooden sign above the door.

INT. RICHARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Richard pulls the keys out of the ignition and hands them to Ray.

RICHARD

If anything happens, take the car
and go. Don't wait for me.

Ray looks at him, concerned, and grabs his arm as he starts to exit the car.

RAY

You really don't know if you're
going to survive this, do you?

Richard pats his brother on the shoulder and pulls himself out of the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Richard walks towards the bar slowly, a grave and fearful expression fixed on his face.

INT. RICHARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Ray watches his brother walk into the bar. He clumsily pulls himself over into the driver's seat, places the keys into the ignition and watches the bar. A blue BMW pulls up outside the bar.

RAY

Shit.

He lowers himself in his seat and bows his head.

INT. ERIC'S BAR - NIGHT

Richard walks into a small, dimly lit but well-furnished room, a few empty beer bottles sit on top of the counter. He glances at his watch. It is 2:05 AM. Richard quickly walks round behind the counter. He pulls his pistol from his coat and carefully hides it under the bar.

Richard then makes his way to a round table in the centre of the room, sits down and looks nervously at the bar's main entrance.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

MARV, 40s, a thick-set, balding, sweaty, wheezing man emerges from the driver's side of the BMW. He briefly scans the area; satisfied, he walks over to the passengers' side and opens the door.

ERIC REEVES, late thirties, a slim, well dressed, fair-haired, bearded man steps out from the BMW, a burnt out cigarette dangling from his lips. Marv shuts the door behind him and follows Eric as he walks quickly toward his bar, Eric flicks the cigarette away as he does so.

He stops briefly and holds his hand up, halting Marv. He looks over in the direction of Richard's car, then continues to walk towards his bar with Marv following.

INT. RICHARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Ray leans back in his seat, closes his eyes and sighs. He hears quick footsteps growing louder and opens his eyes just as the door swings open and Eric grabs hold of his hair. Ray cries out and kicks Eric away from him.

ERIC

Fuck.

Ray tries to escape through the passenger door. Eric leans in, pulls him out by the back of his jacket and throws him onto the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ray tries to get to his feet. Eric kicks him hard in the stomach. Ray crumples to the ground gasping for breath. Eric bends over, reaches into Ray's jacket pocket and pulls out an automatic pistol.

He pulls Ray up by his hair and hits him hard in the face with the butt of the gun, blood splatters across the street. Eric looks at Marv, who is leaning on the car staring at Eric nonchalantly. Eric stares back at him, frustrated.

ERIC

What the fuck do I pay you for?

Eric gestures towards where Ray lies.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Get him up.

Marv slowly walks towards Ray, taking and pocketing the gun from Eric as he does so. He drags Ray to his feet and walks him forcefully towards his bar.

INT.ERIC'S BAR - NIGHT

Eric and Marv burst into the bar, Marv's hand clasped firmly around the collar of Ray's jacket. Richard stands up; he looks worried.

ERIC

You think you can double-cross me ?

Richard raises his hands, trying to calm the situation.

ERIC

What was your plan, to keep me talking and your piece of shit brother comes in and shoots me?

Eric grabs hold of Ray, shoves him towards Richard and kicks over a chair.

ERIC

Who the fuck do you think I am ?!

RICHARD

Eric--

ERIC

All I have to do is make one fucking call and my friends in C.I.D will have you locked up the rest your lives.

RICHARD

Eric, I swear this wasn't my intention. Please let Ray go, he doesn't need to be a part of this, he--

ERIC

No, he became a part of this the second he came here with you. Now sit, both of you.

Richard starts to sit back down. Eric holds his hand up, stopping him, then looks over at Marv.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Search him.

Marv walks over to Richard and pats him down. Ray, now seated in a corner of the bar, looks nervously at Richard. Satisfied, Marv looks at Eric and nods.

ERIC

Sit down.

Richard lowers himself into his seat. Marv walks over to Ray and sits behind him, unbuttoning his jacket as he does so. Richard sees that he has a gun tucked into a shoulder holster. Marv fixes his eyes on him.

Richard looks concernedly at a large tear in his brother's lip and glances across at Eric. Eric sniffs and points at Ray's injury.

ERIC

That's your fault.

Richard stares at Eric as he walks over to Richard's table and pulls back a chair.

RICHARD

I see you brought Marv.

ERIC

Yeah, I brought Marv.

Eric sits down opposite Richard and stares at him. There is a tense silence. Richard reaches into his pocket and produces a large, bulky brown envelope, places it on the table and tries to slide it over to Eric. Eric waves his hand at Richard in dismissal.

ERIC

We've got a little time. Let's talk

Richard exchanges a brief, nervous look with Ray. Eric points towards his name that hangs above the door.

ERIC

See that name? That used to be our name, we had something, we were respected, we were feared, we walked into a room, people noticed. We were somebodies and like that

Eric snaps his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
you left. To what, pursue this
pipe-dream of a normal life? Do
you have any idea of how fucking
disrespectful that is? What we had,
what we did, that meant something.

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD
That's all in the past. We've done
things that we can't come back
from.

Richard pauses.

RICHARD
Sooner or later the police, the
Chechens, they're going to come for
us, for our families. I'm not
sticking around for that to happen.

Richard gestures at himself and Ray

RICHARD
Neither of us is. We're out.

Eric shakes his head and lets out a hoarse laugh.

ERIC
Who the fuck do you think you're
kidding? People like us, we don't
change, you're killers. It's in
your nature.

Eric leans in. He's uncomfortably close to Richard.

ERIC
You and I both know that this deal
hasn't got anything to with anyone
else but you. You don't give a shit
about anything or anyone else. You
can't just walk out when you feel
like it.

Richard shifts in his seat uncomfortably.

ERIC
These people who are going to come
for you, who want you dead. I can
protect you. If you leave you'll be
looking over your shoulder for the
rest of your life.

(CONTINUED)

Eric sniffs and nods.

ERIC
That's a guaran-fucking-tee.

Richard's features harden and he looks at Eric.

RICHARD
You're wrong. That life, that's not
us anymore.

Eric shakes his head in disbelief, smiling slightly.

RICHARD
Hey! Look at me.

Eric looks slightly unnerved by Richard's tone.

RICHARD
We left that life a long time ago;
we're done with it, do you
understand? This

He places his hand on the envelope.

RICHARD
is our payment to get out. You know
what I'm capable of and you know
that I mean it when I say we're
walking out of this bar tonight.

Eric stares intently at Richard. He smiles and puts his hands up in resignation, chuckling.

ERIC
All right.

Eric pushes himself away from the table and rises. Richard and Ray exchange a brief nervous glance.

ERIC
I've gotta make a call.

Marv makes a move to get up. Eric shakes his head and gestures for him to stay with the two brothers. Eric walks quickly towards the bar's entrance, shoves the doors open and walks outside.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Eric reaches into the inside pocket of his coat and produces a packet of cigarettes and a silver Zippo. He selects a cigarette, lights it, leans against the wall and takes a long drag. He reaches into the waistband of his trousers and produces a small snub-nosed revolver.

He flicks the cylinder open, making sure its fully loaded. Satisfied, He snaps the cylinder shut and blows out a long stream of smoke.

INT. ERIC'S BAR - NIGHT

Richard stares at the bar's door for a few moments. He bows his head, sighs and gives Ray an apologetic look. Ray shakes his head, runs a hand through his hair and mutters under his breath.

RAY

Shit.

Richard slowly rises from his seat and makes his way to the bar's counter. Marv stands and quickly walks toward Richard placing his hand into the inside pocket of his jacket.

MARV

Hey, what the fuck do you think
do--

Richard spins round and kicks Marv in the stomach. Marv doubles over gasping for breath. Richard grabs Marv by the lapels of his jacket and smashes his head on the bar's counter. A dull, sickening thud echoes around the room.

Richard lets go of Marv, who falls to the floor claspng his head, whimpering.

Richard, breathing heavily, quickly walks behind the bar's counter, retrieves his pistol then walks round over to Marv who is now staggering to his feet.

Richard raises his gun and shoots Marv just below the throat. The gunshot is shatteringly loud. Marv collapses to the floor.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Eric pushes himself clumsily away from the wall of his bar, the cigarette falls from his lips. He stands motionless, staring at the door.

He cautiously leans forward, straining to hear any movement from inside his bar. Slowly and carefully, he backs away from the bar's main entrance.

INT.ERIC'S BAR - NIGHT

Ray sits staring up at Richard . Richard stands with his gun by his side, his gaze fixed on Marv, who stares up at him, clutching his throat, blood flowing from his wound; anger, fear and frustration contort his features.

Richard steps over him quickly, makes his way to the bar's entrance and positions himself to the side of it. He leans forward slightly, straining to hear any movement from outside of the bar. Marv starts to choke loudly, ominously; he is close to death. Startled, Richard turns, looks at Marv and then at Ray.

RICHARD

Can you take care of that?

Ray sighs, his face expressionless, kneels by Marv's body and gently pinches the man's mouth and nose shut. Marv struggles weakly for a few seconds, then lies still.

Ray grimaces at the sight of Marv's blood covering his hand and wipes it on Marv's jacket. He rummages through Marv's pockets and retrieves his pistol. He pulls himself to his feet and shakes his head. He looks panicked.

RAY

This is not good, we're fucked. You know that, right? This thing, it's never going to end.

Richard does not respond; he stands very still by the the bar's entrance, his head slightly bowed.

RAY

We're never going to be safe, these people they're going to come after us. All because you didn't pull the fucking trigger on Eric when we had the chance.

Richard still does not respond; he stands unblinking and unflinching. Ray becomes visibly more agitated.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Hey, are you listening to me, do
you understand--

Richard turns sharply and stares icily at Ray

RICHARD

Shut up.

Taken aback, Ray shakes his head, remains still and stares at the bar's entrance; he thumbs off the safety-catch on his gun and begins to walk over to join Richard who holds up a hand, halting him. Ray stays where he is, raises his gun and aims it at the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Eric stands at the bar's rear entrance, shaking and breathing heavily in front of the splintering wooden door. His hand is clasped firmly round his pistol's handle; he pulls back the hammer, takes a deep breath and kicks the door open.

INT. ERIC'S BAR - NIGHT

The door bursts open and Eric walks forward, his gun raised. Ray spins round as Eric fires. The bullet slams into Ray's chest, he lets out a weak cry and collapses to the floor, dead.

As Eric pulls back the pistol's hammer again, Richard aims his gun and shoots Eric in the head. Eric's head snaps back, blood splatters the wall behind him and he falls to the floor. Richard walks forward, his face emotionless, and shoots him twice more.

Richard looks up and sees Ray's dead body lying close by. His face falls and he quickly walks over to him. Richard slowly kneels by the body. He tearfully stares at Ray and shakily reaches out to touch him.

Police sirens begin to ring loudly in the distance. Richard looks up then closes his eyes. He opens them; they are hard and cold. He pulls himself to his feet, picks up the envelope from the table and throws it onto Eric's corpse, then quickly walks towards the entrance, dropping the gun as he does so.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Richard walks quickly out of the bar. A few members of the public stand outside their front doors, or stick their heads out from their bedroom windows trying to see what has just taken place. Richard ignores them and walks quickly towards his car. He reaches his car, wearily climbs in and drives off into the night.

Fade to black.