

After Midnight

written by

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The Woman In The Red Dress

A Monochrome Production

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MISTY STREET CORNER - NIGHT 1

Beneath a dim gaslight a tall, broad shouldered, middle-aged MAN dons a Fedora and raincoat - the collar turned up. He stands watchful as he smokes a cigarette.

Across the street a youthful slim blonde WOMAN wears a low-cut red dress. She looks back at him questionably as she puts her hand upon her tiny waist. A black handbag hangs down by her side.

2 INT. SQUAT - NIGHT. 2

A BLACK HOOKER with fuzzy hair lies naked upon a bare mattress. There are needle scars on her arms and legs. Her eyes roll as her legs swing back and forth uncontrollably, revealing her untrimmed bush.

Across the room - a BLACK PIMP sits at a small wooden table, situated by an open sash cord window. He wears a wife beater as he drags upon a reefer and ruminates.

CU: The wafting smoke from his reefer disperses into the night sky as he looks down upon the street.

POV: The Woman in the red dress stands inconspicuously in the shadows. A RED NEON SIGN flickers outside a coffee shop.

A BLACK CHEVY quietly rolls up beside the Woman in the red dress.

The Man in the Fedora steps back into the shadow as she sticks her head through the nearside rear window.

The rear nearside door swings open. She glances over her shoulder, then climbs into the rear of the Chevy.

The Chevy slowly pulls away with her head crushed up against the rear window. Her bright red lipstick smudged upon the steamed up glass. She is in distress.

A BROWN PACKAGE is thrown from the car and lands at the Man in the Fedora's feet.

He quickly stubs out the butt of his cigarette with the heel of his well-polished shoe.

PFF! PFF!

BLOOD SPATTER covers the rear window of the Chevy as it drives off at speed.

BACK TO SCENE

In a paranoid frenzy the Pimp jumps out of his seat, then turns to look at the stoned Hooker.

PIMP -
(excitedly)
Holy Shit! Motherfucker!

He lifts her head by her hair as her eyes rolls around her head.

PIMP /
Mother fuck my ass, bitch!

3 EXT. STREET - CONT'D 3

The Man steps out of the shadow and picks up the package, before he saunters off down the street with it tucked inside his coat.

4 INT. SQUAT - CONT'D 4

The Pimp slides on a pair of pants, then grabs a small FIREARM from off the table. He secures the Firearm inside his trouser belt then quickly exits.

The Hooker throws up into a bucket by the side of the bed.

5 INT. JACK'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT. 5

The Man sits by the window. He drinks from a cup as he looks out onto the deserted street.

POV: The Chevy pulls up outside the window. The Woman in the red dress exits the rear of the car with her bag down by her side.

She walks with a swagger as she enters the shop, then stops and faintly smiles at the Man in the Fedora.

He shows her a knowing look, then removes his Fedora and places it down on the counter.

She slides onto an empty stall next to him and continues to stare at him questionably.

WOMAN

Gotta spare cigarette handy,
Soldier?

He methodically feels inside his coat pocket, then lifts out a crumpled pack and passes it to her.

She takes out a cigarette and slips it between her thin red lips, then waits for him to light her up.

He continues to stare blankly through the window.

WOMAN /

(expectantly)

Well, ya gotta match or what,
Soldier?

CU: A struck match.

She takes a nervous drag before she blows a thick cloud of smoke towards him.

CU: A wafting love heart disburses in front of his gaunt face.

WOMAN /

You got the package?

He looks at her and grins inwardly.

WOMAN /

You got it witcha?

MAN

(quietly)

Yep.

WOMAN

Well, can I have it now?

He slips his hand inside his coat, then casually slides the package across the counter towards her.

She looks around, then picks it up and drops it into her bag.

CU: HANDGUN in bag.

He stares through the window. She clips her bag shut, then climbs off the stall.

WOMAN /

Look, I've gotta go.

He acknowledges with a nod.

WOMAN /
You wanna get together, later?

MAN
Sure.

WOMAN
Gotta a pencil handy?

He hands her a pencil butt.

She scratches some digits on a napkin.

CU: Her RED NAIL POLISH matches her LIPSTICK.

She hands him the napkin. He stuffs it inside his coat pocket.

WOMAN /
Leave me a message where to find
you.

MAN
Sure.

She exits.

POV: She looks back at him through the window, before she climbs into the rear of the Chevy and drives off.

He continues to stare through the window.

The Italian PROPRIETOR dries his hands on a cloth as he stands behind the counter, watchful.

MAN /
Fix me another coffee, Rico.

PROPRIETOR
(grins)
Coming right up.

6 EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT.

6

The Chevy rolls up by the well-lit main entrance.

She exits the vehicle with her bag. She presses her red painted fingernail down upon the intercom system and waits.

BUZZ.

The large glass entrance door automatically opens. She enters the opulently furnished foyer.

The Chevy purrs as the driver waits.

7 EXT. JACK'S COFFEE SHOP - CONT'D.

7

He stands on the sidewalk and takes in the cool night air, before he strolls along the deserted dimly lit street.

He is joined by the hysterical, drug-crazed Pimp.

PIMP

Hey! You! Stop, Motherfucker! Say wotcha been doin' back there, Huh, Motherfucker?!

The Man stands and observes his tormentor carefully.

PIMP /

Yeh, you, Motherfucker! Say wotcha doing back there... with that white chick in the red dress, huh? Say, you lookin' for trouble, Motherfucker?

The Man gazes into his drug crazed eyes.

PIMP /

Now give me that package, Motherfucker, before I blow your white dick up your white motherfuckin' ass!

MAN

You're too late. I don't have it anymore.

PIMP

Say wot, Motherfucker?! Just give me the package, or I'll blow your tiny brains all over your nice, shiny raincoat!

The Man stares curiously back at the Pimp as he waves a firearm like a conductor in his face.

PIMP /

Hand it over gently,
Motherfucker. I saw wot happened
back there. Now give it to me
before you wished you'd never
seen my big black motherfuckin'
ass!

(rolling eyes)

C'mon now, Motherfucker! I said
hand it over! I won't be askin'
again, Motherfucker!

MAN

I don't have it.

PIMP

C'mon, asshole... just give it to
me now!

He stares hard into the Pimp's drug enhanced eyes.

The Pimp shouts and screams, but his sound cannot be heard.
He bites into his own tongue then shakes uncontrollably as
blood spurts out from his mouth.

The man stares harder at him - willing him, before he places
his firearm inside his own mouth.

BANG!!

The Pimp's brains shoot from his head and decorate the
graffitied wall behind him.

The Man watches him fall to the ground in a crumpled heap of
wasted flesh.

8 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT.

8

An obese HISPANIC with a super bushy mustache sits behind a
furnished messy desk. His unbuttoned red satin shirt has
frills at the trim.

POV: A RED REVOLVER sits in his opened desk drawer.

The Woman stands nervously. She clutches her bag as she
watches him like a hawk.

His piercing RED EYES reflect his thoughts as his tongue
shoots from his mouth in an unhealthy hunger for her.

Her resolve excites him.

HISPANIC

Did you bring me the package,
Sugar Plum?

WOMAN

I did.

HISPANIC

(grins fervently)
Good. Good. You did really good.

She shifts uncomfortably as he climbs out of his seat and approaches her.

HISPANIC /

Give it.

He snatches the bag from her and takes out the brown package, before he throws the bag back at her. She catches it mid air.

He walks back to his desk and sits down, then places the brown package down in front of him.

She watches him closely as he looks up at her and licks his lips in salacious fashion.

WOMAN

Happy?

HISPANIC

Deliriously happy, Sugar Plum.
You did very well. Now I must
reward you. Come here. Sit down
and I will show you just how
grateful I am.

POV: He unbuckles his belt, then unzips his fly.

She grabs the Firearm tucked inside her panties as he dives towards the opened desk drawer.

She's quicker and points the barrel at him.

WOMAN

You need to lose some weight, you
big, fat gorilla. That kinda
excess baggage can slow a person
down.

He throws up his arms.

HISPANIC

NO! WAIT! WAIT!

BANG!

His spatter hits the wall behind him, before he slumps forward with a gaping hole in his left eye socket.

She picks up the brown package.

WOMAN

No kidding a kidda, Kiddy.

She drops the Firearm back inside her bag, then exits.

9 INT. CABIN 21 - NIGHT

9

The Man lies bare chested on the bed. He stares down at the napkin with the phone number written upon it.

CU: 265333.

He leans over and picks up the telephone receiver next to him. He dials the number written on the napkin.

Phone bleeps then connects.

RECORDED MESSAGE V.O

Please leave a message after the tone.

He deliberates.

MAN

I'm at the Red Eye - Cabin twenty-one.

(pauses)

Oh, and bring a pack of cigarettes. I'm all out.

He replaces the receiver, then takes out his last cigarette from the packet.

He crumples the packet and lobs it into the wastepaper bin beside the bed. He strikes a match off the bedside cabinet.

He lies back and looks up at the ceiling as he draws from the lit cigarette.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CHEVY - NIGHT

The Woman in the red dress climbs into the back. She is immediately forced up against the rear window by a HOODED ASSAILANT. His firearm forced into the back of her head.

The DRIVER slowly pulls off, but then turns and points his own PIECE at the Hooded Assailant.

DRIVER
(to Hooded Assailant)
Let her go and hand me the
package.

The Hooded Assailant lobs the package out of the open rear window.

PFF! PFF!

The Hooded Assailant's brains spatter the rear window.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE.

The Man looks up when he hears a light tap on the door of his cabin.

He quickly climbs off the bed, then cautiously opens the door to the Woman.

WOMAN
You gonna lemme in, or what?

MAN
Sure.

She enters and stands behind the closed door in anticipation of his immediate actions.

WOMAN
You don't mess around, do ya,
Soldier?

MAN
I guess not.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her passionately as he leads her towards the bed.

10. 10 EXT. STREET - NIGHT. 10

The Chevy sits and purrs.

The Red Eye's neon light flickers in the backdrop.

INTERCUT:

11 CHEVY - NIGHT 11

The thick set Driver mauls into a hamburger and sips from a paper coffee cup.

A huge shadow appears from behind him and rips into his neck with a thin cable.

The Driver chokes as he is dragged back over his seat. Accidentally he activates the wipers as he kicks frantically at the dashboard until his last breath.

The HOODED ASSAILANT searches the vehicle's compartment for the package.

12 INT. CABIN 21 12

The Man writhes on top of her naked flesh while he kisses her pouting lips. They climax in sync.

END INTERCUT.

13 INT. CHEVY - CONT'D 13

The dead Driver lies slumped across his seat before he is dragged out of the vehicle by the Hooded Assailant.

The Hooded Assailant then leans opens the glove compartment. He grabs the package and slips it inside his coat pocket.

A new burly DRIVER appears and opens the nearside door. He climbs in behind the wheel. The Hooded Assailant sits silently in the rear.

14 INT. CABIN 21 - CONT'D 14

They sit up against the pillows and share a cigarette.

WOMAN

I know this is gonna sound
ridiculous, but what's your name,
Soldier?

MAN

John Doe.

WOMAN

(grins)
John Doe?

JOHN DOE

That's right.

WOMAN

Why do I get this feeling that
I've met you before?

JOHN DOE

I dunno.
(inhales cigarette)
And you?

WOMAN

I thought you'd never ask.
(exhales)
Jane. Jane Doe.

JOHN

Nice name, Jane Doe.

CU: Minibar.

JANE DOE

Is there anything to drink inside
that minibar?

JOHN DOE

Take a look.

JANE DOE

I will.

She climbs out of the sheet naked. Her silhouette shown
within the flickering light of the Red Eye.

She kneels down and opens the minibar.

POV: An assortment of colorful CANS OF FIZZY DRINKS.

She grabs one blind then turns to him.

JANE DOE /

This one?

JOHN DOE

Sure.

She lobs a can of fizz to him. He catches it mid-air.

DOUBLE RING PULL.

She sits down on the base of the bed and gulps from the can.

JANE DOE

Did you open the package?

He finishes drinking, then lobs the can into the wastepaper bin.

JOHN DOE

Nope.

JANE DOE

Dontcha wanna know what's inside it?

JOHN DOE

Nope.

JANE DOE

Well, in case you were wondering, it's a key.

JOHN DOE

A key to what?

JANE DOE

To unlock the darkness.
(thoughtful pause)
It's in safe hands now.

JOHN DOE

Good to hear.

JANE DOE

Whatcha think... I'd be stupid enough to carry it here with me?

JOHN DOE

You can't trust anyone these days.

JANE DOE

I trust my driver.

JOHN DOE

Your driver's dead already.

She bounces off the bed and angrily confronts him.

JANE DOE

What'd ya mean my driver's dead?!
How do you know anything about my
driver?!

JOHN DOE

He's as dead as we are, I tell
ya.

JANE DOE

How can you possibly know that?

JOHN DOE

Take my word for it. Your new key
holder garrotted him while we
were making out.

JANE DOE

Just stop it, will ya?! You're
frickin' freakin' me out!

He climbs out of bed naked.

JOHN DOE

Come.

JANE DOE

Where exactly?

He quickly slips into his shirt and pants, as she slides into
her dress and red stiletto heels.

JOHN DOE

You need to get a rain check.

He slips into his spats, then grabs his raincoat and Fedora,
before he grabs her by the arm and leads her out of the room.

JANE DOE

Let go of me! You're hurting me!

He shoves her out of the door and follows.

15 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

15

She stands under the dim glow of a gas light. He stands in the shadow and watches her closely as he smokes a cigarette.

The Chevy rolls up beside her.

She leans her head inside the nearside window and appears to speak to the driver.

BANG!

She falls down beside the Chevy. Blood pours from a head wound.

He appears from the shadow.

BANG! BANG!

He falls down with two hits to the chest.

The Chevy drives off. Their cadavers lie prone on the deserted street and the neon sign of the Red Eye in the distance.

FADE OUT:

THE END