Blood Oath

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INT. APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT A MAN knocks on the door. PETE, early forties, tall, well dressed, in a black charcoal suit. The door opens. In the doorway is JIMMY, late thirties, thin, slicked back hair, wearing a white tang top and blue wind breakers. JIMMY What's up Pete? It's kinda' late man. PETE Frankie wants to to talk to you Jimmy? JIMMY Right now? PETE Yea, right now. He told me to come get ya'. JIMMY About what? This cant wait till the mornin'? PETE No it cant. Jimmy seems concerned. JIMMY Uh yea, OK. Just give me a minute. Let me get dressed. PETE Hurry up. BEDROOM --Jimmy throws on a jacket. He opens up a desk draw and pulls out a 45 automatic. He pulls the chamber back, then releases.

FADE IN:

A dark red Lincoln town car pulls into the middle of an empty dilapidated warehouse.

Pete steps out.

Jimmy closes the glove box, places his pack of smokes on the front seat, then steps out.

JIMMY What the fuck is this? I thought you said Frankie wanted to talk to me?

Sounds of a metal blade scrapping against a wall.

Out of the shadows, FRANKIE emerges. Mid fifties, rugged street look. A mean mother fucker. He approaches the men while he freely wields around a large two foot blade.

FRANKIE

Shhhhh.

He points the knife at Jimmy.

JIMMY Frankie what's up man. What's this all about?

FRANKIE

Shhhhh.

Frankie holds the blade against Jimmy's lips.

He then proceeds to pat him down.

He lowers the blade.

FRANKIE I never really took to knives. It's like waiving your dick around.

JIMMY That's a pretty big dick.

FRANKIE Me personally..

He drops the blade, and pulls out his 38 revolver. Nickel plated, with a white pearl handle.

## FRANKIE

Never jams. Never causes any problems. Consistent, dependable. Doesn't have me coming out to warehouses at two in the mornin' about some fuckin' rat business!

## JIMMY

What?

FRANKIE Word on the street is, we got ourselves a cannery in the crew.

JIMMY A snitch? You think I'm a snitch? Frankie c'mon'. You serious? It's me. Pete tell em'.

FRANKIE Don't look at <u>him</u>!

Jimmy swallows in fear.

JIMMY I swear to god -

FRANKIE - Don't swear to god. You swear to me! You hear me!

JIMMY Frankie...I swear-

Frankie snaps a quick jab into Jimmy's face. The blow causes Jimmy to step back and hold his nose.

FRANKIE The only reason you're even in my crew is because of the respect I have for your brother Pete. A respect that's wearing thin.

Frankie shoots a mean look over at Pete.

Pete remains silent. Stern, soldier like.

JIMMY Frankie listen, I don't know who told you what, but I ain't no fuckin' snitch. I'll take a bullet before I rat. FRANKIE I'm countin' on it.

Frankie raises his gun, aims it at Jimmy.

JIMMY

Pete. I'm your brother, say something goddammit. This motha' fucka's' crazy.

PETE Frankie, let's just think about this for a second. What do we know?

FRANKIE We know your *brother* is weak. He's a bad earner. And I personally, do not like him.

#### PETE

This is my brother were talking about here. No one likes him. He's annoying, he talks too fuckin' much, and he's never got two nickels to rub together.

JIMMY Hey, what the fuck.

PETE But that doesn't make him a rat.

FRANKIE

So what is he?

PETE He's my brother, and....I'm vouchin' for him Frankie.

FRANKIE You're gonna' vouch for this piece of shit?

PETE

Yea, I am.

FRANKIE You sure? He's an awfully risky horse to put your money on.

PETE Yea well, he's my brother. And if he tells me he didn't do it. Then he didn't do it.

#### FRANKIE

How can you be so sure? Maybe you're the rat. Maybe that's why your so sure.

PETE Frankie your the boss. I respect you. But don't ever call me a rat.

## FRANKIE

Well we're gonna' find out real soon about this rat business. When my guy calls me in the next five minutes, we'll know.

#### JIMMY

What guy? I never fuckin' ratted! This is bullshit, for all I know your guy's the fuckin' rat.

## FRANKIE

Not likely kid. Not this guy. There are certain people that just cant be bought off, or sell out. There pride's too fuckin' big.

#### JIMMY

So that's it? I just..wait for your guy to call? Determine my fate.

#### FRANKIE

That's it. If you ain't a rat, then you got nothing to worry about, right?

PETE Who's your guy?

JIMMY Yea, who's the fuckin' guy?

PETE Shut up Jimmy.

FRANKIE A good source.

PETE Frankie, Who's the guy?

# FRANKIE

An old friend. Somebody who specializes in finding out information. 5.

JIMMY This is fuckin" bullshit.

Jimmy feels his pants pockets. He starts to walk to the car.

FRANKIE Where you going?

JIMMY My cigarettes. Can I smoke a cigarette? I'm not driving off.

Pete pulls out the set of keys, and jingles it in the air.

JIMMY(CONT) See, no keys. I left my pack on the front seat.

FRANKIE

Hold it.

Jimmy freezes in place.

FRANKIE(CONT) You think I'm stupid. Yea sure, go back to the car where you can grab your piece from the glove box. No, I don't think so. In fact, I'll get your pack. You stay right there.

Frankie walks to the Lincoln. With his back turned, Jimmy snatches up the blade from the floor and sticks it clean through Frankie's back. The tip of the blade pierces out through his stomach.

> PETE Jimmy, No! No!

Jimmy pushes deeper as Frankie drops the gun. Blood drools out his mouth. Jimmy releases his grip of the knife.

Frankie's body collapses to the floor.

PETE What have you done Jimmy.

JIMMY

Pete, he was gonna kill me. You know he was. He said himself. He didn't like me. He just needed an excuse. I had no choice. I had no choice. PETE

Do you realize what the fuck you've done?

## JIMMY

You got to believe me man. None of that shit was true. He was gonna' kill me anyway. You know it. We're brothers, we gotta' stick together. It's family first. Right?

Pete stands in disbelief.

Frankie cell phone rings. Pete reaches down and fishes it out of Frankie's pocket. He answers it. Puts the phone to his ear and listens.

Jimmy nervously waits.

A brief moment passes as he listens the the man on the other end.

## PETE

Thanks.

He ends the call.

JIMMY So? I told you right. It's bullshit. Fuckin' guy lost his mind.

Pete raises his gun at Jimmy.

JIMMY Whoa, whoa, what are you doing? I didn't. I didn't, I swear.

PETE You swear? You're gonna' lie to my face. Your own brother!

Pete's gun trembles in his hand.

## JIMMY

Alright, alright. Pete I'm sorry man. I had no choice. I was lookin' at twenty years. Twenty fuckin' years. For some fuckin' strung out Junkie. What did you want me to do! PETE You keep your fucking mouth shut! That's all you had to do. Not only my own brother's a rat, you just clipped the boss.

JIMMY

That's what I'm saying, we gotta' get the fuck out of here. We hit the road now. Get lost for awhile, disappear. We'll start over or something. Me and you. Like it's always been.

Pete say's nothing. His anger swells underneath.

JIMMY(CONT) We're brothers Pete. Bonded by blood, not some bullshit fuckin' oath. You cant do this.

### PETE

The day you cant trust your brother, is the day he ceases to be one.

JIMMY You cant kill your brother. You cant. It's like against -

Jimmy's head gets blasted back. He falls over. A quarter size bullet hole is centered in his forehead.

PETE I'm sorry Jimmy.

Pete lowers his gun by his side.

Frozen in place, he pulls out the set of keys. Hits a button on the key chain.

POP!

The town car's trunk pops open.

FADE OUT: