

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
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CARLOS SIDES

1

INT. FLOPHOUSE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

1

AS CAMERA pulls back slowly, revealing a gun pointed directly at screen. Hand shakes a little.

CARLOS

You wanna tell me where my Rolex
is now?

KYLE (O.S.)

I told you, I don't have it. I
swear, Carlos.

Hand swings back revealing CARLOS RIVIERA, tweaked out meth supplier. He brings the gun down hard. CAMERA JERKS as though it is a person hit across the face. A CRY OUT.

CUT TO:

KYLE PEOPLES, a nice, sweet looking 30 year-old guy, recovering from being hit. He's tied to a chair. His face is tear-stained, bruised and his lip is bloody. He's frightened.

CARLOS

You do, and I'm not playin' no
more.

(more insistent)

Where's my Rolex?

KYLE

I don't know.

Carlos shoves the gun in Kyle's mouth, spins the cylinder and cocks the trigger.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(mumbling through the
gun)

But it's a knock-off! It's not
even real!

Kyle tries to shake his head. Carlos pulls the trigger. CLICK. Nothing happens. The room spins. Kyle's vision gets blurry. He's about to faint. Carlos grabs an old soda, the ice melted.

CARLOS

You don't get out it that easy.

He takes the cap off and throws the watery drink in Kyle's face as.

(CONTINUED)

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

MAIA (O.S.)

Kyle?

CARLOS

Get the fuck out of here, Maia.

Maia tries to open the door.

MAIA (O.S.)

Carlos? What's going on? Why's the door locked?

CARLOS

Kyle and me have a little business to attend to.

Maia shakes the door, desperately trying to get it open.

MAIA

(panicking)

Carlos, whatever you think he did, I'm sure it's a mistake. For the love of God, please let me in.

Carlos starts laughing like a maniac.

CARLOS

God's not invited to this little party, mija, and neither are you.

He walks to a table, picks up a pipe, packs a rock and takes a hit, pondering Kyle. He walks to him, bends over and blows smoke in his face. Kyle doubles over, cramping from a pain in his stomach.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Fucking pussy.

(menacing, low)

And that motherfuckin' watch IS real. My old lady bought it and I want it back. But, if you think its worth your life we can keep playin' this game.

He stands up suddenly, cocks the trigger, places the gun at Kyle's testicles. Kyle starts hyperventilating.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Tell me!

KYLE

I don't have it. I swear! I swear!
Please!

Carlos pulls the trigger. CLICK. He cocks the gun, puts it between Kyle's eyes. The room begins to spin again.

CARLOS

(low, menacing)
You sure you wanna test me? Then
again, what have you got to live
for? Really.

Carlos laughs again as Kyle begins to faint. The room SPINS as his vision blurs and his head falls back and he looks at the ceiling that is becoming a tunnel. BANG!

CROSSFADE SOUND OF GUNSHOT WITH SOUND OF SOMEONE DOING A CANNONBALL INTO A POOL.

FADE IN: