

A KILLER ROMANCE

10 PAGE EXCERPT

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OVER BLACK...

SUPER: "A life without love is like..."

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

Meet IVO, sprawled across a chez lounge.

A 33 year old Croatian-American raised to be a ruthless, cold-blooded assassin. Ivo isn't much of that.

Ivo is a dark haired, teary eyed mess of loneliness. A hopeless romantic.

IVO

It's like waking up everyday and wishing you were somebody else. Wishing you were born different. Different time. Different place. Different parents. I don't know, life without love... I mean, I do know life without love, so that's why I never understood those kind of people who could just throw it away. You know?

The PSYCHOLOGIST (late 30's), country club type, doesn't respond due to the fact he is gagged and tied to a chair.

IVO (CONT'D)

There was this girl back in grade school. Kylie something. She was the prettiest girl in the whole fifth grade. Anyways, I was gonna ask her to be my valentine. Little did I know Gregorio Tozzi had already asked her, and let me tell you something... Nobody messed with Gregorio, especially a scrawny little Croat like myself.

A muffled response from the psychologist. Ivo jumps up and takes the gag out the psychologist's mouth.

IVO (CONT'D)

What was that?

PSYCHOLOGIST

I can't breath.

IVO

I've been here forty-five minutes.
You're breathing fine.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I broke my nose when I was younger.
I can only breath out of one
nostril. I'm about to black out.

IVO

You psychologists really can read
people's minds. I'm impressed.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What?

IVO

You're right. I did break my nose
that day. You know why? Because I
messed with Gregorio. You know why?
Because love makes us do crazy
things. You know why?

A beat.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Why?

IVO

I'm asking you. You're the one who
wasted half your life learning how
to read people's minds and help
them get boners again.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I guess love makes us do crazy
things because --

Ivo pulls out a big, shiny pistol. Engraved on the side:
CUPID. From now on, let's refer to his piece as Cupid. Okay?

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Whoa. Hey.

IVO

Do you have someone you love?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Y-yes. I have a wife, whom I love
very much.

IVO

Your wife? You love your wife?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Yes.

IVO

How long you been married?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Seventeen years.

IVO

And how long you been fucking
Korean hookers?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Is this what this is about?

IVO

Love makes you do crazy things.

Ivo removes a piece of paper.

IVO (CONT'D)

Now your wife hired me to terminate
you because you are a "two-timing
piece of shart."

PSYCHOLOGIST

My wife said 'shart?'

IVO

She also hopes you burn in hell and
that during your time of eternal
suffering you're sodomized hourly
with a porcupine eating a
pinecone... Oh and she also wants
that suit she bought you back.

The psychologist can't even respond. The long, hard shaft of
Cupid stares at him with its one eye, ready to explode in his
face at moments notice.

IVO (CONT'D)

Love is so strange.

Ivo rests his finger on Cupid's sweet spot.

EXT. PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The practice shares a building with several other business.
Full lot.

A faded black '68 Buick Riviera parked in the shade.

INT. RIVIERA - PARKED - SAME

A bomb of a car. Floor littered with fast food bags, snack wrappers and coke cans.

In the driver's seat is the fat ass responsible...

JAKOV (late 50's), a walking heart attack, drips sweat while he does his cardio, breathing. His bulbous fingers tap impatiently on the greasy steering wheel.

Passenger door opens -- Ivo jumps in the car, the psychologists suit in his hand.

JAKOV

It's about time. I'm sweating my ass off.

IVO

Yeah, I can smell that.

JAKOV

What took so long, princess?

IVO

I was working.

A beat.

JAKOV

Well?

IVO

Well what?

JAKOV

Did you do it?

Ivo shakes the suit in front of Jakov, like that's suppose to answer his question.

JAKOV (CONT'D)

What is that?

IVO

The guy's suit.

JAKOV

The guy's suit? Why not his finger? His teeth? A photo showing proof of a job well done?

A beat.

IVO
She just asked for the suit.

JAKOV
She asked for him dead. Matter of fact she paid for it.

IVO
Yeah, Jack-oh.

JAKOV
Ivo... Did you kill him?

Ivo once again shows Jakov the garments.

IVO
What does it look like?

JAKOV
It looks like you took his fucking clothes.

IVO
Well next time get your fat ass up and do it yourself.

Ivo gazes out the window.

JAKOV
What's up with you, princess? You've been acting so strange lately.

An ELDERLY COUPLE holds hands as they hobble to their car. This makes Ivo smile.

IVO
I want what they have?

Jakov watches the elderly couple struggle across the street.

JAKOV
Gout?

IVO
No... Love.

JAKOV
Yeah? How's that for love?

As the elderly man helps his wife into the car, a YOUNG TEEN, dressed like a harlot, struts passed. The elderly man feasts his eyes on the young teen and adjusts his willy.

Ivo is quickly put off. Jakov laughs.

JAKOV (CONT'D)

Love is fictional, princess. That's why you only see it in movies or read about it in books.

IVO

I don't know. I guess I'm just lonely.

JAKOV

How can you be lonely? You got me.

Ivo examines his grotesque partner in crime.

IVO

How did I get so lucky?

JAKOV

I don't know.

Jakov starts the car, rolls up the window.

JAKOV (CONT'D)

But you definitely hit the jackpot with ole' Jakov.

RIPS ASS! Windows and doors locked! Ivo screams. Jakov laughs!

PARKING LOT

The Riviera leaves behind a cloud of smoke as it peels out.

As the smoke clears, the office door opens. The psychologist, wearing nothing but his tighty-whities, makes a mad dash to his vehicle.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A slice of the homeland. Music. Happy faces. Delicious food.

TONY (40's), a slightly round, well dressed wise guy, makes his way through the restraunt. Hair slicked back, a red lollipop tucked behind his ear like a cigarette.

Homage to Scorsese's "GOODFELLAS" through the restaurant.

Everybody knows Tony. They smile, wave or completely avoid eye contact.

Finally, Tony arrives at a lavish table, filled to the brink with food. Don't worry, nothing is going to waste.

The MARCHESE TWINS, two portly adolescents, scarf down their food and play video games at the same time.

MARTINA MARCHESE (50), a caked up leather face, fit with a brand new set of twins, could give a shit what her sons are doing as long as they don't bother her.

At the head of the table is LUIGI MARCHESE (55). He's what we would call a CEO in the business world. He's the boss, scratch that, he's the king and knows it.

Luigi sits back in his throne, twirls his salt and pepper hair and admires his family. Smiles at his ever adoring wife.

Martina mockingly smiles back.

LUIGI MARCHESE
So, boys, how's school going?

Luigi waits for a response, but he'll never get one. The twins are realities away, mouths stuffed with meatballs.

Martina shamelessly flaunts her new rack to the WAITER.

Luigi pours a glass of wine as Tony approaches.

Tony's presence brings a smile to Luigi's face.

Tony leans in and whispers in Luigi's ear. Luigi's smile is gone.

LUIGI MARCHESE (CONT'D)
(to family)
Excuse me.

Luigi gets up from the table and exits. The twins veg out while Martina eye fucks the waiter.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

A single light shines down. Dark all around.

MICKEY and LARRY (30's), are tied together on a chair, faces inches apart. Mickey straddles Larry. Larry's hands are tied to Mickey's ass.

Standing around the two peas in the pod are Luigi, Tony, TERRY (39) and RICKEY (29).

Terry is an ugly bastard and a total narcissists. Rickey is an easily impressed pushover.

LUIGI MARCHESE
(to Larry and Mickey)
You two lovebirds have one more
chance to tell the truth.

LARRY
We're telling the truth. Honest,
Mister M. We caught her going
through your safe.

LUIGI MARCHESE
You caught her, huh?

MICKEY
Red handed.

LUIGI MARCHESE
Then where is she?

LARRY
I-I don't know how, but she --

MICKEY
She kicked our asses. I know I got
tazed.

LUIGI MARCHESE
So, she kicked your ass?

LARRY
Well --

MICKEY
Yeah.

LUIGI MARCHESE
Broke into my safe?

LARRY
Well --

MICKEY
Yeah.

LUIGI MARCHESE
And took my money?

MICKEY
Well --

LARRY

Yeah.

LUIGI MARCHESE

And now she's gone?

Mickey and Larry gaze into each other eyes. It could be the last time.

MICKEY/LARRY

(same)

Yeah.

Luigi attempts to stay calm. He quivers with rage. Face beet red. Voice trembles.

LUIGI MARCHESE

Do you know why I asked you to stay
and guard the stash house?

Mickey and Larry assume the question is rhetorical.

LUIGI MARCHESE (CONT'D)

To guard the fucking stash house!
Five million dollars! It was going
into a safety deposit box in the
morning! How did she get in?

MICKEY

We let her in.

LARRY

She told us she left her panties.

MICKEY

Wasn't so hard to believe.

LARRY

Yeah, plus she started describing
what they looked like. I mean you
know how she talks, all sexy like.
She even showed us the ones she was
wearing so we had a better idea of
what we were looking for.

Mickey feels something stirring under Larry's jeans.

MICKEY

Whoa! Hey! Larry, cool it.

LUIGI MARCHESE

(to Tony)

Is this my karma for having a broad
on the side or for trusting
untrustworthy scum?

Tony shrugs. Hands lollipop to Luigi.

LUIGI MARCHESE (CONT'D)

Cherry. My favorite flavor.

Luigi pats Tony on the back for a job well done. Tony immediately replaces the lollipop with another.

LUIGI MARCHESE (CONT'D)

(to Terry)

One stone for the two lovebirds.

(to Rickey)

When it's done, grind 'em up, put
'em in a meat sauce then drop it
off at the police station.

(to Tony)

Call that fat fucking Croat.

Tony nods and immediately whips out his phone.

We watch as Luigi heads into the darkness.

BANG!

RICKEY (O.S.)

Hey, you did it.

TERRY (O.S.)

Of course I fuckin' did it. Are you
kidding me?

Luigi disappears in the shadows.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Hard wooden bench, cold floors and walls gussied up with
rather unsettling paintings.

Ivo and Jakov sit on the bench under the strict watch of
Terry and Rickey who also guard a black door.

Jakov looks more nervous than a virgin on prom night.

Ivo appears rather distraught as he gazes upon Leonardo da
Vinci's "MEDUSA."