

"CONTRACTS"

FADE IN

INT FIDEL'S CAR - RAINY NIGHT

FIDEL is sitting in the driver's seat, writing in a notebook. He pauses, thinks, and picks up a thesaurus, searching for a word. Street lights illuminate his car.

FIDEL (V.O.)

Most people hate their jobs.
I don't mind mine, though.
The pay is good, and I get to
work on my writing while I'm
at it. I'm quitting anyways,
as of 3 days ago.

CUT TO NEW SCENE

INT FIDEL'S APT - 3 DAYS AGO

Superimpose: 3 days ago

FIDEL bursts in through the door, blood on his shirt.
The phone rings as he tries to wash off in the sink,
and he goes to answer it.

FIDEL

Hello? Yeah, hey Richard.
Listen did you happen...what?
you're serious? Don't lie to
me...you're serious!? I'm
getting published?!? I'm
getting published?!? Richard,
you are a God! Ok. Ok. Yeah.
Bye.

Fidel hangs up, and sits, dazed. A faint smile is
present on his face. SLOW ZOOM.

CUT BACK TO FIDEL'S CAR

FIDEL (V.O)

With a book being published,
I can't possibly continue in

my line of work. You see,
I'm a contract killer.

As voiceover continues, Fidel carries out a previous kill. He follows a man into an alley, confronts him, and then shoots him in the chest twice, and walks away.

FIDEL (V.O.) CONT
I get paid to kill the people
that people with money don't
like. I don't know who they
are, or why they are being
killed. I just do what I am
told. And it's better that
way. You gotta be able to
stay distanced from your
contracts.

CUT BACK - CLOSE ON FIDEL

FIDEL (V.O.)
Most people wouldn't be able
to handle this kind of job.
I was kind of adopted into
it. I left home when I was
16, and my boss found me
living on the streets. He
took me in, and gave me a
job. This job.

CUT OUT

INT JON'S OFFICE - DAY

JON is sitting at a dirty desk, cleaning a gun. He works silently, and looks grim.

FIDEL (V.O.)
This is Jon, my boss. He's a
ruthless, deadly, evil man.
And he taught me everything
he knows. He runs a Chinese
fast food business to cover
up what he really does. And
that's killing people. I
work the counter at the

restaurant during the day, in order for me to be close by in case we get a contract that needs to be carried out immediately.

CUT BACK

INT FIDEL'S CAR

FIDEL (V.O.)
I'm getting out of this though. I'm done. One way or another, I'll be out of a job by the end of the night.

FIDEL opens door to car, carries a gun out, shuts door with thud.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE:CONTRACTS

CUT TO INT CHINESE FOOD RESTAURANT

Superimpose: 2 days ago
FIDEL stands behind the counter, wearing a green apron. He's finishing up with a MISS ANDERSON, handing her a bag full of food.

FIDEL
You have a good day, Miss Anderson. I put in some extra fortune cookies, for your kids.

MISS ANDERSON
Thank you Fidel. I swear, you are one of the kindest people I've met. I bet you wouldn't hurt a fly!

FIDEL (SMILING)
Ohh, haha, I wouldn't say that.

MISS ANDERSON laughs, and walks off. FIDEL, now alone, sits down and looks around. He pulls out a journal and a pencil, and begins to write. As Fidel writes, HECTOR walks up to next to him. Fidel, engrossed in his writing, doesn't even notice him. Hector smacks Fidel on the head, and startles him.

FIDEL (ANNOYED)

Hey! Jesus Hecter, a simple cough or something would have done, you didn't have to hit me.

HECTER (SMILING)

Yea, but that wouldn't have been half as satisfying. You shouldn't be doing that here, anyways. You know what Jon thinks about you writing all the time. You're just asking for trouble, man.

FIDEL

I know, I know. But what's he gonna do? I'm the best killer he's got, he should cut me some slack, ya know? Hey, uh, by the way, can you let him know that I wanna speak to him? I mean, I know we're not supposed request meetings and all, but this is important. Maybe he'll make an exception, seeing as it's me?

HECTER

I don't know Fidel...do you really wanna risk breaking the rules? Cuz you know what happens when you break the rules...

FIDEL

I know.

HECTOR

Allright, but don't say I
didn't warn you. What's so
important, anyways?

FIDEL
None of your damn business,
that's what.

HECTOR
Ok, ok. Jeez, don't bite my
head off.

HECTOR pulls out an envelope from his jacket pocket,
and hands it to FIDEL.

HECTOR
Look, as much as I love
talking with you, I came down
here for a reason. You got
another contract. Jon wants
it done by Friday. Two days
from now, you got it?

FIDEL
Two days, yea. Don't sweat
it Hect, I got it.

HECTOR
Damn it Fidel, how many times
do I gotta tell you not to
call me that? It's Hector or
nothing, ok? I'm a killer, I
don't need any stupid
nicknames.

FIDEL (LAUGHING)
Don't kid yourself. The only
thing you can kill is a
double cheeseburger, if
anything. That's why you're
a messenger.

HECTER
Just keep it up, I dare you.

FIDEL

Tell you what, I'll stop
calling you that when you
stop smackin' me.

HECTOR makes a dismissive noise and walks away. Fidel
shouts to his back.

FIDEL
Don't forget to ask about
that meeting!

Once again alone, FIDEL pulls out his journal and
begins writing in it. After a moment, he looks up,
and takes the envelope HECTOR gave him. He looks at
it for a moment, then back at his writing. After a
few seconds, he takes the envelope carefully in his
hands, and slowly begins to rip it into pieces.

CUT TO INT JON'S OFFICE

Superimpose: 1 day ago
FIDEL sits across from JON at his dirty desk. They
are both silent, and Fidel is nervous. He fidgets in
his seat, and Jon continues to read the folder he
holds. Finally, Jon speaks, without looking up.

JON
You're taking a big risk,
sitting there, Fidel..

FIDEL
Yes, sir, I know. But you
see, this is very-
JON (INTERRUPTING)
Important, yes, I know.
Hector said as much. And it
better damn well be
important, Fidel, because I
don't like being bothered
with unimportant things.

JON now looks up and stares FIDEL in the face, making
Fidel squirm.

JON
So, what is it?

FIDEL

Well sir, it's about my job.

FIDEL pauses, but JON says nothing.

FIDEL

Well, I mean, you, you know
how I like to write and
stuff, yea?

JON

I believe I called it a
pathetic waste of time and
told you to quit if you knew
what was good for you.

FIDEL

Yes sir, you did. Um, but,
well...I'm getting published.

FIDEL waits, looking for any sign from JON, yet Jon
sits, nonplussed, staring straight at him. Fidel
swallows.

FIDEL

My book. It's getting
published.

JON

I fail to see what this has
to do with you wasting my
time here.

FIDEL takes a deep breath, and continues.

FIDEL

I want to quit. I can't work
for you if I'm going to be
published. I don't want to
kill people anymore, now that
I can make a living doing
something else. This is my
dream, sir.

JON sits, silent. He leans back in his seat, staring
at FIDEL Fidel is becoming more and more

uncomfortable, fidgeting in his seat. Jon then speaks, impassively.

JON

Fidel, I took you off the streets. I gave you a home, a job, a family. You were nothing when I found you, and I made you into something.

FIDEL

Yes sir, I know, and I am grateful for that.

JON pauses, and continues.

JON

You have a sister, don't you? She lives in New Hampshire, am I right? And a girlfriend named Shelly? She lives off of Arbor, if I recall correctly.

FIDEL begins to become even more nervous.

FIDEL

Yes, sir. You are correct...

JON

Well, then, let me lay this out for you straight. If you leave this family, I will kill the only remaining family you have left. And then I will kill you. There's nowhere you can hide them where I won't find. So you need to ask yourself, is this book worth the lives of those two girls and yourself? I want you to think about that... Now get out of my office!

CUT TO BLACK

Superimpose: Tonight

CUT TO PREVIOUS FOOTAGE OF FIDEL SHUTTING CAR DOOR

EXT RAINY SIDEWALK NEAR FIDEL'S CAR

FIDEL begins to walk, with hands in his jacket pocket, down the rainy street, with a grim look on his face.

FIDEL (V.O.)

The moment I left Jon's office yesterday, I knew what I had to do. He had wanted a kill by today. Well, he'll get one. Just not the one that he had expected.

FIDEL rounds a corner, and begins to walk down a dark alley. He walks determinedly, with his head bowed. He turns another corner, and walks up to a door. He hunches over the handle, and works the lock until it opens. He enters.

INT STAIRWAY

FIDEL walks up the stairway. A GUARD stands at the end of a hallway, guarding a door. As Fidel approaches, the guard steps forward, confused.

GUARD

Fidel? What are you doing here? How did you get in? You're not supposed to be here-

FIDEL draws his gun and fires two rounds into the GUARD's chest without hesitating. As the guard hits the ground, Fidel looks through his pockets, and obtains the key he was searching for. He stands up, and stares at the door for a brief moment. He then unlocks the door, and throws it open, his gun drawn.

INT JON'S OFFICE

JON sits at his desk, and looks up, slightly startled. He begins to reach for a gun, but FIDEL warns him off.

FIDEL
Keep reaching and you're
dead.

JON pauses, arm outstretched. He pulls back, and FIDEL quickly walks forward, gun pointed right at Jon's head.

FIDEL
Don't move. Don't move a
muscle.

JON
This isn't the wisest
decision, Fidel.

FIDEL
You shouldn't have threatened
them. Me, fine. But you
should have left them out of
this. I won't let you hurt
my sister or Shelly!

JON
Fidel, think for a moment.
Do you realize what you are
doing?

FIDEL
Yea. I'm quitting.

JON makes a grab for his gun, but FIDEL fires two shots into his forehead before he can reach it. Jon's body wavers for a moment, then falls backward into his chair, limp, with arms akimbo. Fidel stands there, shaking, gun still outstretched. After a moment, he drops the gun to his side, and continues to stare, breathing heavily. He looks away, and then swiftly walks out of the room.

SLOW ZOOM ONTO DOORWAY

FIDEL (V.O.)

The cops wouldn't find anything. They never do in cases like this. It's a mob thing. And if I'm lucky, it'll just look like a rival mob had killed Jon. And I'll just disappear. It happens often, so people will know better than to ask around when I stop showing up to work. I can only hope that this is the end, but in this world, you can never be sure.

CUT TO BLACK.