

HITMAN'S HAND

Written by

Cat Bitteker

Cat Bitteker  
cmb2246@nau.edu  
505-249-6183

INT. CAR - EVENING

The evening sun shines through the car windshield. KING (36) sits quietly and motionless, looking through a pair of BINOCULARS to a motel across the street.

King is wearing a Bail Recovery Agent bulletproof VEST, with a SFPD BADGE pinned to his belt.

Through an open part in the blinds, King watches as AZAD (26) hands a FILE to SONNY (27). Sonny opens it, flipping through the pages.

King lowers the binoculars. His eyes are narrow and his face is serious. He tosses the binoculars in the passenger seat, still staring at the window.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Azad is sitting with her legs crossed on the bed, watching Sonny, who is standing in front of her, as he skims through DOCUMENTS.

Azad is well dressed in black slacks, a low cut black blouse, and red heels. Her black hair is slicked back and dark eyeshadow adds an air of mystery to her persona.

Sonny wears a plain blue suit with the top three buttons undone on his white button down. His dirty blond buzzcut is grown out and unbrushed. He sports a thick mustache.

AZAD

Well, waddya say?

Sonny looks up from the file.

SONNY

I say it's selfish.

AZAD

Isn't it all selfish? Where would I be today without it?

Sonny scoffs.

SONNY

I've been just as greedy in life as you and look where I am.

Azad stands, looking Sonny in the eye.

AZAD

Luck is a mysterious thing, isn't it?

Azad circles around Sonny and she puts her hand on the small of his back. Sonny jumps slightly from her touch and looks down at her.

She smiles mischievously.

AZAD (CONT'D)

I can give you anything in the world and all you need to do is ask.

Her eyes narrow.

AZAD (CONT'D)

So what do you want? Go ahead...be selfish.

Sonny looks nervous and he moves away from Azad. Azad puts her hands behind her back.

SONNY

A vacation in Fiji would be nice. But, listen, I'm saying I just don't think it's the right move to kill this guy.

Azad frowns slightly. She pulls Sonny's GUN from behind her back and shows it off. Sonny's eyes widen and he pats his suit for his missing gun.

Azad walks to a side table and places his gun gently on the table top.

AZAD

(Disappointed)

Tell me, Sonny. How is this hit any different from the rest?

Sonny huffs and he moves towards his gun. He grabs it and puts it back in his belt. Now standing directly in front of Azad, he looks down at her.

SONNY

Because killing someone with this much influence is bad for business.

Azad looks Sonny in the eye, putting her hands behind her back again.

AZAD

And keeping him alive is also bad for business. It's the best for both of us that they're gone, and you know it.

Sonny looks down at the file with a conflicted look. He looks back up to Azad.

SONNY

Just promise me this won't come around and bite me in the ass.

AZAD

(Teasing)

Of course, Sunshine. As long as you do your job, nothing bad will happen.

Azad smiles and winks to Sonny and he returns a mocking smile. Sonny goes to the door and leaves the motel room.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOTEL - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Sonny closes the motel door, holding the file in one hand.

He looks around and stops when he sees King's car. His eyes narrow as he stares. Suspicious, he turns and starts towards his car.

Sonny gets in and starts the ignition, then pulls out of the parking lot.

King starts his ignition. He pulls out, following Sonny.

INT. ASIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The sun has completely set and stars are visible in the dark sky. The street is lit by neon signs and dim streetlights.

Sonny enters the quaint Asian restaurant. He takes a seat at the bar. An Asian WAITRESS places a GLASS OF WATER and a SET OF CHOPSTICKS in front of him.

Sonny nods at the waitress and motions for her to leave.

He puts the file on the bar top, sighing. He takes a NOTEBOOK from his pocket and starts to flip through the pages.

The door opens and the bell chimes. Sonny pays no mind.

King takes a seat next to Sonny with a huff. Sonny glances at King, but does not react.

King looks straight ahead, fiddling with the PAPER PLACEMAT set on the bar top.

KING  
(Quietly)  
I gotta say, your lady friend is  
quite the looker.

Sonny continues to flip through the notebook.

SONNY  
(Flat)  
So you have been stalking me.

King turns in his chair to look at Sonny.

KING  
There is a warrant out on you, of  
course I'm following you.

King takes the glass of water in front of Sonny and drinks from it. Sonny looks at King in disgust. King puts the cup down, looking back at Sonny.

KING (CONT'D)  
Why the face?

Sonny sighs and closes the notebook, putting it back in his suit pocket.

SONNY  
Are you gonna arrest me or what?

KING  
(Taken aback)  
Sonny, I thought we were buddies. I  
don't think I could give myself  
credit if it were that easy.

SONNY  
But it's your job.

KING  
What, you're just gonna hand  
yourself over?

Sonny looks down at the file.

SONNY  
I don't really have any other  
options at this point.

Sonny hesitates, then opens the file. He slides it to King. King takes the file and a PHOTO of himself stares at him. King's eyes widen and he looks at Sonny.

KING  
(Baffled)  
That's me?

SONNY  
Azad knows you're after me. She  
can't afford anything to happen to  
her business.

King's mouth is slightly ajar and his brow furrows as he stares at the photo. He skims through the documents.

He looks back up to Sonny. Sonny shrugs.

INT. ASIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

King's face darkens. He slugs Sonny in the face.

Sonny stumbles out of his chair, groaning. He puts his hand over his nose, gasping.

SONNY  
What the fuck was that for?!

King stands, moving closer to Sonny. Sonny shuffles backwards, his hand still covering his nose.

KING  
Are you gonna try to kill me?

Sonny bumps into a table. He stops and stands straight, looking at King. King moves in front of him.

SONNY  
Of course not! Chill out, dude!

KING  
Don't call me *dude*.

Sonny takes a breath in. He wipes the blood from his nose.

SONNY  
What do you prefer then? Partner?  
Madam?

King's lips purse and he grabs Sonny by the shoulders, shoving him into the table. Sonny loses balance and rolls off the table.

The table crashes to the ground, landing on its side.  
CONDIMENTS fall to the ground. Sonny squirms away from King.

The waitress rushes into the room. She looks around at the mess with her hands over her mouth. King snaps his head at her and points his finger.

KING  
SFPD! BACK INTO THE KITCHEN, NOW!

Frightened, she obeys and scampers out of the room.

King looks back to Sonny. Sonny has placating hands raised. Staring at King, Sonny starts to stand, cringing.

He supports himself on the bar top, trying to catch his breath.

SONNY  
(Breathless)  
You're paying for the property  
damage.

Sonny takes the half-empty cup of water sitting next to him and chucks it at King. Caught off guard, King ducks as the cup shatters on the wall behind him.

Sonny lunges towards the overturned table, but King grabs him by the shoulder.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
Shit!

King pulls Sonny back and throws him across the restaurant. Sonny tumbles and rolls across the ground, groaning.

King stops in front of him. Sonny sits up and props himself against the wall.

King bends down to Sonny's level.

KING  
I'm not gonna let you kill me.

SONNY  
Oh, I bet you feel really special  
right now, huh!?

King flashes his GUN in his holster. Sonny's eyes widen.

KING  
Are you cool?

SONNY

Yeah, I'm cool. I'm cool.

Sonny pauses, then reaches behind him and grabs his GUN from his belt. He whips it towards King, but King knocks it out of Sonny's hand just as quick.

King swings his fist and knocks Sonny to the ground. Sonny lands on his stomach, moaning.

King stands with a sigh. Sonny curses under his breath.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, I have an idea! What if  
I take out Azad? I can do that  
instead, right?!

KING

No.

Sonny groans in defeat. He glances at the gun on the ground. He starts to quickly crawl towards it. King moves in front of him and kicks the gun away.

Sonny clenches his teeth. He takes a breath in, then exhales.

SONNY

Let's talk this out!

KING

Give me your arm.

SONNY

What? No! Wait, let's talk! I'm  
very open to talking it out!

King grabs Sonny's arm and pins it behind his back. Sonny fights him.

KING

Tell Azad I'm flattered she's  
thinking about me, but she'll have  
to try harder than this.

(pause)

Ready?

Sonny thrashes.

SONNY

King, man! C'mon, I wasn't--



KING  
One, two --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sonny sits in a metal chair across from Azad. He sports a white CAST on his right arm. He wears a tropical RESORT SHIRT. His face is tired and bruised.

SONNY  
I'll take that ticket to Fiji.

**THE END**