

Pixelles Writing Assignment 2 The Cinematic v1.1

By

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EXT. FRONT OF AN OLD APARTMENT ENTRANCE (NOON)

It is a hot mid-summer noon. A MAN slowly walks out of the old metal twin doors that guarded the entrance. He is in his mid-20s, has a slender body, wearing a white hoodie on top of a black t-shirt with blue denim jeans. He is cool, calm and calculated; despite he is holding a silenced gun and his white hoodie is stained with blood. He cleans the fingerprints off the gun with his hoodie, wraps the gun around it and dumps it into the bin next to the entrance. He starts walking and blends into the townsfolk.

INT. A DINER (DAYTIME)

The man walks in. The cold air inside the diner chills him as he rubs his arms when he entered. He looks for his friend; SHE is sitting on the booth in the corner. She sees him, raises her hand, inviting him. He walks over and sits across her.

She is in her early 30s, wearing a fashionable jacket on top of a tank top and a short denim skirt. She let her red wavy hair down her shoulders. Her nails are perfectly done and matches her hair color.

HER
You're late.

HIM
(non-apologetic)
Sorry about that, my neighbor held me up.

HER
Was that the grumpy one?

HIM
No, the other one. The clown.

THE WAITRESS comes with a chocolate milkshake in a glass cup and puts it in front of her. She is wearing a black tank-top, ripped denim jeans and a white apron. Her straight long black hair is tied neatly on the back of her head, revealing her long neck. The waitress looks at him.

WAITRESS
Need something sugar?

HIM
Can I get a strawberry milkshake, please?

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Comin' right up.

The waitress leaves. He tilts his head while looking at her disappointed as if she had committed a cardinal sin. She does not touch the milkshake.

HER

What? I said you were late.

HIM

Whatever. So, why are we here?

HER

Garry needs your services again.

HIM

So soon, did something happen?

HER

Well, it's Garry we're talking about; I doubt anyone knows what happened. But the matter of the fact is, this file is handed to me this morning, from him and your name on top.

She hands a slim dossier to him.

HER

It's high profile. Do you need help?

He opens the dossier. It has a detailed profile with a picture, a couple of photographs of the same person in different places and one with her family.

She is an assassination target.

HIM

No, I don't think I'll need help. Besides, if I do that we'd have to split.

HER

Suit yourself.

HIM

What's the prize?

HER

Two hundred now, three hundred after the gig.

HIM

Somebody really likes her I guess.

The waitress comes with the strawberry milkshake in a big paper cup and puts it in front of him.

WAITRESS

Bon appétit.

Waitress blows a kiss to him as she leaves the booth. He looks at his watch.

HIM

Oh, I'm sorry I have to go. Thanks for the milkshake.

HER

Anytime.

He gets up, walks out of the door with the dossier and the milkshake. She watches him as he leaves the diner. She holds the glass cup higher and removes a small, clear white gadget from the bottom of it. It is a listening device. She immediately dips it in the milkshake, gets up and leaves.

A couple of seconds later the waitress comes in and removes the milkshake.

She walks to the kitchen, pours the milkshake into her hand, revealing the gadget in her hand. She puts it into her pocket, removes her apron and leaves the diner from the kitchen door.