

SHARK

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Draft 4

FADE IN

Damien (30s), tired looking, in JEANS and a HOODIE sits in a BOOTH by himself.

Ana (20s) enters, dressed in a TRENCH with seemingly nothing much else underneath. She spots Damien.
As she approaches, he looks up. A moment between them.

ANA

Damien.

DAMIEN

Hi. Anna?

ANA

(correcting him)

Ana.

She has a Russian accent. Not that you can determine nationality from one word, but anyway...
She sits.

DAMIEN

You - you want a drink?

ANA

Ok. Vodka.

DAMIEN

Just vodka?

She just looks at him. Yes. Just vodka.

Damien gets up and goes to the bar.

Ana takes a moment to survey the joint.

The BARTENDER crosses to Damien. A few REGULARS are playing pool, a bunch of shady looking dudes, the MEATHEADS, are just visible behind a swing door in another room - presumably at a GAMBLING TABLE. All in all, it's not a place you'd take your kids.

One of these card players, CRAIG (40s), rough as guts, gets up, comes out from the back room and rolls up at the bar.

The bartender is busy serving Damien's vodka. Damien rummages in his pocket and pulls out a bunch of COINS. He drops them onto the counter and counts them.

BARTENDER

It's six, mate. Fancy drink.

Craig, waiting further along, notices and chuckles.

CRAIG

Fuckin' piece o'shit, Damo.

Damien freezes - he hadn't noticed him before.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

And by the way - Cindy says...fuck you.

Damien just grits his teeth and stares dead ahead. The bartender decides to take pity on him.

BARTENDER

Consider it on your tab, mate. The one that's closed. It's open again - just this once.

He kinda nods in Ana's general direction... a gesture of brotherly compassion.

DAMIEN

Thanks, mate.

CRAIG

(clocks Ana too)

Hey, I'll toss ya a coupla bucks, if you send your new girlfriend out the back for a minute!

Ana has discretely been watching this whole scene play out. Craig gives her a filthy, leering eye full. She just looks the other way.

Damien comes back, rattled but forcing himself to contain it. He has Ana's vodka. Nothing for himself.

ANA

Thank you. But if you have no money - how will you pay me?

DAMIEN

Er - the idea is you *make* money - we make money *together*. I already have our first client. Easy peasy.

ANA

You do this before?

DAMIEN

Yes not really no.
Do you understand that you can't talk about this? To anyone?

ANA

Yes.

DAMIEN

As in "trade secrets"...? This is a very important part of the deal.

ANA

Secret.

DAMIEN

Yes.

ANA

No tax.

DAMIEN

(surprised)

That's...right.

My place is just next door. I'll show you what you need to know, all the little tips and tricks, and tomorrow we start.

Easy peasy.

Anybody asks, I'm interviewing for an "assistant".

She considers.

ANA

My mother is KGB.

Say what...?

ANA (CONT'D)

(unflinching)

And grandmother.

2

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NEXT DAY.

2

Damien is standing outside a middle class SUBURBAN HOME in TRAINERS, JEANS, a WHITE SHIRT and TAILCOAT - an odd combination. He's also carrying a SUITCASE and TOP HAT.

The CLICKING OF HEELS on pavement behind him. He turns.

ANA looks sensational. She is in a sexy, sparkly, pin-up COSTUME - hair and makeup done to perfection, fit for the bright lights.

Damien stares. The suitcase falls open.

ANA

(motioning to the house)

Here?

DAMIEN

Yup.

They go to the front door - Damien rings the bell.

Ana, nervous, takes a deep breath.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

You'll be gorgeous.

A look from her...

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

- fine - great! I meant -

A tired looking lady opens the door.

MOTHER
Oh thank Christ!

A piercing SQUEAL from inside the house.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
It's a bloody bloodbath!!!

They go inside.

3 INT. FAMILY HOME - A SHORT WHILE LATER

3

There are CHILDREN EVERYWHERE. It's pandemonium. Screaming, peeling themselves off the walls.

Damien and Ana are in the middle of their 'work' - they are performing party magic. A magician and his assistant.

The mother, WINE in hand, just watches on - helpless, pissed off and ready to murder.

Damien's trick involves three cups and a LOLLY - shuffling them before the kids and asking them to guess the one that contains the treat. The KID up front points, Ana lifts the cup. Yup - guessed it. Shit. The kid snatches the sweet and puts it in his mouth! Damien isn't impressed. Neither is the kid by this crappy magic. It's a silent stand-off for just a moment - then Damien whips out a PACK OF CARDS and masterfully shuffles and fans them!

A moment of stunned silence. The kids and Ana stare - gobsmacked by his skill.

Then - SPLAT!!! - out of nowhere, a mushy CREAM PIE smashes and splatters all over everything. HYSTERICAL, DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER erupts. The show's officially over.

4 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

4

Damien and Ana topple out of the house. He's a mess, but Ana is still pristine.

MOTHER
Well at least you get to leave.

She slams the door! A beat.

The case falls open again.

Damien has given up - he traipses off down the street, the case scraping along beside him.

Then, a PIMPED CAR screeches to a halt at the curb - sick beats blaring from the boom speakers. Damien and Ana stop dead in their tracks. A woman, CINDY (30s) is in the passenger seat, a guy is driving - it's Craig from earlier on. CINDY winds down the window furiously!

CINDY

Damien! You FUCK! What are you doing here?! I told you to stay the fuck away from my street!

Damien discretely makes sure he tucks a CHAIN WITH A GOLD RING that he wears away inside his shirt.

DAMIEN

Cindy - I was -

He points back to the house. Cindy doesn't care.

CRAIG

Oh look! It's Mail-order SLIDE! HAAAA!

CINDY

Just fuck off you fuckwit, I don't give a fucking shit! But until you transfer the unit, I'm gonna fucking make your life...like...like...

DAMIEN

Hell?

CINDY

Yeah!

DAMIEN

Too late.

CINDY

AND - tell AUNTIE fucking MOTTIE, I want the Thermomix back - cause, frankly, don't give a shit what charity-piss-up she makes the fungh-gay risotto for - I want the *world's smallest, smartest kitchen* back where I can SELL it!!!

DAMIEN

Cindy - it was a gift!

CINDY

Not from me it wasn't. Stop bullying me, Damien!

BEAT.

DAMIEN

You know what...?
I'll sign.

BEAT.

Cindy stares. Damien has surprised himself.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

I'll do it now. I know the papers live in your bag.

Cindy can't believe what she's hearing.

CINDY
(softer)
Are...are you serious? Damo?

He nods.

She rummages in her bag and pulls out a bunch of ratty PAPERS. She passes them to him through the window with a PEN.

Damien signs on the dotted line and hands them back. Cindy hesitates for a moment, then snatches them.

The second she's got them, Cindy screams with glee and Craig toots the horn in celebration. They crank the stereo, floor the accelerator and hoon off down the road.

Ana, who has been watching all this, approaches.

DAMIEN
(to Ana)
You can go - oh wait -

He reaches for his pocket and pulls out two FIFTY DOLLAR NOTES... he holds one out to her.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
...for your time...

Ana takes the money.

ANA
Drink?

DAMIEN
What?

She holds up her fifty bucks.

ANA
Vodka.

He just stares - unsure - yet touched somehow.

ANA (CONT'D)
Just vodka.

A tiny smile.

5

INT. PUB - A SHORT WHILE LATER

5

Ana and Damien are back in the booth. Two shots of VODKA in front of them.

ANA
[SPEAKS RUSSIAN] !!!

DAMIEN
What's that?

ANA
Cheers and hope they drown in village
shit pit on way to graveyard.

Okay.

DAMIEN

Ahm... I don't think they - go - to -
graveyard...

ANA

(darkly)

They will.

(then)

Very powerful curse.

They clink and drink.

DAMIEN

Sorry I can't offer you a job. I would.
You were great. There's just... no job.
For either of us.

The door opens and in walzes Craig with a bunch of other MEATHEADS.

CRAIG

Hey, cunt. Don't looks so sad. It's what
we call a loosing streak. Job, wife,
apartment, dignity... It's a real shitty
hand is all.
But then again - I bet you couldn't play
a decent round if ya had a pack of aces
shoved up ya crack!

Boom-tish...! They roar with laughter.

Damien looks to Ana - a moment of decision.

DAMIEN

(with icy steel)

Hey Craig! You're on.

6

INT. PUB BACKROOM GAMBLING TABLE - MOMENTS LATER.

6

Damien is seated at the table with Craig and his MEATHEADS in a cloud
of smoke.

Ana is seated off to the side.

The cards are dealt.

Then, Damien slowly and deliberately dangles his chain with the gold
ring in front of Craig - obviously it's a gold WEDDING BAND - and drops
it into the centre of the table.

As they go around the circle, HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS and a couple of
sachets of WHITE POWDER sail down in front the players.

The game begins.

It's slow. Damien looks nervous on the surface, but as the camera
tracks beneath the table, he is coolly interchanging cards, flipping
them back and forth with incredible skill, whisking them off the pile
and into his pocket under their noses without anyone having even the
faintest idea.

As the game continues, the boys start to get a bit ancy... This loser is nowhere near as shit as they expected him to be. He is actually holding his own - so far.

Eventually, everyone is out except Damien and Craig. It's time to reveal. Craig drops a STRAIGHT. WHOOSH - Damien gracefully fans a perfect FLUSH of ACES. Winner.

Shock and disbelief. The tension is hot and nasty.

Craig starts to chuckle. Damien remains absolutely silent.

Then, WHAAAM!!! Craig launches himself at Damien, grabs him by the collar and drags him clean across table! Money, cards and drinks go flying!!!

Everyone is up - it's bedlam! In seconds, Craig has Damien rammed up against the wall in a killer choker hold! Damien, bright red and panic stricken, frantically tries to motion to Ana to get out of there!

DAMIEN
(choaking)
RUN!!!

He is struggling for dear life!

Suddenly SMACK!!! Craig drops to the ground - out cold - an impeccable K.O. hit!!!

Ana, fierce and breathing hard, just stands there. She spins around - staring down the other meatheads who are frozen to the spot - terrified. WHO THE FUCK IS THIS WOMAN?!!

Then, one by one they come at her - and she casually SLAYS....!

Once they are all in a sorry, groaning heap on the floor - she steps over a body in the doorway and exits.

7 EXT. STREET - A SHORT WHILE LATER

7

Damien catches up to Ana who is briskly walking off.

DAMIEN
What the...-?!

ANA
I told you. My mother is KGB.

DAMIEN
Right... and so are you?!

ANA
No.

She stops and turns to him with a POLICE BADGE in hand. Damien stares. He goes to say something -

ANA (CONT'D)
- I can't talk about it.

She may be undercover, but her accent is real.

DAMIEN
 So... wait... wait a minute... why did
 you answer my [ad] -...?!

A realization.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 HOLY SHIT!

ANA
 Trade secrets.

DAMIEN
 Of course.

Damien is so confused. He just shakes his head...

ANA
 (casually)
 Who knows... Maybe I'm interviewing for
 an assistant...

He can't hide a smile. Neither can she. They start to walk off...

ANA (CONT'D)
 Easy peasy.

THE END.