

1 EXT: SNOWY STREET, DAWN 1
2 INT: SMALL DARK BAR, DAWN 2

There is two patrons in the bar, they are both sitting by the counter, three seats apart. The BARTENDER is not visible, and all the booths are empty. The man (29) on the left side, wearing a t-shirt hanging by the threads, denim jeans and a coat hanging over the barstool, looks over at the other patron.

T-SHIRT
How you doing?

The other patron (55) is a wearing a dark suit, like a wall street guy or a mortician, and a long dark coat folded on the seat next to him. He's reading the newspaper, on the front page is a story about THREE kids gone missing the last few weeks. He has a glass of gin/tonic and a small beer next to him. He's smoking a cigar.

SUIT
Not so bad my friend, but it can
always be better.

SUIT looks over and smiles at T-SHIRT. T-SHIRT smiles and looks down at his beer.

SUIT
How about yourself, friend?

T-SHIRT
Oh you know.. As you say, things
could always be better I guess.

SUIT reads his paper. T-SHIRT stares at him for a moment smiling. T-SHIRT looks down at his beer again, takes a sip of his whiskey. The BARTENDER comes around carrying a bottle of liquor in each hand, putting them up on the shelf respectively.

BARTENDER
You guys need anything?

T-SHIRT
No, I'm good.

The SUIT doesn't look up from his paper. The BARTENDER leaves, there's an awkward silence. T-SHIRT is lighting a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

T-SHIRT

So what do you do for a living?

After an almost too long pause.

SUIT

I work in investment management, of sorts.

T-SHIRT seems happy with a response.

T-SHIRT

Oh yeah? Any good money in that?
Investment management?

SUIT

Not necessarily.

T-SHIRT looks defeated. Does he want to be left alone?

SUIT

How about yourself?

This cheers up T-SHIRT

T-SHIRT

I own and run a comic book store
down the street. We're closed
sundays.

He seems pleased. SUIT is reading his newspaper.

SUIT

Any good money in a comic book
store?

T-SHIRT

It fluctuates a lot I would say.
The recent increase of comic book
movies has helped I guess.

SUIT doesn't answer. T-SHIRT gets a little annoyed and gives up with his arm. Focuses solely on his drinks now. Some time goes by with nothing happening except for Tom Waits - Going Down West playing on the stereo. T-SHIRT lights another cigarette. The BARTENDER comes by.

BARTENDER to T-SHIRT

BARTENDER

Another beer?

(CONTINUED)

T-SHIRT

Yeah, sure. Do you have the time?

The BARTENDER looks at his watch.

BARTENDER

Seven o'clock.

T-SHIRT

Wow..

The BARTENDER fills up a pint of beer and places it on the counter.

T-SHIRT

On my tab.

The BARTENDER smiles and nods. The entrance door opens and in walks a man (35-45) with a white beard. He's wearing an expensive suit and a briefcase. He looks at T-SHIRT, up and down, and walks directly over to a private booth, out of sight. The SUIT looks up from his paper at the BARTENDER.

SUIT

One cognac and a small glass of
water please. And throw in two
shots of Fernet Branca, will you?

The BARTENDER fills up the order and puts it all on the counter. The SUIT picks it up and carries it all over to the booth the recently arrived patron has occupied, out of sight.

T-SHIRT

Do you know that guy? Not the most
talkative dude..

The BARTENDER looks kind of out of place by the question.

BARTENDER

I don't know. Never seen him before
in my life. Not his friend either.

T-SHIRT

Kind of uneasy going..

BARTENDER

As I said, I don't know, we didn't
exchange pleasantries. Do you need
anything else?

(CONTINUED)

T-SHIRT
Whatever man, no..

The BARTENDER walks away again. T-SHIRT looks over to the direction of the two, but he cannot see them. He only hears some murmur and laughter over the rock music playing. He's feeling out of place. He looks down at his drinks again. Suddenly SUIT is sitting by the counter, this time TWO seats away from T-SHIRT. T-SHIRT is startled. As he turns his head towards the door, he sees the back of the gentleman arriving previously, as he leaves the bar.

The SUIT is reading his newspaper, with a slight smile on his face.

T-SHIRT
A friend of yours?

The SUIT looks up from his newspaper immediately.

SUIT
More of a business associate, I
would call it.

T-SHIRT is feeling uncomfortable.

T-SHIRT
Is business good?

SUIT
Oh, it just got a whole lot better!
I rarely do this, but let me buy
you a drink!

A little less uncomfortable.

SUIT
What's your drink, friend?

T-SHIRT
Uh.. Beer, gin and whiskey..

SUIT
Beer, gin and whiskey, eh?

The SUIT lets out a roar-like laugh.

SUIT
Sounds like you have a problem!

The SUIT gets up from his barstool, and walks around to the other side of the bar counter. T-SHIRT seems nervous by the whole ordeal.

(CONTINUED)

T-SHIRT

Hey, I don't think you should be going back there, the bartender, MARK, tends to get pissed off when people do that. I've seen him knock people out for that kind of stuff.

SUIT

Oh, he wont mind, take my word for it.

T-SHIRT

Well, I warned you man...

The SUIT grabs two shot glasses and two whiskey glasses and puts them on the bar counter in front of T-SHIRT. He pours the gin first.

SUIT

Always gin first, cheers!

T-SHIRT

Cheers..

The SUIT drinks and smiles, the T-SHIRT drinks and makes a grimase saying maybe gin isn't really his drink.

SUIT

Any particular whiskey you prefer?

T-SHIRT doesn't have a chance to answer.

SUIT

I see they have Glenfiddich.

SUIT pours.

SUIT

Salute!

They sip. The SUIT is now filling two pints of dark lager.

SUIT

And finally, na zdravi!

They clink glasses one last time. T-SHIRT isn't feeling particularly uncomfortable anymore.

T-SHIRT

Wow, thanks man. What's the occasion?

(CONTINUED)

SUIT
Well aren't you listening? Business
is good!

T-SHIRT lights a cigarette.

SUIT
So a comic book store, eh?

T-SHIRT
Yup, doing it my whole life.

SUIT
Comics..

SUIT lets out a chuckle.

T-SHIRT
You're not a fan I take it?

SUIT
I always felt there was a special
kind of breed of humanity that
gravitated towards that comic and
fantasy shit.

T-SHIRT
That's kind of presumptuous, don't
you think?

SUIT
I mean no offence, friend.

T-SHIRT
Fine, none taken..

They both take a drink.

MARK
(O.S)
Hey, is it done yet?

SUIT
I guess from the two eyes in your
eye sockets, and the two ears
hanging from your skull, you can
guess it is not.

T-SHIRT looks around confused.

T-SHIRT
What's he on about?

SUIT

Well, this pretty much fucks up my whole timing. I guess it's time we get down to business!

SUIT slaps the bar counter. Looks T-SHIRT in his eyes.

SUIT

Quite honestly Michael, I'm here for you.

MICHAEL

How do you know my name?

SUIT

You see, I guess you kind of owe me now.

MICHAEL

Hey, how do you know my name?

T-SHIRT pauses for a while.

MICHAEL

What do you mean I owe you? You bought me those drinks, you said so yourself.

SUIT

I'm not talking about the drinks, Michael.

MICHAEL

How the fuck do you know my name?!

T-SHIRT smacks the counter.

SUIT

Relax, will you? This will all be over very soon.

MICHAEL

Hey Mark! Mark! Where are you man?

SUIT

As I said before, don't worry about Mark.

MICHAEL

This is bullshit, thanks for the drinks asshole.

(CONTINUED)

SUIT

When I say you owe me Michael, I mean you technically owe me your soul. Well, i guess *technically* I already have it..

MICHAEL is looking at SUIT dumbfounded.

MICHAEL

What the hell are talking about "my soul"? That's ridiculous.

MICHAEL laughs nervously.

SUIT

Oh yes, I got a good deal on it of course.

MICHAEL

A good deal? Get the hell out of here. Even if that was true, I never sold my soul to anyone.

SUIT

Now, that's really not for you to do at this point, now is it Michael? With all of what you've been up to? Hm?

MICHAEL

What the fuck is going on here?

MICHAEL grabs his stuff on the counter, drinks up, and tries to leave, but is seemingly stuck.

MICHAEL

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!

SUIT

Hey! Michael! Listen to me. I know about the kids obviously. All of them, not just the THREE you have in your little comic book store kiddie dungeon down the street, but all of them. From the very beginning.

Panic sets in.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute man..

(CONTINUED)

SUIT

Yes, your soul went on the market
quite some time ago. I have to say
- I've had my eye on it for a
while.

MICHAEL

C'mon man, I'll do whatever you
want! Take my money, my store,
everything! I'll disappear for
christ sake!

SUIT

That is not an option.

MICHAEL

But..I'll--Wait a sec-

SUIT

Yes, that about sums it up.

SUIT snaps his fingers, and MICHAEL drops through the floor
with a faint scream. Then there is silence before the music
is heard again. MARK slowly walks towards the counter,
starting to clean the counter for empty and unclaimed
glasses.

MARK

So..

SUIT

Yes, Mark, that's it. Can I get a
refill on this please?