

Bad Boy Good Man

by

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INT. OFFICE - MORNING

DIANE, a well dressed business woman in her early 50s, walks into a reception area on her cell phone. Diane carries herself with a confidence only gathered after years of breaking through the glass ceiling.

DIANE (Assertive)
I don't care if it causes an
inconvenience, we will not pay
full price.

She walks up to her receptionist and grabs a handful of mail off the counter, tilting her phone to hear what the receptionist has to say.

RECEPTIONIST
There's a heating guy in your
office, something wrong with your
thermostat I guess.

Diane gives her a look of utter incompetence before turning and walking down the hallway.

DIANE (Phone)
Listen, I authorized that for
Bangladesh. The fact that the
plant collapsed and you had to
move production to India isn't my
concern. You won't get a single
penny more from us, and you won't
change the fabric either; we
already have pre-orders.

Diane arrives at her office to find the door is ajar and enters. JAKE, late 20s in a dark denim jacket and blue hat, fiddles with her thermostat. Upon entering the room she is hit with a wall of heat and humidity.

Close up of the thermostat shows 98 F.

DIANE (shifting phone away from
mouth)
Dear God, it's a sauna in here.
How much longer will you be?

JAKE
I've opened the window to cool it
off a bit, and I'm just finishing
with the thermostat Ma'am, sorry
for the inconvenience.

Jake speaks to her facing the thermostat without actually looking at her. Diane is briefly upset at his rudeness, before her phone call sucks her back in and she walks around her desk, throwing the mail on it.

DIANE (Abruptly into the phone)
 What? No, you listen here you little shit, I've been in this industry longer than you've been alive and if I don't get exactly what I ordered, for the price I was quoted; I will make sure you never get another order.

About halfway through Diane's rant Jake closes the window, turns slightly towards her, nods, and exits the room quickly while closing the door behind him. Diane looks incredulously at him due to his silent exit, finishes her rant and hangs up the phone, throwing it on the desk.

The AC audibly kicks in and a fleeting look of happiness crosses Diane's face as cool air hits her. She begins to flip through the mail. Diane's cell phone rings and the name "HUSBAND" shows on the screen. She grabs it while still flipping through the mail. We only hear her side.

Close up of thermostat shows 80 F with a target of 45 F

DIANE (Phone)
 Hey hun.

DIANE
 Ya, I can do that. I was planning on taking off early today anyway.

Close up of AC vent still going loudly. Close up of thermostat shows 71 F.

DIANE
 I did have a call this afternoon, but I just got off the phone with the little prick.

Close up of thermostat shows 65 F with a target of 45 F

DIANE
 Ya, everything's fine. Except my office is going through menopause.

Diane crosses over to the thermostat and it reads 50 F with a target of 45 F. She tries to adjust it but can't get it to change off of 45 F.

DIANE

Well just 10 minutes ago my office
felt like the damn jungle and now
it feels like North Dakota. Hold
on a second.

Diane shifts the phone from her mouth and pages her
receptionist on her office phone.

DIANE

Lisa, get that heating guy back in here. My office is 50
degrees.

Without waiting for Lisa's response she disconnects the page
and goes back to her cell phone.

DIANE

I'm listening, just going open the
window. Good thing it's nice
outside today.

Diane walks over to the window and opens the window with one
hand, her other on her phone. As soon as the window is fully
open a *thud* is heard and Diane goes completely still.

Front shot of Diane reveals a bright red spot growing over her
heart and a look of shock on her face. She reaches up and
touches the spot and looks at her blood covered hand. She looks
uneasy on her feet as the blood spot grows ever larger on her
white blouse.

DIANE (flatly)

I'm going to have to call you
back, I... think I've been...
shot.

She hangs up the phone and collapses backwards, the phone
falling a short distance from her body.

Wide angle shot of the phone in the foreground, her body and
the window in the background. The phone lights up and says
"HUSBAND". Quick cut to:

EXT. ROOF - MORNING

A phone resting on a rooftop lights up "JESSIE" and silently
rings a few seconds before being cancelled by a gloved hand.
Camera reveals Jake behind a sniper rifle a few feet back from
the edge of the building.

After ignoring the call he looks back in the scope. Camera
looks through the scope to see the open window of Diane's
office, blood splatter on her desk and her body laying on the
floor with the phone ringing behind her.

After a few seconds he stands up, takes off his denim jacket, folds it nicely and places it beside the rifle. He removes his hat, adds it to the jacket and lastly removes his gloves and places them on top.

He pulls a second set of gloves from his back pocket, dons them and grabs his phone. Right before he picks up the phone, the camera sees a text message.

JESSIE (Text Message)
Please pick up bread, milk, and
baby food. We're almost out.

Jake glances at the message before pocketing his phone and walking away from the scene.

Montage of Jake assassinating various people begins.

EXT. PARK WALKING PATH - MORNING

A PUNK walks down the path smoking a cigarette and walks under a bridge. Sitting against the wall is a blind HOMELESS MAN. He is wearing black sunglasses, a large blanket draped over his body, a ruddy cap and holding out a cup. The Punk drops his cigarette into the Homeless Man's cup with a smile.

After the Punk passes in front of the Homeless Man, the Homeless Man sheds the blanket, stands up, and grabs him from behind. A black gloved hand reaches around and slits the Punk's throat right above the clavicle, holding him tight for a few seconds as blood pours down his front. The Homeless Man eases the Punk against the wall and into a seated position; tossing the knife on the Punk's lap.

The Homeless Man takes off his glasses and hat, putting them on the Punk's head. We now recognize the Homeless Man as Jake. Jake takes off his gloves and tosses them on the Punk's lap next to the knife before draping his large blanket over the Punks body and neck, leaving the Punk looking like a homeless man.

Jake casually walks off and puts on another pair of gloves.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATE MORNING

A lady is sitting at a table typing on a laptop. Over her shoulder we read the headline of an article she's just starting to write:

"Corruption in the Mayor's Office"

A gloved hand sets a coffee on her table, and she glances up.

JOURNALIST

Thank you.

JAKE (Walking Away)

You're welcome

Over Jake's shoulder we see her take a drink. Camera moves backward and stays in front of him as we exit. He passes in front of the window and we see the lady start violently coughing before falling out of her chair. Jake tosses his gloves in the trash bin outside of the building, puts on a clean pair and walks out of frame. Other barista's come to her aid looking very confused.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

A greasy looking, mouse of a man exits a warehouse and lights up a cigarette. He's wearing a mismatched suit, gold chains, and numerous rings. As he smokes he looks around in every direction. He casually glances left again, and is startled to discover Jake is within a foot of him standing as still as a statue.

It's obvious the man knows Jake as his cigarette falls from his mouth and he is petrified with fear. Jake looks down, camera tilts to reveal the man soiling himself.

The man turns to run, Jake quickly reaches out and grabs the back of his collar and we see a punching dagger dart quickly into the mans spine. He immediately slumps to the ground.

Jake drops the dagger and gloves on the mans chest and walks away.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

A priest is seen entering a church confessional next to the church entrance.

INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - EVENING

PRIEST

What are you sins my child?

JAKE

I'm actually here because of your sins Father.

The Priest looks a bit confused.

PRIEST (Feigned Confusion)
My sins? I have no idea....

A black gloved hand bursts through the thin confession screen and grabs the priest's rosary, pulling it through to the other side and strangling the priest.

Camera sees Jake's face, the rosary chain over his shoulder and him pulling it as tight as he can. His phone vibrates and he pulls it out with his free hand, the priest gasping for air in the background.

JESSIE (Text Message)
Please don't forget to stop at the store.

Jake glances at his phone and rolls his eyes before putting it away. He places both hands on the rosary and pulls tighter. The priest is moving less and less in the background.

Cut to the outside of the confessional and absolute silence before the clock tower begins to ring seven times. Jake walks out without gloves on, and exits the church.

A few moments later someone enters the church and a scream is heard.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake enters a dark apartment, turns on a single light in the kitchen, and walks past it into another room. We hear a shower turn on.

Quick cut forward in time, we hear the shower turn off and a few moments later Jake walks into the kitchen with a towel around his waist. He walks up to the fridge, opens it, and pulls out a beer.

After taking a single drink his eyes focus on a note stuck to the fridge, which he plucks off with his free hand.

NOTE
Hey Hun, I'm sure you had a busy day. Just a polite reminder that we are out of bread, milk, eggs and baby food.

With a look of remembrance on his face, Jake mouths the word "Fuck" to himself and puts his beer down.

He walks off screen, is gone for a few moments and walks past in pajama pants, a hoodie, and grey fluffy slippers. We hear the door close.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jake is perusing the cooler section trying to decide which milk to buy when the bell dings and three guys walk in. Jake glances at them for a while before going back to his shopping.

The three walk up to the cashier who has a rainbow pride pin on his lapel.

JERK 1
Hey looks at this guy, fucking
fruit.

JERK 2 (Leaning in)
Makes me sick.

JERK 3
Don't get too close man, he might
kiss you.

JERK 2 (Pulling away)
Ya, you're right. I don't want
AIDS or anything.

The three laugh and walk around the store. Jake keeps a very close eye on them before walking up to the counter with his purchases.

JAKE
Hey man, don't listen to them.
They're just assholes.

CASHIER (meekly)
Ya, I know. I just get tired of
hearing it everyday.

JAKE (contemplative)
That is definitely a problem in
today's world.

Jake motions to the three.

JAKE (Cont'd & louder)
Especially with dicks like them
around.

One of the three overheard that last part, and approaches.

JERK 1
What the fuck did you say man?

JAKE

I called you three dicks, and
before that I called you assholes,
you just didn't hear that part.

The other two Jerks begin to assemble behind the first.

JERK 1

You realize there are three of us
and only one of you, right? Maybe
we need to beat your faggot ass
right here. Teach you a lesson.

JAKE

Whoa now, you're calling me gay,
but you're the one talking about
my ass. Is there something you
want to tell your friends there?

Jerk 1 gets angry at that and throws a big overhand right at Jake. Jake does a quick block with his left and uppercuts Jerk 1 on the chin, spins him around and throws him into his buddies.

JAKE

Now apologize to my friend here
and get the fuck out.

The three all pull out knives and grin at Jake. Jake looks mildly annoyed and just shakes his head at them.

JAKE (Winking to Cashier)

Call the cops in three minutes.

The cashier just nods to Jake before backing up as far as possible and shrinking into the corner.

Jerk 2 lunges forward with a straight stab. Jake catches his hand and wrenches his wrist, forcing the knife from his hand; he then leans forward and kisses the guy. A look of confusion and terror crosses his face before Jake head butts him and drops him to the ground.

Jake steps over him and casually walks towards the other two. Jerk 3 overhead stabs down, aiming at Jake's collarbone. Jake blocks overhead and grabs the guys wrists, circling down. Jake leans forward and kisses this guy before grabbing his sleeve and throwing him over his shoulder. After landing, Jake rips the knife from his hand and tosses it across the floor, he kicks the guy in the arm pit, dislocating his shoulder and then delivers a quick kick to the face.

Jake walks towards Jerk 1 who backs up into the cooler section before lunging straight with the knife.

Jake catches it, circles under and almost stabs the guy with his own knife, but stops short of his stomach. A look of terror on his face, Jerk 1 opens his eyes to see he hasn't been stabbed. Jake kisses him, disarms the knife and tosses him backwards.

JAKE

Ooh, you looked like you enjoyed
that a little bit.

Jerk 1 gets angry and punches at Jake who opens a cooler door causing Jerk 1's knuckles to crunch against it hard. Jake walks towards him and throws a low straight kick. Jerk 1 is able to catch it and smiles at Jake.

Jake smiles back and removes his foot from the slipper and without setting it down kicks the guy in the head. His head jerks violently to the side as he hits the cooler door and slides down, a trail of blood left on the glass.

Jake walks up to the counter, the cashier is in complete shock.

JAKE

What do I owe you?

CASHIER (Shocked)

N-N-Nothing. On the house. How'd
you do that.

JAKE (Convincingly)

I didn't. You did. You really
shouldn't be so modest about your
strength.

The cashier looks baffled as Jake grabs his grocery bag and exits the store.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake finishes putting things away in the kitchen and turns the light off. He walks down the hallway and cracks a door.

An infant is laying peacefully in a crib, a beam of light from outside softly illuminating it.

Jake smiles slightly before closing the door.

He walks down the hallway and enters a room. He takes off his pajamas and crawls into a bed already occupied by someone. He lays on his back with his hands under his head, just looking at the ceiling. His husband rolls over and puts his arm across Jake, snuggling closer.

Jake kisses his husband on the head and closes his eyes. A few seconds later a crying baby can be heard. His husband rolls over, taking some blankets with him.

HUSBAND

It's your turn.

Jake takes a deep breath before sitting up in bed, putting his slippers back on, and exiting the room.