

MARTINI SHOT

Written by

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Bad Bunny Pictures/Roxy Pictures Inc.

FADE IN:

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

We look straight up from the bottom of a pool... Turquoise water ripples beneath a star-filled sky. PALM FRONDS sway gently in a tranquil breeze. And...

AUDIO FX -- THREE GUNSHOTS!

A good-looking MAN with a freshly-shaven head splashes down into the water.

Meet JACK JESSUP (35). He winces as he reaches for his chest. BLOOD dissipates into chlorine.

JACK (V.O.)

Jesus, I had no idea how much this would hurt. Guess the only thing now is wait for the inevitable. Might as well tell my story...

Jack's eyes go wide. His mouth gapes. We...

CUT TO:

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON - DAY

TITLE -- "THREE WEEKS AGO"

LAUNDRY ROOM. Jack (now with hair) folds SHIRTS. All have "CDCR" emblazoned in mustard yellow. Shirt after shirt...

JACK (V.O.)

Six years. 2190 days. You start counting hours and minutes, that's an invitation to bat-shit crazy.

The YARD. Jack stands by himself. Head down. Half-watching a baseball game.

JACK (V.O.)

There's an art to doing time if you know there's an end in sight. You don't go taking a piece out of the biggest bull. You don't go walking around with your ass out. You become invisible; the color of chain link or hospital green. Let nothing touch you, mind, body or spirit.

(MORE)

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (BEAT) Wish I had that rule six  
 years ago... never would have wound  
 up here.

As a fight breaks out, Jack takes a hit off a cigarette and  
 leaves. A part of the landscape.

His CELL. Jack lays on the cot. Stares into the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)  
 For the first years I didn't care  
 if I lived or died. Then I started  
 getting Amy's letters. And  
 everything rushed back...

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack and AMY (both 20's) ride bikes on the Venice Boardwalk.

JACK (V.O.)  
 She was like no woman I'd ever met.  
 Whip-smart. Funny. Artistic. And  
 sexy as hell. I was caught. And I  
 didn't want to be sprung.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

As a bonfire rages, Jack and Amy say their marriage vows in  
 front of a small circle of FRIENDS. They glow...

JACK (V.O.)  
 It was the first and only time of  
 my life I've felt really happy.

The camera freezes on a small TATTOO just above Amy's left  
 breast. "Jack & Amy -- Forever".

INT. VENICE BEACH APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jack and Amy lay in bed together staring into the ceiling.  
 Jack looks enraged. He kicks off the sheets and bolts up.

AMY  
 Jack, get back here!

JACK (V.O.)  
 If only I'd stayed in bed that  
 night.

Jack EXITS the room. A door slams!

AMY  
Jack, no!

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON, JACK'S CELL -- DAY

Jack rummages through POSTCARDS from a sleepy resort. GOAT'S NECK ISLAND. Off the coast of GEORGIA.

JACK (V.O.)  
Now, she wants to try again. "Come see me", she says. "Take this opportunity... give our marriage one more shot". Maybe...

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON, PROCESSING -- DAY

A metal drawer pushes through a cement wall. WALLET, PHONE, WEDDING RING and a pearl-handled SWITCHBLADE with the initials "JJ" inscribed on it. Jack doesn't grab for them. Just stares into a PHOTO of Amy, relaxing by the ocean. Now in her thirties, she looks sexier than ever. "Jack & Amy" tattoo still an alluring beacon.

JACK (V.O.)  
One thing about opportunity - it knocks only once. But temptation?

EXT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON, MAIN GATES -- DAY

Jack walks through the MAIN GATE towards a waiting TAXI.

JACK (V.O.)  
Temptation leans on the fucking doorbell until you have to answer.

He stops briefly and stares directly into CAMERA.

JACK  
Ding-dong.

Jack opens the taxi door and climbs inside.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(to cabbie)  
Airport.

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT - DAWN

In QUICK CUTS...

Jack snatches a BAG from the LUGGAGE CONVEYOR.

Hails a TAXI.

The taxi drives into the fog-choked dawn.

INT. TAXI - LATER

RAIN lashes the cab's windows.

JACK (V.O.)

The South. Never saw the appeal.  
Too fucking hot. Hurricanes.  
Mosquitos the size of New York  
rats. Then back to too fucking hot  
again. You can keep it. (BEAT)  
Although to be fair... my memory of  
one southerner is probably dragging  
the entire region down a bit.

The taxi crosses a rickety wooden causeway. "Welcome to Goat's Neck Island".

Through swirling rain, Jack sees the outline of an under-construction BRIDGE. A BANNER hanging from steel and concrete announces "Another Crawford Construction Project. Making Goat Neck Island's Future Grow!".

JACK (V.O.)

Who gives a shit? Truth be told,  
I'd walk through a house filled  
with starving Rottweilers wearing  
pants of bacon if it meant another  
shot with Amy. She was close. And  
I wanted to be caught again...

The cab disappears into a FOG BANK...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Two GANGSTERS. One BOOKIE in debt to the mob. This is not going to end well.

The Bookie kneels on the floor as he begs for his life. Gangster #1 holds a Barretta to the bookie's forehead as Gangster #2 sneaks up from behind... a MALLET and a SIX-INCH RAILROAD SPIKE in his hand.

Gangster #2 presses the spike down onto the soft flesh behind the bookie's right knee.

GANGSTER #2

Let me show you how we did things  
in Philly when I was a kid.

The head of the hammer cracks down! The spike drives deep  
into the bookie's knee!

BOOKIE

AAAARRRGHHHH!

The gangster slams the spike again. The bookie's kneecap  
cracks. Again. The nail finds pine floor.

WOMEN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Cut!

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL... WE'RE ON A FILM SET...

Amy lifts her head from the camera's eyepiece as hipster  
director HUDSON (23) leans in.

HUDSON

Cut!? What do you mean cut!?

AMY

The prosthetic's separating from  
the leg. It looks fake.

HUDSON

No one will notice!

AMY

I'll notice.

The bookie pushes up from holes cut in the floor.

BOOKIE

Can I get out of this thing? My  
legs are asleep.

HUDSON

No! Let's shoot! Roll, speed,  
action!

Amy turns. Sees Jack ENTER the warehouse behind a PRODUCTION  
ASSISTANT. We see shock wash over her...

AMY

Hudson, I need a minute.

HUDSON

No! Roll, speed, action!

AMY  
No, one minute. Please...

She gets up off the dolly and...

HUDSON  
(under his breath)  
Fucking amateur.

...crosses to Jack.

AMY  
Jack...

JACK  
You look great, Ames...

AMY  
What are you doing here?

JACK  
Early release. Thank you,  
California prison overcrowding.  
Plus, you wrote me, remember?

AMY  
Of course. It's just... that was  
eight months ago. I've done three  
movies here since then.

A BEAT. Jack breathes her in... Moves in to kiss her. Amy  
slides her head away and offers an awkward embrace. Then...

AMY (CONT'D)  
(exhausted)  
Jack, I've been here 14 hours.  
We're on the martini shot.

JACK  
Martini shot?

AMY  
Last one of the day. We'll talk  
back at the hotel. OK?

JACK  
Okay Ames.

Amy smiles awkwardly and returns to the camera.

HUDSON  
Finally! Roll, speed, action!

EXT. WAYFAIRER RESORT - DUSK

Where the Atlantic ends and sand begins sits the WAYFAIRER RESORT, ten-stories of two-star amenities. Gray and brown STORM CLOUDS roll in...

INT. WAYFAIRER RESORT, AMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits on the bed. Amy in the BATHROOM.

JACK  
Kazakhstan... really?

AMY (O.S.)  
I know, right? After that it was New Mexico. Then, Romania. Louisiana. Then here. Anywhere a producer can get cheap labor or a tax credit, you'll find me.

Amy ENTERS, wearing only a robe. Jack stands.

JACK  
Well, at least it's not student films anymore, right? You're moving up in the world.

AMY  
Are you kidding? I'm moving sideways. Always the same gig. No budget. Some "Tarantino-wannabe" directing his first movie.

Jack moves towards her...

AMY (CONT'D)  
I spend half my day holding a light meter against fake blood or faker boobs... While some shitbag producer is trying to cut my rate or lighting budget right in the middle of the job.

Jack stops in front of her. Done talking.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Did you hear a word I said?

JACK  
Fake blood, fake boobs. Got it.



Jack unties the knot in Amy's robe. It opens slightly, revealing an alluring glimpse of her still-incredible body. She quickly cinches it back up.

AMY

Jack, we shouldn't...

Jack kisses her. Hard. Fast. She kisses him back the same way. Then... they soften... Their natural rhythm coming back. They collapse to the bed.

Jack pulls Amy's robe open and kisses down her glorious neck. She arches her back. Then... Jack stops. The tattoo above her breast... gone. A LASER SCAR is all that remains. Amy closes her robe.

AMY (CONT'D)

We have to talk.

JACK (V.O.)

And there it is. The worst four words a man can hear. Worse than "Your dog is dead". Worse than "Football season is over".

Jack rolls off of her. Stands.

JACK

Tell me you're kidding...

AMY

Jack, its been eight months since I sent those letters.

JACK

Still an abrupt change of heart, don't you think?

AMY

You never wrote back!

JACK

I did. Only reliable delivery you get in prison is contraband or a shiv.

AMY

What?

JACK

Forget it.

AMY  
See? I don't even know what you're  
talking about. We're not the same  
people anymore.

JACK  
I'm the same person I was eight  
months ago. Who changed?

A BEAT. Amy turns away...

JACK (CONT'D)  
Who changed, Ames?

AMY  
(under her breath)  
I did.

JACK  
What happened?

AMY  
I'm... in love.

JACK  
And I'm guessing it's not with your  
recently-released-from-jail husband  
who just flew cross country to  
start over!

Amy hangs her head. Silence. A long, quiet BEAT passes...

JACK (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ.

Jack grabs his BAG and heads for the door.

AMY  
(following him)  
No, Jack! Wait!

Jack stops at the door.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. It started in  
Louisiana. You were away for so  
long! I tried to fight it. But I  
couldn't tell you this in a letter.  
That's why I haven't written.

JACK  
Appreciate that.

AMY

I was trying to figure out what to say. I didn't think I'd have to do it so soon.

JACK

I reform quick.

AMY

Please don't think I take this lightly, Jack. It's killing me. But you need to know... I'm am in love. And its like nothing I've ever felt.

JACK

(crushed)

I never felt anything like this either, Ames.

Jack pushes through the door and out into the hall.

AMY

Jack! Don't hate me!

JACK

(walking away)

That would make it easier for one of us, wouldn't it?

THUNDER CRACKS as Jack continues down the hall. Amy wipes away a tear as she watches him go...

INT. WAYFAIRER RESORT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack stands at the end of the hall in front of the elevator. Presses the DOWN button. Doors part. Jack steps inside.

ELEVATOR

He presses "L". Lightning illuminates the hallway. The doors begin to close and...

WOMEN'S VOICE

(screams)

HOLD THE DOOR!

Jack puts his hand between the doors. They stop.

A beautiful, exotic WOMAN (late 20s) sprints down the hall. She wears dark SUNGLASSES. Two BURLY MEN chase.

BURLY MAN #1  
GET BACK HERE!

Jack moves his finger to the "DOOR OPEN" button. Presses it.  
The woman careens off the walls. The Burly Men gain!

BURLY MAN #2  
CLOSE THAT DOOR!

The woman gets closer. Thirty feet... Twenty... Ten...  
Jack takes his finger from the "open" button. The doors  
close just as the woman rushes inside!

WOMAN  
LOBBY! LOBBY!

Jack slams his finger into the "L" button.

BURLY MAN #1  
STOP THAT FUCKING THING!

The doors close a split-second before the men barrel into  
reflective steel and plaster.

BACK INSIDE

The elevator drops. The panting woman stands directly under  
the "floor indicator" panel, ready to sprint as soon as the  
doors open on the ground floor.

JACK  
What the hell was that about?

Ten. Nine. Eight...

JACK (CONT'D)  
You know those guys?

Seven. Six. Five...

JACK (CONT'D)  
Look, it's none of my business but  
I'd call the cops if...

Four. Three. Two. One...

AUDIO FX -- BOOM! -- A HUGE THUNDERCLAP!

The LIGHTS FLASH! The ELEVATOR STOPS DEAD! PITCH BLACK...

WOMAN (O.S.)

No...

A BEAT passes and... Orange EMERGENCY LIGHTS power up. They cast an eerie glow. Jack looks for the woman. She's gone!

He whips his head around. The woman cowers in the corner like a trapped bird.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

God, no...

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

The lights continue to shine Halloween orange. Jack smacks the EMERGENCY PHONE against his palm and lifts it to his ear. Nothing. He checks his cell phone. "NO SIGNAL".

Jack turns to the girl. She sits silently on the other side of the lift...

JACK'S POV

She's gorgeous. Hair like brown silk. Skin a mix of whisky, cream and honey. A body designed to deliver coronaries...

In the MIRROR'S reflection, Jack can see behind the sunglasses. BROWN/PURPLE bruises encircle both eyes.

JACK (V.O.)

Yeah... No surprise there. Stay the fuck away, Jack. If you said ten words to this one, it was ten words too many. Just gonna sit here and...

The woman pulls a pack of MARLBOROS from her purse. Puts one between perfect cherry-colored lips. Grabs a LIGHTER. Slides a finger across the thumb-wheel. Sparks. No fire.

JACK (V.O.)

Sit here... Don't get involved...

She tries again. Just sparks.

JACK (V.O.)

Don't even make eye contact.

One more time she flicks the thumb-wheel. Nothing...

JACK (V.O.)

Jesus Christ...

Jack reaches into his BAG and pulls out a ZIPPO CLASSIC.  
Strikes it. Lights her Red.

WOMAN  
Thank you. (BEAT) Natalie.

JACK  
Jack.

JACK (V.O.)  
(re: himself)  
You idiot.

Natalie takes a long drag.

NATALIE  
Wouldn't have any water, would you?

JACK  
Just these.

Jack pulls AIRLINE-SIZE LIQUOR BOTTLES from the bag.

NATALIE  
Water makes me sick anyway.

Jack hands her a bottle. She cracks it and downs it. He  
can't help but notice how exquisite her legs are...

JACK (V.O.)  
Jack, you're a fucking idiot.