

Business Men

By

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August 2012

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EXT ALLEY - NIGHT

Fade in on Macklin, late 20s Eurasian male, athletic and clean cut, smoking a cigarette leaned against his car. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath as if to gather courage.

He takes out two identical phones, one from his jacket pocket and the other from his pants pocket. The time reads 2:00 AM. The phone from his jacket pocket has a missed blocked call. He dials a number and puts the phone to his ear as he puts the other phone back in his pants pocket.

MACKLIN

Si claro. No... No... No se quien  
Es. Lo conocere por primera vez en  
un momento...

The rest of the conversation is muffled as a car pulls up next to him. Macklin takes one last drag from his cigarette and puts it out. Matina, late 30s Caucasian male, fit but rough looking, steps out of the car.

MACKLIN

Yea I gotta go. No not tonight.  
Babe, I can't see you tonight. I  
know. K goodnight.

Both men approach. Macklin puts his phone back in his jacket pocket. They and shake hands.

MATINA

Matina.

MACKLIN

Macklin. Sorry about that. You know  
how these bitches are, always  
wanting it when you gotta work.

Matina doesn't smile. He eyes Macklin. They separate hands.

MATINA

You're new?

MACKLIN

Almost a year.

Matina pauses.

MATINA

You look Mexican.

(CONTINUED)

MACKLIN

What?

MATINA

I said you look like a fucking spic.

Macklin looks confused.

MACKLIN

I'm part Italian.

MATINA

You're supposed to be a chink like the rest of his gang. He's got the cartels breathing down his neck but he sends a fucking wetback to my job? I'm calling Hong.

Matina takes out his phone.

Macklin puts his hands up trying to calm Matina down.

MACKLIN

You don't need to do that. My dad was half Italian, but the rest is Chinese. I get enough shit about it from the rest of them, which is why I'm the errand boy.

Matina scoffs at him and puts his phone to his ear.

Macklin takes a step to Matina and Matina looks at him with daggers in his eyes. Macklin backs up.

MACKLIN

Look, that's why my name is Macklin. It's my grandfathers name on my dad's side. We don't have to make this bigger than it is. Just put the phone down. Please? It took me a year to get Hong to let me do runs for him. You call him and I'll be put back at the docks.

Matina looks at Macklin for a moment.

He nods.

MATINA

Just had to make sure.

Matina puts his phone away. Matina gestures toward Macklin's car.

(CONTINUED)

MATINA

Let's get to work.

They get in the car and drive off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Macklin is driving as Matina stares out the window. Macklin looks over at Matina as if to say something. He decides not to.

Matina speaks still looking out the window.

MATINA

We should get the plan down.

MACKLIN

The plan?

MATINA

Jerry knows you're here to collect for Hong, but he also thinks that because he's Hong's cousin he can jerk you around. That's why I'm here. But, he knows who I am, so he won't open the door if he sees me. I'm guessing Hong sent you with me because Jerry trusts you. Does he?

MACKLIN

Yeah.

MATINA

Good. I'll stay hidden until he opens the door.

Matina turns to Macklin.

MATINA (CON'T)

Then you follow MY lead, got it kid?

Macklin nods. Matina turns back to the window.

Macklin turns to Matina again as if you say something. He turns back deciding not to again.

MATINA

That's twice you've done that. There something else?

Macklin looks surprised he got caught, but keeps his cool.

(CONTINUED)

MACKLIN

Hong said that you are some kind of specialist. Specialist of what?

MATINA

What?

MACKLIN

I'm not normally one to ask questions, and when Hong says something, it goes. But I don't like not knowing who I'm working with and I definitely don't like surprises. Now if we're going to do this --

MATINA

Listen kid, you got through your first year with Hong, so I know I have to work with you. But my relationship with Hong is such that he won't question if I feel like you don't have the stomach for this business. Not to mention you look like you should be picking lettuce. So let me spell this out for you. I like the first part you said about not asking questions. Let's assume at this juncture that THAT is why you still have a job with Hong. Keep that up and we won't have any problems. Understand?

Macklin nods and turns back to the road. Matina turns back to the window.

MATINA

(under his breath)

Fucking rookies.

Macklin fumes.

MACKLIN

Look I didn't mean any disrespect. I just don't --

MATINA

Hong calls me when there's a special job that needs to be done. That's all you need to know.

Macklin isn't satisfied.

(CONTINUED)

MACKLIN

Come on man, we're going to have to work together in the future, so we better start getting along.

MATINA

Trust me, we will not be working together again.

Macklin rolls his eyes.

MACKLIN

That's too bad. I just love our conversations.

The car speeds off into the night.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - OUTSIDE JERRY'S DOOR

Macklin and Matina approach the door. Matina props himself against the wall to the right of the door and Macklin takes his place in front of it. Matina gestures toward the door.

Macklin knocks on the door. No answer.

Macklin knocks again.

JERRY

(Through the door)

Yea?

MACKLIN

Jerry it's me.

JERRY

What you want?

MACKLIN

Come on Jerry, just open up. You know why I'm here.

Jerry pauses.

JERRY

You alone?

MACKLIN

No I brought that stripper you got the clap from on your birthday.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Fuck you.

MACKLIN

Just open up asshole. This any way to treat your old friend?

Matina cracks his neck.

MACKLIN

Look buddy, let me in, we'll talk about the stuff with your cousin for a little bit then we'll go hit up the Rhino on me.

Jerry pauses.

JERRY

Alright. Now that's what I'm talking about!

Jerry unlocks the door and cracks it open.

In a quick, swift motion, Matina pushes Macklin out of the way making him hit the hallway wall and rushes into the door and pins Jerry to the wall with his hand over Jerry's mouth.

Jerry looks at Matina's face and starts screaming and shaking his head from under Matina's hand. He recognizes Matina.

Matina reaches under the back of his jacket and pulls out a large hunting knife. He jabs it into Jerry's chest twice and then slits his throat. Jerry grabs Matina's shirt as he slides to the floor dead, leaving a bloody hand print on Matina's chest.

Macklin frantically steps into the doorway and stares wild eyed at Matina standing over Jerry's body. Matina pulls his gun on Macklin.

MACKLIN

Holy shit!

MATINA

Close the door and stand over there. Don't touch anything.

MACKLIN

What the fuck! Jerry --

Matina grabs Macklin by the shirt and throws him into the room.

(CONTINUED)

MATINA

I said stand over there! Don't touch anything!

Macklin stumbles backward.

MACKLIN

What are you doing?!? We were just supposed to talk to him!

Matina holds up his hand to quiet Macklin.

MATINA

Just shut the fuck up and don't touch anything. This had to happen.

Matina pauses for a bit making sure Macklin isn't going to do anything stupid. He puts his gun away. Matina moves to the bathroom and washes his hands. He checks his face in the mirror and washes a few specks of blood off. He comes out of the bathroom with his jacket buttoned, hiding the bloody hand print. He opens the door and gestures outside.

MATINA

Let's go.

Macklin walks slowly up to Jerry dazed and confused. Matina grabs his shirt and throws him outside. The door closes behind them.

EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Macklin and Matina come out the door. Matina walks hurriedly but calmly while Macklin is visibly upset.

Macklin shakes his head as they walk to the car.

MACKLIN

What the hell was that?

Macklin holds back his anger and looks at Matina for a response.

MACKLIN (CON'T)

There's no way we can cover up that mess.

Matina turns calmly but resolutely toward Macklin.

MATINA

Did it look like I was trying to cover it up? Get in the car.

(CONTINUED)

Macklin takes out his phone.

MACKLIN

Fuck you. I'm calling Hong.

Matina walks close to Macklin and puts his gun to Macklins stomach.

MATINA

Are you deaf?

Macklin looks down and puts away his phone away in his pants pocket. Matina puts his gun away and moves toward the passenger side and gets in.

Macklin looks around and walks to the drivers door. He gets in.

Matina speaks calmly and monotone.

MATINA

No one will find him for a few days. My prints are untraceable and you didn't touch anything. I'll be gone by morning.

Macklin shakes his head in disbelief.

MACKLIN

Jerry only owed a few grand. This doesn't make sense.

MATINA

There are bigger things happening here than you understand. Stop asking questions and drive.

Macklin takes a deep breath and collects himself. He starts the car and the car starts to move.

INT.INT. CAR - NIGHT

They drive in silence. Matina stares out the window as if nothing has happened. Macklin looks nervous and shakes his head every so often. Matina speaks to Macklin while looking out the window.

MATINA

How long have you worked for Hong again?

(CONTINUED)

MACKLIN

A little over a year.

MATINA

You're one of his regular guys?

MACKLIN

Why?

MATINA

You don't seem like the type for this business. Up there you seemed... reserved.

MACKLIN

We're not usually that messy. You could use some reservation in your work.

Matina looks at Macklin.

MATINA

Do we have a problem?

MACKLIN

Yes we have a fucking problem. You just killed Hong's cousin! Hong didn't say anything about --

Matina stops Macklin.

MATINA

Maybe he thought you didn't have the balls to go through with it. Jerry was a snitch and a thief. He was giving info to the cartels about Hong's infrastructure so Hong wanted him taken care of. I'm who he calls when he needs things to be taken care of. An example had to be made. These examples every once and a while let you regular guys have clout when you go sweat his other customers, all while allowing you to remain innocent should the police ever try and pin something on you. That mess up there keeps you clean and employed. Do you understand now?

Macklin takes this in. It makes sense, but for some reason he's not buying it.

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MACKLIN

I guess I should be thanking you then.

Matina shakes his head and stares back out the window.

MACKLIN (CON'T)

Jerry was a fuck up, but he wasn't stupid. Why would he risk doing something so stupid? And to his own family?

Matina is unfazed.

MATINA

Call Hong if you want.

Macklin takes out his phone from his pants pocket and contemplates calling. He decides not to and turns back to the road.

Matina subtly glances to see Macklin put his phone back in his pants pocket. He stares back out the window.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Macklin's car pulls into the alley. He stops the car and unlocks the door.

Matina looks at Macklin.

MATINA

I have Hong's computer in the backseat of my car. Hong wants you to deliver it to him.

Macklin subtly perks up and looks at Matina

MACKLIN

His computer?

Matina opens the door and steps out.

MATINA

Come on.

Macklin steps out of the car.

EXT ALLEY - NIGHT

Matina unlocks the car with his remote and gestures to the back seat. He speaks to Macklin in a very pleasant tone and a smile. It is unnerving to Macklin.

MATINA

It's almost over champ.

Macklin looks at him confused. He nods and moves to the car door.

MACKLIN

Look man, I don't know what happened back there. I guess I just don't understand why Hong would want to make an example of his own cousin.

Macklin opens the car door and spots the laptop bag.

In the background, unseen by Macklin, Matina is attaching a silencer to the end of his pistol.

Macklin takes out his phone and dials Hong's number.

MACKLIN

I'm going to call Hong real quick. See where he wants me to bring this.

Macklin grabs the bag and places it on the floor with his ear to the phone. He closes the door.

MATINA

Sure you don't want to use the phone in your jacket instead?

Macklin goes cold. The call connects in his hand as he drops it from his ear. A phone starts ringing in the trunk of Matina's car. Macklin looks at the trunk of the car confused. He then turns and starts to pull out his gun. Matina intercepts him before he can get his gun out with the barrel of Matina's gun pressed against Macklin's face.

MATINA

Easy tiger.

Matina gestures for Macklin to stand with his gun. Macklin raises his hands and slowly stands. He turns around and Matina stands with his gun in Macklin's face. The phone in the trunk of Matina's car stops ringing. Matina reaches into Macklin's jacket pocket and retrieves the phone.

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MATINA

What's the passcode to the phone?

MACKLIN

What is this?

Matina pistol whips Macklin in the mouth. He grabs Macklin by the back of the head and brings him close. He puts the pistol against his balls.

MATINA

I said give me the passcode or I'll start by shooting off your nuts.

Macklin, wide eyed, starts to talk.

MACKLIN

Listen--

MATINA

Shut the fuck up! The passcode!

Matina cocks his gun.

MACKLIN

8467! All right? 8467!

Matina releases Macklin.

MATINA

Now face away from me on your knees.

Macklin does as he says. Matina calmly turns on the phone and enters the passcode. He isn't satisfied.

MATINA

These are all blocked. Who are you? Who you work for?

MACKLIN

Same guys you work for. You think Guerrero only sent you?

Matina is unconvinced.

MATINA

You don't work for the cartel.

MACKLIN

No? Shoot me then. See what happens.

Matina tosses the phone to the ground.

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MATINA

Ok.

MACKLIN

Wait wait wait... common man, call  
Juan for fuck sake.

Matina steps forward and presses the gun hard into the back of Macklin's head.

MACKLIN

Fucking call Juan! Jesus, don't!

Matina pauses a moment, then begrudgingly decides to call Juan. He takes his phone out his jacket pocket and dials a number. Macklin looks to his side at the reflection of Matina in the car window.

MATINA

It's me. Give me Juan.

Macklin puts his hands on his head and slowly moves his head back toward the silencer, almost touching.

MATINA

I don't give a flying fuck. I need  
to talk to him now. Go get him.

Macklin's head barely touches the end of the silencer.

MATINA

Listen you stupid bitch, I have a  
guy here that says--

Macklin spins to his left, grabbing the gun hand and barely maneuvers his head out of the way as Matina's gun goes off. Macklin kicks Matina in the stomach with a side kick, making Matina let go of the gun and stumble back one step. The gun hits the ground.

Macklin reaches to pull his gun from his jacket pocket with his right hand. Matina intercepts his hand, raises the gun hand up and over his head to avoid it pointing at him and punches Macklin with a right cross. Matina grabs the back of Macklin's shoulder and pulls him in for a right leg knee to the gut. Macklin drops his gun and falls to the ground.

Macklin reaches for the gun Matina dropped, but Matina kicks it away. The gun lands behind the car. Macklin lets out a yell as he stands up and two leg lifts Matina, turns him around and smashes him into the car door. Macklin separates for a second and throws a right haymaker to Matina's face. Matina ducks the punch and throws a quick right left to

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Macklin's gut and uppercuts Macklin with his right hand making Macklin stumble back.

Matina reaches down to pick up the gun Macklin dropped, but Macklin grabs his arm as he raises it and hits him in the throat. Matina grabs his throat with his free hand while Macklin takes the gun from his hand by grabbing the top and pulling it out. Macklin attempts to switch the gun from his left to right hand so he can shoot, but Matina side steps, grabs the gun wrist with his left hand, elbows Macklin's face with his right, sweeps Macklin's right leg backwards to put him off balance and then throws Macklin head first into the car door. Macklin collapses, barely conscious.

Matina grabs Macklin by the hair and drags him toward the back of the car.

MATINA

Stupid son of a bitch... at least  
you put up a better fight than  
Hong.

Matina throws Macklin behind the car.

Matina walks slowly around to be behind Macklin. He spits blood to the side and wipes his mouth. He kicks Macklin on the ground.

MATINA

Little bitches like you and Jerry  
work for Hong, the cartels don't  
even need me to clean you pussies  
up.

Matina pops the trunk of the car. He pulls out some bloody plastic sheeting. A blood covered hand falls out and hangs dripping blood.

Matina looks down at the gun at his feet. He nudges it aside. He reaches under the back of his jacket and pulls out a large bloody hunting knife. He picks up Macklin by his jacket and leans him over to the trunk of the car.

MATINA

I believe you know Hong. And what  
about him, eh?

Matina grabs the back of Macklin's head and points to the other body in the trunk.

MATINA

You think I'm Matina? This is  
Matina. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THE  
FUCK YOU'RE WORKING WITH!

(CONTINUED)

Matina smashes Macklins face into the bumper. He leans Macklins head up and whispers in his ear.

MATINA

You got into the wrong business.

Matina puts the knife to Macklin's throat about to slice.

Macklin stands up fast jamming his head back into Matina's nose. Matina's face explodes with blood. Macklin finds the gun behind the trunk, raises it and the screen goes black when the gunshot is heard.

Macklin sits against the car with the gun raised and Matina face down on the ground in a pool of blood. Macklin is wide eyed and breathing hard. He slowly collects himself and lowers the gun to his side.

He grunts as he rises to his knees and crawls to the computer bag on the floor. He opens it and pulls out the computer. He lets out a sigh of relief and sits with his back against the car. He pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his face.

He finds his phone in the dirt next to the bag and dials a number.

MACKLIN

This is special agent Salgado.  
Director Martinez is my contact. ID  
2 7 6 5 niner delta echo 7 4.

Macklin pauses and looks over to Matina to see him crawling.

MACKLIN

Jefe. Tengo la computadora. Hong  
esta muerto. Guerrero made a move,  
but it's over now. ...Yes sir...  
yes sir. Thank you sir. Requesting  
extraction.

Macklin stands up and moves to Matina to see him crawling to a gun on the floor. Macklin kicks the gun away and turns Matina over. A gunshot is seen on the right side of Matina's chest.

MACKLIN

There's someone left. No, cartel  
guy. Just a hired gun from what I  
can tell. He knew Juan.

Macklin crouches over him. And stares at Matina.

(CONTINUED)

MACKLIN

Hold on.

Macklin speaks to Matina.

MACKLIN

Hey champ. Did you call Juan Carlos  
or Juan Hernandez?

Matina tries to speak but all that comes out is very airy  
grunts of "fuck you" from his punctured lung. Macklin  
smiles.

MACKLIN

No he won't say. We can just get it  
from his phone. ... Yes sir.  
Understood.

Macklin puts away his phone and leans in close to Matina.

MACKLIN

You don't even know who the fuck  
you're working with.

Macklin shoots Matina in the head.

Cut to black.