

Leather Jackets and Cigarettes
"Pilot"

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INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is tiny and dark. No windows spare one, but it's dead of night, nothing gets in.

There's one small light in the center of the room, hanging from the ceiling, it only envelopes the small, green table for the card game.

Hands exchange cards as the camera spins around, each face dimly lit.

All but one.

There are five guys total. The four thugs with lit faces sit around shuffling cards. BUGSY MALONE, a skilled marksman, FRANK SEA, the muscle, "THE BRICK," an uneducated lowlife for hire, and PARK WEST, the smartest and if there had to be a leader, it was him.

These four are low-level guys in the CROC JAWS GANG, a mob-like organization that runs all of the crime in NEW EMPIRE CITY.

The final face, still in shadows, is unknown to us (the audience; for script-reader's sake he is referred to as OUR GUY, the main protagonist).

The four thugs banter at the table as they play poker.

BUGSY

Alright Brick, it's your deal.

The Brick uneasily deals out the cards in a clumsy fashion, it is not his forte.

THE BRICK

You know I'm no good at this shit.

BUGSY

Just deal, jackass.

Park shifts his hand and looks over his cohorts.

PARK

So... you fella's hear what happened to Lang?

THE BRICK

Fell off a roof. Broke his neck.

(CONTINUED)

BUGSY

Fell... or he was pushed.

FRANK

Oh you can't tell me you believe that old ghost story. There's no secret assassin taking down Croc's boys.

THE BRICK

Yeah, I heard he fell, nothing more.

BUGSY

And you believe that? The msot agile guy in the gang just up and *falls* off a twnety story building?

The all start to chatter in disagreement as they look back up at each other and back down to their hands, devising a play.

The man in the shadows, unheard until now, speaks up.

OUR GUY

I know what happemned to Lang.

The rest stop and look.

OUR GUY

(cont'd)

He was pushed. I saw it happen.

THE BRICK

You saw... THE GUY?

FRANK

Bullshit, nobody sees THE GUY and lives to tell the tale.

BUGSY

I heard THE GUY has knives hidden in every sleeve.

THE BRICK

I head THE GUY can kill you just by looking at you.

PARK

Superstitious shit is all that is.

(CONTINUED)

BUGSY

I heard he's armed to the fuckin' teeth, but only ever has to use one gun to kill you.

FRANK

(turns to Our Guy)

Listen, if you know what happened, then spill the beans.

THE BRICK

Yeah, tell us!

OUR GUY

Alright, but it's not a story for the faint of heart.

He places his hand on the table. He has two of a kind.

OUR GUY

Two of a kind.

PARK

Fuck.

THE BRICK

You win again, bastard.

EXT. FIELD - UNDESCRIPT, AESTHETIC REASONS - FLASHBACK - DAY

Our Guy is busy at work, taking out dudes in a gun fight left and right; showcasing hi deadly skills as an assassin.

OUR GUY

(v.o.)

So, Our Guy, right? THE GUY? The top assassin in Croc's gang. Killed hundreds. Some say thousands. If you actually asked him, he's lost count.

INT. CROC'S HEADQUARTERS - CROC'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

OUR GUY

(v.o.)

So Our Guy goes to Croc and gets his next assignment. It's an exwife of the leader of the Tanaka Clan.

(CONTINUED)

Our Guy is shown the picture of a beautiful curly-haired woman. He takes it and inspects it closer in his hands, really studying the details of the woman who is to be his next target.

It's a candid photo, she stands next to JOHNNY TENESKI, the leader of the TANAKA CLAN.

Her name is SARA BORES.

INT. DYLAN'S DINER - MAIN EATERY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

OUR GUY

(v.o.)

Her name was Sara Bores. She was a waitress at the little diner downtown. Very unassuming. But very cunning.

We see Sara as she does her usual waiting on tables. She makes her way over to the man sitting in the farthest booth from the door. It's Our Guy, and he's only ordered a cup of coffee.

INT. CROC'S HEADQUARTERS - CROC'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

OUR GUY

(v.o., cont'd)

She figured out Teneski's real occupation when they were dating despite his best efforts to hide it. She wanted in and she wanted a cut of the action. When their marriage finally fell through and he broke it off with her, Croc figured she'd be an easy way to inherit the Tanaka Clan fortune. If she got half in the divorce, he could take it.

Croc sits at his desk, looking longingly at the same picture we saw given to Our Guy earlier. His is in a frame, and by the end of the monologue, Croc has put the picture face down.

INT. DYLAN'S DINER - MAIN EATERY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Sara approaches Our Guy as he sips his coffee.

As she approaches she is immediately smitten by him and he by her. She is clearly drawn to the bad guy type.

(CONTINUED)

OUR GUY

(v.o.)

Was it because she liked him? Or was it because she liked gangsters and their money, he didn't know. All he knew was that she had the most beautiful eyes he'd ever seen.

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

THE BRICK

I fold.

He places his cards down on the table.

THE BRICK

(cont'd)

What's all this got to do with what happened to Lang?

BUGSY

Quiet, he's setting an atmosphere.

FRANK

A little backstory, a little context, if you will.

THE BRICK

Oh, okay. Carry on.

INT. LAVISH BEDROOM - OUR GUY'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Our Guy and Sara embrace each other in a passionate kiss. The hit on Sara was clearly a failure.

The two are clearly in love, or at least in a deep lust, with one another.

OUR GUY

(v.o.)

Our Guy was in deep. He had betrayed the trust of one of the biggest mob bosses in the city. And Croc would want his revenge.

INT. OUR GUY'S CAR - CAB - FLASHBACK - DAY

Our Guy and Sara drive together in a blissful love scene. They pull over as they make it to a cliffside view of the city.

They get out of the car.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE NEW EMPIRE - FLASHBACK - SUNSET

The cliff is gorgeous, as the lights of the city and the buildings below are but dots in the horizon. The cliff is very much a California thing and not really the eastern metropoliton that New Empire is. This is the magical realism of the setting, we can be anywhere and everywhere and never have left.

The beautiful sunset creates a nice atmosphere of love around our two.

Our Guy and Sara sit on the hood of the car overlooking the city together, internally planning their futures.

OUR GUY

(v.o.)

He had decided to leave the life all together. Her with her half of the Tanaka fortune, him with his knowledge of street business from years in the gang, they decided they were going to go legit.

INT. LAVISH BEDROOM - OUR GUY'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

OUR GUY

(v.o.)

And that's exactly when Croc struck.

A shadowy figure enters the room unnoticed by the sleeping lovers. He steps into the light.

It is HARU LANG, deadly Japanese assassin to the CROC JAWS GANG.

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

The group is engrossed in the story.

PARK

Lang...

Our guy lowers his cards slightly, the light only illuminating his hands as he talks.

OUR GUY

Yes... Haru Lang... the deadliest man from the East.

INT. LAVISH BEDROOM - OUR GUY'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Lang silently reaches for his machine gun from his back satchle. He pulls it out and takes aim at the sleeping couple. Only a rapid fire monster can take out Our Guy in the night, his skills otherwise equally matched to the killer.

As he reaches to the trigger, he silently clicks the weapon out of its safety, a sound that would normally be unheard by the average person.

Our Guy is jolted awake, trained to hear the sound of an assassin, even in the heaviest of sleeps.

Lang wastes no time and pulls the trigger, sending a wave of bullets into the bed.

Our Guy instinctively pushes Sara out of the bed and roll dodges his way to the floor, debris and peices of cotton flying everywhere.

He grabs his gun from the nightstand and points it at Lang, but Lang is too fast and had the drop on him.

Our Guy is chopped up with bullets. He falls flat, his gun thrown across the room to Lang's feet. He's seemingly dead.

Lang reaches down to inspect the gun. Engraved on the handle is a symbol: [U+795E] .

It means God in Japanese.

Lang takes the weapon and holsters it for himself, a trophy of a killed foe and a memroy of a long time friend.

He leaves.

(CONTINUED)

Our Guy, still alive, struggles to crawl over to Sara, desperate to check on her vitals. But he's too late, despite his best effort, she took fire before he could push her out of the way.

He holds her head longingly, blood staining his hands. Hers or his own, he's not sure.

She's dead.

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

PARK

No.

OUR GUY

Yes. Killed her. Tried to kill them both. But Our Guy? He lived.

EXT. NEW EMPIRE CITY - OUTSKIRTS - FLASHBACK - SUNRISE

Bleeding profusely from his chest, clutching the wound, Our Guy makes his way out of the city as undetected as he can.

He stumbles through the woods as the urban becomes the rural, coming upon a small farm.

EXT. BEN CHAN'S FARM - CORN FEILD - FLASHBACK - SUNRISE

Our Guy limps onward, not seeing the elderly man tilling his crops.

He is BEN CHAN, kung fu master. He used to teach kung fu in the city as a business, but Croc and his gang started demanding protection fees that Ben simply couldn't pay. He resorted to the only other living he knew how to make, farming.

He's a simple man with a long white beard and traditional japanese robes. He uses antiquated farming tools as he doesn't believe in modern nusaunces like loud tractors or smelly heavy machinery.

As he sees Our Guy shambke past, he stops him. Whether it was wisdom in old age or something more mystical, Ben knows when hisservices are most required.

BEN CHAN

Hey, you there, think you can help an old man water his crops?

(CONTINUED)

OUR GUY
Fuck off, old man.

BEN CHAN
You can't stay awhile? You look
like a man who could use some help.

OUR GUY
I'm a man who needs a hospital and
a stiff whiskey.

BEN CHAN
Well, I don't have a hospital, but
I do have whiskey and I'm good with
stitching. Perhaps you'll stay and
I'll help you out, and in return
you can help an old man water his
crops.

Our Guy looks on, he doesn't trust the old man but he
doesn't have the strength to continue. Begrudgingly he
accepts the old man's help.

INT. BEN CHAN'S FARM - MAIN HOUSE - FLASHBACK - SUNRISE

Some time has past, Our Guy's jacket is on the arm of a
chair. He's patched up, a long bandage covering his chest
and midsection, blood stained through but contained. He's
eaten a meal and is feeling much stronger than he had but an
hour ago.

OUR GUY
Thank you, Ben. You've damn near
saved my life.

BEN CHAN
A man who approaches on the road
seeking help should never be turned
away, he will be good help in turn.

OUR GUY
You've done enough for me, Ben, and
I thank you, I will repay you
somehow, but as it stands I need to
leave and get back to the city.

BEN CHAN
Ah? Big plans in the city? The
hustle and bustle?

(CONTINUED)

OUR GUY

No. What I have in mind will be much more discreet.

BEN CHAN

Hmm. You seek revenge, I see it in your heart. But you are too weak. Too unfocused. You will try and you will fail. And this time you might not meet an old stranger on the road to tend your wounds.

OUR GUY

Really, I have to go.

BEN CHAN

It's still early. Stay a while. You can repay me now, help an old man water his crops.

OUR GUY

You don't understand, Ben. I have to leave.

Our Guy gets up and heads towards the door.

Ben, dissatisfied but not upset, pushes one foot off the ground. In a magical display of (wire-work) kung fu, he is holsted off the ground and into the air, flipping over Our Guy's head and landing between him and the door.

BEN CHAN

You should not take from strangers that which you do not intend to repay.

OUR GUY

Fine. I'm not afraid to beat an old man.

Our Guy takes a fighting stance.

Ben quickly and swiftly begins an attack.

Our guy tries to respond but is caught up in the fury of fists. Ben is far more agile than he appears and quickly defeats Our Guy in combat. He shoves him down and forces him back into the seat he once sat in.

BEN CHAN

You are unlearned and unfocused. You are not ready and you will fail. I can teach you, I can make

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEN CHAN (cont'd)
you stronger. You will have your
revenge, angry one, but only after
I've shown you the way.

Our Guy, stunned by the whole affair, looks on in awe.

OUR GUY
I'll do it. I accept your training.

BEN CHAN
Good. Now, let us go and water the
crops.