

GOOD PEOPLE WITH GUNS

Written by

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"Three Page Challenge" Version

FADE IN:

INT. FORT HUNT DINER - DAY

JILL CARDINAL (26, nervous, her soft features and blue eyes suggest she was considered attractive when she used to give a shit) sits on one side of a booth in a CLASSIC AMERICAN DINER.

Across from her, having just delivered a passionate plea and awaiting Jill's reply, is JASON SCHRADER (26, disheveled, unshaven, yet still dorkishly handsome).

Jill takes her time in order to seriously consider what Jason just said.

JILL

Fine.

(beat)

You're right...

Jill takes her GLOCK from its holster and places it on the TABLE.

Jason becomes immediately skittish about the gun.

Jill then takes out a CIGARETTE and calmly lights it.

JASON

What are you doing?

Jill doesn't answer. Instead, she takes another drag.

The WAITRESS (middle-aged, southern, blue collar) finally notices and hustles to their table.

WAITRESS

Miss, miss. You can't do that.

(beat)

You can't smoke in here.

Jill locks eyes with Jason.

JILL

Right. Sorry.

She stamps out her cigarette and the waitress retreats.

JILL (CONT'D)

Someone must have noticed these things were killing people.

Jason doesn't have a reply.

Jill gives it a second, then gives in. She re-holsters her gun.

JILL (CONT'D)  
I need to run to the bathroom  
first, then we can go.

Jason doesn't trust her, but doesn't have much of a choice.

JASON  
I'll be right here.

Jill gets up from the booth and heads past TWO COPS to the back of the diner.

Jason watches her all the way to the bathroom door, then downs the rest of Jill's unfinished coffee and calls for the waitress to return to refill the cup.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

As soon as she enters the small, PRIVATE RESTROOM, Jill's cool veneer finally gives way to a long-building, full-on ANXIETY ATTACK.

She HYPERVENTILATES and CLENCHES HER FISTS in attempt to excise the stress.

Through great effort, she is finally able to calm herself.

Jill moves to the MIRROR/SINK and places her gun on the porcelain before splashing water on her face.

A MEDIUM SIZED WINDOW illuminates Jill as she stares at her reflection in the mirror.

A JILL-LIKE STRANGER stares back at her through the glass.

Off Jill's cold stare into the mirror:

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLES: **GOOD PEOPLE WITH GUNS**

FADE IN:

EXT. NY STATE SUPREME COURT - FRONT STEPS - DUSK

SUPER: TWO MONTHS EARLIER

JILL (a much more put-together version of the young woman we met in the diner, business suit and all) sits alone as people pass her on the front steps of the tremendous granite-faced building.

She is shell-shocked by what just took place inside the courthouse.

Jill takes a CIGARETTE from her purse and lights it as she looks out toward FOLEY SQUARE and watches the city go by in front of her.

She can only muster a faint polite smile when an OLDER LAWYER walks past Jill on his way down the steps and gives her a consoling/condescending nod and pat on the shoulder.

Jill's CELL PHONE begins to BUZZ incessantly.

She curses when she sees "WORK" on her CALLER ID, then steels herself before rising from her seat, starting down the steps and answering the call.

JILL  
 (into phone)  
 Hi Fiona.  
 (beat)  
 Yeah, he mentioned he'd be giving  
 you a-  
 (beat)  
 No, I... I mean, how was I supposed  
 to...  
 (beat)  
 Okay... Yeah, tomorrow morning  
 then.  
 (another beat, Jill looks  
 to the sky in  
 frustration)  
 Okay... Yup... Sure... Good night.

Jill ends the call and whips the phone back in her arm like she's going to SPIKE it on the sidewalk, but thinks better of it and restrains herself.

She chooses instead to vent her aggravation at the next-most immediate object and KICKS a TAXI idling on the street. The TAXI DRIVER gets out and starts yelling at Jill.

TAXI DRIVER  
 The fuck, lady!?!