

REUNION A&J

Written by
Art Chong

Copyright (c) 2013

05/25/2013 Draft

Art Chong
804-892-0432
ArtChong81@Gmail.com

INT. TITO'S CLUB FOR HIGH CLASS GENTLEMEN DAY

ALEX ZHUKOV, mid 30's, in a a shabby wrinkly suit walks through a dimly lit strip bar, led by a MUSCULAR THUG.

The place is empty, save for two waitresses prepping the place for the night's business. Jukebox music fills the air.

Alex is led to a table, behind which sits a lanky, scarred, man named TYRELL, late 30's. He's flanked by two more thugs, one TALL and one FAT.

They stare Alex down as he approaches. The muscular thug stands behind him.

TYRELL

Mr. Alex Zhukov. What's up, my man?

ALEX

Don't fuck around. You owe my brother.

TYRELL

Oh, that? Man, you tell Nikolai I ain't owe him shit.

ALEX

That's how you wanna play it?

TYRELL

(sneers)

Muthafucka...

Tyrell pulls out a Dirty Harry-sized hand cannon and places it on the table, his hand loosely holding the wooden grip.

TYRELL (cont'd)

That's exactly how I wanna play it.

Alex glances at the thug behind him then at the two beside Tyrell.

ALEX

Okay.

SWISH! CLACK! Alex whips out a retractable nightstick and SMASHES Tyrell's fingers to his gun. The bones break with a nasty CRUNCH.

TYRELL

AHHH!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRACK! Alex whips around and smacks the muscular thug behind him on the jaw. He goes down instantly.

The tall thug and the fat thug beside Tyrell scramble for their guns, startled and slowed by the sudden attack.

Alex dashes at the tall thug and stabs him in the gut with his nightstick. The thug doubles over and Alex puts him in an arm lock.

Alex shields himself with the tall thug and pulls his gun toward the fat thug then BANG! Kneecaps him.

Alex then spins back around, disarms the tall thug and drops him with a three punch combination. His movements clearly telegraph that Alex is an expert fighter.

All three of Tyrell's thug are down. Tyrell himself is on the ground shaking. Alex gathers all their guns and set them aside in a pile.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Alex sees the two waitresses cowering in the corner. He turns to them, and they SCREAM.

ALEX

Don't bother calling the cops. These guys have a lot more to lose than I do.

TYRELL

I'll kill you, you son of a bitch!

CRACK! Alex crosses to Tyrell and smacks him in the mouth with the nightstick, breaking his front teeth clean into it.

ALEX

You brought this on yourself.

Alex kneels down and yanks Tyrell up by his collar. His mouth is a river of teeth and blood.

ALEX (cont'd)

Look, Tyrell. I can't collect if you're dead, so I really don't want to go there. But you should know that if you don't make good, you're not gonna give me much choice.

JESSICA (O.S)

Oh really?

Alex freezes. He feels the cold of a gun muzzle on the back of his head. He recognizes the voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX
You're kidding me.

Behind him stands JESSICA MURDOCH, a fit, beautiful woman of similar age to Alex.

JESSICA
Nope. No kidding.

ALEX
No wonder this moron grew the balls to rip Nikky off. How long's Murdoch been backing him?

JESSICA
Since he found out how much Nikolai was putting through this place.

ALEX
That doesn't really answer the question.

JESSICA
I know.

TYRELL
(through broken teeth)
'Itch! Where da 'huck 'have you 'een?

JESSICA
Back there.

TYRELL
Wha'hoo 'een 'ooing?

JESSICA
What'd you say? It's really hard to understand you with your mouth like that.

TYRELL
Ma teeck! Ee 'roke my 'hucking teeck!

JESSICA
God, stop whining. I thought you said big boys like you could handle little ol' Alex all by yourselves?

In Jessica's moment of distraction, Alex drops to one side and BAM! sweeps Jessica's leg out from under her.

She falls, but with the grace of a Judo fighter.

(CONTINUED)