

TRAINED TO DIE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. STRIP CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

An OVERSIZED MAN, 50's, takes off his hat and coat. He sits at his desk. Papers and files spread into a mess. He notices a book on the floor and reaches for it.

A barrel of a silver pistol silencer points at his head. On the other end is DINO, 45, tough and tattered. He wears black shades and a black watch cap. He snatches the book.

DINO

Mine-- probably never read a day in your life.

INT. STRIP CLUB - LARGER ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Dino walks behind the oversized man with one gun pointed at his back and another pointed at anything that moves. The man's eyes widen at the sight of his twelve MEN, dead.

TWO STRIPPERS stand off to the side, handcuffed to a pole and clutch each other.

A MAN, 30's, enters the room behind Dino with a gun. Dino notices his reflection in a wine glass. He BLASTS the man in the head without turning around.

OVERSIZED MAN

I have two-hundred thousand in my safe--

(points to the strippers)
and them. Take it.

DINO

Save it for your family. Nothing personal, but time to die.

Dino FIRES. A bullet penetrates the center of the oversized man's forehead. The women SCREAM.

The man drops to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

DINO (CONT'D)

(to the women)
Shut up!

They silence their cries to muffles.

Dino walks up to one of the women and pushes the pistol behind her ear at an angle.

DINO (CONT'D)

If I pulled this trigger right now, the bullet would pass through your temple, through your Medulla, explode fragments of your brain, and you would stop breathing, and die instantly. Then it'll enter and crack her skull, but never exit, while leaving her paralyzed from the neck down, never to speak again. You two didn't see or hear anything. Got it?

The women nod. Dino turns and leaves.

INT. DINO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dino enters his large, but plain, and clean pad - a couch, tube TV, table, fireplace, and chairs. Walls bare.

He stuffs his book from earlier in the a large book shelf filled with mountains of books. Off to the side is a tall sculpted wooden tree.

He grips his stomach in pain.

BATHROOM

Dino gulps a half bottle of pink stuff. He's pale and the whites of his eyes are yellow. He vomits in the toilet.

INT. DOCTOR OFFICE - DAY

Dino sits in a chair. His hands clasp. DOCTOR MORGAN, 50's, enters with a laptop.

DOCTOR MORGAN

It doesn't look good.

DINO

Just give it to me straight.

DOCTOR MORGAN

You have pancreatic cancer. Stage 3... it's spreading. We need to start you on Chemo soon, but you should think about getting all your affairs in order.

DINO

How long are we talking?

DOCTOR MORGAN
Maybe six months if you're lucky.
You're going to need all the family
support you can get.

INT. BOSS LORENZO HOUSE - NIGHT

In a mansion, EJ, 40's, and three men, all in their late 30's, RICK, ADAM, and ALBERTO play cards.

LORENZO aka BOSS, 60's, fingers dipped in platinum, sits in a recliner resembling a throne. His son, TONY, 25, amateur, wanna-be, stands next to him.

Dino enters.

LORENZO
Dino, my man. Good job as usual.

Dino coughs. Face pale and sweaty.

TONY
You don't look so good.

LORENZO
EJ, get the man some water.

EJ nods and runs off.

DINO
I'm fine.

LORENZO
(to Dino)
In eight months, the governors coming to town for a visit. If re-elected that son-of-a-bitch will pass a bill that will cost my construction business to lose millions. I'll have to let workers go. That can't happen.

DINO
Understood.

LATER

Lorenzo, Tony, Dino, EJ, Rick, Adam, and Alberto raise their glasses to toast.

Dino's composure weakens. He tries to constrain himself, but his face is as white as a ghost. He slams to the floor.