

SAINT. SINNER.

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT./INT. TAXI ON A CITY STREET - DAY

The street is only moderately busy, and the cab is parked and idling at the curb.

The DRIVER (25) sits behind the wheel, seemingly ignoring the two people in the seat behind him.

These are two demons in human form. SIRGE (30, male, wearing a business suit) and MELCHIOR (30, male, wearing a similar suit).

Approaching the cab from behind, walking down the sidewalk, is QUENTIN DONNER (45, wearing a baseball cap, a trench-coat, old clothes, and desperately needing a haircut and a shave).

Sirge and Melchior are looking up the street, watching pedestrian traffic.

Sirge points at a man, GRAVES (50) who is about to cross the street. Graves is on his cell phone.

SIRGE  
Is that him?

MELCHIOR  
Maybe.

SIRGE  
I think that's him.

Donner is now standing on the sidewalk next to the cab, looking at it. Sirge glances over at him.

SIRGE (CONT'D)  
Oh, no.

MELCHIOR  
What?

SIRGE  
It's him. Again.

MELCHIOR  
What the -- wait, there he goes!

Melchior extends an arm and grabs the back of the Driver's head. His hand seems to disappear inside the Driver's skull.

The driver puts the car in gear and drives out into traffic.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

Graves is crossing with a few other people. He's still on his cell phone.

GRAVES

No. We're not selling to that prick. He's evil. How else do you want me to describe him? So, no.

EXT./INT. TAXI ON A CITY STREET - DAY

The cab is now heading towards Graves, the driver aiming the front of it at him.

The Driver floors it, the tires squealing on the pavement, heading straight at Graves.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

Graves sees the cab and freezes as it speeds towards him. Abruptly, Donner appears between Graves and the cab.

EXT./INT. TAXI ON A CITY STREET - DAY

The Driver's eyes are opened wide but he has no control of his body as the cab speeds towards Donner and Graves.

MELCHIOR

Fuck!

He jerks his arm out of the Driver's head and the Driver slams on brakes, the cab's tires protesting.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

The car stops with the front end a couple of feet away from Donner.

Donner grins at the car, turning and putting an arm across Graves's shoulders and escorting him the rest of the way across the street.

Graves is obviously shaken. Donner is having an inaudible conversation with him.

When they reach the sidewalk Donner releases Graves, who pauses, looking back over the cab before going on his way.

EXT./INT. TAXI ON A CITY STREET - DAY

Sirge and Melchior glare at Donner. The Driver is still sitting, staring straight ahead, in shock.

Car horns begin blowing in protest of the cab blocking the street.

MELCHIOR  
I'm killing that prick.

SIRGE  
No. You know what'll happen if you do.

MELCHIOR  
Yeah. Yeah, you're right. But I'm talking to the Boss about this.

The two disappear from the back seat. The Driver shakes his head violently, clearing the cobwebs.

The Driver then glances around, as if wondering how he got there, before driving on.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

Donner watches the cab drive on. He shakes his head, grinning, before going on his way.

INT. CHARLTON PHARMA PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

It's a big office, richly furnished, with a large desk, and nice, expensive furniture.

There is a high-end computer setup on the desk's return.

Behind the desk is DAVID MEADE (30, wearing an expensive suit with garish accessories). Standing in front of the desk are Sirge and Melchior.

MEADE  
Okay. What happened?

MELCHIOR  
We were about to hit the guy when, uh ...

MEADE  
Uh? Uh, what?

SIRGE

Donner stepped in front of him.

MELCHIOR

Yes. Couldn't run over Graves without hitting Donner, too.

MEADE

So? Run over this Donner person, too! When did you get so squeamish about taking human life?

MELCHIOR

Well ...

MEADE

Well, what?

SIRGE

Donner has a contract with the Boss. Same as you.

MEADE

So?

SIRGE

The Boss would get really mad if we took him out before his time is up.

MEADE

What the hell?

MELCHIOR

The Boss is really particular about his contracts. If we take somebody out before their time there will be repercussions.

MEADE

Dammit.

MELCHIOR

Nobody knows why, but this guy has been a real thorn in the Boss's side for a while now.

MEADE

I should be on the phone with Graves's widow right now, listening to her beg me to take that company off her hands.

MELCHIOR

Donner's time is up tomorrow night.  
We can try again after that.

MEADE

The window of opportunity will have closed, you idiot! Graves will have bought back all of his stock by then and he'll start practically giving away pharmaceuticals. Fucking communist. And I will have lost my shot to corner the market on any number of vital drugs.

MELCHIOR

I'm sorry --

MEADE

This would make your Boss extremely happy, by the way. And put an awful lot of money in my pocket. But it's shot to hell now unless something happens to Graves before that press event tomorrow.

MELCHIOR

There's nothing we can do about it, Mr. Meade.

MEADE

There's no -- okay. There's nothing you can do. But maybe I can do something? Is that what you're implying?

SIRGE

Yes. You got free will. As a human.

MEADE

I see. I could kill the guy myself.

SIRGE

I wouldn't recommend that.

MELCHIOR

Right. We wouldn't be able to protect you. Since it's outside the purview of your contract.

Meade picks up the receiver to the phone on his desk and hits a button.

MEADE

Hey. Call that private investigator that's been bugging us for work. Have him look into ... what's the guy's name?

SIRGE

Donner.

MELCHIOR

Quentin Donner.

MEADE

Quentin Donner. I don't know, I just imagine he lives in town somewhere. Just have him look into it and get back to me. I'll pay triple the fee if he can get it to me by tonight. Good.

He hangs up the phone.

MEADE (CONT'D)

Do I get a chance to rate you guys before my contract expires?

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Donner is sitting on a bench, alone, as a bus approaches.

He waves the bus on, and after it passes he's no longer alone.

Sitting next to him is SATAN (15, female, dark haired and slim, dressed in jeans and a tee shirt)

SATAN

When I make my clients sensitive to the activity of my people it is so they can avoid any operations I had going. Not so they could interfere.

DONNER

Really? I must have misunderstood.

SATAN

Is there any particular reason you've decided to become a pain in my ass?

DONNER

I get bored.

SATAN

Ah. You know that I remember every time you screwed up something I've got going on. It just adds to your torment, when your time is up.

DONNER

I'd never guess.

SATAN

This thing you screwed up today, for example. It could be huge. The effects could last for decades.

DONNER

I warned Graves. He's not leaving his apartment. Your people want to kick down the door and murder him, feel free, but I suspect the police would get involved and I'm sure whoever your client is on this wouldn't want that.

SATAN

I don't get you, Donner. Most people who make deals with me are already on their way to me anyway. You weren't. I guess the terms you asked for should have tipped me off that you were a do-gooder.

Satan stands.

SATAN (CONT'D)

But, I can see there's no point in trying to reason with you.

Another bus is approaching.

SATAN (CONT'D)

One way or another I'll see you tomorrow night.

The bus pulls up, then drives away, and Donner is again alone.

INT. CHARLTON PHARMA PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Meade is sitting with his feet up on his desk, nervously rocking his chair back and forth.

Melchior and Sirge enter and Meade stands up.



MEADE

Well? Took you long enough.

MELCHIOR

Sorry. We waited for a while just in case.

MEADE

And? What did you find out?

SIRGE

Graves is locked up tight in his apartment.

MELCHIOR

We could go in anyway and --

MEADE

No! You do that and no matter what the cops will have to investigate and it'll be tied up for at least the next few weeks.

SIRGE

So what do we do?

MEADE

He's got to come out of there in the morning. He has to go to the office to sign the form releasing their interest in those drugs. They're planning this big press event.

SIRGE

So, we wait on him to come out.

MEADE

Right. And a piano falls on him or something.

MELCHIOR

I'm sure we can manage for something like that to happen to him.

Meade's phone rings and he picks up the receiver.

MEADE

Yes? Okay. Good. Email it to me. No, you can't go home yet. I may still need you. Well, do your nails or something.

He slams the receiver down.

MEADE (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on the building where  
he lives tomorrow morning, look for  
opportunities.

Meade's logging onto his computer.

SIRGE

Sure.

MEADE

In the mean time I'm going to be  
looking into resolving my other  
problem.

Meade opens an email attachment.

On his screen appears a picture of Donner -- it's Donner's  
dossier.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

It's dark. There are crates and boxes of stuff, and on top  
of one box is an old, windup alarm clock that's ticking.

The time is showing as almost 6:30.

On the concrete floor is a bedroll. Donner is inside the  
bedroll, sleeping. The trench-coat is hanging nearby on a  
rack.

The alarm on the clock goes off. Donner sits up and turns it  
off.

He's still fully dressed.

He gets out of the bedroll and stands up, pulling the lanyard  
that turns on the light. He goes over to the rack and takes  
down the coat, slipping it on.

He takes a full keyring out of his pocket and goes over to a  
small but solid lockbox, sorting through the keys until he  
finds the one to fit the lock.

Donner opens the box and takes out a small pistol, a .32  
Caliber automatic. He takes out the clip and checks to be  
sure there are rounds in it before he reinserts the clip and  
slips the pistol into one of the pockets of the coat.

He hits the switch on the wall and the door starts opening.

INT. HARRIS HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Breakfast time. The kitchen is cluttered, with a dining table, and with dirty dishes in the sink.

Sitting at the table is ALICE HARRIS (12, dressed for school), eating a bowl of cereal.

Her mother, DORIS (32, wearing business casual clothes), enters, puts her cheap knock-off purse on the counter, and pours herself some coffee.

DORIS  
So, homework all done?

ALICE  
Yes.

DORIS  
You're sure?

ALICE  
I'm sure.

The doorbell chimes and Alice hops out of her chair.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I'll get it!

INT. HARRIS HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's small but cozy, with a love seat and a couple of chairs, and a TV, currently off.

Alice runs in and opens the door.

Donner is standing there. Alice smiles.

ALICE  
Good morning, Quent!

DONNER  
Good morning, Alice!

She steps aside and lets him enter.

INT. HARRIS HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

There's an empty cereal bowl now at one of the other chairs, along with a spoon.

Donner enters with Alice, who sits back in her chair. Donner settles down at the chair with the empty bowl as Doris puts a cup of coffee on the table in front of him.

He takes a sip of the coffee.

DONNER

Thank you, Doris. Good morning.

DORIS

Good morning. Isn't it too hot for the coat today?

DONNER

I thought it was kind of chilly when I got up.

DORIS

Could you come by tonight, around seven?

DONNER

Why?

DORIS

I've got a date. With Ben. If you're here maybe Alice will actually do her homework.

DONNER

Sure.

DORIS

I really like him, Quent. I mean, I've only gone out with him a couple of times but so far ... .

DONNER

As long as he's not another Rudy.

DORIS

He's not. Eat some cereal.

DONNER

Sorry. Not hungry this morning.

DORIS

What? You need to eat something. A shower wouldn't hurt, either.

DONNER

I'll eat later. No time right now. Got a busy day ahead.

Doris's cell phone in her purse starts ringing. She digs it out and looks at the screen, not recognizing the number, and answers it.

DORIS  
Hello? Uh, yeah, he's here. Hold on.

She hands the phone to Donner.

DORIS (CONT'D)  
It's for you. Some guy named Graves?

Donner takes the phone.

DONNER  
(To Doris) Thanks. (To phone) Mr. Graves? Yeah. Okay. I'll be there in an hour and I'll wait for you outside of your building. Don't come out until you see me standing out there. Got that? Okay. I'll be there soon.

He disconnects the call.

DORIS  
You know, there are places where you can get really cheap cell phones and data plans. Just so you won't have to give my number to your friends.

DONNER  
I keep losing them. And he's not a friend.

DORIS  
That sounded serious.

DONNER  
It's nothing.

DORIS  
What's going on, Quent?

DONNER  
Nothing you need to worry about. And I need to go.

ALICE  
You just got here! Could you walk with me to the bus stop?

DONNER

Sure. It's on my way anyway. Go get your stuff.

Alice gets up and exits.

Donner stands and looks at Doris.

DORIS

Quent? What's wrong?

DONNER

I just wish things had been a little different. That's all.

DORIS

Things are what they are.

DONNER

I know. I wish ... well, have fun on your date tonight.

DORIS

You'd like him, Quent. Really.

DONNER

I'm sure I would.

DORIS

You'll probably get to meet him soon.

Alice enters, carrying her book bag.

ALICE

Ready.

DONNER

(to Doris)

Have a good day.

She gives him a hug that lasts a bit longer than a morning goodbye.

When she pulls away she looks at him, concerned.

DORIS

Are you sure everything's okay?

DONNER

It's fine. Eat your breakfast. You'll be late for work.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS STOP - DAY

There are a few other kids about Alice's age waiting for the bus.

Alice and Donner approach.

DONNER  
So, did you talk to Jenny?

ALICE  
No. Not yet. But I will.

DONNER  
If you don't you'll never know.

ALICE  
Maybe she doesn't like girls. Not like that.

DONNER  
Maybe she does. If you don't ask her, you'll never know.

He touches her shoulder, stopping her. She turns to face him.

DONNER (CONT'D)  
You can't be afraid to take a chance, Alice. If you decide not to talk to somebody, to tell them how you feel ... it may be something you'll regret for the rest of your life.

ALICE  
But what if she doesn't like me?

DONNER  
But what if she does? Talk to your mom, okay? She's a very wise woman. She's been through a lot. She is the best person in the world to go to for advice about this kind of thing.

ALICE  
I know.

DONNER  
Okay. Good.

He hugs her, tightly.

ALICE  
(still being hugged)  
Uh, Quent? Everything okay?

DONNER  
Everything will be fine.

He lets her go. The school bus is driving up.

DONNER (CONT'D)  
Okay, you'll miss the bus.

Alice runs to join the kids getting on.

ALICE  
See you tonight!

He waves and watches her get on the bus. She waves back as she boards.

Then he turns and finds himself face-to-face with Sirge and Melchior.

DONNER  
What do you want?

SIRGE  
We got a call for you.

Melchior holds up a cell phone. Meade's face is on the screen.

INT. CHARLTON PHARMA PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Meade is sitting at his desk, holding up his cell phone and looking at the screen.

INTERCUT - CELL PHONE CONVERSATION

MEADE  
Hello, Mr. Donner.

DONNER  
Who the hell are you?

MEADE  
If you continue to protect Mr. Graves, I will be the worst nightmare of your girlfriend, Doris Harris. And that daughter of hers. Alice.



DONNER  
Don't you dare.

MEADE  
Stay away from Graves. Let my  
associates here do what they need  
to do. Or I'll destroy her, Mr.  
Donner.

DONNER  
She's got nothing to do with this.

MEADE  
I don't give a shit. I may not be  
able to touch you, but I can ruin  
her. Understand? You'll be burning  
in Hell and knowing that I'm here  
making sure her life isn't worth  
living. I can do that.

DONNER  
You bastard.

MEADE  
All you got to do to keep that from  
happening is stay away from Graves.  
That's all. Do that, and I won't  
touch her. Ever.

DONNER  
I don't trust you.

MEADE  
I guess that's my answer then.  
Okay. See you in Hell, Mr. Donner.

Meade disconnects the call.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS STOP - DAY

Melchior pockets the phone.

SIRGE  
See you around, Donner.

DONNER  
I'm sure.

He turns and walks up the street. Melchior and Sirge have  
disappeared.

EXT. GRAVES'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

It's a luxury apartment building, clean and several stories high.

Donner stands on the sidewalk. He turns to see Sirge and Melchior across the street.

He waves at them as Graves emerges from the building. He then walks down the sidewalk with Graves.

Melchior takes out his cell phone and makes a call.

MELCHIOR

Donner's here. He's protecting Graves.

Melchior winces, removing the phone from his ear as Meade shouts at him.

MEADE (O.S.)

(filtered)

I want that bastard dead! You hear me? Dead! Not tonight! Now!

MELCHIOR

There's nothing we can do about that.

Melchior puts the phone back to his ear, listening as Meade talks at a more reasonable volume.

MELCHIOR (CONT'D)

Okay. On our way.

Melchior disconnects the call and puts the phone back in his pocket.

SIRGE

What does he want us to do?

MELCHIOR

Come back to the office.

EXT. BUS STOP BENCH NEAR HARRIS HOUSE - NIGHT

It's close to midnight. Donner sits on the bench, where he can see Doris's house. All of the lights are out.

A bus drives up and stops, then drives on. After it leaves Satan is back, sitting next to him.

SATAN

So, even after our little talk you went ahead and screwed me over.

DONNER

I'm a slow learner.

SATAN

She's not yours, you know.

DONNER

I know how it works.

SATAN

Then why?

DONNER

You wouldn't understand. Has it come back yet?

SATAN

It won't yet. Not until after midnight.

DONNER

And it'll just start over again, right?

SATAN

Yes. Like we agreed. It'll be years before she feels anything. And since she's had it before she'll probably go to the doctor immediately, this time. Instead of waiting.

DONNER

By then Alice will be grown and have her own life. Hopefully.

SATAN

I just don't get you, Donner.

An expensive luxury car drives up to the curb. The door opens and Meade gets out of the passenger's side. Melchior gets out of the driver's side, Sirge climbing out of the back seat.

Meade comes over to confront Donner, the demons remaining near the car.

MEADE

Well, you've done it, Donner. Done it. Your girlfriend is doomed.

DONNER

What do you mean?

MEADE

I'm buying that piss-ant company she works for. I'm going to make it look like she was stealing from them and have her prosecuted. She'll go to jail. That kid of hers will be sent to a foster home. You'll be burning in Hell and won't be able to do anything to help her, either.

DONNER

Don't.

MEADE

No matter what this one (nods at Satan) does, you'll know that your girlfriend is in prison. Or living on the street. I could probably arrange for some traffickers to get their hands on that little girl of hers, too.

DONNER

You don't want to do this.

MEADE

I'm going to follow her, too. I'm taking a personal interest in what happens to her. And every time I think of a new way to make her miserable I'm going to do it.

DONNER

Please don't.

MEADE

Beg. Yes, Donner. Beg me. You dip shit.

Donner takes the pistol out of his coat pocket, cocks it, then shoots Meade in the head.

Meade stares at him a second before falling to the sidewalk. Donner shoots him a couple more times in the back before tossing the gun onto the pavement next to Meade.

SATAN

Well, that's certainly an interesting development. That boy had a lot of promise, too.

DONNER  
Sorry to disappoint you.

SATAN  
You'll make it up to me.

Satan gets up, gestures for Melchior and Sirge to approach.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
Time to go. And I got to find a new  
assignment for these guys, too.

Donner gets up, too, and Satan takes his hand. They all walk  
up the sidewalk, away from the Harris house and Meades'  
rapidly cooling corpse.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
I have to say I'm so glad you  
finally did something like that,  
though. Makes it seem almost  
worthwhile.

DONNER  
He didn't give me a lot of choice.  
And I was defending --

SATAN  
Let me have my little victories.  
Damned do gooders.

They all fade away, into the wee hours of the night.

FADE OUT.