

Red Devil Inn

By

Brett Schlagel

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BrettSchlagel@gmail.com
765.717.6184
bschlagel.com

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Cars pass as the Red Devil Inn sits where it has for the last 60 years, bathed in the ambient reflections of the neon lights hitting the gritty potholes filled with water from the rain earlier that day. Cars pepper the parking lot. It's not busy, but the Red Devil Inn is never busy, just steady.

Two cars pull up in the back of the bar. They're black and boxy. Puddles splash and the cars rock on their frames as they make their way across the parking lot. They park under the only street light as it casts a tungsten copper haze across anything within its reach.

A door opens, a man steps out of the car and makes his way to the bar entrance.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

An acoustic guitar player strums away and sings into a dented and rusty microphone as he plays for a smoky room of life-hardened men. Max - 40s, black boots, blue jeans, black t-shirt, fit, light beard growth, medium length styled hair - sits on a bar stool, slumped on the bar over his phone, eating peanuts, and drinking beer. A perfect evening in Max's book. He shouts to the BARTENDER - mid 20s - 30s, blue jeans, flannel shirt.

Max is staring at his phone screen with his finger hover over the button to place a call to his daughter, Kira. The phone screen shows a picture of Kira full screen with a green "call" icon.

Max practices quietly to himself.

MAX

Hey, it's me...you're dad. No. Hey, honey, long time no talk.

He clears his throat.

MAX (CONT'D)

Kira, it's Max...I wanted to know if you wanted to get lunch or something soon...Yeah.

The bartender interrupts Max's practicing.

BARTENDER

If you're not gonna call that hot piece of ass I will.

(CONTINUED)

Max doesn't look up from his phone he's now cradling in his hands. He points a finger in the direction of the bartender.

MAX

Watch it. That's my daughter you're talking about...Haven't talked to her in...well...a while.

BARTENDER

If I had that girl's number she'd have so many dick pics she wouldn't be able to handle it.

MAX

Pump your brakes there kid.

The bartender moves away from Max, attending to his bar duties elsewhere. Max grumbles to himself, shuts off his phone screen, and puts the phone in his pocket.

MAX (CONT'D)

Maybe tomorrow.

The bar door opens and in walks KACE - mid 30s-40s, black dress shoes, black slacks, red button up, black blazer, hair slicked, small goatee. Kace walks to the bar and sits directly to the left of Max. He signals the bar tender and orders a shot of whiskey. Max leans around Kace, looking at all the empty seats he could have chosen.

MAX

Hey Fancy Pants, haven't you ever heard of the every other one rule?

The bartender sits the shot of whiskey in front of Kace. Kace looks at the shot and fiddles with it as he speaks.

KACE

Max Turner... Your reputation precedes you.

MAX

Well good. I'd like to keep it that way.

KACE

The word around town is that you were some kind of...military man. Is that correct?

Max scoffs.

MAX

That chapter is over and done with,
pal.

KACE

United States Black Ops and Special
Forces. A pilot at first, but you
proved to be more than just a
pilot. Am I right?

MAX

Yeah, I flew a plane or two. So
what?

KACE

You were awarded the medal of
honor, not once.

MAX

Twice.

KACE

You're 1 of only 20 men in US
history to receive the award twice.
After your plane was shot down, you
are said to have single-handedly
collapsed the North Korean nuclear
regime armed with nothing more than
a bowie knife...)

FLASHBACK: Max brutally stabs several Korean military
guards.

KACE (CONT'D)

...two sharpened pencils...

FLASHBACK: Max throws two pencils like throwing knives,
hitting two guards, both in the eyes.

KACE(CONT'D)

...and a single glazed donut.

FLASHBACK: Max force feeds a guard a glazed donut who's
being treated at a diabetic clinic.

KACE(CONT'D)

622 confirmed kills over a 3 day
period.

Kace looks at Max. Max stares at Kace for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Cut the bullshit, Mac. You obviously know who I am but I don't know a damned thing about you. Who are you and what do you want.

Kace downs the shot of whiskey and signals the bartender for another.

KACE

My name is Kace, but who I am is not important. My employer, however, is. You see, he's a big fan of yours.

The bartender sets a new shot of whiskey in front of Kace.

KACE (CONT'D)

He has a job that requires a man of your...caliber. It would seem the Zhao Wang clan has moved into our territory on the west end and are producing and distributing methamphetamine. Such an industry attracts unwanted attention...not to mention the inevitability of a lab explosion. These things our clients tend to frown upon. That's why they must be eliminated.

MAX

Eliminated. You mean killed.

KACE

In more barbaric terms, yes.

MAX

Your clients... they come to buy cheap suits or just hair gel?

KACE

Our business is of a private nature and clients expect us to uphold that privacy. We can't very well do that with the increased foot traffic, police raids, and occasional fireball from our less-than-courteous neighbors then can we?

MAX

I'm not for hire.

(CONTINUED)

KACE

Every man has his price. My
employer is quite generous.

Kace reaches inside his coat pocket. Max tenses up in preparation of warding off an armed attack. Kace pulls out several banded stacks of money and lays it on the bar. Max relaxes back in his chair. He looks around at the other patrons in the bar. No one reacts to the stack of cash on the bar top.

MAX

I'm retired, pal. Done. Out of the
game. You're offering a job and I
ain't bitin'.

KACE

My employer -

MAX

Tell your employer he can take his
money and stick it where the sun
don't shine. You tell 'em ol' Max
Turner ain't interested. Now if
you'll excuse me, I have a beer to
finish.

One of the black cars that pulled in early is seen pulling up just outside the window. Some movement is going on but it's out of focus enough to be indiscernible.

KACE

Well, Max. We had a feeling you'd
say no. So we've made some
preparations that may sway your
decision in our favor.

Kace turns and looks out the window to the parking lot where a thug stands with a woman, hands bound behind her back and bag on her head.

The woman struggles as the bag is removed, revealing the girl is Max's daughter KIRA - mid 20s, brunette, great hair, blue jean shorts, red spaghetti strap top, gagged with a handkerchief.

She struggles in place as the thug stands stoic, gun aimed at her head. She looks up and locks eyes with Max through the window. Her struggling lessens.

Max stands up off his bar stool.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Hey, that's my daughter you son of a bitch!

Kace pulls out a small pistol. Keeping it low he aims it at Max.

KACE

Ah ah ah. Sit.

He motions him to sit back down. Max slowly takes a seat having seen the gun. Kace keeps the pistol pointed at Max as he rests his hand on his leg.

He gives a quick three-fingered wave to the thug outside with Kira. Kira is black-bagged and put in the trunk of the car just behind her. The car slowly drives towards the back of the parking lot.

KACE

Once the job is finished, you'll get your money and your daughter.

MAX

Kace Harding. Born and raised Catholic in New York City. Moved down here with mom and dad at age 15, but you didn't adjust well to the change, did you Kace or should I call you Pimple Face Kace?

KACE.

Shut up.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - NIGHT

Kira struggles in the tight space to reach a small string of frayed denim fabric near the belt loop on the back of her shorts.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

MAX

That's right, you killed a little boy with your bare hands, strangled him until he was dead. Just because he was teasing you. "Pimple Face Kace, Pimple Face Kace."

(CONTINUED)

KACE
I said shut up!

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - NIGHT

Kira grabs the string and pulls it, unraveling as loosely stitched seam of a hidden pocket. A tiny knife falls to the trunk floor. Her hands blindly search for the knife behind her.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

MAX
You were tried as a child so you got off easy, but your parents didn't want anything to do with you after the incident, did they? So what'd you do? You strangled them too.

KACE
No I didn't!

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - NIGHT

Kira, determined, has the blade of the knife against the ropes around her wrists, sawing through them as quickly and quietly as she can. The driver of the car listens to music through his headphones.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

MAX
Well they never proved it was you, but we all know the truth. No one wants to hire a killer so you find yourself a job with Adrian Sokolov, The Dirty Russian, whoring out women you've kidnapped, bought, or smuggled in. But that's still not enough for ol' Pimple Face, is it? You like to sample the product, but every now and then you go a little too far and have to dump a body behind the old power plant on the far side of town.

Kace and Max stare at each other for a moment in silence.

(CONTINUED)

MAX (CONT'D)

Now that we are on the same page,
let me make myself very clear...
I've earned my right to be retired
so that's what I'm gonna do. I'm
not goin' after your Long Dong-

KACE

Zhao Wang.

MAX

Zhao Wang buddies. You're wastin'
your time here. So you're going to
let her go, take your damn money
and your monkey suit and bark up
somebody else's tree.

KACE

You don't seem to get it, Max.

Kace picks up the empty shot glass he drank earlier and
knocks it twice on the bar top. The room is silenced.

All of the patrons swell up and stare at Max in
intimidation. They're all thugs working for Kace. The
bartender pulls a baseball bat from under the counter and
bounces the heavy end in his other hand.

KACE (CONT'D)

You do the job or I send her back
to you...after I'm finished with
her...one piece at a time.

Max pauses. He's calm as he calculates his next move. He
picks up Kace's shot of whiskey from the bar and tosses it
back, slamming the shot on the bar top in front of him. He
smirks.

MAX

You know, Grace.

KACE

Kace.

Max picks up his beer, palming the glass. He swirls the last
swallow of the ale in the bottom of the glass with a quiet
chuckle to himself. He finishes off the beer.

MAX

You know, Kace. There are two
things I've come to really
appreciate in this world...An ice
cold glass of beer..And dishing out

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAX (cont'd)
a good ol' fashioned American
ass-whoopin'.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - NIGHT

SHHHHIPP! Kira's knife breaks through the last bit of rope.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

CRASH! Max smashes the glass on the side of Kace's head.
Kace is knocked out.

WOOSH! He ducks and narrowly misses being struck by the
hay-maker from the thug behind him. He springs up in time to
use the goon's momentum to slam his head into hardwood bar -
he's out.

A wild swing from the bartender is caught by Max. With a
sharp tug Max pulls the bartender over the bar.

CRACK! A pool cue shatters over Max's back. Max falls
forward into the bar, nearly knocking the wind out of him.
He drops the bat. He's grabbed from behind but Max pulled a
liquor bottle from behind the bar before he was pulled away.

SMASH! Max aimlessly swings the bottle over his shoulder, it
shatters as it knocks the thug out cold.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Kira has crawled through the back seat of the car into the
cab. She covers the driver's mouth with her free hand and
relentlessly stabs him in the ribs over and over as fast as
she can.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Max turns. Glass shatters behind him, it makes him jump. His
eyes dart to the back of the room. A thug is throwing pool
balls. He glances at the bat on the floor. He ducks swiftly
to avoid another ball.

MAX
You damn pussy!

The pool ball thug rears back for another go. With a swift
kick of his toe the bat flies up just in time for Max to
make a wild swing at the incoming pool ball. CRACK! THUD! A
direct hit between the eyes of the goon.

(CONTINUED)

Another thug yells aloud from behind as he's rushing at Max. Max throws the bat like a throwing axe. THONK! He's out!

One last goon comes from behind Max, slowly. SHHHICK! He has a switch blade. They standoff, walking in a semi-circle around the body-littered bar floor.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Kira pushes the dead driver out of car and onto the pavement. She turns the keys, slaps it in gear, and floors it. SCREEEACH! She slams on the breaks as the other black car comes from the right to block her from leaving. The headlights from Kira's car reveal three goons occupy the vehicle.

KIRA

Shit!

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The knife-wielding thug tosses the knife in the air, grabs it by the blade, and heaves it at Max. Max leans back just enough to clear the blade, catching it by the cold steel edge between his thumb and forefinger.

WHIP! In a flash he fires it like a canon right back at the goon. It sticks in his neck. Arterial spray fountains as he falls to his knees...then to the floor.

Max looks around. He's out of targets. He looks down at Kace who's starting to come to. He grabs two fist fulls of Kace's shirt and lifts his torso from the ground. He stare's into Kace's dazed face.

MAX

Kace closed.

SMASH! He does Kace in with a brutal headbutt. He glances at the bar and notices the stacks of cash are still there. He grabs them and puts them in his back pocket. He heads out the door to the parking lot.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Max steps out of the bar. Two thugs are standing off with Kira, their backs turned to Max.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Hey, ugly!

Both men turn to look at Max.

MAX (CONT'D)

And you both looked!

They both look at Kira then to each other. They head straight for Max.

As Max walks towards the two men the first one runs at him full force with his fist drawn back to deliver a devastating blow. He delivers the punch but Max quickly juts forward and the blow lands on the top of his head, breaking the thugs fingers and wrist. The goon falls backward onto the hood of the car in pain.

The driver rushes out of the car toward Kira.

The second goon draws an automatic pistol but before he can pull the trigger, Max grabs his hand and rolls into his body, aiming the gun at the crippled goon writhing in pain. BRRRT! Bullets pepper the thug.

The driver tries to grab Kira with flailing arms. A swift kick to the groin makes him double over in pain.

Max smashes the back of his skull into his assailant, who stumbles backward. He then twists the goon's arm positioning the gun under his chin. BRRRRRT! His body falls like a rag doll.

Kira grabs the driver's head and smashes her knee into his face, sending him stumbling backwards right into Max.

MAX

Keep your hands to yourself, pal.

Max turns the driver away from Kira and unloads the rest of the bullets into the thug's back. He pushes him forward and the goon lands face down on the pavement.

MAX

Shouldn't you be in school or somethin'?

Kira quickly throws her little knife in Max's direction. Max flinches, but the knife sticks into the eye of the hammer-wielding thug that was just about to strike Max. The thug freezes, hammer still raised in the air, and falls backwards stiffly.

(CONTINUED)

KIRA

Lesson 47: There's always one more asshole.

MAX

So I got distracted.

KIRA

I'm 25.

MAX

What?

KIRA

I'm 25. I'm not in high school any more.

MAX

Whatever.

Kira brushes herself off as Max lights a cigarette.

MAX

You okay?

KIRA

For just being kidnapped by a bunch of psychos, I guess I'm fine.

MAX

Good. Take this.

He hands Kira one of the stacks of cash.

KIRA

What am I supposed to do with this?

MAX

It's money. You use it to buy things. You know, like clothes that are...

He cups his hands near his chest.

MAX (CONT'D)

...Uh...Warmer.

Kira stares back at Max with pursed lips and a raised brow. Max raises his hands like "Whatever" and turns heading back toward the bar.

(CONTINUED)

MAX (CONT'D)
See you later.

KIRA
Hey.

Max, at the entrance of the bar turns to face Kira.

MAX
Yeah?

KIRA
You want to go get crappy cup at
the diner down the street?

MAX
Yeah. I'd like that.

He takes a drag of his cigarette and blows out the smoke.

MAX (CONT'D)
Do you think I should close out my
tab?

Max starts laughing. Kira starts laughing. One of the downed
men starts laughing. They all laugh just a little too long.

MAX (CONT'D)
Come on, it's not too far of a
walk.

Max and Kira walk away, heading for the exit of the parking
lot. The scene fades as the two walk onward.

MAX (CONT'D)
We gotta get you a bigger knife.

KIRA
I like the one I have, besides, you
told me it's all in how you use it.

MAX
Well...if I said it, it must be
true.

Fade to black.

TITLE SPLASH - RED DEVIL INN