

Cain

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2020 Brett Schlagel

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EXT. CITY PARK PUBLIC RESTROOM - NIGHT

The rain has finally stopped. A full moon hangs over public city park. A restroom sits in solitude. Yellow light spills from its open entrance into the the parking lot. Faint whistling can be heard.

CAIN - late 40s, ashy stubble, medium length hair, black jacket - walks into the restroom.

INT. CITY PARK PUBLIC RESTROOM - NIGHT

A man stands at the urinal relieving himself and whistling. Cain steps into the main area of the bathroom and stands quietly.

He pulls an oozi from under his jacket. The receiver is racked. The man stops whistling, zips his pants, and turns around.

BATHROOM MAN

The fuck?

BRRRRRRRRRRRT! Cain opens fire.

FREEZE FRAME Cain's face illuminated by muzzle flash.

SUBTITLE:

ASSIGNMENT COMPLETE

INT. URBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain strangles a man from behind with a crazed look in his eyes.

FREEZE FRAME Cain strangling the target

SUBTITLE:

ASSIGNMENT COMPLETE

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

An intersection in a seedy urban neighborhood is cast in colors from the changing stoplight and the soft glow from the lights of the gas station that sits on the corner. A bum pushes a shopping cart across the street.

A black SUV appears down the street and passes through the intersection before turning into the gas station and parking

beside the building.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Cain glances at his phone in its dash mount. A timer runs on the screen and indicates a target is very close to his left. He racks the slide on pistol and gets out of the car without looking.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Cain sees his target but he freezes before he shuts the car door.

CAIN

Shit.

A child - 4-6 years old - stands over his father who's passed out from pounding a bottle liquor he's still loosely gripping in his hands. The child is attempting to pull his father up by grasping two hand fulls of his jacket and pulling with all his might.

Cain quietly shuts his car door and puts his pistol in the back of his waistband. The child continues trying to wake his father.

CHILD

C'mon. Get up. We're almost home.

The liquor bottle falls out of the man's hand and rolls across the pavement to Cain's feet. Cain lifts the front of his boot to stop the bottle from rolling further.

The child looks over to see Cain taking in the situation. He releases his grasp on his father's jacket and steps to the side of the drunk's unconscious body. He never takes his eyes off of Cain.

Cain walks over to child and father. He shifts his gaze from the child to the man passed out on the ground.

CHILD

He's sleeping.

Cain crouches down over the body. He studies the man for a moment and then sighs heavily.

CAIN

Where were you going?

CHILD
To my house.

CAIN
Is it far?

The child points down the street.

CHILD
There. I can see it.

Cain looks back to the man on the ground for a moment.

CAIN
Is there someone there?

The child nods yes.

CAIN
Who?

CHILD
My papaw.

CAIN
Your father...is sick. I can help him,
but I need you to go home and let your
papaw know your daddy is sleeping in
this parking lot, okay?

CHILD.
K.

The child doesn't move, he continues to stare at Cain.

CAIN
Go on.

The child runs off toward the direction he pointed earlier.
Cain watches him until he disappears behind his SUV.

He looks the unconscious man in the face.

CAIN
Worthless piece of trash.

Cain looks over his shoulder to be sure the child is gone. He then pinches the man's nose shut while covering his mouth with his other hand. The man begins to twitch and jerk. Cain stays focused on his intent.

The jerking and twitching knocks Cain's pistol out of his waistband and to the ground. Cain keeps his hands on the target's face. As Cain continues to suffocate the man a small hand picks up the pistol. It's the child.

The boy raises the gun awkwardly and points it at the back of Cain's head. BANG! He pulls the trigger. A hole is blown through Cain's head, but he doesn't fall. He continues killing the drunkard. The target stops moving.

SUBTITLE:

ASSIGNMENT COMPLETE

Cain turns and looks at the boy. The hole in his head quickly seals itself shut. The boy drops the gun and runs away in fear.

Cain stands. He picks up the gun from the ground and places it inside his jacket. He gives the body one last look before turning and heading to his car.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Cain drives through the city. Lights of the town bounce off of his face as he travels. He is deep in thought as he drives, reflecting on the event that just took place.

Bits of the conversation between Cain and the boy play aloud as Cain leans on the driver door and rubs his forehead.

He glances at his phone sitting in its holder on the dash. He's getting close to his destination.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Cain's SUV drives into the distance.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The motel owner tends to a customer at the counter in the small lobby. A trickle of traffic passes just outside the window. The headlights of Cain's SUV enter the lot and head toward the closest available space near his room.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A mostly-lit motel sign glows against a black sky. Cain parks his car. He unlocks the door with a grimy brass key.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cain opens the door and chains it after closing. He draws the curtains and tosses the motel key on the cheap table. On the way to the bathroom he throws his coat on the bed and puts his gun in his waistband. The bathroom door closes and sounds of the faucet turning and water rushing can be heard.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cain begins washing his hands. On the back of his hand is a tattoo of some kind. He turns off the water and grabs a towel to dry his hands. He catches himself in the mirror. He stares at himself as he's drying his hands with the towel.

He looks down at the tattoo on his hand. It's old and worn. BING! A notification on his phone breaks his thoughts. He checks it.

ON THE SCREEN

2 HITS AVAILABLE. ACCEPT

Cain swipes to clear the screen. He immediately is stricken with a splitting headache that intensifies with every passing moment. It's crippling. A high pitched deafening frequency pierces the air.

BING! The notification rings again. He ignores it as he is grabbing his head and trying to suppress the pain. Head in hands.

BING! The headache worsens and Cain begins bleeding from the nose. He's straining so hard his veins are surfacing and the tendons and muscles in his neck are taught.

BING! He screams in pain. He can't take it anymore. He scrambles for the phone and presses the Accept button. A timer begins a countdown on the phone.

ON THE SCREEN

02:00:00

The headache subsides like the flip of a switch.

Cain is out of breath sitting on the floor, back to the wall.

CAIN

Fuck!

Frustrated and angry, he climbs to his feet and leans over the sink. While trying to catch his breath he spits into the sink. He looks at himself in the mirror again, he notices the bloody nose.

He grabs the towel he dropped, wets a corner of it, under the still-running faucet, and wipes his face clean of his blood.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

3 sharp knocks rattle the door chain.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cain shuts off the water and pauses to check if he heard correctly. The knocks come again. He drops the towel on the sink ledge and exits the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On his way to the door he tosses his phone on the bed next to his jacket. Cain opens the door and the door chain pulls tight. He says nothing as a bright flashlight makes him wince.

POLICEMAN

How we doin' tonight, sir?

Cain glares at the police officer as the officer shines the light over his shoulder in an attempt to get a look inside the room.

POLICEMAN CONT.

We got a call about some loud noises coming from your room. Neighbors are sayin' it sounded like screamin'. You mind if I come in, have a look around?

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Cain stares back at the officer with cold eyes.

POLICEMAN CONT.

I just want to make sure everything's okay in -

CAIN

I was watching a movie. I'll turn it down.

Cain tries to close the door but the police officer stops it

from closing with his free hand. Cain freezes, he doesn't look the police officer in the face.

POLICEMAN

Sir, I hate to be a bother at this hour but I'm going to need to come in and verify everything's okay.

Cain looks at the officer from under a heavy brow. The officer now has his hand on his holstered firearm.

Cain raises his fist slowly to show the tattoo to the officer.

CAIN

Everything is as it should be, officer.

The officer sees the tattoo and seems to recognize its meaning. He changes his tone and stiffens up.

POLICEMAN

Sorry for the inconvenience, sir. You have a good night.

The officer turns and walks away. Cain closes the door enough to keep an eye on the officer as he walks away. The officer steps out of his line of sight.

CAIN

Prick.

SLAM! He shuts the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cain snatches the phone off the bed and opens the app.

ON THE SCREEN

01:56:43

He swipes and it displays his next assignment. A brief description is given of the crimes committed by the target as well as an address of his current location.

Cain's eyes follow the text as he reads the details. He swipes again. A button appears.

ON THE SCREEN

SUMMON REQUESTER

He moves the chairs back from the table in preparation of receiving someone. He steps to the door and removes the chain. He opens the door and presses the button on his phone.

A flash of light erupts and a man appears wearing all white. The man is confused and disoriented. He looks at his hands in disbelief.

MAN IN WHITE

Am I...am I back?

The man in white looks up and is surprised to see Cain staring back at him.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Cain reaches out the door and pulls the man in white into the dark motel room. The door slams shut.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The man in white plops into a seat at the table. Cain takes his seat and sets the phone on the table top and opens the app.

CAIN

Joshua Jackson?

JOSHUA

Yes.

CAIN

It says here you were murdered - stabbed multiple times in an alley when you refused to hand over your wallet to a Mr. Thomas Dolan back in 1986.

JOSHUA

That's all correct.

CAIN

Do you know who I am?

Cain raises his arm and shows Joshua the tattoo on the back of his hand.

JOSHUA

Yes.

CAIN

And you know what I do?

JOSHUA

I've heard stories.

CAIN

I kill killers... if their victims ask for it.

JOSHUA

Okay?

CAIN

You requested the death of your murderer. Looks like you submitted your request a few days after the bastard gave you the old shiv.

JOSHUA

That was a long time ago I -

CAIN

Yeah, I don't have time to sit here and listen to you try to justify yourself or come up with some story to make yourself feel better for asking for it. This is my job, it's what the great creator of this shit soaked rock has so graciously tasked me to do...for eternity. Either you want it done or not.

JOSHUA

I -

CAIN

Understand this...when I take them out they're done...for good. No afterlife, no magical paradise fairy shit in the sky. Everything they are is wiped out of existence. You get me?

JOSHUA

Yes, I understand.

CAIN

Good. Now...here's your only opportunity to change your mind.

Cain slides the phone over to Joshua.

ON THE SCREEN

DO YOU WISH THOMAS DOLAN DEAD? YES. NO.

CAIN

Do you want the asshole that stuck you
like a pig dead?

Joshua looks at the phone screen. He pauses in thought and
looks back to Cain.

JOSHUA

Why?

CAIN

What do you mean why? He killed you,
took you from your family and yet he's
still down here walkin' 'round like
nothin' happened. That's why.

JOSHUA

No, not that. Why does He make you do
this? Kill people?

CAIN

I did some shit back in the day, what
are you my therapist now? Just press a
button already.

JOSHUA

Did you kill someone?

CAIN

That's my job.

JOSHUA

No, like, before this. It seems like
such a cruel thing to make someone -

CAIN

I killed my perfect, can't-do-no-
wrong, shithead of a brother. Back
then, it wasn't somethin' that was
exactly common like it is today. Had I
done it nowadays I wouldn't be doin'
this. But here I am. No breaks, no
sleep, just everyone else's death but
my own.

JOSHUA

Have you ever thought about...you

know...killing yourself?

CAIN

I tried. A lot. Don't work. Maybe if my brother got of his high horse and requested it, but that's not happenin'. It's been centuries, besides he's a pussy anyways.

JOSHUA

Oh...

Joshua looks away from Cain and stares at the floor.

CAIN

Look, either you want this or you don't. Makes no difference to me. Press yes to have this guy offed or no to bitch out. No matter which you choose you get to go back to your koosh-ass afterlife up in the clouds. Make a decision.

Joshua looks back at the phone in front of him.

JOSHUA

Does he have kids?

CAIN

The fucks it matter? You had kids.

Joshua's hand hovers over the Yes button in hesitation.

CAIN

Remember, once you press it...you can't take it back. It's done.

Joshua looks at Cain briefly before he presses the Yes button, confirming he wants the hit to be carried out. Cain snatches the phone up.

CAIN

About time. Now, I've got work to do...

Cain grabs Joshua's upper arm to forcefully encourage him to stand and follow him. They head toward the door.

CAIN

So if you'd kindly fuck right off that'd be much appreciated.

Cain opens the door and shoves Joshua outside. Joshua is shocked by Cain's actions and abrasive personality.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

CAIN

Oh, and when you get back, give this
to the G man for me.

Cain holds up a middle finger, smiles, and presses a button on the phone in his other hand. A burst of light flashes and Joshua is gone, sent back to whence he came.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cain closes the door. He glances at his phone that has returned to a countdown.

CAIN

Damn.

He pockets the phone, shoves his gun in the back of his waistband, grabs his jacket, and snatches the keys off of the table. He exits the motel room with haste.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Cain's phone displays the countdown above the map displaying his route. He's almost to his destination. He drives onward.

EXT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain's SUV slowly pulls up outside of Thomas Dolan's house with no headlights. He studies the house for a moment, looking for any signs of activity.

He pulls the gun from his waistband and racks the slide before slipping it in the inside pocket of his coat. He exits the car, leaving his phone in its mount as usual.

Cain sneaks around the side of the house and heads for the back.

INT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain passes windows while he travels to the rear of the house.

EXT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain is pressed against the back of the house with his gun

drawn. He's cautious and looks around to be sure no one sees him.

Taking notice of a window left open only a few inches, Cain crouches down to peer inside.

INT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain peaks through the gap beneath the window. Thomas Dolan sleeps soundly to the drone of a small electric fan. A smut magazine lays open on his chest, the inside against his body.

EXT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Having seen the target asleep, Cain relaxes.

CAIN
Like fish in fucking a barrel.

Cain squats down on one knee next to the window. Wielding his pistol, he slips his arm through the open window. He closes his eyes.

CAIN
Right...

INT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain's sweeps his gun from left to right.

CAIN
...about..

The gun lines up with the Thomas.

CAIN
...there.

EXT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BANG! Cain fires his gun. Light from the muzzle flash bounces off his face.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The phone screen turns green, indicating the hit was successful.

ON THE SCREEN

ASSIGNMENT COMPLETE

EXT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain pulls his arm from the window and puts his gun in the back of his waistband. He places his hands on the window sill and glances inside through the glass to confirm his kill.

SLAM! The window crashes down in his hands. He exclaims but tries to keep quiet.

CAIN
Mother fucker!

INT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain's fingers twitch and strain as he tries to free himself.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The green phone screen swipes by itself to display the next hit. A picture of Cain and appears. His offensive is listed as fratricide.

EXT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain struggles to free his hands.

CAIN
C'mon. What the fuck?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The phone displays the hit details.

ON THE SCREEN

SUMMON REQUESTER

The button is pressed by an unseen force.

A flash of light quickly emits from the back seat. The phone screen swipes back several pages to re-display the green success screen.

ON THE SCREEN

ASSIGNMENT COMPLETE

EXT. THOMAS DOLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cain is leaned backward trying to pry his hands from the window when all of a sudden the window releases its hold.

Cain falls backward to the ground. He rubs his hands for a brief moment, breathing inward through his teeth to cope with the pain.

He looks at the back of his hands.

CAIN

The hell was that about?

He picks himself up off the ground and brushes himself off. He heads back to his car.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Cain climbs into the car, turns the phone screen off, puts the car in gear and takes off.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Street lights color their surroundings in a flood of copper. Traffic is minimal. Cain's SUV passes by and into the distance.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Cain drives intently. He pulls into the motel parking lot and parks in front of his room. His phone lights up and indicates his assignment is in progress and displays a countdown.

ON THE SCREEN

1:39:47

Cain is confused. Cain looks upward.

CAIN

Really? I haven't even done the interview yet... asshole.

Cain pulls the phone out of its holder and starts to swipe the screen to see who the hit is for.

His picture loads on the screen and reveals his name.

ON THE SCREEN

CAIN

Cain furrows his brow. He's stunned at what he's seeing.

Abel, in the back seat, clears his throat. Cain swiftly turns

around, gun drawn, aimed at Abel.

Abel is calm and collected.

ABEL
Hello, brother.

End.

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