

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

1. INTERIOR. COFFEE SHOP.

DAY.

It's a beautiful day. A beam of sunlight enters through a big window spreading like a veil over walls, tables and bar. Two men are sitting at a table, in front of two cups of coffee. A rumour of early morning can be heard. A TV set reports news in the morning:

TV SET:

Eighty years ago, in Saint Valentine's day,
Alfonso Capone took over Chicago and
became the king of the city, after
his gang performed a massacre,
killing eight people in an ambush, and
bla, bla, bla...

The two men, sitting at the table, drink coffee silently. One of them, FREDDY, is around 30 years old, wears a black suit and has dark hair. He looks clean and shaven. He is reading a newspaper. The other one, SONNY, 45 or so, unshaven, wearing old and stripped casual clothes, gives the impression of not having waken up yet.

FREDDY:

(Reading aloud) Bush says he wants
to kill Sadam Hussein: "after all, he
tried to kill my daddy" he says...

SONNY sips from his cup, without paying any attention to his fellow.

...He tried to kill my daddy *(laughs)*...

Christ! Nice excuse!...Who the hell he
thinks he is, God?

SONNY:

(lighting a cigarette) God hasn't got
a daddy. Has he?

FREDDY:

O.K. Mr. analyst, it was a way of speaking.

FREDDY skips the page and continues reading. Sips from his cup.

SONNY:

(Dry) God IS the Daddy...

FREDDY:

Yeah! God is the daddy.

SONNY:

Bush is kinda muslim...He doesn't
know it but he's Saddam's brother.

FREDDY:

Yeah! Sure.

SONNY:

They're prophets of the apocalypse.

SONNY finishes his coffee, stands up and moves out of frame. After a while, he appears back in frame, picks up his packet of cigarettes and shows FREDDY the time.

SONNY:

They're Cain and Abel.

FREDDY looks at him with amusement, folds the paper, stands up and puts it under his armpit. They both go to the door and open it, walk out and cross the street. They enter a building.

2. INTERIOR. BUILDING.

DAY.

FREDDY and SONNY head towards the lift. FREDDY presses the call button and arranges his tie knot. He whistles and, when finished with his tie, begins drumming with his fingers on the lift door. SONNY opens his big mouth and yawns. The elevator doors open and they enter. The door closes back.

3. INTERIOR. LIFT.

DAY.

FREDDY looks at SONNY's clothes thought and sighs.

FREDDY:

Your zip is wide open.

SONNY closes his trousers zip.

...man, man...You should take care of your
clothes...

...clothes make the man...Don't you
know that?...

SONNY ignores him.

...At least, balance your shirt collar and
comb yourself...You look like a maniac...
Only thing left is to pull your gun out.

*FREDDY arranges sonny's shirt collar and passes his hands through his hair. SONNY
puts them away.*

...I've got a suit at home it might be the
right one for you...quite sure...brand new...

...you come around and try it on...

...It's a taylor made suit, you know...nothing
to do with those tatty chain factory ones
you find at the big stores...which are either
too long or too straight...

...Clothes are essential in all occasions...
not just talking about whether is a top
firm or not...the important thing is the
quality of the stuff, and the manufacture,
of course...the sewing and the tayloring...

...You come and try it on, all right?

...It'll give you a touch of distinction.

4. EXTERIOR. CORRIDOR.

DAY.

*The lift doors open. FREDDY and SONNY step out and walk along a corridor, towards
an apartment door. In arriving, SONNY knocks. They wait.*

SONNY:

Will he be at home?

FREDDY:

(Showing his silver watch) Sure. Eight thirty.

After a few moments, a voice is heard coming from inside the apartment.

VOICE:

Yeah!

FREDDY:

Tax department...Need to have a few words
with you, sir.

After a silence.

VOICE:

Sure!

*Somebody unlocks the door and opens it slightly. A MAN's face with sad eyes shows up
and looks at them.*

MAN:

What can I do for you, gentlemen?

FREDDY:

Need to talk to you. It's nothing
important, really. Can we come in?

MAN:

Sure.

The MAN opens the door. FREDDY and SONNY step in.

5. INTERIOR. APARTMENT.

DAY.

SONNY closes the door and FREDDY goes towards a window and closes the curtains.

MAN:

What's goin' on?

FREDDY looks at the man.

FREDDY:

Nothing, really.

*SONNY pulls off a gun with a silencer from his armpit and shoots the man in the pit
twice. THE MAN steps backwards, hits the wall and falls, dead, on the floor.*

FREDDY:

(Calmly) I need the toilette.

SONNY:

Yeah...Go.

FREDDY surveys for the toilette and enters. Closes the door. SONNY places the gun back under his armpit, checks up the body and begins peering around: first in a bookshelf, then, walking alone upto a little table, where he picks up a framed picture of a clown with a woman and stares at it. He places back the picture, walks towards a wall at the other side of the room and sees more pictures of a clown doing performances...He, then, looks at the body, walks back to the table, picks up the framed picture and approaches the man's body. Places the picture besides the man's face and compares them both. They're the same man. He thinks and approaches the toilette.

SONNY:

Freddy?

FREDDY:

Yeah?

SONNY:

Was he a clown?

FREDDY:

Who?

SONNY:

Our man.

FREDDY:

Eh! No, he was a lawyer. Why?

SONNY:

(Looking at the picture) Because the one
we've just killed is a clown.

FREDDY:

What?

SONNY:

This guy is not a lawyer, he's a showman...
a clown performer. It looks like the wrong one.

FREDDY:

No! O.K. Wait...wait a moment, I'm finishing.

FREDDY finishes his shitting and pulls the chain. He washes his hands and opens the door. SONNY waves his hand and pulls himself aback.

SONNY:

Man, this really stinks.

FREDDY:

What?

SONNY:

Both...your job in the toilette
and your job with the guy.

FREDDY:

Fuckin' coffee, was shit.

SONNY:

Could you close the door, please?

FREDDY:

Sure.

FREDDY closes the door.

SONNY:

(Showing him the picture)

Here, have a look...This man is not a lawyer...

He's a clown...We gave the boss'
respects to the wrong man.

FREDDY:

(Looking at the picture) Are you sure?

SONNY:

(Waving a hand in the air) Look...

He's got pictures of him all over the place.

FREDDY:

(Bewildered) I don't understand.

SONNY:

Well...neither do I.

FREDDY:

Wait a moment, wait a moment...

(He pulls a little agenda from his suit pocket and skips through the pages)... Let me see...Yeah...*(he scans through two pages)...*yeah!...yeah!...yeah!

SONNY:

Yeah...What?

FREDDY:

I think you're right.

SONNY:

You mean we fucked it up?

FREDDY:

Positive.

SONNY:

(Pissed off) Positive.

FREDDY:

(Sighing) Unfortunately, yes.

SONNY:

Jesus Christ!!

FREDDY:

Wait, wait...Are you sure he's dead?

SONNY:

Like a fried chicken. He got two
bullets in his pit.

FREDDY:

O.K....O.K...Let's see...

They aproach the body and FREDDY stares closely at him.

..Yes...he's dead.

SONNY:

I told you...for Christ's sake...what're you
doin' with a clown address in your work
agenda?

FREDDY:

(Thinks) Actually...actually...what
happened is...I wanted a clown for my
daughter's birthday party, O.k! and...eh!...
the boss told me her brother in law
was a clown so she gave me his
name and address...and...eh! Well, I wrote
it here but I forgot to underline it saying
"Clown".

SONNY:

You jockin?

FREDDY:

No.

SONNY:

We killed the boss' broth' in law?

FREDDY:

Well, Yeah. It seems like.

SONNY:

Fuck! Fuck!...FUCK!!!

FREDDY:

(Approaching the body again) Are you sure
he's not fainted?

SONNY:

He's dead....Gone!...Forever!

FREDDY:

Well...It's been a mental lapsus.

We're all humans.

SONNY:

What you mean a mental lapsus? I
just killed an innocent man.

FREDDY:

Don't worry...He couldn't be that innocent.

Pause. SONNY stares at him in amazement.

...You heard of the happy guilt...

SONNY:

What?

FREDDY:

Yeah! We're guilty but we don't know...

That's what Saint Agustin said.

SONNY:

I don't care about what Saint Agustin
said...He was fuckin' innocent.

FREDDY:

Oh! Come on! He was a clown.

SONNY:

So what?

FREDDY:

I'm sure he was a repressed pedophile,
amongst other nasty things, of course.

Look at his face...Nasty, nasty...

Pause.

SONNY:

O.K...Find... Now, you go and tell
the boss your theory...

SONNY walks to the door and opens it. Exits. FREDDY stares at the body. Kicks him a couple of times to make sure, for the third time, he's dead.

FREDDY:

Shit!

FREDDY walks towards the door. They both exit. The MAN lies on the ground. The camera shows the pictures on the wall: the clown smiling, jumping, making funny faces, playing with children...

6. INTERIOR. CORRIDOR.

DAY.

They are inside the elevator. The doors close.

7. INTERIOR. ELEVATOR.

DAY.

SILENCE. They both stare up front. FREDDY arranges his tieknot and his suit. Then, he combs his hair with his hands.

SONNY:

I need a touch of distinction, uh?...

...Do't ever tell me again about your
fuckin' touch of distinction...All right?

FREDDY is embarrassed but tries to conceal it.

...Clothes make the man...

...You should better have a speech
ready...Mr. Capone. A good one...
and try not to blame Saint Agustin,
O.K?...He didn't pull te gun.

...What a shitjob!

FREDDY:

Don't worry, don't worry...Everything
will be all right...

The elevator stops. The doors open and FREDDY steps out.

...Everything will be absolutely find.

SONNY is flabergasted. Shakes his head and steps out. The doors close back.

8. EXTERIOR. STREET.

DAY.

They both walk towards a car, parked in second lane, and step in.

FREDDY:

(OVER) I have to buy some flowers...

SONNY:

(Over) What?

FREDDY:

For my wife...Today's Saint Valentine's.

SONNY:

Jesus!

They drive away.

THE END.