

ANTIDOTE

Written by

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SECOND DRAFT

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A woman's finger presses the doorbell, it RINGS

Inside we see, JACK DIAMOND, dressed in a Bogie trench and fedora, shoots a glance over his shoulder in the direction of the door, we see his face come out of the darkness. He then pulls a medicine bottle from his pocket, takes a swig and puts it back in his pocket.

The Doorbell RINGS again

He stuffs his gun into his waistband and quickly walks down the long dark hallway, stopping at a bar and dropping a mickey into the bottle of whiskey, he then turns and heads to the door opening it to reveal --

EMILY HAYWORTH, a hot (whatever actress we get), in a trench of her own with a scarf wrapped around her head, and big oversized sunglasses on her face. She appears ANGRY.

JACK
(as if he's not expecting
her)
Oh, hello Angel. The coppers are
looking for you.

She says nothing, WALKS in past him and heads straight for the bar POURING herself a shot of whiskey. She DRINKS it, fast. She then POURS two more: one for her and one for Jack.

Before she turns around we see her DROP a mickey into the drink that is Jack's.

EMILY
Did you get the pictures?

JACK
Uh-huh.

EMILY
Was he with that Hussy!

JACK
He was with a doll.

EMILY
I want them.

Jack holds up a large manila envelope.

She SPINS around with both drinks, hands the mickey'd drink to Jack and then reaches for the envelope --

But, Jack PULLS it back.

JACK
Where's my scratch?

Annoyed, Emily REACHES into her purse and PULLS out a stuffed envelope and hands it to Jack.

Jack looks in the envelope at a wad of cash then holds it flat in his hand like he's weighing it.

JACK (CONT'D)
(suspiciously)
I'll trust you.

He STUFFS it into his breast pocket and hands Emily the large manila envelope.

Emily pulls out the pictures, quickly studying each one, and with each one her face changes expression, from anger to sad, back to anger, back to sad.

Jack, meanwhile, pulls a pack of Lucky Strikes from his pocket, PATS them a few times then SHAKES the pack exposing three. He holds them out in Emily's direction but she WAVES him off.

He takes one into his mouth and lights it, then makes a move as though he is removing tobacco leaves from his lips.

EMILY
I want my money back.

JACK
(smiling, but feeling a
little groggy)
No dice, sister.

EMILY
But this is not my husband.

Jack walks into the next room, Emily follows

JACK
(shaky now)
He wa ... wa ... was until you
(beat)
killed him.

Jack STAGGERS back and FALLS into a chair.

Emily follows him looking straight into his eyes.

We see Emily from Jack's point of view and she moves in and out of focus.

EMILY
 (staring straight into his
 eyes)
 You can't prove that Jack. I want
 my money back!

Jack sloppily puts his cigarette out in the ashtray next to the chair, KNOCKING over his empty drink glass --

Then he tries to stand up but FALLS forward onto the floor.

Emily SHAKES him

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Jack?

Jack doesn't respond.

Emily REACHES into his breast pocket and retrieves the envelope of money.

As she turns, she stumbles and tries to steady herself on the wall.

CUT TO:

Jack on the floor, he OPENS one eye.

CUT TO:

Emily's hand REACHES for the doorknob and now we see from her point of view the door go in and out of focus.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 But,
 (beat)
 I gave him
 (beat)
 the drink
 (beat)
 with the mickey in it.

She CRUMBLES into a heap on the floor

JACK
 (now on his feet behind
 her)
 That's right you did Angel, but I
 was one step ahead of you.

He PULLS the medicine bottle from his pocket and we clearly see the word "ANTIDOTE" on the label.

EMILY

(reaching for the antidote
bottle)

I ... I ... I ... need ... it.

Jack puts it back in his pocket, walks to the phone, picks up the receiver and DIALS

JACK

Captain O'Hara? It's Diamond.
You'll find the Hayworth broad at
my place, along with the photos and
the money.