

FAMME FATALE

Written by

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Based on "Femme Fatale", short story by Danny Warner

EXT. JOHN'S OFFICE - EVENING

View on the street out of a second story window. The street is mostly empty, illuminated by a single street lamp. A BLACK 1940's BUICK SUPER is parked at the curb.

1940s music plays. Credits fade in and out for 20-30 seconds.

Once credits end, another car, a light-colored convertible, rolls up and parks next to the Buick.

MAUREEN, 20's, steps out and heads to the building we're in.

Camera pulls out, and we're...

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - EVENING

...in a small P.I. Office. A wooden chair and desk, with a typewriter, newspapers, folders, and an ashtray on it. A trash can full of crumpled papers next to it. A filing cabinet in the corner, bottles of scotch on a small minibar.

JOHN, 30's, handsome, but somber, in a simple suit with a loud tie, steps away from the window, sits on the chair.

He picks a cigarette out of a shiny case, puts it between his lips. In front of him on the desk is a framed photo of John and his slightly older brother, PETER, 30's.

Before John can light up the cig, Maureen storms in. She wears a fur collar coat and a neat little hat. Red hair, lips, rosy cheeks.

MAUREEN

I can't do this anymore, John.

(a beat)

We have to do something. We have to end this.

John takes the cig out of his mouth without lighting it.

JOHN

There is little I wouldn't do for you, Maureen, but I am not going to kill that man in cold blood.

Maureen steps up to the desk and takes off her coat, revealing the tight, provocative dress underneath. She leans on the desk. John glances down and back at her face, puts the cig back between his lips.

MAUREEN

We can't let him control our lives
like this.

John stands up, walks to the window.

JOHN

There must be another way, Maureen.

Maureen steps up to John, from behind. She puts her hands on his shoulders, massaging them.

MAUREEN

We have to do this.

John ignores it. Maureen whispers in his ears.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

For me. For us.

John shakes off her hands and turns.

JOHN

If we do this.
(a beat)
There's no going back.

Maureen walks to the desk, picks up the framed picture.

MAUREEN

When we do this, we are never going
back. We finally escape.

She takes the cig out of his mouth, hands him the picture.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

He did this to you. He killed
Peter. We both know it.

John studies the picture. Maureen blows out smoke. She gets closer to him, almost touching lips. They look inside each other's eyes.

JOHN

Alright. Let's go.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - EVENING

John closes the office door as Maureen steps out.

MAUREEN

I am sorry, John.

JOHN
Leave it, before I change my mind.

They leave.

The door reads:

~~Peter~~ & John Sterling
Private Investigators

"Peter" is sloppily scratched out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

John drives his Buick; Maureen seats in the passenger seat.

INT. JOHN'S BUICK - LATE NIGHT

John opens the glove compartment and takes out a Colt 38 Special. Maureen puts her hand on his.

MAUREEN
I should be the one to do it.

JOHN
That's out of the question.

She holds it tighter.

MAUREEN
You know this is how it's supposed to happen, John.

JOHN
I can't let you do this.

MAUREEN
I'm not asking for permission.

John lets go of the gun, Maureen takes it.

EXT. WRITER'S APARTMENT BLOCK - LATE NIGHT

The Buick parks in front of a brownstone building.

The silhouette of a man typing on a typewriter projects in the second story window.

John and Maureen look up at it.

Maureen gets out of the car, crosses the street and goes in. John looks after her.

INT. WRITER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Maureen enters spacious, dimly lit, and full of cigarette smoke apartment. There's a couch, armchairs, a coffee table, and quite a few book shelves.

The SOUNDS of the typewriter coming from the office fill the silence. Maureen stares at the office the door, gun raised.

INT. WRITER'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Small and cozy, bookshelves line the walls. Maureen slowly opens the door.

The WRITER, 50s, skinny but not fragile, types, his back to the door. He wears a cardigan over a shirt.

Maureen points the gun at him. She closes her eyes as she pulls the trigger.

The gun fires.

Maureen opens her eyes, a heap of papers flies in the air. No sound of typing anymore.

Loud, decisive FOOTSTEPS approach Maureen from behind. The writer begins to turn, slowly.

John snatches the revolver from Maureen's hand and takes a step forward. He shoots the writer in the back twice.

Then takes a step closer and shoots him twice more.

In a flash, everything changes: *we are now in full color, HD.*

The body slides off the chair and falls to the floor.

Maureen goes over to the desk. John walks around the corpse, examining it.

She pulls out a page on the typewriter and reads it.

WRITER (V.O.)

The gun fell to the floor, into the puddle of blood next to her high heels.

John drops the gun, and it falls in the puddle of the writer's blood, next to Maureen's high heels.

WRITER (V.O.)
She crumpled the page and tossed it
into the bin, leaving the writer
dead on the floor.

Maureen throws the paper away.

WRITER (V.O.)
She turned around, then, and took
John's hand.

They hold hands.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF WRITER'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

John and Maureen walk to the car and get in.

WRITER (V.O.)
They stepped outside.
(a beat)
And as soon as they were in the
car, John floored it.

John starts the engine. The car takes off.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

WRITER
They had escaped.

THE END