

D

INT. ALLAN'S ANTIQUES - BACK WORK AREA

D stands at a table, in gloves and safety glasses, at work over a shining piece of metal with a handheld TORCH.

Chance enters and waits for an opening. D continues, notes Chance's presence without lifting his eyes from his work -

START →
SC 1

D
(without enthusiasm)
Doc Chance.

CHANCE
(trying to sound upbeat)
Hello D. Sorry to interrupt. Is Carl around?

D
At home. Little under the weather.

CHANCE
Ah. Well... I guess maybe you're the guy I'd need to talk to anyway.
~~At least to begin.~~
(off D's silence)
You remember the furniture we looked at, couple months or so ago?
~~French Art Deco stuff?~~

D places the metal on a workbench, uses a gloved hand to push the safety glasses to his forehead and turns to Chance.

D
I do. You decide you want to make it right?

CHANCE
(smiles)
~~That'd be one way of putting it.~~
But I feel like I'd have to know what it would cost. If I'd have to - pay up front, for the work, or if there'd be a way of settling when the stuff was sold.

D
Payment you'd have to talk to Carl.

CHANCE
Of course. But let's say I'm ready - get it down here, talk payment when Carl is back. I'd need help -

CHANCE

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D
- Right now work?

CHANCE
Really?
(D just looks at him)
Yes, well, okay... I guess we'll
need a truck.

D
U-Haul's about three blocks down
and one up, Market and 4th.

CHANCE
(a long beat)
All right then. You're on.

D nods, goes back to the metal, starts in on it with a small
hammer - tapping the edges. Chance watches, phone in hand -

CHANCE (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I ask what that is?

D
You can ask.

Chance smiles, can't tell if D's joking. D lifts the piece.

CHANCE
Is it a hatchet?

D
Tomahawk.

CHANCE
There's a difference?

D
Hatchet's a tool. Tomahawk's a
weapon. Buddy of mine keeps going
back to Afghanistan.
(re: the tomahawk)
This is what he likes.

CHANCE
That where you were?

D
(NODS, then)
I use the torch to temper the
blade. You want it thin enough to
cut, hard but not brittle. My buddy
reports back.
(MORE)

D (CONT'D)

We discuss ways to make it more effective. Man does like his scalps.

CHANCE

(beat, then)

I'll see about the truck.

/END

EXT. ALLAN'S ANTIQUES - BACK ALLEY WORK AREA - DAY

D, sitting on an overturned crate, eating fries from a bag while reading an old paperback. A colossal soda sits next to his feet. He looks up to see Chance in the doorway.

START →
SC. 2

D
Sup, Big Dog. You got more furniture to move?

CHANCE
Not yet. How's the brass coming?

D
Still waiting for what I need. Couple of weeks, once I start.

CARL (O.S.)
Is there a doctor in the house?

Chance turns toward Carl - and REACTS. Carl's nose is swollen, his eyes blackened. A straw hat is set at a jaunty angle on his head to accommodate bandaging. He's leaning heavily on a silver-headed cane, trying to smile.

~~CARL (CONT'D)
Thought I heard your voice.~~

CHANCE
My God, what happened?

CARL
(waves him off)
Minor mishap. Happy to see you brought your pieces in. I already have some people may be interested.

~~CHANCE
Buyers?~~

~~CARL
Beautiful buyers. Find me when you boys are done. We'll want to document the pieces, get your signature on some papers.~~

~~CHANCE - spooked by the word signature, is further startled by a loud GURGLING - D and his soda, working the straw, hard. The old man waits a response. Chance musters a weak grin -~~

~~CHANCE
Yes. Righto.~~

Carl winks, wobbles back inside. Chance turns to D.

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CHANCE (CONT'D)
What the hell happened?

D
Kid took him off.

CHANCE
Kid? What kid -

D
Flavor-of-the-fucking month kid.

CHANCE
... Leather pants, pointed boots?

D
(nods)
He wanted money, Carl said no. Came back with two of his pals, beat Carl up and stole some shit. Couple antique chairs, some cash was in that highboy by the register.

D STANDS, slurping from the bottom of the huge cup.

D (CONT'D)
What pisses me off, I wasn't here when they came around but I guess that's how they planned it. You got to watch it with that shit.

CHANCE
What shit?

D
Having a routine. Same place same time, every day? Like walking around with a fucking target on your back.

Eschewing the more obvious diagnosis of delusional paranoia, Chance opts for a knowing nod, as if to confirm the position's fundamental soundness -

D (CONT'D)
But I got it all back, so.

CHANCE
... The stuff that was stolen?

D
That and then some.
(off Chance's look)
I needed to make it worth my while.

CHANCE

And - they just let you? Didn't want to - fight you for it?

As D takes the lid off his soda cup and looks inside as if to be sure there are no hidden reservoirs -

D

Kid knows me. One of his pals did try his luck with a baseball bat.

CHANCE

Not a good idea, you're saying.

D

Should've stuck to baseballs.

CHANCE

Ah. So then what?

D

(matter-of-fact)
Then he went away.

Chance is left to imagine.

CHANCE

Huh. Well... Well, I can think of a few more assholes you might give that treatment to.

He's joking, more or less. D isn't.

D

Like who?

The man's tone is enough to elicit in Chance a momentary flight of fancy, the urge to confide. He comes this close - before caving to reason, making light -

CHANCE

Half the city.

D just looks at him. When Chance has nothing more to add, D crumples his trash, removing it to a nearby dumpster where, having tossed it in, he begins what would seem a careful examination of the dumpster's contents...

/END

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