

**MURDER MIKE**

written by

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CLOSE-UP: The disheveled, crazy-eyed, porn-stachio'd face of our... hero? Looking straight at us, MIKE SHEFFIELD, (30ish) asks the question he's been dying to ask all night. His favorite question.

MIKE

Do you like magic?

**INT. MARIANO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

He shoves a cigarette into the corner of his mouth, pulls a deck of cards out of his coat pocket and expertly shuffles.

MIKE

Of course you do, everybody likes magic.

Mariano's is an old-school Italian restaurant. Red, checkered tablecloths, WHITE HAired WAITERS and chock-a-bok full of GOOMBAHS.

MIKE

Me? I love magic. In particular? The card trick. The elegance and skill to pull it off correctly especially at this distance? Unmatched!

Looking like she's said yes to the wrong Tinder date, LILY AKUNA, (27), a tattoo'd Hawaiian woman with a 1950s vibe, grabs the PASSING WAITER'S arm and tilts his bottle of Chianti to "fill 'er up."

MIKE

Now, my dad, as much as he was a useless, drunk, piece of shit, he respected the exquisite art of the card trick. That man was deft enough to perform for kings, sultans, pharaohs! And who knows? Maybe he would have if it weren't for "the Irish disease." He did almost get to perform for Kenny Rogers in the '70s. But he took one look at "The Gambler", his hero, and puked a metric shit-ton of Crown Royale all over him. Kenny's security took him out back and painted the dumpster with his face--but that's not the point. What is the point, you ask? He was a master of the card trick! And he taught me everything he knew.

He fans out the cards for her to take one. She reluctantly plays along.

LILY  
What's so great about card tricks?

She looks at the card and slides it back in the deck.

MIKE  
(shuffling)  
I'm glad you asked. You see, you can do them anywhere with anyone, you can do the most intricate sleight of hand and, if you're good enough, nobody will ever know how you did it. And that's what makes it...

He waits for her to finish his sentence... waits... waits...

LILY  
(pained)  
Magic.

MIKE  
(smiling)  
Magic.

He holds up the cards with his left hand and waves above the deck with his right hand. A card slides out of the middle of the deck. The King of Spades.

MIKE  
Was this your card?

LILY  
No. It was the Queen of diamonds.

His face drops.

MIKE  
Seriously?

She nods.

MIKE  
God damn it!

Mike gets up, SMASHES his mostly empty plate of spaghetti over the head of one of the 4 ITALIAN MOBSTERS at the next table, shards of plate in his face, BLOOD POURING down.

*A lot of blood. Buckets of blood! A comedic amount of blood!*

He uses a PLATE SHARD to stab the NEXT GUY in the neck. BLOOD SHOWERS out in FOUNTAINS.

Mike upturns the table into the APPROACHING WAITER, kicks the GUY ACROSS THE TABLE in the chest, sending him onto his back. Drops a knee onto the man's neck resulting in a loud POP!

The APPROACHING WAITER pulls a SMALL PISTOL from his apron.

Mike punches him hard in the knee, causing it to break backward. The waiter SCREAMS.

Mike grabs a steak knife off the ground and shoves it through the waiter's open mouth. BLOOD SPEWS out as he tries to hold on for dear life... and fails.

The last man, THE BOSS, (60s, Italian) Is sitting in the booth completely shocked by the violence he's just witnessed.

Mike quick-draws a silenced, James Bond-style WALTHER PPK.

THE BOSS

Wait!

MIKE (PORTUGUESE)

Ninguém toca minha filha e vive para contar a história.

THE BOSS

What?

He shoots The Boss EIGHT TIMES in the head and chest sending blood spraying comically all over the booth and onto Mike.

Lily sits there, blood-soaked, aghast.

Mike leans over to the boss, he sticks his fingers inside the cavern he created with bullets and produces a sticky, bloody, folded piece of paper.

He turns back to Lily and unfolds the paper. It's a card. The queen of diamonds!

Mike shows it off with a flourish! He's terribly proud of himself.

Lily storms out.

MIKE

What?!

**INT. MARIANO'S RESTAURANT: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Mike chases after her still holding the bloody card.

MIKE

What did I do?

She sighs and pulls a slip of paper from her purse.

LILY

Mike! You killed him! You were supposed to deliver a message, in English, and put one in each kneecap!

MIKE

Wait. What day is it? Is this the Italian hit?

She can't look at him, so she storms off.

Mike looks around, they're in an Italian restaurant. Of COURSE it was the Italian hit.

He throws down the bloody card.

They pull off their crimson-soaked clothes, dropping them in the trash.

MIKE

Awww shit!

LILY

And I'm so sick of that stupid story.

MIKE

I need to rehearse.

LILY

So, what? You're going to pull a card out of a bullet wound in your audition?

MIKE

Their ear!

LILY

That's dumb.

Mike is clad in nothing but his leopard-print thong.

MIKE

And it's exactly that kind of constructive feedback that makes you invaluable to this operation, Lily! Come on, you can't go.

LILY

I'm tired of playing clean up after you. I should be the one behind the trigger.

She pulls a spare '50s dress from her bag and throws it over her head.

MIKE

So you're going to go vacation in Prague?

Lily pulls a single brick of plastic explosive from her bag, and chucks it into the stove.

LILY

I've told you, like, twenty times. Eddy's hooking me up with his European contacts.

She tosses Mike more plastique. He throws it into the dining room.

MIKE

Europe? Tell me one place in Europe you can make a bloodbath like this.

She stares at him, he's so full of shit. She opens a door and smacks another explosive onto the water heater.

LILY

If you wanted to keep me around maybe you could've taken the job a bit more seriously? I'm not your fucking mother!

MIKE

(ugh, fine)

Do you know how hard it is to find a decent assistant in this line of work?

LILY

*There it is.*

She nods, *of course*, and walks out.

Mike dons a chef's jacket as they exit the kitchen to...

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

A big, YELLOW CORVETTE waits for them. She flinches at the sight of it, but that's an argument they already had.

MIKE

What?!

LILY

You only want me to stay so you don't have to go through the trouble of finding someone else.

She walks to the passenger side.

MIKE

No. I mean, yes but no.  
(maybe?)  
No! No, no, no, no, no.

LILY

Well, don't worry, I'm sure Eddy will help you find a new sucker.

MIKE

If you knew you were going to say no, why did you even come with me?

LILY

You offered to fly me to New York for dinner. That's my kind of shit, Mike.

MIKE

You are so selfish.

He gets in. Her eyes say "Typical Mike" and she follows suit.

MUSIC CUE: "If You Want Blood" AC/DC

The car screeches off, as the restaurant explodes!

MIKE

WOOOOOOOOOO!!!

**TITLE:**

----- **MURDER MIKE** -----

For the whole script, contact me

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