

TWO FACES

by
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SHARON, an attractive woman in her 40s, proudly sits behind a beautiful mahogany desk.

Behind her, stands several shelves of medical books. On the wall hang various degrees.

Across from Sharon sits PAUL, a rough looker around 50. Dressed in blue jeans, a long-sleeve light blue shirt button to the top.

The wall behind Paul hangs the poster from the classic movie "Psycho."

SHARON

Go on...

PAUL

Like I said.

SHARON

Released?

PAUL

San Quentin.

SHARON

Is that where that happened?

PAUL

What?

Sharon points to her face outlining the scar on Paul's.

It's nasty; the scar starts an inch into his hairline on his right-side-down across his severely damaged grayed out eyeball to the center of his cheek.

A tear slithers from that bad eye.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh...that's another story.

SHARON

I'll bet.

PAUL

Do you have a tissue?

SHARON

Tissue?

Paul nods.

Sharon holds out a box of tissues.

Paul pulls a tissue and wipes his bad eye.

Sharon sees the tattooed letters on his right knuckles that spell out the word KILL.

PAUL

Yeah, well... My brother's daughter was raped and murdered twelve years ago...

SHARON

Oh my God, that poor child.

Sharon notices a large tattoo coming out from his shirt collar going up the left side of his neck.

PAUL

They arrested the bastard, but he got off on a technicality... My brother went crazy, drinking, 'drug in'... Then ate a shotgun for dinner...

SHARON

Despondent was he.

Paul looks at her like "no shit" then carefully folds the tissue into a two-inch square.

PAUL

Jimmy Sullivan...

SHARON

Is that supposed to mean something to me?

Paul pats his eye dry and carefully puts the tissue into his shirt pocket.

Sharon reads the letters on his left hand that spells DEATH.

PAUL

I tracked him to a dumpy little bar called the Log Jammer up in Oregon. Ever hear of it?

Sharon shakes her head.

SHARON

Catchy name though.

PAUL

Catchy?

?Sharon quickly holds out the box of tissue.

SHARON

Tissue?

Paul shakes his hand.

Sharon sits the box of tissues down and picks up a pencil and yellow notepad.

PAUL

Anyway... I went in the Jammer and acted as if I were drunk... I plowed into him messing up his eight ball shot. Jimmy grabbed me with both hands and slammed me up against the wall so hard...pictures on the wall crashed to the floor.

Sharon leans toward her phone and silently starts to reach for it.

Paul quickly stands and POPS out a razor-sharp knife blade.

Sharon quickly sits back in her chair.

He felt this when I jammed it into his throat, turned it sideways and sliced coming out; they teach you that in the Marine Corp....

SHARON

Why do you think I need to know this?

PAUL

The look on his face he knew he was pretty much...fucked up!

SHARON

Oh...

SHARON visions JIMMY as he grabs his throat; blood SPURTS out between his fingers.

SNAP, the lead in Sharon's pencil flies through the air.

SHARON (CONT'D)

(Under her breath)

Shit.

PAUL

What?

SHARON

That was terrible, go on.

PAUL

Sure... He let me go and grabbed his throat and stepped back while dropping to his knees. The sounds of blood gurgling through his fingers.

Paul LAUGHS and motions like an orchestra leader.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It was all like music for my ears.

Sharon puts the pencil into an electric sharpener creating that irritating GRIND.

Paul gives Sharon a hard glare.

Sharon pulls the pencil out and blows off the dusty lead, then notices.

Paul crunches a piece of paper on the desk.

SHARON

Sorry...

PAUL

I'm still learning how to control my anger.

Sharon holds the pencil up, nods her head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Well... Everyone in the bar was just looking at me. Then the bartender called 911. Jimmy's eyes were frozen on me. He started to fall forward - you know - like in slow motion.

Paul moves like he kicks a football.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I Kicked him in the mouth with my steel-toed cowboy boots; they were brand-new at the time; his body wrenched backward blood, teeth, peppered the wall... the floor...

Paul throws up his hands as if he kicked a field goal, puts the knife away.

SHARON

That's appalling...my God.

PAUL

I could hear the police sirens blaring down on me. Then the door bursted open and there with a shotgun... Was Jimmy, DAMN. I didn't know he had a twin brother. Jimmy screamed and aimed the shotgun right at me; he did, then all the bar patrons jumped him.

Paul throws up his hands.

PAUL (CONT'D)

BLAM!

Sharon almost jumps out of her seat throwing the pencil over her shoulder; it bounces off the books onto the floor.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Blasted a hole right in the ceiling he did. The next thing I remember I'm on trial for murder one lay in wait punishable by death. Then the damnest thing...the whole town wrote letters to the court saying that Jimmy's brother...

Sharon quickly picks up the phone, pushes a button and whispers into it.

Paul looks at her as he sits down and crunches the paper.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...Johnny started it; I was just defending myself. You see... They had raped one of the girls in their own town some time back and gotten away with it because the people were all too scared of the Sullivan brothers...

The door quickly opens, BENJAMIN; a large African American with arms ripped off the cover of a muscle magazine in a black T-shirt, black baseball hat on backward and dark sunglasses.

He closes the door; arms folded. He stands like a giant next to Sharon.

Paul half gets up from his chair and holds up his hand for a high-five.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hey, bro...

Benjamin's like a rock.

Paul sits back and flattens out the crumpled piece of paper.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Anyway... I don't think the judge bought the whole thing; it did get kicked down to voluntary man, with a max of fifteen. I miss my brother and my niece. I would really love to share some birthday cake with her... and you know, maybe have a nice, ice-cold beer with my brother... I miss them...

Paul tears up taking the tissue from his pocket and drying his eyes.

SHARON

Yes, well. I have another appointment in ten...

PAUL

They reopened my Barbie's case; that's what we all called her; they found Jimmy Sullivan guilty...

Sharon looks at her watch.

PAUL (CONT'D)

He got life without the possibility of parole.

SHARON

Nice...

She taps her watch.

SHARON (CONT'D)

It's a fiver now.

PAUL

I understand... You're the first person that I ever told this to... It felt good to get it off my...

Sharon stands.

SHARON

Benjamin, show Paul to the door. And thank you for coming in.

Paul gets up and walks to Sharon.

Benjamin gets a little uneasy.

PAUL
I'll see you again, won't I? Soon, I
hope...

SHARON
You have issues, Paul.

PAUL
Tissues?

SHARON
Issues.

PAUL
Oh... I know the way out, thank you.

Benjamin opens the door and Paul exits. The door closes.

SHARON
He has tissues of the brain...

A sudden knock and the door and it quickly flies open.
Paul holds out his razor sharp knife.

Sharon's mouth drops.

PAUL
You two going to take me on?

Benjamin moves behind Sharon.

Paul slides the knife blade under his scare and peels it
back.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What did you think of my monologue?

Paul peels of his scar and holds out his eye contact
holder.

Sharon forces a smile causing a slight laugh.

SHARON
What's a monologue?

BENJAMIN
Yeah...

PAUL
You call yourself a talent agent?

SHARON
I'm a real estate agent. Down the hall
is the acting agency.

Benjamin's nods like a dashboard dog.

Paul smiles.

The door slams in Paul's face.

FADE TO BLACK

SHARON (CONT'D)

Stupid monologue.

PAUL

Just down the hall. I heard that!