

Resolution

By

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EXT. CITY STREET - BOSTON - MIDNIGHT

We focus on a black Ford Crown Victoria from head on as it sits parked on a city neighborhood street. It is cold and wet and light flurries swirl in the wind and each flake glows under the streetlights and headlights of the few cars that pass by. We can barely make out the face of a man behind the wheel in the drivers seat and can faintly hear muffled Christmas music.

A dolly shot from street to the curb pans behind the vehicle to see that it is on, as exhaust steams from the tailpipe. When the camera reaches the curb we see that along the sidewalk in front of each row house are old Christmas Trees cast away and lying amongst black trash bags and boxes that once held gifts.

INT. INSIDE CAR CAMERA ANGLE

TOMMY FLANNERY, in his late twenties, sits in the passenger seat, with his arms outstretched, warming his hands in front of the heat vents in the dashboard. "Oh Christmas Tree" is playing softly on the radio. His face is expressionless.

After a moment we hear a cell phone vibrate, and Tommy pulls his phone from his jacket's breast pocket, it displays a text from Gloria saying: "All packed, the key is on the kitchen counter."

Tommy exhales deeply through his nose. His left eye twitches a few times before he reaches up to touch it in an effort to stop it. His phone still glows the text message.

EXT. CITY STREET - BOSTON - MIDNIGHT

The camera looks up the slushy sidewalk, we see Tommy's car head on to the right. A man, MIKE O'MALLEY, walks out of a corner store holding two cups of coffee. He makes his way cautiously through the elements to the car, he approaches the passenger side, and he sets a cup on the roof of the car in order to open the door.

INT. INSIDE CAR CAMERA ANGLE

Tommy quickly puts away his phone as Mike enters the vehicle and turns off the radio. The car rocks under Mike's burliness.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I sawr that. You sextin' ova there?

Mike gives a breathy chuckle. And Tommy shakes his head as he finally situates his phone back in his pocket.

TOMMY

Yeah, of course. Ya caught me.

Mike shifts his weight in the car, jostling the coffees.

TOMMY

Hey, careful! Gonna spill the--

Mike spills a little bit of coffee on the floorboard, then shrugs. Tommy shakes his head and reaches out and takes one of the coffees from Mike.

MIKE

Uhh no, wait..

Mike switches coffees with Tommy.

MIKE

Here ya go, no milk, no suga.

Tommy nods. The camera angle changes to show a windshield shot of both of them sitting quietly as they take sips of their coffees.

Tommy stops sipping and looks to Mike as he continues to drink.

TOMMY

You still puttin' all that shit in it?

Mike lowers his cup and almost out of breath looks to Tommy.

MIKE

Hell yeah. Fuck ton a milk, fuck ton a suga'.

Tommy shakes his head as Mike smiles proudly.

MIKE

I uhh...I like my coffee like I like my women. Sweet as possible and pale as hell.

The two laugh at Mike's joke. Tommy looks down at his coffee, smiling a little, and flicking the plastic lid with his thumbnail.

MIKE

Man, I don't wanna sound gay or nothin' but uh--it's good to see you smilin' again man.

Tommy's smile fades, but he nods to Mike.

MIKE

I'm serious man, you were so fuckin' quiet, it was like riding around with somebody whose got autism. You sorta just sat there.

Mike mimes a blank stare, impersonating Tommy. Tommy chuckles out of reflex, obviously uncomfortable by the conversation's topic.

Mike senses the awkwardness.

MIKE

Did I ever tell you when I was seeing that girl from Pennsylvania, Tiffany? With the kid?

Mike quickly regains Tommy's attention with a story. Tommy shakes his head, "no".

MIKE

(Chuckling)

Ok well she wasn't quite used to Boston folk dropping their R's. And so she showed me her kid's artwork and I told her I thought he was autistic. And she fuckin' thanked me.

Tommy starts chuckling, even before the punchline.

MIKE

(Chuckling)

And I was like no, lady, I really think your kid has got autism, he's seriously fuckin' retarded.

Tommy laughs loudly, Mike joins in.

TOMMY

You *did* not! There's no way!

MIKE

I sure as shit did! I told her!

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

She dumped you after that though,
right?

MIKE

No! I must got game or something,
cause later that night I had her
makin' noises those crazy noises
too!

Mike proceeds to impersonate what he believes a mentally
handicapped person sounds like.

MIKE

Errr! ERR! ERR!

Tommy is laughing hysterically as Mike joins in once more.

As the two are laughing, Tommy catches sight of two men
walking down the opposite side walk and stop in front of the
front door to an apartment building.

TOMMY

(Alert)

Oh hey! Is that him?

Tommy points to one of the men.

MIKE

Ahh what? You don't know what
Nikolai looks like?

TOMMY

No. Pat never told me what he looks
like, and I never seen him.

Mike studies the two men as one of them unlocks the
apartment door and the two enter, disappearing inside.

MIKE

Yeah. That was him alright, I know
that dirty Russian skinhead
anywhere. We'll give it a couple
minutes.

The two sit in silence for a moment, sipping their coffee.
Tommy feels his phone vibrate again but he doesn't answer
it. His left eye begins twitching again and he shuts both of
his eyes tightly, trying to stop it.

Mike catches sight of this.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

What's a matter?

Tommy opens his eyes and turns his head to Mike, but doesn't speak right away. He looks at Mike for a moment.

MIKE

What?

TOMMY

You ever...go through phases where for maybe like 6 months to a year all you do is act and move, but then after that's over, you revert to about 6 months to a year of thinking? You know? Really introspective?

Mike looks at Tommy for a moment, trying to take in what Tommy has just said.

MIKE

Fuck are you talkin' about? No. No, I *do not* have periods of introspective thinking. Period.

Mike exhales, and Tommy looks back toward the street.

MIKE

And where did you learn that word? Intro--spective. What ya got a Word-Of-The-Day calendar at home now or something?

Tommy looks back at Mike, he feels insulted.

TOMMY

No! Ass. I've always known what introspective means.

MIKE

The fuck you didn't! I sat next to AND cheated off you in grade school Tommy...we both got that one wrong.

TOMMY

Yeah, whatever.

Tommy, looks back to the street again.

MIKE

What's a matter with you anyhow? You and Gloria are gonna work all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)
this out, I'm sure she's just mad
at you working through the
Holidays.

Tommy continues to look straight ahead.

TOMMY
She left me. She packed her shit,
left my arm chair, and left me.

Mike's mouth falls open, shocked.

MIKE
Fuck you! No she didn't! Are you
serious?

Tommy reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out his cell
phone, showing Mike the text.

MIKE
Oh man! I'm so sorry Tom! I'm such
a piece of shit! And I been sittin'
over here laughin' it up, talkin'
bout fuckin' retarded kid's mothers
and shit. I'm a horrible friend,
I'm sorry, Tom.

Tommy waves Mike off, to try and calm him down.

TOMMY
Its ok, you didn't know.

The two sit in silence, reflecting.

TOMMY
So you see why I've been--

MIKE
No! I know! I get it brother, you
introspect the fuck out of
yourself, ok?

Tommy nods and looks down once more at his coffee. The two
sit in an awkward silence for a bit.

Tommy looks back over to Mike.

TOMMY
Its because of my job. She hates
it, she always has.

MIKE

See that's just unfair! A man's gotta have his career, you love this! You love what you do! You take pride in it! You--you're an artist, Tom!

Tommy sort of squints, suspect of Mike's statement.

TOMMY

Come on Mike, I'd hardly call *this* a career.

Tommy holds his hand out, panning out over their view from the car.

TOMMY

And I'm hardly an artist, I can always just picture how things end.

MIKE

Ok, and hows this end?

TOMMY

Hasn't hit me yet. I'll let you know.

MIKE

Yeah do that. And let me know. "Outrospect it".

Mike shakes his head, mocking Tommy. They sit in silence for a bit once more. Mike reaches out and turns the radio back on. "Gloria In Excelsis Deo" plays on the radio.

MIKE

Fucking...serious?

Mike turns back off the radio, as Tommy sighs.

MIKE

Alright, lets just do this.

Mike throws open his door, and shifts his weight out of the vehicle as it rocks. Tommy, relectantly opens his door, stepping out hesitantly.

EXT. CITY STREET - BOSTON - MIDNIGHT

The two shut their doors and walk toward the back of the Crown Victoria. Mike opens the trunk as Tommy looks all around. Plumes of steamy breath, billow from the two's mouth and nose.

Tommy looks all around, noticing all of the Christmas trees on the curb and all of the unlit Christmas lights still strung but not taken down yet.

Mike can be seen from a street shot rifling through the trunk, clanking around busily.

As he does this, Tommy looks around to see in an apartment above them there is still a Christmas tree lit up and decorated in the window. He studies it. His eyes look glassy, either from the cold or emotion.

Mike catches his partner staring off.

MIKE

Hey, what the fuck are you doing?
Come on man, I need ya over here.

This jolts Tommy out of thought as he turns back toward Mike, who begins handing him an assortment of handguns of varying caliber.

Tommy seems to regain as he begins checking magazines and chambering rounds. The two stuff copious amounts of firearms into their heavy jackets.

But once again, Tommy's eyes are drawn back to the lit Christmas tree in the window above.

INT. NIGHT - DARK ROOM WITH CHRISTMAS TREE

Tommy is in a dark room, the only light is a brightly lit, multi-colored Christmas tree. Next to it is Gloria. A beautiful brunette, in her late twenties. Her soft facial features are warmly lit by the tree, and she smiles a closed-mouth smile.

EXT. CITY STREET - BOSTON - MIDNIGHT

Mike slams the trunk of the car, jolting Tommy out his daydream, he shakes his head at Tommy.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

You've got to stop introspecting
and focus Tommy!
Outro-fucking-spect, with me!

Mike rests a pump shotgun on his shoulder and looks at Tommy. Annoyed he dramatically gestures for Tommy to get on with it. And the two cross the slushy street. The falling flurries seemingly get thicker and heavier as the two make their way to the apartment door from which they saw Nikolai enter earlier.

Tommy looks around, keeping watch as Mike picks the lock effortlessly and pushes the door open with his boot. They both look in. It's clear. They enter.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

The two begin to ascend the stairs, very quietly, their guns are drawn as they glance carefully around each corner. They cover one another tactfully.

INT. NIKOLAI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

There are about seven or eight Russian men sitting around the living room watching an old black and white Russian movie. Christmas decorations are hung, shoddily on the walls.

NIKOLAI, a tall Russian man with a buzzed head, sits on the sofa with a young boy ALEXEI, his son, in his lap. The boy has some sort of toy in his hand that he is playing with. RUSSIAN MAN 1 enters, and sits on the sofa with looking at a cell phone in his hand.

RUSSIAN MAN 1

Nikolai, Pat left another
voicemail. He's mad.

NIKOLAI

Mad? About what?

RUSSIAN MAN 1

He wants his drugs. He said you'd
give them to him after Christmas.

Nicholei looks to his son, and shakes his head.

NIKOLAI

Not without our papers. That was
the deal.

(CONTINUED)

He looks up to Russian Man 1.

NIKOLAI
(smiling)
If he calls again remind him, we're
Russian! Christmas lasts for many
days!

The other Russian men sitting around cheer in agreement.
RUSSIAN MAN 2 lifts a bottle of Stolichnaya in the air.

RUSSIAN MAN 2
Yes! No more smuggling, only
drinking!

The men all cheer again and reach out their glasses for
Russian Man 2 to pour the vodka into. Nikolai laughs and
shakes his head at the men.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

Tommy and Mike are still climbing the steps, the two begin
to become winded, implying they're been climbing for quite a
bit. Tommy is ahead of Mike, as Mike breaths loudly.

MIKE
(Breathing loudly)
Why...do they have to...live on the
top fuckin' floor?....Fuckin'
Russians.

TOMMY
(Slightly winded)
It was Pat, he put em all up here.

Tommy stops and waits at the landing for Mike. Mike is still
climbing, muttering under his breath.

MIKE
(In a deep Russian accent)
In Soviet Russia...your ass must
sweat, flowing like the Volga when
you reach top floor
apartment...fuck you.

Tommy smirks and shakes his head at this friend. Mike
finally reaches him and stands next to him.

TOMMY
One more, Mikey.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
(Exhales)
I got this.

Tommy nods and the two turn to head up the last flight of stairs.

INT. NIKOLAI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The Russian men are all drinking, and speaking in Russian to one another. Nikolai is sitting calmly with Alexei next to him.

RUSSIAN MAN 3, calls to Nikolai.

RUSSIAN MAN 3
Nikolai! Please, drink with us!

Nikolai smirks, looking hesitant. Russian Man 2 looks up from pouring out the vodka.

RUSSIAN MAN 2
Yes! Nikolai, you deserve a drink
the most!

The other men all yell in agreement, as they persuade Nikolai to drink with them.

Russian Man 2 pours a tall glass of Vodka for Nikolai, and Russian Man 1 takes it from him reaching out and handing it to Nikolai. Nikolai squints his eyes, thinking it over. Then he looks to Alexei next to him.

NIKOLAI
Alexei, go play with your toys for
a little while.

Alexei looks up to Nikolai and nods.

ALEXEI
Ok, papa.

The men all cheer as Nikolai takes the glass.

RUSSIAN MAN 2
Good boy Alexei! You have a good
man for a father!

They all raise their glasses in agreement as they all, including Nikolai drink from their glasses.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

Tommy and Mike reach the Russian's door where the letter "G" is hung above the peephole. The Russians can be heard laughing inside.

Tommy and Mike both exhale in disbelief when they see the "G". Mike looks to Tommy.

MIKE

(Whispering)

It's just apartment G. It does not stand for Gloria. Stop introspecting and start *resurrecting* a second gun from your jacket, pretty fuckin' please, Tommy.

Tommy nods, exhaling through his nose. He pulls a second from his jacket.

Mike shakes his head, and looks up to the ceiling as if to God.

MIKE

(Whispering)

Why? Why would you make it apartment G?

Mike exhales and inhales a long breath before kicking the door powerfully right next to the handle. The old wood frame, splinters as the door flies open, slamming into the opposite wall. The two rush in, Mike with his shotgun, and Tommy with his pistol and another one in the front of his belt.

MIKE

Nobody ignores Patrick Maloney!

In the cigarette, smoke-filled room there are about 8 men sitting around a large television watching a black and white Russian movie. All around the apartment, drug paraphernalia and large amounts of heroine can be seen on the kitchen table and counters.

Out of reflex, one of the men stands up, frightened.

RUSSIAN MAN 1

Oh God!

Tommy fires two rounds into him as he drops immediately. Nikolai looks around frantically for Alexei.

(CONTINUED)

NIKOLAI
Alexei! Hide boy!

The rest of the men scramble, as Mike joins in with the shotgun. Mike explodes a blast into a man's back who is closest to him, this also wounds another man next to him.

Some of the others are more successful and getting cover and reaching a fire are to return fire. As they do Mike ducks into a coat closet next to the front door and Tommy slides into the kitchen, crouching behind the counter.

A gunfight ensues, as chaotic destruction engulfs the open room of the apartment. Things begin to go in a sort of slow motion for Tommy, as he looks over to see Mike shooting and killing a man as the man tries to make a break for the bedroom.

While seeing this Tommy's eyes divert over to the kitchen table, where under it he sees a small boy who had been playing and was surrounded by toys.

Tommy and the boy make piercing eye contact, as a stray bullet cuts through the table as one of the boy's toys shatters into pieces. The boy flinches.

Tommy's eyes well up as he grabs the second gun from his belt. He peeks from around the counter seeing out of the windows and across the street, the Christmas tree he had just seen moments ago.

Tommy inhales deeply and then stands, charging to the center of the room.

By this time there are only 3 men left, and Tommy efficiently places a few bullets into two of the men. With only Nicholei left, crouched in the corner Tommy sprints toward him. Nicholei stands as the two begin firing at one another.

Mike can be heard yelling to Tommy from the coat closet.

MIKE
Tommy, no!

Tommy and Nicholei fire round after round into one another. Nicholei backs himself against the large glass window. Tommy has not lost any momentum as he tackles Nicholei through the large window and the two tumble out falling a few stories onto the cold wet sidewalk below.

EXT. CITY STREET - BOSTON - MIDNIGHT

Tommy lay on his back. Blood coming from his mouth and pouring from his head. His left eye is covered in blood as it streams, like tears down the side of his head and filling his ears. He cannot move, or speak, or even breath but he manages to turn his head to see Nicholei dead and impaled through the head from the top point of a thrown away Christmas tree.

Tommy struggles for air, only able to cough, clearing his lungs of the blood for one last breath as he shuts his eyes.

Up above in the apartment, the camera glances up to the broken window as Mike pokes his head out, concerned for his friend.

MIKE

Tommy!

He sees Tommy on his back and not moving.

MIKE

Tommy no!

EXT. CITY STREET - BOSTON - MIDNIGHT 10 MINUTES EARLIER

Mike slams the trunk of the car, jolting Tommy out his daydream, he shakes his head at Tommy.

MIKE

You've got to stop introspecting
and focus Tommy!
Outro-fucking-spect with me!

Tommy looks at Mike, studying him. Mike studies Tommy right back.

MIKE

What?

Mike throws his hands in the air. Tommy looks back up to the Christmas in the apartment window above and smiles, looking back to Mike.

Tommy pats Mike on the shoulder.

TOMMY

I'm going home Mikey. You should
too.

(CONTINUED)

Tommy turns around and begins walking away, down the slushy wet street. Mike's forehead wrinkles with confusion as Tommy throws Mike his car keys from off camera. Mike catches them, looks at them, and then back up to Tommy.

MIKE

What the fuck? Tommy! Where ya going?

We see Tommy getting a bit further down the street. His voice echoes off the quiet buildings.

TOMMY

(Yelling)

I told ya! I'm going home!

Tommy can be seen from behind, his hands in his jacket pocket, his steamy breath trailing behind him. Mike stares, not knowing exactly what to say.

MIKE

You're walk---is this introspective?

Mike yells to Tommy. Tommy can be heard from further away.

TOMMY

(Yelling fainter)

Call it a New Year's Resolution!

Mike continues to stare. He shifts his weight, seeing if Tommy will come back, but he doesn't.

MIKE

Tommy, come on its cold out here!

Mike turns back around, looking at the car. He then turns back seeing Tommy walking away in the distance.

MIKE

Hey Tommy! You forgot ya coffee!

Tommy is walking with his hands in his jacket pocket toward the camera. We can see faintly behind him, Mike standing in the street next to the car.

As Tommy walks almost through the camera, we can faintly see in the window above the street, the Christmas tree in the window. The screen slowly fades to black as the blurry blow from the tree is the last thing we see.