

DONOR

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY - FRAT HOUSE - DAY

Dilapidated colonial house. Toilet paper hangs from the gutter and trees.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Ratty old couch. Large flat screen surrounded by a beer can pyramid.

SHANE McCabe, 22, athletic, nonchalant, thumbs the game console furiously and elbows FRITZ Hernandez, 22, relentlessly focused, thumbs a blur.

INSERT - TV

Two MMA fighters duke it out!

BACK TO SCENE

COREY MacIntire, 22, pokes his head in from the hall, landline phone in hand.

COREY

Shane ... hey, Shane! It's your old man.

SHANE

Which one?

COREY

Your real one.

Shane glances sideways at Corey...

FRITZ

Oh yeah, rear naked choke, baby!

(Shane glances back, pissed)

Goodnight, thanks for coming.

Shane throws the console at Fritz who raises his hands victoriously.

SHANE

Why doesn't he call my cell?

FRITZ

Cause you never answer it.

SHANE

Good point.

COREY

And that blonde chick stopped by
again looking for you.

SHANE

Which one?

COREY

The Polish hottie ... Tasha or
something.

SHANE

(momentarily confused)

Oh, Tatiana - she's Russian.

COREY

Whatever, dude.

Shane grabs the phone from Corey, who smirks and
rushes toward the TV.

SHANE (CON'T)

Hey, game's still mine.

COREY

Rear naked choke, bitch!

Shane grins, puts the phone to his ear.

SHANE

Hello.

EXT. CHICAGO - SIDEWALK - DAY

State Senator O'MALLEY, Shane's dad, 50s, nice suit
with a hint of reptilian decadence, strolls
confidently along a quaint, mixed-use neighborhood.

O'MALLEY

Congrats, son!

INTERCUT - SHANE'S FRAT HOUSE/DAD ON SIDEWALK

SHANE

I don't graduate until tomorrow.

O'MALLEY

I know. I just thought I'd call while I have a free minute.

SHANE

That's nice ... glad you could squeeze me in.

O'MALLEY

Come on now, Shane.

SHANE

I take it you won't be there then?

O'MALLEY

Of course I'll be there ... Wouldn't miss it for the world. You can count on me.

SHANE

Come on, Dad, the voters of Illinois can count on you. Me ... that's another story.

O'MALLEY

I said I'll be there ... I'll be there - Ok?

SHANE

If you say so.

O'MALLEY

I have to go, got a lunch meeting-

SHANE

I know, you can't keep the people waiting.

O'MALLEY
See you tomorrow, son.

Dead line.

Shane looks cross at the phone, shakes his head and hangs up.

SHANE
We'll see.

END INTERCUT

The TV ROARS, beckoning ... Shane jumps on the back of the couch and lunges at Fritz...

SHANE (CON'T)
Rematch!

Shane takes Fritz to the floor, Corey jumps on top of the pile, Fritz extends his arms, clicks away.

FRITZ
Unstoppable!

COREY
Dude, don't you have an interview today?

Shane jumps up, eyes wide.

SHANE
Oh shit, you're right!

EXT. CHICAGO - RESTAURANT - DAY

Burgundy canopy. Russian name over the classy restaurant's door.

INT. RUSSIAN RESTAURANT - TABLE - DAY

Oak. White tablecloths.

State Senator O'Malley devours caviar alone, but wipes his hands barbarously when a large figure approaches.

Michael KOVNATOF, 50s, well-built Russian mafia boss underneath an even nicer suit with penetrating eyes, acknowledges the senator coldly and sits.

O'MALLEY

I ordered caviar and vodka on your behalf.

KOVNATOF

Just because I'm Russian, I have to eat caviar and talk like a bad guy in a movie?

O'MALLEY

Your English is perfect.

KOVNATOF

And your ability at persuasion isn't.

O'MALLEY

Well, these things take time.

KOVNATOF

Time is a luxury politicians have in order to not make the tough choices. There's always next year or the next election to think about. If this were not true, then you boys would have already passed the organ donor law.

O'MALLEY

Yes, but-

KOVNATOF

I want that last casino license.

O'MALLEY

I understand.

KOVNATOF

Do you? You know my grandmother used to tell us kids something whenever any of us would get too cocky or comfortable with ourselves.

O'MALLEY

Profound, I'm sure.

KOVNATOF

She would say, Micha, just remember you can always be replaced. And that is especially true with politicians.

O'MALLEY

Well, you can count on me. There are still things that can be done ... but let's eat.

KOVNATOF

(stands)

I'm afraid I have another pressing engagement, but stay and enjoy the caviar and vodka - you'll be the stereotypical Russian before you know it.

Kovnatof leaves.

O'Malley waives off the waiter offering more caviar, pulls out his cell phone.

O'MALLEY

Pamela, this is State Senator O'Malley. Is your boss free tonight?

EXT. DALLAS - MID-RISE BUILDING - DAY

Shane runs into the building wearing a suit and tie, satchel flailing.

He removes the tie before entering the elevator.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Contemporary office. Streamlined metal and wood.

The cautiously sarcastic RECEPTIONIST swallows Shane with her eyes.

RECEPTIONIST

Ooh, just made it, but you might want to re-attach that clip-on in your pocket.

Shane looks at his chest in disappointment.

SHANE

But I thought ad guys didn't wear ties?

RECEPTIONIST

They don't, but you're not an ad guy ... yet.

The receptionist shakes her head with a sly smile as Shane digs out his tie and clips it on. He models it, she nods.

RECEPTIONIST

They're ready for you. Just through those double doors.

Shane straightens himself out, adjusts his satchel, takes a deep breath and marches forward.

INT. CHICAGO - BAR - NIGHT

Crowded. Festive atmosphere.

JENNIFER Slayman, 30s, vibrant, attorney, nods to her chatty friend, TINA, then glances sideways at TRISH, while pulling out her cell phone.

Jennifer grows excited.

Tina continues yapping while Trish eyes Jennifer.

TRISH

Well?

JENNIFER

Yep, it's him.

Tina finally realizes no one's listening.

TINA
Hey, what's going on?

TRISH
Her man's in town.

TINA
Then what's she still doing here...
I'd be all over that by now.

JENNIFER
You wish! Mittens off my man, I'm
out of here.

Jennifer jumps up, bumps her head on the lamp, but smiles and quickly works her way out.

EXT. CHICAGO - BAR - VALET - NIGHT

A white SUV pulls up.

Jennifer gets in and hands the valet a dollar.

The valet walks away shaking his head.

Jennifer suddenly realizes the five dollar bill in her other hand and steps out.

JENNIFER
Hey ... sorry!

She waves the bill, but the valet ignores her and moves to another car.

Jennifer gets back in her vehicle and YELPS!

A thug, BECK, 20s, hoodie, sits in the passenger's seat pointing a gun at her, waist level.

BECK
Shut the door and drive!

Jennifer whips out a bottle of pepper spray and unleashes it.

Beck YELLS.

The GUN GOES OFF.

The driver's side window SHATTERS.

Beck's hands go to his eyes.

Jennifer jumps out of the car, but stops cold as another menacing thug, JACK, 20s, faces her.

Jennifer slugs him in the head with her purse and runs.

BECK (CON'T)

Get that bitch!

Jack turns ... SCREECH ... a car stops just in time.

Jack SLAMS the hood of the car with one hand, removes the other hand from his bruised face, and squints in search of Jennifer.

Beck knocks him on the shoulder and they take off after her, licking their wounds.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD - BOX SEAT - NIGHT

Cubs fans coincidentally CHEER as State Senator O'Malley enters the box seat and shakes hands with State Senator MENDOZA, 40s, jovial, but sly.

EXT. CHICAGO - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A white van pulls into the garage.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT

Dank. Makeshift operating table against the back wall.

Beck and Jack strut through the double doors.

Jack carries a body bag over his shoulder.

BECK

Dr. Fischer?

DR. FISCHER, 40S, greasy, steps forward, wipes his hands on his white coat.

DR. FISCHER

Yes. Put the spec on the table.

Beck head motions Jack.

BECK

Who is she anyway?

DR. FISCHER

I know as much as you, but I don't ask questions. Did you give her the shot?

BECK

That sounded like one.

Jack snickers.

DR. FISCHER

I'm not amused, gentlemen.

BECK

Yeah, we gave her the shot. You got our money?

Dr. Fischer pulls an envelope out of his coat and tosses it to Beck.

DR. FISCHER

That will be all, gentlemen.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD - BOX SEAT - NIGHT

State Senator Mendoza slaps his program against his palm as the inning ends.

O'MALLEY

I always took you for a Sox fan.

MENDOZA

Why, because I'm Mexican?

O'MALLEY

No, because you live on the South Side.

MENDOZA

(winks)

I have box seats there too.

The senators share an ice-breaking laugh.

MENDOZA (CON'T)

So, tell me you're not here wasting our time on that casino dream.

O'Malley grins devilishly.

EXT. CHICAGO - ALLEY - NIGHT

The white van pulls into the dark alley.

INT. VAN IN ALLEY - NIGHT

Beck counts the cash while Jack puts the van in park.

JACK

Is it all there?

BECK

Yeah, all of it.

JACK

That bitch was tough, but well worth it.

A shadow emerges from the back of the van.

EXT. CHICAGO - ALLEY - NIGHT

Two GUN SHOTS FLASH inside the van.

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