

LET'S TWIST AGAIN

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EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A long street cordoned off with tape. Hundreds of SPECTATORS assembled on both sides.

Distant sounds of drums — a parade is coming.

A wooden set of bleachers stands at the edge of a park, bordering the street. TOURISTS scramble to get a seat on the bleachers.

EXT. MAIN STREET / BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

A man without a valid ticket is asked to leave.

The atmosphere is tense.

The drum sounds get louder.

A GANGSTER (30s, self-assured) in a black suit paces toward the bleachers.

He makes a sweeping gesture with his right hand, instructing the tourists to leave the bleachers immediately.

Most tourists ignore him. One aims her phone and takes a picture of the man.

GANGSTER

Leave.

No reaction.

The man pulls out a shotgun from underneath his jacket.

The bleachers freeze. Now he's got their attention.

He makes the sweeping gesture again, gun in hand.

Some tourists stand and run off.

Others, confused, hesitate.

The gangster aims his gun at one of the hesitant tourists.

All tourists hurry now to get off the bleachers.

Except one: a 40 year old MAN, nerves of steel, not impressed by the gangster.

The gangster enters the bleachers and steps toward the man.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The parade walks past the bleachers – A motley, endless procession of people dressed in traditional costume, followed by cars and motor cycles.

EXT. MAIN STREET / BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

MAN

Don't know who the fuck you are, but not gonna leave my well earned spot. Been sitting here in the burning sun before the parade finally started. So why don't you fuck off.

The gangster raises his shotgun, aims it at the man's head.

GANGSTER

Sorry my friend. You leave. Now.

Reluctantly, the man raises. Slowly.

GANGSTER

Move.

(beat)

Pity I don't like your face. Could've used a guy like you in my organization.

The man climbs down the bleachers. Looks back once. Then disappears in the crowd.

EXT. MAIN STREET / BLEACHERS - MOMENTS LATER

The gangster sits alone on the bleachers, watching the parade pass by.

He pulls out his phone.

GANGSTER

(into phone,  
grinning)

Hey, Richard? You were right, man – black suit and toy shotgun did the trick.

RICHARD (O.S.)

You gotta be kidding me. You really did it? You crazy?

GANGSTER  
Just wondering what will be next man.  
Maybe rob a bank. Would that work  
too?

Both laugh.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The parade goes on.

A black sedan rides behind four motor cycles, revving their engines.

The sedan's rear side window slowly moves down.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

As the side window opens, the tribune comes into view.

Chubby Checker's "Let's Twist Again" plays softly on the car stereo.

The gangster sits alone. Smug. Eating chips.

THE MAN (O.S.)  
There he is. Shoot that clown.

PLOP. A muted gun gets fired.

A red dot blooms in the center of the fake gangster's forehead. He drops his bag of chips. His jaw lowers a bit as his eyes widen.

EXT. MAIN STREET / BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

The gangster sits motionless, dead - still watching the parade.

The sedan drives on.