

Rest In Peace

an original screenplay by

Paul A. Rose, Jr.

(based on the short story  
"The Cask of Amontillado"  
by Edgar Allan Poe)

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INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON FRATERNITY KITCHEN - DAY

A man's hand pours a mahogany colored wine from a bottle into two wine flutes sitting on a countertop. He sets the bottle on the counter, then pries open a capsule, pouring the contents into the leftmost flute.

Picking up the glass, he gently swishes it, the contents of the capsule dissolving into the wine. Taking both glasses he leaves the kitchen.

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON FRATERNITY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The man, FORTUNATO, is in his 40's, with graying, salt and pepper hair, and stands about 6 feet tall. He smiles as he approaches the doorway at the other end of the hallway.

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON FRATERNITY MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fortunato enters the main room, a couch and several leather armchairs sit about the room, most of them framed with end tables.

On the long wall behind the couch is the fraternity's crest - a golden foot, on a blue field, crushing a serpent whose fangs are embedded in the ankle of the foot. Below it reads in Latin, "Nemo me impune lacessit."

Another man, DETECTIVE DUPIN, also in his 40's, sits in one of the armchairs.

FORTUNATO

Are you sure that this will not hamper your investigation, Detective?

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Not at all, sir. A little wine is good for the circulation and opens the mind. One glass will not forestall me.

Fortunato hands the Detective the wine glass in his left hand, then settles into the chair directly across from him.

FORTUNATO

It is good to hear it, Detective. This particular sherry is one of my favorites. Fino Amontillado.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Fino Amonti-yah-do, my dear sir. The word is of Spanish origin.

He takes a sip.

FORTUNATO

My apologies.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

No need. It is a popular mispronunciation, thanks to the tale from Edgar Allen Poe.

Seeing no recognition from Fortunato.

DETECTIVE DUPIN (CONT'D)

The Cask of Amontillado - a man is buried alive in a catacomb by his best friend?

FORTUNATO

Buried alive you say? How droll. I have little interest in reading.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Well, to each his own.

FORTUNATO

May I ask why you asked to meet me, Detective?

DETECTIVE DUPIN

That's a very interesting crest on the wall.

FORTUNATO

Ah, yes. Phi Omega Epsilon is one of the oldest fraternities in the United States.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

"Nemo me impune lacessit." My Latin's a little rusty...

FORTUNATO

It means, No man who harms me shall escape justice.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Justice -- or revenge?

FORTUNATO

They are both sides of the same coin, would you not agree, Detective?

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Interesting perspective. And odd for a boys club.

FORTUNATO

As I said, it is an old brotherhood.  
Why are you here, Detective?

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Why are any of us here?

FORTUNATO

Why indeed.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

I am here because you asked me to  
meet you here.

FORTUNATO

Yes, I chose the meeting place,  
Detective, but you are the instigator.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Am I? I suppose so. You are familiar  
with a man named Montresor?

FORTUNATO

I knew him. Once. But I have not  
seen him for more than 20 years,  
Detective.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

I am looking into his disappearance.  
I was under the impression he had  
been a friend of yours.

FORTUNATO

A friend. Yes, I suppose that is  
the term we used at the time.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

You feel differently now?

FORTUNATO

Time has a way with wounds, Detective.  
(Beat)  
Would you like to hear a story about  
my -- friend -- Montresor.

Without waiting for an answer, Fortunato sips his wine and  
launches into it, as we see:

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON FRATERNITY MAIN ROOM - EVENING

College age students crowd the spaces, standing, sitting,  
strewn everywhere, a party in full swing. Drinks and food  
are all around. Here and there, couples are making out.

## FORTUNATO

In those days, this house had a party almost every night. It all blurs together, the only part that stands out to me were the women.

YOUNG FORTUNATO, in his early 20's, thinner, hair more unruly, stands, his gaze admiring the many attractive women as they socialize. As the tale continues, the voices of Fortunato and his younger self blend.

## YOUNG FORTUNATO/FORTUNATO

So many gorgeous women on campus. Each woman a thrilling package, waiting to be unwrapped. But I was never the one doing the unwrapping. Over and over, each one was - taken - from me and from their innocence by Montresor.

At the foot of the stairs stands MONTRESOR, a swarthy, handsome man.

## YOUNG FORTUNATO

Montresor, my best friend, upper class gentleman -- and unrepentant fiend. He could have had any woman. But he seemed to take delight in stealing the virgin flowers I brought to our house. Plucking the fruit I had cultivated, and leaving them... Satisfied (spits out the word). After a while, I stopped bringing them to our house. Especially after I met Virginia. Ah, sweet Ginny. She was older than me, but had saved herself. Refused to bow under my considerable charms, which made me love and desire her all the more. And stunningly beautiful, she outshone every other girl in school. We courted secretly, lest Montresor or some other villain find us out, and finally, she agreed to my hand in marriage, our physical love still unconsummated. What foolishness took hold of my heart that night, I'll never know, perhaps it was simply that I wanted to show off my future bride, but it was pure, pure folly. Montresor took one look at fair, beautiful Ginny, and wanted her for himself.

(MORE)

YOUNG FORTUNATO (CONT'D)  
 His charm, of course, was legendary,  
 and I still remember the faint apology  
 in her eyes as I watched him lead  
 her upstairs to his bedroom. My fair  
 Ginny, despoiled, came to me the  
 next day, sobbing, asking not for  
 forgiveness, but why Montresor had  
 not called her. When I explained  
 that it was his modus operandi.

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON FRATERNITY MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FORTUNATO  
 That's what you call it, correct  
 Detective? It was his modus operandi,  
 but I would forgive her and our  
 wedding could go on, she laughed at  
 me.

INT. CLASSROOM HALLWAY - DAY

As Fortunato describes the events, they are played out MOS.

FORTUNATO  
 You are a poor reflection of my love  
 Montresor -- My love, she called him --  
 And if I cannot have him, I do not  
 want any man. That was the moment,  
 Detective. That was the moment that  
 I began plotting my revenge.

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON FRATERNITY MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FORTUNATO  
 I knew I had to be careful. I must  
 treat Montresor as I had always  
 treated him. Smile in the face of  
 his mockery and spite.

MONTAGE - THE FOLLOWING WEEKS (ALL MOS TO MATCH NARRATION)

- Young Fortunato & Montresor at the Frat house
- Young Fortunato trying to work/plan while Ginny complains
- Young Fortunato at last seizing on a plan

YOUNG FORTUNATO  
 I became, in the days that followed,  
 even more of a friend to my thrice  
 evil counterpart, marvelling at his  
 words, praising his deeds,  
 establishing my heart ever deeper  
 (MORE)

YOUNG FORTUNATO (CONT'D)  
 into his confidence. Ginny's betrayal  
 and her constant nagging were never  
 mentioned to my friend Montresor,  
 but as the days went on, my mind  
 conceived of the perfect plan.

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON FRATERNITY MAIN ROOM - DAY

Montresor is sitting in a large arm chair - the same chair  
 Detective Dupin sits in present day - studying a novel.  
 Young Fortunato comes in, collapsing into the chair opposite,  
 out of breath with a twinkle in his eye. He hands Montresor  
 one of the two wine glasses he is carrying.

MONTRESOR  
 What's the occasion?

YOUNG FORTUNATO  
 I believe I am finally moving on, my  
 friend.

He clinks the glasses, and Montresor drinks.

MONTRESOR  
 Do tell?

YOUNG FORTUNATO  
 Yes, I may have just found a woman  
 who rivals even Ginny in her beauty -  
 and, judging by her whispers in my  
 ear, is quite the connoisseur of  
 kink.

He has Montresor's attention.

YOUNG FORTUNATO (CONT'D)  
 Bondage. Fetishes. Multiple  
 something or others. I was going to  
 ask for your advice. You are much  
 more experienced in these matters  
 than I -- but I see you are busy. I  
 suppose I could ask Julian. He's  
 always up for some fun.

MONTRESOR  
 Nonsense. Julian wouldn't know  
 Marquis De Sade from M nage   Trois.  
 I can help you.

YOUNG FORTUNATO  
 No, no. I wouldn't want to trouble  
 you.

(MORE)

YOUNG FORTUNATO (CONT'D)

You are obviously concerned with other matters at the moment, and she wanted to meet me downstairs in just a few minutes. I'm sure Julian would be quite happy to help.

He goes to get up. Montresor's hand comes down on his arm.

MONTRESOR

Let. Me. Help.

YOUNG FORTUNATO

Very well. If you are sure you are not too busy. She's probably waiting for me in the cellar right now.

MONTRESOR

(to himself)

The cellar? Damn.

(back to Fortunato)

I'm sure I can make the time.

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Montresor and Young Fortunato are walking down the stairs, when Young Fortunato suddenly halts.

YOUNG FORTUNATO

Are you sure you have the time? I know your Chemistry final is coming up.

MONTRESOR

Don't be silly. I always have time for my friends. And I'm sure I can cram a little extra study time with the top student in our class.

He pauses, suddenly bewildered.

MONTRESOR (CONT'D)

That is still you, right?

FORTUNATO

Of course! But if you're concerned, I can always elicit Julian's help.

Montresor's really feeling the wine now.

MONTRESOR

I thought we had compl-compel-finished that conversation. I'm here, you donn need Juuuuulian...



YOUNG FORTUNATO

Ok. If you say so.

Turning the corner of the stairs, they descend into a dark room.

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Young Fortunato assists an increasingly intoxicated Montresor to an opening in the brick wall of the basement.

Several candles are burning around the interior of the room. From the depths, Ginny comes out, dressed provocatively.

GINNY

You brought him!

YOUNG FORTUNATO

Just as promised -- my love.

Young Fortunato shifts Montresor into her hands and she helps him walk over to the futon mattress lying in the corner, kissing at his face.

She heaves him down onto the mattress. He just lies there.

She turns back to Young Fortunato, who is busying himself at the edges of the wall.

GINNY

What's wrong with him?

YOUNG FORTUNATO

He had a little too much to drink.  
He said he needed the liquid courage  
to give this a go.

GINNY

I thought you said it was his idea?

YOUNG FORTUNATO

It was, but apparently, he's never  
had a woman tie him up before.

GINNY

You said he wanted this.

YOUNG FORTUNATO

I said this was the only way he'd  
see you again. Now tie him up!

GINNY

You aren't sticking around, right?

YOUNG FORTUNATO

So you can cuckold me some more? No thanks. I'm just the facilitator of this little journey into the unknown.

Ginny turns back and begins lashing Montresor's hands and feet with rope.

As soon as she is turned away, Young Fortunato goes back to his preparations. It is quickly obvious that he is working to reduce the opening in the wall. Slapping bricks and mortar together as speedily as he can, enclosing both Montresor and Ginny.

Ginny continues tying up Montresor, running the ropes tied to his hands to a pair of hooks embedded into the wall. Intent on her work and her lover, she does not notice Fortunato's work.

As the room around her begins to significantly darken, Ginny finally turns, seeing just a small opening in the brick wall, Fortunato's wide eyes peering through.

GINNY

What are you doing?

YOUNG FORTUNATO

Exactly what you asked -- my love. I am giving you the opportunity to spend the rest of your life with your lover, Montresor. That life may be a little shorter than you had imagined. I suggest quality over quantity.

GINNY

You can't do this, Fortunato. This is murder. I thought you loved me!

YOUNG FORTUNATO

Funny. That's the same thing I thought about you.

He slaps another brick into place. The sound rouses Montresor, who begins to stir. Hearing the noise, Ginny rushes over to him, shaking him to more wakefulness.

GINNY

Wake up, damn you. This fool is trying to kill us!

Struggling to wake up and against his bonds, Montresor looks confused.

MONTRESOR

Ginny?

GINNY

Yes, it's me, damnit. I wanted to give you your desire, but Fortunato is apparently still upset.

MONTRESOR

Fortunato? Fortunato, my friend! What are you doing? Why am I chained here?

YOUNG FORTUNATO

If you have to ask, then you are even less of a friend than I suspected.

Coming to understand what is happening as Fortunato continues to enclose more bricks and mortar, Montresor erupts in tears.

MONTRESOR

My family has money! I'll pay you anything to not do this. Don't kill me, just punish her.

GINNY

What?

Ginny slaps Montresor.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Forgive me, baby. I didn't mean it. Let me make you feel better.

She begins unbuckling his pants as he stares at her.

MONTRESOR

Save me from this psychotic bitch!

Only space for one brick remains. Fortunato leans forward, looking into the opening, his eyes reflecting the dancing candle light as they burn the rapidly diminishing air. He chuckles quietly.

YOUNG FORTUNATO

The wages of sin?

He slides the final brick into place as the scene dissolves back to:

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON FRATERNITY MAIN ROOM - DAY (CURRENT)

FORTUNATO

The wages of sin. Such an outdated concept these days. Would you like to see the crypt? Oh, yes, when I got your call, I knew, I knew in my heart. You see, Detective, I knew that this day would someday come. That the police or one of Montresor's family would come looking for him. And here you are - both in the same man.

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE DUPIN

A shocked look on his face.

FORTUNATO (CONT'D)

Your reputation precedes you, Detective. Word is that you almost always get your man. So, shall we go downstairs?

Fortunato stands.

FORTUNATO (CONT'D)

When I got your call, I had the space excavated for just this purpose.

He reaches out to help Detective Dupin to his feet.

Dupin waves off his hand, then reconsiders when he has trouble rising.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

I hope you're not planning anything devious.

FORTUNATO

Oh, but you've caught me, Detective.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

You know, my superiors know I am here.

FORTUNATO

Really? Investigating a 20-year old cold case - the disappearance of your own cousin. I can't imagine they looked too favorably on that.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Hm.

FORTUNATO

Let's be honest with each other,  
shall we, Detective? I've been honest  
with you; I deserve the same respect.  
We both know no one but the two of  
us knows you are here. Now, did you  
want to see the remains or continue  
this farce?

The detective reluctantly accepts Fortunato's assistance getting out of the chair and the two move towards the staircase.

INT. PHI OMEGA EPSILON CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Fortunato stands before a brick wall that has been recently broken into. Detective Dupin leans on him, unsteadily. Masonry tools sit off to the right hand side, and, strangely, the wall has been opened by removing individual bricks instead of just smashed open.

Fortunato leans the Detective against the left side of the wall and pulls a small flashlight out of his pocket, flicking it on and shining it into the opening.

A dirty, dust covered mattress lies on the floor, a pile of assorted bones draped over it, two skeletons intertwined, but collapsed with the decay of their flesh years before.

Fortunato reaches out and yanks the Detective closer to the opening.

FORTUNATO

There they lie. Montresor and the  
harlot who stole my heart.

The Detective slumps against the wall, trying to maneuver himself into a better position to see. As he peers forward into the darkness, Fortunato springs forward and shoves him hard. The Detective pitches over the small ledge remaining and collapses into the opening, his body crashing into the interred remains, creating a cloud of dust.

The Detective struggles to rise again, the understanding of what Fortunato is doing sharpening his drugged senses.

Fortunato quickly moves to the masonry tools, slapping fresh mortar and bricks into the open hole.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

The wages of sin?

FORTUNATO

Unfortunately for you, Detective, I am not prepared to pay the price for my sins. Not in the currency you demand. My debt to society bought this fraternity house. These boys are my legacy.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

Your legacy won't save you from hell.

FORTUNATO

Oh, I've already accepted that sentence, my dear Detective. And really, what additional cost is one more murder after 20 years?

Fortunato finishes the final touches of his masterpiece. As he is about to place the final brick in place, he seems to reconsider.

FORTUNATO (CONT'D)

Well, at least you had the decency not to plead for your life. Say hello to the devil for me, Detective.

The Detective's voice can only be faintly heard.

DETECTIVE DUPIN

I'm sure we'll both see you soon.

Fortunato slides the final brick into place, smiling to himself. Standing back, he admires his handiwork. He slowly walks backward, the brick wall the only thing still visible. The lights fade out, and the credits roll...

INT. DUPIN HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

A dark-haired, shapely, Hispanic looking WOMAN paces back and forth, a cordless phone gripped in her hand. Finally, she looks at the paper in her hand, turns on the phone and inputs a number.

The phone rings twice and then picks up.

AUGUSTINA

Hello? Mr. Fortunato? My name is Augustina Dupin. I'm looking for my husband...

SMASH TO BLACK