

"Johnny Jamaica"

By

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INT. BAR--NIGHT

The small hole-in-the-wall joint looks like it's getting ready to close up for the night. No customers, except for one.

The BARTENDER walks over to the only patron left in the place. JOHNNY JAMAICA, sits at the bar with his head hung, staring at a half empty glass of CHEVIS REGAL.

BARTENDER

It's closing time. Imma need
forty-nine fifty for the tab.

JOHNNY

(Juiced)
Forty who?!

The Bartender pauses and shoots Johnny an icy stare. The Bartender comes from behind the bar grabs Johnny by the collar.

EXT. BAR--NIGHT

Trash bags and debris litter the back of the establishment, the door has a sign on it "Not an entrance".

The door flies open as Johnny comes barreling through it off balance, the bartender behind him.

INT. STRIP CLUB--NIGHT

Sassy music booms out of the PA system as a group of creepy men, with a fistful of dollars, surround the stage. Johnny sits at a table drinking alone.

The DJ turns the music down a bit.

DJ

Alright, I'd like to welcome
everybody to the "Sweaty Taint"
strip club. Where the drinks are
cheap, and the dancers are even
cheaper.

Johnny pounds his drink before digging out a wad of ones and briskly walking toward the stage.

EXT. ALLEY--NIGHT

The alley is decorated with old mattresses, newspapers, and flyers for a club called "E.G.O.".

A SUV sits in the alley, idling.

INT. CAR--NIGHT

Johnny is behind the wheel bopping his shoulder to the tunes playing faintly over his radio.

A knock at Johnny's window stops his dancing abruptly. Johnny rolls down his window.

JOHNNY

You looking good tonight CANDY. How much for half-n-half?

Candy, a prostitute with early signs of meth mouth.

CANDY

The usual? That's a hunny.

JOHNNY

(shocked)

A hundred?! What happened to seventy-five?

CANDY

The economy happened. Plus, a bitch gotta eat.

JOHNNY

(thinking)

Give me *the* face.

CANDY

That face?

JOHNNY

Yeah. For your favorite customer.

CANDY

(Index finger on chin)

Hmm...Okay!

Candy closes here eyes, not all the way, and pouts her lips. She looks kind of cute. Not bad Candy.

He pulls out a one-hundred dollar bill and gives it to her.

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE--NIGHT

Johnny's pad sits in an area that's an obvious victim of capitalism. Low-income, high-crime rate.

INT. BEDROOM--NIGHT

Johnny is sprawled out on the bed, clothes are thrown about. Empty liquor bottles litter his nightstand.

The phone screams Johnny awake.

JOHNNY

Damn phone, thought they cut you off.

(answers)

Yellow?-Slow down-uh huh-Ah shit!
Alright I'll be there in twenty minutes.

Johnny hangs up the phone with a sense of urgency.

EXT. HOUSE--NIGHT

The place is taped off by yellow ribbon reading "Do Not Cross". A middle class home reeking of doom under the night sky.

INT. BATHROOM--NIGHT

A small space with the evidence marked. A male lies dead in the bathtub, he's holding a GEORGE FOREMAN GRILL.

The CORONER takes notes.

JOHNNY

What can you tell me?

CORONER

Other than not to wash your ass with your Foreman grill while it's plugged in? Not much.

The Coroner leaves on his hit-or-miss joke. Johnny studies the scene, examining the body. His eyes squint, focusing on SOMETHING.

INT. OFFICE--NIGHT

Three hours later.

Papers strewn about over his desk, a half-full glass of rum sits next to a "Titties Monthly" mag. Johnny, holding his head in his hands, sitting behind his desk.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

Back at it, but it's been awhile.
Haven't seen any action in months.
Now, I gotta case that can get me
out of this rut I've been in for
the past three-years. What if I'm
too rusty? Do I even still have it
anymore?

Johnny's office door swings open and a pair of exquisitely toned gams come strutting in.

Johnny's eyes are locked on this WOMAN's curves, and they are dangerous curves.

JOHNNY

May I help you miss-

WOMAN

Zanya. Zanya Tess.

ZANYA TESS, mid-20's, has a tear in her eye pouting her lips.

Johnny looks at Zanya, up and down, all while biting his second knuckle on his index finger.

JOHNNY

Zanya?

(beat)

That's a *titillating* fragrance you
have on Zanya.

ZANYA

(Running her hand down her
chest)

Thank you. It's called "Forbidden"
Your wife or girlfriend would like
it.

JOHNNY

I'm single.

ZANYA

What a shame.

Zanya checks the detective out. He's blatantly checking her out. She notices, and smiles.

JOHNNY

How may I help you?

ZANYA

It's my husband. He was killed.

JOHNNY

(Still checking her out)

That's a pity. Can you tell me what happened?

ZANYA

Well I went out for groceries. I had come right back, gone only fifteen minutes or so. Then, I find him. In the tub with my mothers George Foreman grill.

Johnny squints his eyes and rubs his chin as he thinks.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

All I could think about was how this woman is now single, and how badly I wanted her to be mine. An unfamiliar feeling.

(beat)

Her story sounded vaguely familiar though. I just couldn't make a connection. Then, like a boxing glove full of dynamite, it hit me. My case and hers, one and the same.

Zanya puts her manicured hand on top of the detectives.

ZANYA

Help me detective. I need you.

The detective stares at her for a bit.

JOHNNY

Well, for starters. You know anyone who wanted to hurt your husband?

ZANYA

Unfortunately, yes.

EXT. DOWNTOWN--NIGHT

The filthy streets collect debris and puke. The yellowish-brown street lights exposes the detective leaning against a wall.

He checks his watch and looks around the somewhat trashy landscape.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

She told me he'd be here. WADE CUNNING, a jealous ex Zanya put an O.P. on. Hope this broad doesn't have me in a trick bag.

A rough looking male comes down the street in a short sleeve button up, a scruffy beard, and attitude laced face. Wade Cunning.

JOHNNY

My name is Johnny Jamaica, I'm a private detective. I have some questions I need you to answer.

Wade cocks his head back, his nose in the air.

WADE

Sorry. I don't fuck wit swine.

Wade continues walking.

JOHNNY

(Loudly)

You fuck with Zanya Tess though.

Wade stops in his tracks. He turns around walks up to the detective. Getting in his face.

WADE

You better watch your mouth boy, fore I stomp your ass into wine.

JOHNNY

Is that the kind of attitude that led to Zanya's husbands death?

Wade chuckles heavily.

Johnny shrugs his shoulders.

JOHNNY

Why not answer some questions? Clear yourself.

WADE

Listen, if I was going to hurt anyone, it be that bitch Zanya.

JOHNNY

You sound like an angry man Wade.

Wade leans his head over the detectives shoulder his mouth to his ear. Now invading his personal space.

WADE

Bitch cleaned me out, then filed an order of protection against my ass when I found out my accounts were in the negative.

(grinding teeth)

How could I kill em' if I couldn't even get with in a hunnert yards of em?

Johnny thinks about this as Wade steps back. Johnny proceeds.

JOHNNY

Can you just tell me where you were the night of the murder?

WADE

Yeah.

(scratches head)

Ya mommas house.

Wade walks off into the night as the detective stares at him angrily.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

Wade may be an aggressive asshole, but I could tell he wasn't bull shitting me.

MONTAGE: The detective knocking on doors, surveying people of interest, and taking notes.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

I hit the streets, did some old fashioned detective work. Knocking on doors, stake outs, all that; even a few shakedown.

INT. OFFICE--NIGHT

The restless detective is at his desk. He's examining the evidence he's collected.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

If the info I gathered from around town is solid, the killing was over money. Possibly an insurance scheme. Also, it wasn't by any of the regulars around town. Someone new.

(rubs his chin)

No...

FLASHBACK TO

INT. BATHROOM--NIGHT

Earlier.

The detective squints his eyes at something. A piece of fabric in the dead mans hand. Johnny pries it from the bodies death grip.

He examines the cloth before smelling it. The smell puts a look of intrigue on his face.

INT. OFFICE--NIGHT

Johnny sniffs the air as Zanya sits with a tear in her eye.

JOHNNY

Zanya?

(beat)

That's a titillating fragrance you have on Zanya.

ZANYA

Thank you.

CUT BACK TO

INT. OFFICE--NIGHT

Back to present.

The detective slams his hands down on the desk.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

If there's one thing I hate, it's
being played. And let me tell you,
I got played. Played like an Atari.
She knew this whole time. That
bitch knew!

(Fuming)

The first person I should of
checked out, I let slip by me this
whole time! I'm taking that
scalawag to the cleaners.

The detective downs a glass of liquor.

INT. BEDROOM--NIGHT

Later on that night.

Our detective stumbles into his cluttered room with a scowl
on his face, and drunk. He plops down on the bed.

The detective struggles, but sits himself up, he sees a
FIGURE with an hour glass frame. It's Zanya.

JOHNNY

You, It was you!

Zanya reluctantly nods her head "yes".

JOHNNY

I'm going to have to turn you in.

ZANYA

You sure you wanna do that
detective?

Zanya lays down on the bed next to the detective, her
movements smooth, like a feline stalking its prey.

ZANYA

I saw the way you looked at me.
Your eyes saying what your mouth
couldn't.

The detective sits in silence, unable to dispute the claim.

ZANYA

(kisses him)

You want me. I want you.

Johnny stares into her eyes, she stares back unphased.
Johnny wraps his arm around her, plunging his lips into hers
in an aggressive kiss.

The next morning.

Johnny wakes up, half naked. His room feels a bit empty, that's because the fine as wine Zanya isn't in the bed with him.

Johnny lays back and smiles brightly.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

Damn Zanya, you put it on me girl.
I shouldn't be this close, but this
is one of those once in a lifetime
opportunities. The chance to be
with you, no, I can't let it get
away from me.

Johnny's smile fades into a frown as he stares at the ceiling. After a moment he jumps up and runs out the room.

INT. OFFICE--DAY

Johnny comes running into his office in his boxers his hands running through papers on his desk.

JOHNNY

No-no-no-no! Where is it?!

Johnny goes through the drawers and scans the room. Whatever he's looking for he's not finding it.

JOHNNY

(throws hands in frustraion)

Fuck!

JOHNNY(V.O.)

I can't believe it. The oldest
trick in the book.

(chuckles)

Zanya took the evidence I had on
her after I had knocked out. Now, I
have nothing tying her to the
murder.

Johnny crouches, head in his hands, looking defeated.

EXT. HOUSE--DAY

The middle class pad is the same place Zanya's husband was murdered. The police tape is gone.

INT. HOUSE--DAY

The place is clean and has a modern feel to it, very comfortable. Not the dorm of death it was earlier.

She sits in the middle of the floor, a paper grocery bag in front of her.

Zanya takes the bag and turns it upside down, and like rain, stacks of money come crashing to the ground.

EXT. HOUSE--DAY

A guy with a hat walks with his back to us. He's heading toward the front door. The detective walks with confident strides as his tie flicks in the wind.

He stops at the door.

INT. HOUSE--DAY

Zanya is beginning to count the stacks of money. One ONE-HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL at a time.

ZANYA
(under her breath)

One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight...

CRACK!

The door is busted open. The look on Johnny's face says it all. Pissed as hell.

Zanya screams as she is caught of guard.

ZANYA
Johnny?! What are you doing here?

JOHNNY
What do you think?

Zanya just stares and smiles awkwardly.

JOHNNY
I thought we had something?

Zanya springs to her feet, money still in her hands from counting it.

ZANYA

We do.

Johnny is shaken and confused. Zanya throws a ten-thousand dollar stack to Johnny. He catches it.

ZANYA

We have money. How's three-hundred thou sound?

Johnny is in complete disbelief.

JOHNNY

Where'd you get the money?

ZANYA

(Thinking)

I found it.

Johnny clutches his forehead in frustration.

JOHNNY

Enough! Enough with the lies.

Zanya takes a deep breath.

ZANYA

Insurance. I took out a policy on my husband.

JOHNNY

You serious?

ZANYA

Well it aint lotto money. Here-

Zanya throws a ten grand stack to the detective. He catches it.

ZANYA

Not enough?

Zanya kicks the paper bag, it slides and halts at the detectives foot. He looks down into the bag, and sees the money.

JOHNNY

I'm here to arrest you.

ZANYA

With what? Murder? Don't you need evidence hun?

(tilts her head)

ZANYA

Plus, how's it going to look? A
detective sleeping with his prime
suspect in a murder case?

Johnny stands mute, unable to respond.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

She fucked me. No. I fucked myself.
Now she's given me a choice. Either
take her in with no evidence, or
take the money and walk away.

Zanya checks her watch.

ZANYA

What's it gonna be bay?

Johnny takes one last look at the money, and at Zanya.

CUT TO

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE--DAY

Johnny lays stretched out on an elongated sofa without
sides, his hands folded resting in his lap.

A balding and uninterested THERAPIST pretends to listen.

JOHNNY

She said we couldn't be together.
Our careers were too different. But
she made me feel something.
Something I hadn't felt in a long
time, love. I-

The sounds of snores distracts Johnny. He turns to find the
Therapists sleep, using a newspaper as a blanket.

JOHNNY

What the-Hey!

Therapists jumps.

THERAPISTS

Yeah-Wha-What is it?
(checks watch)
Oh my! We'll continue where we left
off next week.

The Therapist yawns.

JOHNNY

Yeah, me paying you to sleep. What
a crock.

Johnny gets up and heads towards the door angrily.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

I don't know why I still think
about her. She's long gone, for
life. I do miss her. Think of her
often. I look back, thinking if I
made the wrong choice. You wanna
know what I think?

THERAPISTS

You pay after every session. We
have a contract!

JOHNNY(V.O.)

If loving her is wrong...

He throws a one-hundred dollar bill on the Therapists desk.

JOHNNY(V.O.)

...I don't wanna be right.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.