

KARMA ATTENDANT

Written by

Craig Ramirez

FADE IN:

INT. PARKING GARAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

A SPACE HEATER sits in a corner, the dial turned all the way up.

MIGUEL ESCOBAR (30), dressed in a heavy jacket and hat, leans back in his chair as he reads an article in the NEW YORK DAILY NEWS.

The headline blares, "HEIST STYMIES CLUELESS COPS".

Miguel puts down the paper and looks out a small window that overlooks the city sidewalk.

People huddle together as they traverse the streets. Every breath leaves a brief imprint on the world before it evaporates into the ether.

Miguel shudders. He rubs his hands together.

The phone rings.

MIGUEL
Metropolitan Garage, Miguel
speaking.

MAN (O.S.)
Miguel, I need you tonight.

Miguel sits up in his chair. He peers out the window.

MIGUEL
Christ almighty, Luis. I told you
not to call me here. I'm busy.

LUIS (O.S.)
Busy parking cars and kissing ass.
I ain't calling to argue with you.
You see the paper?

MIGUEL
Oh fuck. Serious, Luis?

LUIS (O.S.)
Serious as a fucking heart attack.
Everything was planned, but still,
I can't believe it.

Miguel shakes his head. He slumps back into the chair.

MIGUEL

I don't care, I don't care.

LUIS (O.S.)

Yeah, well you might care if I can help you out with a little scratch. Mom still needs that nurse. She won't take it from me, but she will from you.

MIGUEL

Me, and mom will be fine. We have been fine.

LUIS (O.S.)

I'm trying to help you get...

MIGUEL

Fuck you. You're trying to help yourself. Same as always.

Miguel picks up the paper, stares at the article.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Listen, Luis, I love you.

(laughs)

But, I won't get involved in this. Not again. You're gonna have to get yourself out of this. I'll tell mom you called.

Silence.

Miguel shuts his eyes and rubs his temple.

LUIS (O.S.)

Yeah. I'll see you, when I see you. Peace.

Miguel hangs up the phone.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

A huge BLACK ESCALADE with dark, tinted windows pulls into the garage and comes to an abrupt stop.

Loud RAP MUSIC plays within the car. The windows visibly shake and quiver from the heavy bass.

The door to the Escalade opens and a plume of heavy smoke wafts out into the garage.

MR. GOLDSTEIN (70), a short, balding man emerges from the Escalade.

MR. GOLDSTEIN
Miguel, what it is?

Miguel smiles as he and Mr. Goldstein share a fist bump.

MIGUEL
What up, Mr. G? Same old, same old, you know.

MR. GOLDSTEIN
No doubt, no doubt. How's that shorty of yours?

MIGUEL
Samantha, nah man, that's over.

MR. GOLDSTEIN
Good. Now you can get back to doing what a man your age should be doing. Crushing as much punanni as possible. You trust me when I tell you that...

The passenger door opens and MRS. GOLDSTEIN (late 60's) steps around the front of the Escalade.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN
Harold, I swear to God, you had better shut that trap of yours.

Mr. Goldstein blushes.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)
I do not want to hear you talking about that nonsense with Miguel, is that understood?

Miguel stifles a laugh as Mr. Goldstein looks at him sheepishly.

MR. GOLDSTEIN
C'mon, honey. You know, I was just kickin' it with my boy.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN
Yes, and if you keep it up, I'm going to kick you in your shriveled, Hebrew, family jewels.

She turns to Miguel and smiles warmly.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)
How are you tonight, Miguel?

MIGUEL
I'm doing great, Mrs. G. You guys
have a nice night?

MRS. GOLDSTEIN
We did, until...

A beautiful, sleek BMW pulls up behind the Escalade. The driver honks the horn repeatedly, obnoxiously.

Mrs. Goldstein looks at the car, then at Miguel. She rolls her eyes.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)
You'd better take care of, Mr.
Shitface there.

She tosses a thumb at her husband.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)
I'll fill you in on what this
knucklehead did tomorrow.

Miguel laughs as Mrs. Goldstein walks away.

Mr. Goldstein hands Miguel a 20 dollar bill.

MR. GOLDSTEIN
Don't let this cracker get under
your skin. You feel me, son?

MIGUEL
I feel you, Mr. G. Talk to you
tomorrow.

HONK!!!

Miguel hops into the Escalade and quickly parks it. He runs back to the BMW.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR WILLIAMSEN (late 20's), tan and fit, emerges from his car.

TREVOR
What's the deal, Jose?

MIGUEL
Sorry about that, Mr. Williamsen.
Got a little backed up there.

TREVOR
That's what happens when you smoke
the product instead of selling it.

Trevor snorts and rubs his nose. His eyes are wide.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
(laughing)
I'm just busting your balls, Jose.
I mean, "huevos". Huevos, right?

Miguel cracks a feint smile.

MIGUEL
That's right, Mr. Williamsen.

Trevor points at the car.

TREVOR
Listen, I gotta run, can you ask
Miguel to give it a wash tomorrow?
I was up in Vermont all weekend,
she took a beating.

Miguel looks at Trevor, then the car.

MIGUEL
Sure, Mr. Williamsen.

TREVOR
And tell him I counted all the
change in there, so he shouldn't
get sticky fingers. You feel me?

MIGUEL
Yeah, I feel you.

INT. TREVOR'S BMW - NIGHT

A Ying/Yang pendant sways gently from side to side as Miguel
lowers himself into the plush driver's seat.

He looks around the interior of the car.

The shiny leather interior sparkles. It's immaculate.

A pamphlet entitled "Kabbalah and Hollywood - How You Can
Learn from the Stars", lies in the passenger seat.

Miguel looks out the back window, then the driver side.

No one is around.

He hocks a tremendous LOOGIE and spits it onto the floor.

INT. TREVOR'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Miguel brings the car to a stop and puts the gear in park.

He turns the ignition off. Miguel drops the keys and inadvertently kicks them under the seat.

He reaches under the seat, but can't find them.

MIGUEL

Damn it.

Miguel exits the car and gets on his knees. He cranes his head into the car and reaches a hand under the seat.

Finally, he feels the keys and pulls them out.

He feels something else.

Miguel reaches under the seat and pulls a PHOTOGRAPH of a naked WOMAN with a puffy red face and a black eye. She's crying.

Another photograph.

Williamsen and another man share a beer as the woman lies, tied up in the background. She unconscious.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Fucker.

INT. PARKING GARAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Miguel is on the phone.

MIGUEL

Yeah, I know where the cameras are.

(beat)

Meet me in four hours. The place will be closed.

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - EARLY MORNING

A grainy surveillance camera records the scene.

- 1) A grey sedan idles across the street from the garage.
- 2) Miguel hurries over to the car.
- 3) The driver hands Miguel a BROWN PAPER BAG.
- 4) The driver speaks to Miguel. He nods. Turns and walks back to the garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Miguel sets the brown paper bag on the desk. He sits in his chair and stares at the bag.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE SIDEWALK - DAY

Sunshine cascades down onto the New York City street as a two SANITATION WORKERS follow a garbage truck as it makes its rounds.

Miguel smokes a cigarette and stares up at the sun.

A door from within the garage bangs shut.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Trevor wears a pair of expensive sunglasses but still shades his eyes from the sun.

He looks tired and wan.

TREVOR

Did he wash the car like I asked?

MIGUEL

Yeah, I took care of it. Should be good as new.

TREVOR

It better be. That's what I pay you guys for.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein emerge from the door and enter the parking garage.

MIGUEL

Give me a minute, Mr. G. Let me
take care of, Mr. Williamsen.

Mr. Goldstein waves him off. Trevor turns to the
Goldstein's.

TREVOR

It's so hard to get good help
nowadays, don't you think?

Mrs. Goldstein placates Trevor with a feint smile. Mr.
Goldstein is about to speak when Mrs. Goldstein stops him
with a bump to the shoulder.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Miguel pulls up with Trevor's BMW, hops out and smiles
broadly as Trevor makes his way to the driver's side.

Trevor looks at him for a moment.

TREVOR

It's too cold for Cinco de Mayo, so
why are you so happy?

MIGUEL

Just trying to be friendly, Mr.
Williamsen.

Trevor pays him no attention. He gets into his car. He
immediately checks his change drawer.

Miguel walks over to the Goldstein's.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

Someone needs...

MIGUEL

Watch.

Trevor finishes his accounting. Stares at the Goldstein's
and Miguel through the passenger window and shakes his head.

He starts to drive off, but the garbage truck blocks his
exit.

Trevor bangs the steering wheel.

TREVOR

Hey, asshole, you wan't to move
that thing, some of us have to get
to work. You know, in an office.

The two workers begin to walk towards the BMW.

Trevor shrinks in his seat.

One of the sanitation workers comes up beside the driver's side window. Reaches inside his jacket and pulls out an NYPD BADGE.

COP

What'd you say, fuckface?

Miguel and the Goldsteins look on.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

Oy, that cokey mother is fucked.

MIGUEL

You don't know the half of it, Mr. G.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Trevor stands in handcuffs against a wall. The two cops search the car.

They pop the trunk and find the brown paper bag.

The Cops look inside the bag, then at each other. Huge grins.

They walk over to Trevor.

COP

Mr. Williamsen, you have the right to remain silent...

TREVOR

Whoa, whoa, what are you talking about? I'm a lawyer for god sake.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN

Then you should know to shut your trap right now, cracker.

Mr. Goldstein gives his wife a fist bump. Miguel smiles.

TREVOR

I haven't done anything.

COP

Then what is this?

The cop reaches into the bag and pulls out three thick stacks of BILLS. The bills are covered with paint.

TREVOR

How the fuck should I know?

COP

So a major banks gets knocked over yesterday and we get a tip that we will find this in your trunk, but you know nothing about it?

Trevor looks at Miguel.

TREVOR

Jose, tell him, I was out of town all weekend.

MIGUEL

All I know is he came in last night and asked me to wash the car. I found that in the trunk.

TREVOR

No, what the fuck is going on here? Why are you doing this?

MIGUEL

I ain't done anything. Sometimes what goes around, comes around. Feel me?

Tears begin to well in Trevor's eyes as the cops escort him to the backseat of a waiting police car.

Miguel turns to the Goldstein's.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Now, Mrs. G, you were about to tell me what your husband did last night.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

