

BAE
SHOOTING DRAFT #11

Written by

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"An ex-con trying to go straight, goes back to his old ways sacrificing everything for the one he loves."

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Cluttered back office of a hardware store. MRS. DWYER (white 50's, overalls and a flannel) scans a paper.

CLOSE ON JOB APPLICATION. POOR HANDWRITING AND MISPELLINGS. ONE QUESTION *HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CONVICTED OF A FELONY* - BOTH YES AND NO BOXES ARE CHECKED. THE YES CHECK IS SCRIBBLED OUT.

Mrs. Dwyer looks up.

POV MRS. DWYER, LAP OF A MAN SITTING IN FRONT OF HER

- TWO HANDS, HEAVILY INKED WITH TATTOOS, FOLDED ATOP A NEWSPAPER ON HIS LAP

- A CURSIVE TATTOO, JAZMINE HALF PEEPS ABOVE A WHITE DRESS SHIRT COLLAR ON THE SIDE OF A NECK

- MRS. DWYER NOTICES THE TATTOOS AND SMILES POLITELY.

MRS. DWYER

I'm sorry we just filled the position this morning. Thank you.

The door opens and SAXXON, (black, mid 30's, tattoos, ill-fitting button down, jeans and poorly knotted necktie) exits.

He rips off the tie, crumples it and the newspaper and tosses them in the trash.

His cell hums. He answers.

SAXXON

Yeah.

(he listens a moment)

Nah, I told you, I'm out, I'm done.

He disconnects and tightens his lips with resolve.

His cell hums again. He answers, this time annoyed.

SAXXON (CONT'D)

Bro, are you deaf? I'm out...

(beat)

Oh...no I thought it was...

(beat)

No please, she's not feeling good today. I'll have the rent for you, I swear. I mean...I got it now.

But...I'm...I'm working right now.

(beat)

(MORE)

SAXXON (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow, I'll drop it off at your
 office, honest.
 (beat)
 I know. Thank y-- Hello? Hello?
 (to himself)
 Mutha--

The call disconnects abruptly. Saxxon looks off and chews his lip in contemplation. Defeated. He exhales, hits redial.

SAXXON (CONT'D)
 It's me. How much the job pay?
 (beat)
 I'm in. Where and when?

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

SFX: GRADUALLY INCREASE - HORNS/TRAFFIC/DISTANT SIRENS

FADE IN:

3

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

3

Seedy motel replete with bullet holes and bedbugs.

A shapely pair of legs in fishnets paces back and forth as a worn out woman in skimpy, tight clothes puffs a cigarette.

PRELAP

SFX: KEYS JINGLE AS THEY ARE PICKED UP

SAXXON (O.S.)
 Okay, gonna do this job quick, make
 this money. Be back soon with the
 stuff so you feel better, aight?

A motel door opens, Saxxon exits dressed in black with a black army jacket.

SAXXON (CONT'D)
 I'll hang DO NOT DISTURB so nobody
 bothers you. Okay Jazz?

No answer.

4

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

4

Saxxon locks the door and hangs the sign on the knob. He pats his chest pocket checking for an object within.

Satisfied, he turns and walks by the prostitute in fishnets.

CHERRY
Hey Saxxon, how's Bae doin'?

SAXXON
Eh...runnin' to get her stuff now
so she feels better.

CHERRY
Want some company?

SAXXON
Nah. I'm good. See ya later.

Cherry watches him go.

CHERRY
(to herself)
Okay. Hate to see you leave but I
love watchin' you walk away.
(to Saxxon)
See ya'round.

Saxxon walks on, waving without looking back.

5 **EXT. DOHERTY'S BAR - MINUTES LATER**

5

The glow of neon liquor signs illuminate...REESE (30's) slick
back hair, in all black leans on the wall, dragging a cig.

Saxxon approaches on foot from across the street.

REESE
Saxxon...my nigga! They told me you
was IN, I didn't believe'em.
Was 'bout to smash this 'Rican
chick with a fatty...now I'm here.

Saxxon ignores, saddles up next to Reese and lights a butt.

REESE (CONT'D)
I mean she was milkshake THICK
her dunk was like...(gestures)

SAXXON
Where's the job?

Reese gives a look - all work no pleasure?

REESE
Some old mill on Pleasant Street.

Two attractive women holding hands pass by to enter the
bar. EBONY (30's) and AMALIA (mid 20's). Reese notices.

REESE (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa ladies, what's the rush?

Saxxon notices. The women giggle and walk.

REESE (CONT'D)
Aww, why you do me like that...
just sayin' Hi, I don't bite.

Amalia notices Saxxon and stops.

AMALIA
You don't...but does your friend?

Ebony and Amalia eyeball Saxxon up and down. He turns away.

EBONY
Pffft...whatever. C'mon girl...

The women whisper, laughing loudly, entering the bar.

REESE
Aww..ladies...ladies...
(to Saxxon)
C'mon man? Really? Can't be wing
man a couple minutes? Fuck'n
cockblock. Your whipped!

Saxxon rubs a small object in one hand. He notices Reese looking and quickly puts it away in his chest pocket as...

REESE (CONT'D)
Well, still got mami. Aye
papi! Bird in the hand beats two
with a bush.

An older model Cadillac pulls up. Reese laughs and hops in.

Saxxon keeps smoking his cig. The front passenger window rolls down. Thugged out MARCELLUS (30's) eyes Saxxon.

MARCELLUS
Nigga.

Saxxon finishes his butt and hops in. The Cadillac roars off into the night.

6

EXT. HEATING OIL LADY MILL BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

6

Quiet part of the city. An old dark brick building.

The Cadillac sits lights off, across the street. Marcellus and the DRIVER in front, Saxxon and Reese in back. Everyone is silent except jittery Reese.

REESE

Yo Marcellus, we still on for later?

(to Saxxon)

Me and Marky-Mark, we hittin' the strippy after, wanna roll?

Saxxon ignores. His cell hums, he answers.

SAXXON

Wussup.

(beat)

Promise. Be back'fore you know it.

(beat)

Yeah? Okay, I'll get that. Whatever you want.

(whispering)

Aight, be back soon.

Saxxon hangs up.

REESE

Sooo no strippy I guess? I know she held you down when you was locked but damn, she got ya wrapped, son.

MARCELLUS POV - A MAN EXITS THE MILL BUILDING BACK DOOR AND LOCKS IT. HE PULLS OUT A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT.

Marcellus turns around.

MARCELLUS

Reese! Shut the fuck up! It's time. Game faces!

Marcellus passes out clear masks and checks his pistol. Everyone exits. The driver stays in the car.

7 **EXT. HEATING OIL LADY MILL BUILDING - SECONDS LATER** 7

The MAN smokes, laughing, looking down at the illuminated phone screen. Saxxon pushes a shotgun barrel to his temple.

8 **INT. HEATING OIL LADY STORAGE AREA** 8

A tension filled room.

Two men face each other seated at a card table, sneering.

RYKOWSKI (50's, Tommy Bahama shirt and unlit cigar). A MUSCULAR MAN and HENRY both (40's) stand behind him.

Across from Rykowski sits CHAVO (Hispanic 30's, covered in tats) a black leather bag at his feet. DIESEL and CHA-CHA (late 20's) stand behind him silently.

Chavo snares at Rykowski and snickers.

HENRY

Amigo, you gotta big set of balls.

Rykowski waves his hand, with a silent death stare at Henry.

RYKOWSKI

My friend, we spoke. We agreed on terms. Now you wanna re-negotiate?

CHAVO

Ain't negotiatin' shit, Pops. The dough in this bag is what you get.

(beat)

You ain't done your homework. There's no one left in the city who can move like I can. We made sure of that.

Chavo puts his hand palm up without looking. Diesel slaps it.

CHAVO (CONT'D)

So, it's a deal, right?

POV, RYKOWSKI REACHES FOR A PISTOL TAPED UNDER THE TABLE

RYKOWSKI

No, Here's the deal, Boy. You can suck my cock like your stripper whore sister does. In fact...your mother can suck my balls while she's at it. How's that for a deal?

Chavo's face scrunches, irrate.

RYKOWSKI (CONT'D)

Aww whatsamatta...you didn't know?

POV, CHAVO SLOWLY AIMS A PISTOL UNDER THE TABLE AT RYKOWSKI

CHAVO

PUNTA!

SMASH! A metal door slams open. The man with the cigarette is shoved in. Marcellus, Reese and Saxxon enter in masks with shotguns and pistols.

REESE

Everybody on the floor! NOW!

MARCELLUS

Hands up!

Some men ease down, some put their hands up, confused.

MARCELLUS (CONT'D)

(to Reese)

Shut the fuck up, man!
EVERYBODY HANDS UP, NOW!

CHAVO

You tryin' to jook me, Rykowski?

RYKOWSKI

Somebody's makin' a BIG mistake.

Rykowski looks at his son Henry.

HENRY

I don't know these fucktards!

CLOSE ON RYKOWSKI PULLING THE TRIGGER, GUN AIMED AT CHAVO

CLICK! The pistol doesn't fire. Rykowski crestfallen, shrugs.

BANG! Chavo fires at Rykowski.

POV A GEYSER OF BLOOD UNDER THE TABLE FROM RYKOWSKI'S GROIN.

Everyone pulls their guns to shoot.

9 **EXT. HEATING OIL LADY MILL BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS** 9

The quiet neighborhood disturbed by muffled gunfire. The Cadillac engine roars to life and lights turn on. It tears away down the street.

Then eerie silence. A dog barks. Porch lights turn on.

10 **INT. HEATING OIL LADY STORAGE AREA** 10

Everyone lay on the floor or slumped over, shot, bleeding out. A body writhes, another gasps. Then still silence.

CLOSE UP OF SAXXON ON HIS BACK, EYES CLOSED, NOT MOVING

SFX: A CELL PHONE HUMS REPEATEDLY

CLOSE UP OF SAXXON EYES BURST OPEN. HE GASPS IN PANIC.

Saxxon pushes the dead body off him, rips off his mask, reaches for his cell but misses the call. He checks his side, he's been shot, relieved the bullet went in and out.

He pats his chest pocket, comforted to find what he checks for, he turns on his side. His eyes fall on a bag.

SAXXON'S POV, THE BROWN BAG BY RYKOWSKI'S BODY

Saxxon scans the room. Bodies, blood and brains everywhere. He crawls over to the brown bag and finds bricks of cocaine. He contemplates then pushes it away.

He turns and sees the black bag and crawls over to it. Inside he finds rubber-banded stacks of bills. He struggles to stand with it then heads for the door.

11 **EXT. REAR OF HEATING OIL LADY MILL BUILDING** 11

Saxxon limps out, the door slams behind him. He trudges over to where the Cadillac was. His eyes widen.

POV - THE CADILLAC IS GONE

Desperation becomes determination on Saxxon's face. He walks.

12 **EXT. CITY STREETS** 12

Saxxon plods down an empty sidewalk holding his side and the bag of money.

13 **EXT. HOWELL SMITH PHARMACY - MINUTES LATER** 13

Saxxon stops at a brightly lit store, relief on his face.

He sees the sign - *Drug Store*. He composes himself.

14 **INT. HOWELL SMITH PHARMACY** 14

Saxxon sweats profusely, struggles with his motor skills.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- He grabs gauze, tape and alcohol, knocking over boxes

- He grabs raspberry sugar free sherbet from a freezer.

- He dumps everything on the pharmacy counter

END MONTAGE

The PHARMACIST (20's) approaches.

PHARMACIST
Hello Sir, will that be all?

SAXXON
Box of syringes, 31 gauge.

PHARMACIST
Okay, in what length and capacity?

SAXXON

Half inch.

PHARMACIST

Capacity?

Saxxon loses focus, drifts into a fog - fatigued.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

SIR, what capacity, how many cc's?

SAXXON

Oh, umm...one cc.

PHARMACIST

Okay, I'll be right back.

She goes into the medicine stacks. Saxxon rests his head down on the black bag.

She, rings up the items and bags them. Saxxon notices a security camera.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Okay, that'll be \$22.78

Saxxon places bills on the counter from his pocket.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Sir, this is only twenty-two.

Exasperated, Saxxon digs back in his pocket for change. Blood visible on his fingers.

The pharmacist notices blood. Disgust on her face.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Umm, that's...twenty-two is fine.

Saxxon notices that she sees the blood.

SAXXON

You know what, keep the gauze.

Saxxon places the gauze from the bag on the counter.

CLOSE ON BOX OF GAUZE WITH BLOODY FINGERPRINTS

The pharmacist sees the bloody fingerprints on the box.

PHARMACIST

You know what, just take it. Seems like you need it. This...is fine.

Saxxon nods and shuffles out with his bags.

15 **EXT. HOWELL SMITH PHARMACY** 15

Saxxon exits with his bags and hails a cab.

16 **INT. CAB** 16

Saxxon rides in back, head against the window. City lights and reflections pass over his face.

He checks his wound. The CABBIE peers in the rear view.

SAXXON
Keep your eyes up front.

The cabbie refocuses on the road. Saxxon pulls a couple bills from the bag and tosses them to the front.

SAXXON (CONT'D)
Don't worry, not gonna fuck up your
cab.

Saxxon leans his head back against the window.

17 **EXT. MOTEL - MINUTES LATER** 17

The cab stops, Saxxon gets out. He pulls a couple more bills from the black bag, hands them to the driver.

SAXXON
Here...forget this place.

The cabbie's eyes widen, he pulls off.

18 **EXT. SAXXON'S MOTEL ROOM** 18

Saxxon stands in front of the door, he collects himself.

19 **INT. SAXXON'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 19

Saxxon enters the small, neat room - breathing labored.

SAXXON
(trying to sound unharmed)
Jazz! I'm back.

He collapses in a chair.

SAXXON (CONT'D)
Bring a spoon, I got your stuff.

Saxxon pulls a syringe from the box as JAZMINE (9yo in pj's) comes with a spoon. She hands him a small bottle.

CLOSE ON SMALL BOTTLE OF INSULIN FOR DIABETICS

Saxxon swabs her belly with alcohol and loads the needle with insulin. He hands her the sherbet.

SAXXON (CONT'D)
(softly)
Okay now, no tears. Just a pinch.

Her innocent eyes trust him. She squints and he injects her, sets the needle down and opens her sherbet, completely spent.

She climbs onto his lap.

JAZMINE
You missed our show, I called you.

SAXXON
I know. Daddy tried.

She feeds him sherbet then enjoys some herself and nestles into him in front of the TV.

Saxxon reaches into his chest pocket and pulls something out.

CLOSE ON A HAIR BARRETTE WITH THE NAME JAZMINE

Jazmine watches T.V. Her dad fixes her hair with the barrette

JAZMINE
Starting to feel better now.

SAXXON
Me too, Bae. Me too.

CLOSE ON SAXXON'S HANDS HEAVILY INKED WITH TATTOOS, FOLDED ATOP HIS JAZMINE AS HE CUDDLES HER.

His eyes drift off as Jazmine lays back into him in the blueish glow of the TV.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END