

"Black"

By

Bryson G

Guerilla Made 2012

[bry.glant@gmail.com](mailto:bry.glant@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

INT. NO-TELL MOTEL - NIGHT

Cracked retro wallpaper. Vibrating bed. The only window in the room...riddled with bullets.

Muffled sounds of heated arguments and rough sex assault the dilapidated room from all sides.

Sleazy and volatile.

A tall woman in a tight strapless white dress, wild light brown mane, and legs for days uses a compact mirror to apply her make-up.

KENDRA (29) the tall drink of foggy water...

you'd only drink it if you we're thirsty enough.

KENDRA

Well I have to get going doll. I only get so much time.

MILES (O.S.)

Why?

A scruffy man with short hair, a thick beard, and sporting a "SWAT" t-shirt exits the bathroom.

MILES (36) lean muscle with a wild look.

The two stand at eye-level.

Miles hands Kendra a wad of bills. She stuffs the cash into her cleavage.

KENDRA

He times me. If I'm late, well...you've seen my thighs.

Miles nods.

MILES

If it's a money thing...I got a bit saved up.

KENDRA

I'm not interested in a bit. I'm interested in a bunch.

Miles hangs his head.

KENDRA

Why else would I do this? This is strictly money for me. That's it.

MILES

And he has alot of it?

KENDRA

A ridiculous amount. I'd love to play the wife, and have a normal life with you being a couple of squares, but even that takes money.

Miles crosses his arms.

MILES

Okay...so, if I get the money tonight, you'll quit and come play the square with me?

KENDRA

Trust me, flat backing isn't where it's at career wise. You get the money, you get me.

MILES

Let's go.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miles, now in a grey Robocop hoodie, speeds through the city with his passenger, Kendra.

MILES

How much?

KENDRA

I know he keeps cash and a couple keys in the safe.

Kendra drops the overhear mirror, and checks herself.

KENDRA

Make sure you wait a while before you call.

Miles slows the ride, then parks.

MILES

Got it. Do me a favor...

He reaches past her and rips open the glove box.

Inside, a .38 snub nose, a full crumpled brown lunch bag, and a thin wallet with a police ID lies open without a badge. It's Miles.

Kendra's eyes widen.

MILES

Put that in your purse.

KENDRA

Why don't you just carry it in under your sweater?

MILES

Cause he'll search me for it. I know it.

Kendra holds the snub nose. She takes her time with it.

MILES

Listen, we don't have to do this. We can run away right now, or follow through...

Miles puts his hand on her forearm.

MILES

Whatever you want.

She pulls up her white dress a bit...

her inner thighs are a mess of long thin criss-crossing scars. Kendra puts the firearm in her purse.

She exits.

INT. THE BLONDE'S HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Big ticket items cramped in a dinky space. The storage unit you would live in.

THE BLOND (46) silk leopard print robe, recently trimmed bleach blond do, and a pack of squares and cellphone stretches out his breast pocket.

He lounges on the couch, and drags on a cigarette.

THE BLOND

Smitten, huh?

KENDRA

I don't like to brag...

THE BLOND

That's funny. I had this one broad -- as bad as you -- face, ass, and just titties for everybody. Think her name was Sunny -- no, Shauna...was it Shauna?...I don't know, some shit that started with an 'S'. Anyway, I sent her out on a job with some guy, a big time lawyer. She goes over, does her thing, and leaves. Next thing you know, this fool can't stop blowing up my phone. And left all types of messages...

Kendra shakes her head.

THE BLOND

(Whiny voice)

'Hey, when can I see you again?'...'Hey, I just got paid, are you free?'...'Hey, I just left my wife and kids, aint never going back. Pick up the phone...please?'...

RING! RING!

The Blond picks up an old rotary off the floor. He gives it to Kendra.

THE BLOND

I'm not home.

Kendra answers. She takes the phone and walks off with it. The Blond can only hear her mumble, before long she comes back.

KENDRA

That was the guy I told you about.

THE BLOND

He legit?

KENDRA

He's solid.

The Blond studies her. He stubs out his cigarette. He exits.

He re-enters. A pump action in his arms. He sits, and lays the shotty next to him.

KENDRA

Whoa! I already told you he's solid.

THE BLOND

Solid. Not safe.

Kendra shakes her head.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Kendra gets up.

KENDRA

Do you ever take anything seriously?

THE BLOND

Go answer the door.

Kendra walks off. The Blond conceals the shotgun behind his couch. The Blond shoots up and stretches. Massages his face vigorously. He even runs in place.

He sits and crosses his legs. Plays it cool.

In comes Miles as Kendra leads the way.

THE BLOND

Hold it!

Miles freezes.

THE BLOND

Lift your sweater up to your chest and turn around for me.

Miles does so. The Blond waives Miles over.

Miles sits. Kendra stands.

The Blond takes his cell phone out. He begins to tap and poke at it.

THE BLOND

I don't know why mother fuckers insists on typing some shit they could of said in seconds. Ugh! Have the hardest time with typing on these things.

MILES

What are you? A snake?

THE BLOND

Cause there cold blooded. Funny,  
that's funny. Really, really funny.

The Blond, puts his phone face down on the glass table. He taps the glass with his index finger.

CLINK! CLINK!

Miles digs out the brown paper bag from his hoodies pouch pocket. He puts it on the glass surface.

The Blond peeks inside.

THE BLOND

That's alot of money.

MILES

Figured if you we're legit, you'd  
want some legitimate business.

THE BLOND

And if I wasn't?

Miles shakes his head slowly.

MILES

Then...things would nose dive  
quick, fast, and in a hurry.

The Blond eyes Kendra. He nods approvingly.

Kendra smiles at Miles. Miles smiles back.

The Blond clocks it.

THE BLOND

Did you want something? A beer,  
something to eat?

MILES

A beer would be nice. Screwdriver  
would be nicer.

THE BLOND

I can do that.

The Blond exits.

The two make sure he's gone. They whisper.

MILES  
Where is it?

Kendra whips out the .38 from her purse. Miles stands, puts the gun in his waist band, and sits.

KENDRA  
What if this doesn't work? What if there's no money in that safe?

MILES  
Calm down, it's in here.

KENDRA  
We're going to get caught. Shit!  
Now my Light & Fresh is starting to run.

Kendra fans her armpits with her hands.

MILES  
Eww.

The Blond re-enters with a drink in hand. He hands it to Miles from behind the couch. Miles stands, grabs it, and sits back down.

THE BLOND  
Kendra, hand me my phone baby?

Kendra does.

The Blond unlocks the screen.

A digital timer over a red dot, white square, and various triangular shapes. Fast forward, Rewind, Play, and Record.

He presses stop, then play.

The Blond listens to his recording, and hears what Kendra and Miles spoke about. He tosses the phone over to Miles.

MILES  
For me?

THE BLOND  
A message.

Miles looks at the phone, and presses play. He looks at the floor as he listens...he looks up...

CHH! CHH!

The Blond has his shotgun locked on Miles.

THE BLOND  
Quick hypothetical...

Miles slowly puts the phone down.

The Blond swings the iron sights over to Kendra. She takes a defensive stance.

THE BLOND  
What if?

MILES  
I'd be very...very upset?

THE BLOND  
Upset? Or heartbroken?

Miles tears up.

THE BLOND  
Me too.

BOOM!

Kendra's white dress is splashed with red as she flops backwards and crashes into the ground.

CHH! CHH!

Miles quick draws his snubby...

BANG! BANG!

Two for The Blond. One in his gut, one in his chest. He collapses behind the couch.

Miles kneels next to Kendra.

MILES  
Shit!

KENDRA  
We probably should have just ran away, huh?

MILES  
We gotta leave. Come on.

Miles puts his arms underneath her in an effort to pick her up. He glances at her, then stares.

Kendra's eyes are half closed, her mouth slightly open. lifeless.

Miles contains himself. He walks off...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clean, but peppered with digital scales, coke, and pocket-size baggies. A six foot safe stands in the corner cracked open.

Miles walks up to the safe and swings it open.

SAFE

Boxes of shotgun shells, a small blow torch with a few burnt coat hangers, and a three foot mountain of cold cash.

Miles thumbs through a stack. The top and bottom bills have Benjamin Franklin on them. Everything in between...

blank.

Miles checks more...then more. Blank, blank, blank. He spikes the last stack on the floor.

INT. THE BLONDE'S HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Miles speed walks out the kitchen. He looks at the fallen Kendra before he walks to her aside.

THE BLOND  
Come in my damn house!

Miles shoots up and aims...

BOOM!

Miles Robocop sweater is shot to shit.

Miles falls dead through the glass table. Glass everywhere.

The Blond props himself up on the back of the couch. He digs out a cigarette and plants it between his pale lips.

THE BLOND  
...shit.

The cigarette tumbles down his chest. Curtains.

END