

Circle Of Greed

By

Jon Lord

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FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - DAY

The Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church still has a grandeur despite the decayed interior. A curved balcony looks down on the altar section. The sound of FOOTSTEPS...

SUPER - DETROIT MICHIGAN

LENNY(38)and RACHEL(35)enter. Rachel looks around while Lenny examines the flagstone floor near the rear pews.

RACHEL

Its still so beautiful. How could they just leave it?

LENNY

Who knows, honey? Maybe they made their money from their worshiping

FLOCK AND TOOK OFF.

RACHEL

Thats harsh. Religion gives people hope. Well, sometimes.

LENNY

Its all about the money, babe. Everything revolves...ah, yes.

He sweeps away dirt and vagrant litter with his feet.

LENNY

Bingo. This is it.

Rachel turns to look behind her.

LENNY

Whats up?

RACHEL

Sorry. Thought I heard a noise.

LENNY

Probably a rat. This cesspool of a city has millions. Not all of them on four legs either.

He kneels, takes out a switchblade, inserts it along one side of the flagstone. The outline of a firearm shows on his jacket pocket. Rachel frowns.

RACHEL

Lenny, are you carrying? Jesus, you've only been out for a week.

LENNY
Just a precaution.

He levers one side of the stone up. Flips it over to reveal a padded mail bag smeared with grime. He lifts it out. Rachel stares at it.

RACHEL
You said your dad gave it to you?

LENNY
Yep. Found it at a garage sale.

RACHEL
Well, why the hell didn't you sell it back then? Instead of getting into trouble with that street gang? Christ, Lenny...

He can't meet her eye, just opens the bag, withdraws a thin card wrapped in clear plastic.

LENNY
It was too late. We'd already done the warehouse. I only had time to hide this before I was nabbed. Oh, look at this meal ticket, baby. Say hello to the high life.

The card is a baseball one, showing Joe DiMaggio's face on a cartoon body. Other cartoons show career stats. In one corner two small signatures are visible.

LENNY
(whispers)
Nineteen thirty eight Goudey Gum company rookie card. mint condition. Alone worth nearly three hundred grand.

He points to the sigs. Rachel takes a closer look.

LENNY
Joe's autograph. And Marilyn Monroe's. God knows how he got her to sign it too. She never signed nuthin'. Well, except for their divorce papers. Dad had it checked out. Its authentic.

RACHEL
So whats it worth with them?

LENNY
I made some quiet inquiries. I can get six hundred thou for it.

BRENT(O.S)
Excellent, little brother.

They turn to see BRENT(38). Gun aimed at them.

LENNY
You...you fucking parasite.

RACHEL
Brother? You said he was dead.

LENNY
Dead to the family. Nothing but a leech, always into my parent's money. Right up until they died.

BRENT
Oh, is that right? I'm not the one who did time for armed robbery. And you forgot to tell your lady friend that the card is actually mine. The old men left it to me but you stole it.

RACHEL
Lenny? Is this true?

LENNY
Don't listen to him.

BRENT
Oh yes, he stole it. Dad told me on his deathbed. So, hand it over. Now.

Lenny stares at his brother, looks at Rachel, sighs. He stands, steps forward to give Brent the card. Suddenly, he flicks it to the floor. Brent's eyes follow it, gun wavers. Lenny hauls out his pistol.

RACHEL
Jesus, what the fuck?

Brent's gun goes off, hits Lenny in the chest. He stumbles back as Rachel runs at Brent SCREAMING. The gun goes off again, straight into her face. Blood and brains spray across the pews. Her body crumples to the floor.

BRENT
Fuck...you stupid woman.

He turns to his brother, as Lenny manages to point his gun. Three shots - Lenny is killed instantly but Brent cops one in the neck. He falls next to his brother, dead.

The still bodies pour blood over the flagstones. Then, the SOUND of running. Two white STREET YOUTHS(late teens)sprint in, panting, frantic. One carries a suitcase. SHOTS ring out, hit them in the legs.

They tumble to the floor, the suitcase skitters over to bump into Lenny's body. The youths MOAN in pain.

Two POLICE OFFICERS(mid 30's)rush in, guns on the youths.

OFFICER ONE

Bad move trying to out run us.

He sees the other bodies near the pews.

OFFICER ONE

Holy crap. What the fuck happened here? They are all dead?

His partner shrugs. Kneels to open the suitcase. Its filled with bags of white powder.

OFFICER TWO

Who cares. We got our collar. That tipoff from Rogers in traffic was right on the money.

He holds up a bag of coke.

OFFICER TWO

More money for our slush fund.

He eyes the youths who have stopped writhing and are watching them carefully. Nods to his partner.

OFFICER TWO

Time to take out the trash.

The officers walk over to the youths who start YELLING. They are silenced by gunshots to the head. The officers holster their weapons, start to pack up the drugs.

OFFICER TWO

Check those other bodies.

His partner grins, quickly searches the corpses.

OFFICER ONE

Nah, just credit cards.

(beat)

Hmm. What's this?

He bends, holds up the baseball card. His partner glances at it, takes a second closer look.

OFFICER TWO
Holy shit...jackpot city today,
buddy. A guy in Forensics knows
all about these. Worth a fortune.

OFFICER ONE
We'll be retired by Christmas.

Officer Two puts the card in his shirt pocket next to his
badge. They get set to leave. Turn to see...

Two BLACK MEN(late 20's)at the entrance. Silent. One
carries an assault rifle, the other a Mossberg shotgun.

OFFICER TWO
Don't even think about it. This
is a crime scene.

OFFICER ONE
Oh sweet lord. Black Mafia
Family. We have to__

OFFICER TWO
Shut it. We're in charge here,
not them. You two, if you turn
and walk out, I won't arrest you
for carrying weapons in public.

The black men just stare. One points out the bodies strewn
on the floor. The other nods.

BLACK MAN ONE
Your partner is right. This is
BMF turf. The blow is ours.

OFFICER TWO
Last warning. Leave now.

His hand hovers near his gun holster. Suddenly, his
partner turns and bolts up the aisle. The AR HAMMERS
loudly, stitches a line of bullets up his back. He crashes
to the floor, slides into the pews.

OFFICER TWO
Fuck you, niggers.

He pulls his gun out but the ROAR of the Mossberg rips his
chest into raw meat. The officer stumbles back onto the
flagstones. Barely alive, he watches as the shooter walks
forward to place the Mossberg barrel in his mouth.

CLOSEUP: the baseball card next to the officer, completely
shredded by slugs. Worthless.

BLACK MAN TWO(O.S)
Leave the crime to us, pig.

BOOM