

Cocky

by

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INT. BOAT-NIGHT

Rico stands by the entrance to the lower deck of his boat. The room is littered with bullet holes and blood splatter. Two dead men lie on the floor next to him. His white suit, is now red with blood. He is unwounded.

RICO

(vo)

In the blink on an eye...

He carries two 45 semi-automatic pistols, one in each hand. Each are custom made-with his initials RS on each barrel. He drops the clips out of each pistol, and glances at the portrait of FRANK SINATRA staring him in the eyes from across the room. He loads the pistols.

RICO

(vo)

When I was young...I had this motto. Be good, or be good at it. Maybe I was too GOOD at IT.

Sweat pours down his face. He takes a deep breath. He winks at Sinatra.

RICO

That's life!

As the last word slips past his lips he turns for the stairs to the upper deck.

We...

FADE TO WHITE

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT-1997-DAY-FLASHBACK

Rico stands by the court, dressed in a t-shirt and blue jeans. His eyes, shaded by his knock-off Oakley's.

RICO

(vo)

Growing up, it was hard to stay away from the blow.

A young man walks up to him, Rico slips a small bag of cocaine out of his right pocket and exchanges it with the man. The man quickly slips Rico a roll of money, and the two go their separate ways.

(CONTINUED)

RICO

(vo)

I always wanted to make it big, be a legend. Fuck em all. That's how I thought. Fuck em' if they hate me, and fuck em' if they love me. Fuck them all.

Rico walks far from the court, down a long sidewalk to an apartment building.

RICO

(vo)

I started out with small time shit. Corner drug deals. I just wanted a taste. Just to see what it was like. Shit never works out like that.

CUT TO

INT. MANSION-NIGHT-2002-FLASHBACK

Rico sits at a large desk, in an extravagant leather chair. He has a woman at each of his sides. A bottle of champagne sits next to a sugar bowl full of coke.

RICO

(vo)

The blow is what makes you in this business. I've sold pills, pot, meth, H, shit I even sold some Tylenol to some fucking junkie. But the money, it was never consistent. With blow, you always have money.

He takes a sip of champagne from the bottle.

RICO

(vo)

Everything I ever wanted, I had. Pussy, fast cars, mansions, and most importantly... respect.

As he places the bottle back onto the desk, he dips his fingers into the coke. He quickly brings them back to his nose, where he snorts the coke off of his fingers.

RICO

(vo)

The blow is what makes you. The blow is what fucking breaks you. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICO (cont'd)  
started playing with the  
work...grew fucking paranoid.

CUT TO

INT. BOAT-NIGHT-PRESENT DAY

We return to the scene of Rico in the lower deck, loading his two pistols.

RICO  
(vo)  
Now I'm here. A fucking dead man walking. You see, in the movies the bad guy always loses. No matter what, the hero always saves the day. In this business...everyone's a fucking bad guy. Some are worse than others-me, I crossed them all.

EXT. BOAT-NIGHT-PRESENT DAY

Rico appears on the upper deck of the boat. He walks with both pistols pointed out in front of him.

RICO  
Come on you fucking assholes.

A bullet flies by his head. He dives behind a seat.

RICO  
Fucking assholes.

As he ducks his head, bullets begin to rip past the seat. They seem to be coming from every direction. Rico reaches into his jacket pocket. He pulls out a small container-coke. He dips his nose into the container and snorts.

As he throws his head back up against the seat, he raises his guns up.

Quickly, he rolls over, and begins firing back. As his pistols kick, the bullets stop. His clips run empty, and all is silent.

RICO  
That's right you stupid fucks!

He stands.

(CONTINUED)

RICO  
I am this fucking town!

As he raises his hand in confidence, a bullet strikes his forehead. His arms fly to his side, and he falls to his knees. The blood drips down his face.

He falls flat on his face.

EXT. BOAT-NIGHT-PRESENT DAY

FOUR HOURS LATER

The scene is swarmed with cops. Detective Rice stands over Rico's body.

RICE  
Three damn years.

He turns the body over, and wipes some of the coke residue off of Rico's nose.

RICE  
You never left anything. The perfect criminal. You'd think... I'd feel some sort of "ease" seeing you drowning here in your own blood.

Rice stands and walks over to the edge of the boat. He looks out over the water. The sun sets.

RICE  
It couldn't be that easy. The blow got to you before I did.

He smiles. A young officer walks over to his side.

OFFICER  
The ballistics in his head match those of his own weapon.

RICE  
It wasn't bullets that killed Rico.

Rice begins to slip away.

RICE  
It was Rico.

As the screen fades to black, the eerie voice of Rico lurks in the shadows.

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5.

RICO  
The blow is what makes you.

THE END