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THE CAB'S TALES:

EXTREME BAGGAGE

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A yellow cab pulls up to the curb of an upscale apartment building in St. Petersburg, Florida. RAYMOND, a handsome Latin man in his early forties peers through the windshield, looking up at the front door.

The front door opens and the strikingly beautiful and tall FRANZINA (30) appears. Her long, brown wavy hair flows down the back of her stylish long coat tied at the waist. She's pulling two large stand-up bags on wheels behind her.

INT. CAB - SAME

Raymond pulls his wedding ring off and puts it in the glove compartment. He quickly gets out of the cab.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

He hurries up to Franzina and gives her a smarmy smile and grabs her bags.

RAYMOND

Please, let me take your bags.

She lets him take the bags as if she was expecting him to.

The bags are very heavy and he strains himself to get the two bags to the trunk of the cab. He smiles at her as he opens the trunk then he tries to casually put them in. He struggles with the weight.

FRANZINA

(condescending)

Need a hand with that?

RAYMOND
(embarrassed)
No, no...I got it.

He shuts the trunk and hurries over and opens the back door for her. He gives her another greasy smile.

She sits down on the seat and elegantly moves both legs together into the car. Her coat slides open over her long well toned leg revealing silky smooth skin all the way up past her thigh.

Raymond's eyes light up, he smiles and shuts the door.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Raymond adjusts his pants at the crotch then looks at Franzina's reflection in the rearview mirror.

RAYMOND
Where to, pretty lady?

FRANZINA
Southside of the bay. Take the skyway
bridge.

RAYMOND
Give the beautiful lady what she
wants.

He peers at her in the mirror. She looks outside the window with a slightly annoyed expression on her face. He puts the car in gear and drives off.

EXT. ST. PETE - NIGHT

The yellow cab is driving through the city.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Raymond spends half his time behind the wheel glancing at Franzina in the rearview mirror.

She gazes at the city going by outside the cab. She takes a cigarette out of her purse, lights it and inhales deeply.

Raymond quickly turns his head and looks at her with an apologetic smile.

RAYMOND

This cab is no smoking.

She takes a long drag on her cigarette and then blows all the smoke right into Raymond's face.

FRANZINA

Good! I hate when other people smoke.

He turns and concentrates on the road ahead.

As the cab maneuvers through the big city traffic, Franzina keeps staring at the outside, Raymond keeps staring at her.

RAYMOND

Where are you from, pretty lady?

FRANZINA

Venus!

RAYMOND

(smiling)

I'm from Mars.

FRANZINA

(condescending)

Obviously.

Raymond puts his arm over the back of his seat and turns around to face her while keeping an eye on the road.

Franzina glances at the pale indentation of a missing wedding ring on Raymond's ring finger. She takes another drag on her cigarette and exhales at the hopeful looking Raymond.

RAYMOND

So, are you traveling somewhere?

FRANZINA

No.

She slides her long naked leg over the other leg.

Raymond takes notice while jerking the wheel slightly in order to stay in his lane.

RAYMOND
I get off soon.

FRANZINA
You look like you would.

RAYMOND
(smiling)
I mean, you are my last ride.

FRANZINA
I'm sure I will be.

RAYMOND
(hesitating)
Uhh...listen...you wanna go
somewhere and have a drink and talk
for a while?

FRANZINA
(snicker)
Talk?

RAYMOND
Yeah

FRANZINA
Why don't you tell me what you really
want?

RAYMOND
That's all. Just talk to you.

She looks at him seductively.

FRANZINA
I'd respect you more if you were
honest.

She shifts in her seat and her coat slides open at the top
revealing her cleavage. He eyes her in the rearview mirror.

RAYMOND
You want me to be honest?

FRANZINA
Would be refreshing.

He thinks for a moment, turns and looks her in the eye.

He turns back, facing the road.

RAYMOND

What if you don't like when I'm being honest?

FRANZINA

Try me.

He looks nervously at her in the mirror.

RAYMOND

Okay...I want to make love to you.

She scoffs at him.

FRANZINA

Bull shit!

RAYMOND

(surprised)

I mean it. That's what I want.
As soon as I saw you come out of your apartment I knew I wanted to make love to you.

FRANZINA

That's bull and you know it! Why don't you tell me what you really want?...Com'on, say it.

RAYMOND

What?

FRANZINA

You want to fuck me.

RAYMOND

Well...that's what I said, just didn't want to be rude.

FRANZINA

You said you wanted to make love to me, that's entirely different than fucking.

RAYMOND

You're right. I was just trying to be
a little more classy, I guess.

She looks at his ring-less finger and scoffs.

FRANZINA

You're classy alright!

She looks out the window while smoking, he looks at her.

RAYMOND

(carefully)

I guess that's a no then?

She looks out the window and laughs.

EXT. SKYWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

The yellow cab drives onto the bridge.

INT. CAB - SAME

Franzina looks out the window to the right.

FRANZINA

Stop the car!

RAYMOND

I can't stop on the bridge. It's
illegal.

FRANZINA

I don't care. Just stop the car! Stop
the damn car!

Raymond pulls over to the side halfway across the bridge.

Franzina opens her door and gets out of the car.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)

Open the trunk!

Raymond shrugs and shakes his head and gets out of the car.

EXT. SKYWAY BRIDGE - SAME

Raymond walks over to Franzina who struggles to get one of her bags out. Raymond looks up and down the bridge then grabs the bag she struggles with.

Blood seeps out of the bottom of the bag and there's a stain of blood in the trunk. They don't notice.

RAYMOND

What do you want me to do with it?

FRANZINA

Throw it into the water.

RAYMOND

What?

FRANZINA

Just throw the damn thing in the water.

RAYMOND

If the cops sees me throwing luggage from the bridge I'll get arrested!

FRANZINA

Better hurry before one of them drives by then.

A breeze catches her coat and blows it partly open. She's not wearing anything underneath, he ogles her.

He shakes his head slightly then uses all his strength to heave the bag out of the trunk and over the railing.

Franzina tugs on the second bag in the trunk.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)

Hurry, this one too.

He pulls the heavy bag out of the trunk, drags it to the railing and chucks it into in to the water.

Franzina sees the blood in the trunk and quickly shuts it. She hurries back in to the cab, Raymond does the same.

INT. CAB - SAME

Raymond puts the cab in gear and pulls back out in to the traffic. He glances at Franzina in the rearview mirror as she stares out the window.

RAYMOND

So, what was in the bags?

FRANZINA

Just stuff I wanted to get rid of.

RAYMOND

Why not toss it in the trash?

She glares at him.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

I noticed you're not wearing anything underneath that coat.

FRANZINA

My clothes got soiled.

RAYMOND

Why don't we go back to your place and you can tell me what's going on here?

FRANZINA

(smiling)

I would have to clean the place up first.

RAYMOND

I don't mind if it's a little messy.

She quietly laughs a wicked laugh.

FRANZINA

It's a little too messy, trust me.

He thinks for a bit while still checking her out.

RAYMOND

I know this great little place where we can go, have something to eat and a drink and see what happens after that.

FRANZINA

Suppose we end up in bed together,
what would you want to happen then?

He turns around and looks at her with a huge horny smile.

RAYMOND

I'd make you feel like the luckiest
woman on earth.

She starts to laugh.

FRANZINA

Really?...How would you do that?

RAYMOND

I would treat you like my queen, make
you feel really special, take my time
to give you all the pleasure you want.

FRANZINA

What if my idea of a good time is quite
different from yours?

RAYMOND

That's fine. I would do whatever you
want me to.

She looks at him devilishly seductive.

FRANZINA

What if I wanted to have you all naked,
tied up and use you for my own
pleasure?

Raymond's face lights up and he looks at her again.

RAYMOND

If that's what you want.

She smiles again and looks out the window.

FRANZINA

You want to know what was in those
bags?

RAYMOND

Yeah sure.

FRANZINA

My husband.

He laughs.

RAYMOND

That's pretty funny.

He looks at her in the rearview mirror. Her smile's been replaced by a look of seriousness. Slowly his expression turns serious as well.

FRANZINA

Yeah that is pretty funny.

RAYMOND

You are kidding, right?

She smiles again.

FRANZINA

I'm dead serious.

He looks confused.

RAYMOND

What was in the second bag then?

She laughs.

FRANZINA

He was a big man...There's no way I could fit him into just one bag.

RAYMOND

Why would you kill your husband?

She glances at his ring-less finger.

FRANZINA

He was screwing around on me.

Silence as he stares ahead at the road.

He glances at her in the mirror again.

RAYMOND

You were kidding...

FRANZINA

No.

RAYMOND

Well...where would you like me to drop you off?

FRANZINA

You don't want to fuck me anymore?

She opens up her coat. She's naked. He stares.

RAYMOND

I just remembered I have to do something when I get off.

FRANZINA

Something for your wife?

He looks her in the eye through the mirror.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)

You screw around on your wife too, don't you?

RAYMOND

Listen...just tell me where you want me to drop you off. No charge okay.

FRANZINA

Drive down to the beach...we can fuck there.

He looks stressed. Sweat on his forehead.

RAYMOND

I can't. I'm sorry...you're beautiful and everything...I just can't do it...I'm going to drop you off at the Vinoy, it's not far, then I'll make sure another cab will take you wherever you want to go...Okay?

She pulls a gun out of her coat pocket. She sensually rubs her cheek against it while eyeing Raymond.

FRANZINA

You have to fuck me, I'm in the mood now.

She seductively points the gun at him.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)
Take me to the beach...now.

EXT. ST. PETE - NIGHT

The yellow cab drives along a road by the Gulf. It turns down a smaller road, down to the waterfront and stops in the sand.

INT. CAB - SAME

Franzina wickedly points the gun at Raymond.

FRANZINA
Turn off the car and give me the keys.

He hesitantly does as he's told.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)
Let's get out and have some fun.

She gestures with the gun for him to get out. He does.

EXT. BEACH - SAME

Raymond and Franzina emerge from the cab. She still has the gun trained on him. He's nervous, she's not.

FRANZINA
Take your clothes off.

RAYMOND
(pleading)
Please...

She points the gun to his head.

FRANZINA
Take your clothes off.

He strips down to his underwear.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)
Can't fuck with your boxers on.

Embarrassed he takes them off too. He covers himself.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)
Give me your belt.

He pulls the belt out of his pants and hands it to her.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)
Get on your knees.

He drops down to his knees into the sand.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)
Put your hands behind your back.

He does and she ties his wrists together with the belt.

He looks up at her. He's scared.

She casually takes her coat off and tosses it on the ground.
She leaves her high heels on.

She holds the gun in her right hand in front of her crotch pointed
at his mouth. Her left hand caresses the top of his head.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)
(purring like a kitten)
Are you excited now?

He breathes hard. Sweats. He shakes his head.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)
Why not? Isn't this what you wanted?
You, naked and tied, me naked having
my way with you.

RAYMOND
Please...let me go...I have a family,
my wife, my daughter...

FRANZINA
What? Are you saying they wouldn't
want you to screw around?

RAYMOND
I'm sorry. I meant no harm.

She strokes his head.

FRANZINA

Does your wife cook for you?...Does
She clean up after you?

She takes a firm hold of his hair.

RAYMOND

Yes!...Yes, she does.

FRANZINA

And your daughter, does she brag
about her daddy? Does she tell
everyone her daddy is the greatest?

She pushes on his lips with the gun.

RAYMOND

Yes!...Please, I'm so sorry.

FRANZINA

So you have two women in your life
that think you're great and you're
still out there hitting on other
women?

A tear rolls out of the corner of his eye.

RAYMOND

Please...I'm so sorry...I will never
do it again. I'm sorry.

She pulls his head back and shoves the gun into his mouth.

FRANZINA

You even took your wedding ring off.
Did you think I'm stupid?

He mumbles something indiscernible. She pushes the barrel of
the gun further into his mouth. He gags. Sweating.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)

You're a deceiving, horny old
bastard!...I Hate deceiving, horny
old bastards.

She moves the gun slowly back and forth in his mouth.

FRANZINA (CONT'D)

If your wife and daughter saw you now,
would they be proud?...Proud of
daddy?

Franzina stands there in the sand, gun at her crotch, barrel moving back and forth in his mouth and a firm grip on his head while the waves slowly move closer.

The moon and the stars shine brightly in the night sky.

A SHOT is heard.

FRANZINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Are you happy now? You did get
fucked...