

HOWIE THE POX

Written by

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EXT. STREET - DAY

HOWIE SEWEL (40), balding accountant type is dragged from a car into a butcher's shop by TWO GOONS. His wrists are bound.

RONNIE V.O.

(cockney accent)

We call Howie, Howie The Pox,
because he spends more money on
doctors and penicillin than he does
on the whores who infect him.

INT. BUTCHERS BACKROOM - LATER

Metal hooks, stainless steel, concrete. The two goons drag Howie in and hang him by the wrists from a hook and stand back. Howie swings in the air.

RONNIE V.O.

If he'd stop describing the sexual
sewer in his underwear every time
he contaminates his cock, we
would've been kinder and named him
Mattress Back Howie, or Bareback
Howie, or Howie The Little Fat
Fucking Steam Engine. But as he
won't keep his unhealthy discharges
to himself, fuck him, he's Howie
The Pox.

RONNIE VOSS (50) is a big man with greying brill creamed hair, he marches through the door and walks around Howie menacingly.

RONNIE V.O. (CONT'D)

That's me, Ronnie Voss. It's
probably fair to say I'm not going
to win Europe's Most Charming Man
of the Year Award any time soon,
but I have my moments. It's
unlikely today will see any of
them, however.

RONNIE

(to goons)

Where'd you find him?

GOON 1

Zena's Dungeon, boss.

RONNIE

Personally, I prefer a cappuccino to start my day as opposed to a good ass flogging, Howie. All to their own though, I guess, what do I know?

Truth is, I don't know much about many things, Howie. But I do know a bit about some things. And one of the things I know a bit about is when someone is telling porky fucking pies. Now, where is it?

HOWIE

We go back a long way, Ronnie.

RONNIE

I've never heard of that place before, Howie. Where's the fucking key?

HOWIE

Our fathers --

Ronnie takes out his gun and puts it to Howie's head.

RONNIE

I'll fucking shoot you, Howie.

HOWIE

Willy Elbows.

RONNIE

Willy Elbows couldn't steal a fucking nap in a nursing home.

HOWIE

I haven't got it, Ronnie.

Ronnie punches Howie hard in the stomach. A key falls out of Howie's pant leg JANGLING onto the concrete. Ronnie puts his gun away and picks the key up off the floor.

RONNIE

Howie, what the fuck are you doing in this business?

Ronnie reaches into his pocket and pulls out a second key. He holds the keys up side by side comparing them, he smiles to himself.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 Who'd think two keys could make a
 man so fucking happy.

BANG!

GOON 1 shoots GOON 2 in the head. BANG-BANG. GOON 1 shoots
 Ronnie twice killing him. Ronnie falls to the ground, the
 keys laying on his open palm.

GOON 1 helps Howie off the hook and cuts his ties.

Howie takes the keys from Ronnie's palm and pockets them.
 Howie and Goon 1 stride toward the door.

GOON 1
 How'd you know he had it, Howie?

HOWIE
 I didn't.

GOON 1
 We're gonna be hot for a bit.

Howie pulls a gun and shoots Goon 1 dead.

HOWIE
We're not.

RONNIE V.O.
 Now, you might think I'd be a bit
 upset with Howie, what with him
 killing me, and all. But the truth
 is, I respect the little prick.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Howie exits the butcher's and searches the street for a cab.

RONNIE V.O.
 You see. We all understand the
 risks associated with our business,
 it goes with the territory. We all
 play the same game, and the simple
 fact is, I was outplayed today by a
 better man. I was outsmarted by
 fucking Howie The Pox. That's all.

A cab pulls up, Howie gets in.

INT. CAB - DAY

Howie closes the door.

CAB DRIVER
Where to boss?

HOWIE
Zena's Dungeon on Ninth.

The taxi driver turns in his seat and BANG, shoots Howie dead.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The cab pulls away from the curb and drives off.

FADE TO BLACK