In Desperation

by

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FADE IN:
INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
It's seen better days; cramped and in need of a clean.
Ricky (25), is hunched in front of a dated monitor.
Behind him, Josie (24), watches him with concern.

JOSIE
Any luck? With the job-hunting?

RICKY
There's nothing out there.

Josie sits on a sofa. She looks at a TRINKET on her arm, and toys with it.

JOSIE
This was Mama's. She got it from her Moma.

Ricky turns round.

RICKY
And one day, you'll do the same.

Josie smiles, and rubs her slightly swollen stomach.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY
Ricky and STAN (26), lean on the bridge's railings.

STAN
It ain't getting easier.

RICKY
And you've got kids. Are you still managing to feed them?

STAN
You know I still feel like I owe you one. You got me that job.

RICKY
Yeah, just in time to see it go bust. Did you enjoy the view?

Stan turns and begins to walk. Ricky follows.

STAN
Going straight was never going to be easy. But I don't know how long I can keep this up.

RICKY
Something will turn up.
STAN
We were lucky to get that job. With our history, another one's not going to fall our way so soon.

RICKY
I can't go back to that. Thieving, robbing. I'm got a family on the way.

STAN
You've got to feed them, Ricky.

INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Ricky switches the computer on, and sits. Josie walks up to him, and offers a small wad of notes.

JOSIE
Here. This might help.

RICKY
Where--

JOSIE
Family.

Ricky slumps back in his chair.

RICKY
No.

JOSIE
We have to eat.

RICKY
And every time there's a problem you go running to them?

JOSIE
This is just the second time, Ricky, until we get back on our feet.

INT. BAR - NIGHT
Ricky and Stan sit by a bar.

STAN
Let me get you one.

RICKY
Stan--

STAN
I owe you, man!
RICKY
You don't owe me anything. It's like everyone's...

Ricky fades out. Stan looks at him.

STAN
What?

RICKY
Josie borrowed. From her Mom or Dad, or something. Family.

STAN
That bad, huh?

RICKY
I cannot even put food on the table for them.

STAN
Come back in with me. We do this one more time. A couple more times.

RICKY
I need to think, Stan.

Ricky gets up, gives Stan a slap on the shoulder, and leaves.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
An almost deserted street.
Stan stands by a doorway.
A car, in the near distance, pulls to the side, and stops.
A woman steps out, high heels, mini-skirt, the works. She heads off.
Stan moves forward to the car - he can almost see the driver adjusting himself.
The driver checks the side-mirror before moving off, as Stan THUMPS the driver hard.

DRIVER
What in hell!

STAN
Hand it over. Now.

DRIVER
What?
STAN
Money. You had enough to pay her, now you can pay me.

The driver fumbles to get his wallet out, and opens it up for Stan to look inside.

DRIVER
Nothing! See? That's due to me giving it all to her. Maybe you should be heading that way before she gives it all to her pimp, asshole!

Stan looks ahead, toward the prostitute.

He sprints off behind her, catches up to her, and levels a harsh blow to the back of her head.

She falls face down with a thump.

INT. BAR - NIGHT
Stan is by the bar, on his cell.

STAN
Ricky! Here now! I got a deal you've got to hear about.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
Ricky's on his phone.

RICKY
(tiresome)
Stan, what is this?

INT. BAR - NIGHT
Ricky and Stan.

STAN
It's an easy deal. Don't know why I didn't think of it before.

RICKY
Look, Stan--

STAN
Hear me out. Nobody gets hurt. Well, nobody that matters anyhow. And it's easy money. No police, nothing. Listen...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
A car crawls up to the prone figure of the prostitute.

The driver gets out and walks cautiously up to her.
DRIVER
Hey lady. You okay?

He looks at a small TRINKET on her wrist.

FADE OUT: