In Desparation

by

Simon Colligan

simon@colliganweb.co.uk May not be reproduced without permission 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! 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: