

LAST TIME I CHECKED THE MIRROR

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

JESSE (16) turns down his music while he puts his hoody on, and stuffs his gloves in his back pocket.

His cell phone rings continually.

He pulls out his 9mm in his waist band, he looks at his phone it reads MIKE.

MIKE (O.C.)

You ready?

JESSE

(whispering)

Yeah I'm ready, I'll be out there in a minute.

MIKE

Bra, don't be taking forever. You know we got a small window.

JESSE

(tone gets louder)

Alright, alright, here I come.

He hangs up the phone. His mother JANICE suddenly opens the door.

JANICE

Where do you think you going?

JESSE

What? I thought you was sleep.

Jesse is startled, not only by his mothers timing, but also the interrogating tone she has.

JANICE

No I'm up and where are you going.

Jesse moves around his room uncomfortably attempting to avoid her question.

JANICE

I just heard you on the phone talking about leaving. So where are you going?
Why are you wearing a hot ass hoody in the summer? And...

She snatches the gloves from his back pocket.

JANICE

What are these in your pocket?

She also notices the gun, that he is too late covering.

They tussle over the gun while it's still in his pants but her aggression is not letting up. He allows her to yank it from him.

JESSE

Momma what are you doing?

JANICE

No!!! What the fuck are you doing?

JESSE

I gotta go, give me my gun.

JANICE

Hell no I won't. Jesse what are you thinking?

JESSE

I'm thinking we need some money in the house. I'm thinking I'm tired of hearing you cry every night because we starving in this house...

He attempts to grab the gun once more and she uses her body to shield him from it.

JESSE

You raising four kids, with no daddy. We don't need no daddy as long as I'm breathing. Now give me my gun so I can go handle my business.

JANICE

Is this the fool that I'm raising? Look at yourself...

She points at the mirror.

JANICE

You take a good look in that mirror son.

HE LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.

JANICE

Does this look like my little
Jesse. My straight A student. You
got the power to lead a army son,
lead them in the right direction.
What makes you think you got to go
out and do something foolish, when
did you change?

He takes a moment as if he is evaluating her words.

JESSE

The struggle changed me. I gotta
go...

He reaches for the gun one last time but she is not letting
up.

JESSE

You can keep it, we got more.

She is in disbelief, but follows him toward the door.

JANICE

Jesse if you walk out that door,
you will never be stepping foot
back in this house.

He looks at her as he is closing the door.

JESSE

We need the money momma. I love
you.

JANICE

(silently)
He's never coming back.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - NIGHT

The music is blasting as the young men are loading their
weapons, MIKE drives through the pouring rain.

CAGE is loading bullets in a P89 Ruger, while GEORGE is the
passenger loading a .38 revolver.

Jesse is in the back leaning against the door looking out the
window.

Mike turns the music completely off.

MIKE

Aye niggas don't be coming in here all scary. We don't got no time to be rushing to the hospital.

JESSE

I thought you said nobody in here was gon be strapped?

MIKE

Going into a lick you got to expect the worst.

GEORGE

As long as we all got our guns it shouldn't matter.

CAGE

That's the problem Jesse don't have his.

MIKE

What? You don't got yours?

JESSE

Moms caught me leaving out the door.

Mike hands him a gun.

JESSE

Man this don't even got no clip in it. We might have to do this another time--

MIKE

Man hell nah, nigga we here. They don't got to know yo shit empty as long as you gripping it right.

CAGE

And I got a high point. This thang might jam soon as I go to bust but fuck it.

JESSE

We going in here like some rookies. These is Jamaican's that we hitting ya'll know that right? With or without guns they still crazy.

GEORGE

If I ain't know no better, I'd say my nigga Jay money scared.

JESSE
I ain't scared I'm just sayin--

MIKE
(snaps)
Don't say shit...

The car is silent.

MIKE
If you want out nigga then get out.
But don't jump on our dick when you
see us riding foreign whips.

GEORGE
Flashing rollies and shit.

JESSE
Whatever man. What's the demo.

MIKE
We pulling up to to holla at Woo
right now. He about to lay it on
us.

They look out their windows and watch WOO in his Lincoln.

Woo snorts some cocaine, and looks in his rearview mirror.

GEORGE
What the fuck is this nigga doing?

MIKE
That nigga snort more lines than
Scarface.

He wears glasses and tip toes to avoid puddles of rain.

CAGE
Who is this clown?

MIKE
He work with the Jamaicans.

JESSE
Any nigga like that ain't to be
trusted.

Woo gets in the car, putting Jesse in the middle.

Woo is light skin with a heavy Jamaican accent.

WOO
You boys ready to go in here and
make it happen?

MIKE
Hell yeah.

JESSE
They got guns in here.

Mike and George instantly gets irritated with Jesse.

GEORGE
Will you shut yo scary ass up.

WOO
Look little man, they think they
the baddest rastas on the land,
nobody would dare touch one of them
spots...

Mike cocks his weapon.

MIKE
Oh I got something for they bad
ass.

WOO
My daddy told me you young shottas
were hungry.

GEORGE
Yeah ain't nothing stopping us from
eating.

George is looking in the mirror of his sun visor to fix his
mask.

JESSE
Why you hitting a lick on your own
daddy and his people?

WOO
Silly boy, you think my daddy not
in on this? You know our fathers
use to get money together and I was
thinking so can we.

JESSE
I never knew my dad so fuck him.
But I'm down for getting paid.

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, alright man, what's the lay out?

EXT./ INT. BOOTLEG - NIGHT

As Woo walks them through the lay out, the action is being shown play-by-play.

They all lace their gloves. Mike and Goerge place their distinctive mask over their face.

WOO (V.O.)

After you get pass the one bouncer at the door. You got the bar on the first floor, and people will be drinking and dancing...

ACTION

Woo bangs on the door. He is let in; Woo is immediately patted down by the door man.

While the door man is occupied with Woo, his head is met with the butt of a gun.

WOO (V.O.)

Until you walk me in with your guns out.

Just as he said, they walk Woo in with their guns in hand.

All the occupants inside are terrified, and moving out of the path of these young armed masked men.

Mike is guiding Woo with the gun to his head.

WOO (V.O.)

They change their drawers every hour, so the liquor register will be full but that's not the cash we after.

MIKE (V.O.)

Cage you snatch that and keep them together upstairs.

Cage jumps over the bar and smacks the man with the butt of his gun and orders him to stuff his bag with money.

WOO (V.O.)

As you walk me downstairs make sure
you watch the dog chained up at the
end of the steps.

POP... Mike shoots the dog in the head before they get to the
end of the steps.

WOO (V.O.)

There will be five of us at the
table playing poker. I make six.
Everybody at the table will have at
least fifty grand, but not at the
table. It's only chips.

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

There is five Jamaican's at the poker table with chips in
front of them.

They freeze up as Jesse and George are waving their guns to
maintain control.

WOO (V.O.)

The big money is behind the cage.
There will be a shotgun that Vince
will have at his reach but he won't
shoot because you will have me in
front of you. Vince loves me.

Mike is walking Woo to the cage. He points his gun at VINCE.

WOO (V.O.)

Hand Vince the bag and he will fill
it up with cash.

MIKE

Fill it up.

Mike hands Vince a bag.

WOO (V.O.)

The only one ya'll might have some
trouble with is Devan...

Mike throws Woo to the ground.

George has a gun on DEVAN.

DEVAN

(deep Jamaican accent)

I know you don't think you're going
to take our money?

GEORGE

No we don't think it. We know it
nigga. Now shut the fuck up.

George punch Devan making his mouth bleed. He spits out blood
then smiles.

MIKE

I need everybody's attention, we
didn't come here to fuck around.

Woo smiles at Vince and Vince gestures a wink at him and
hands Mike the bag full of cash.

WOO (V.O.)

Make sure you get there attention.
I need them to know I'm not in on
this, so hit me in the face hard.

MIKE (V.O.)

I'm gon hit you in the face hard
alright.

WOO (V.O.)

(laughs lightly)
I'm a big boy I can handle it, I'll
just think about the quarter
million dollars we will be--

POP... Mike shoots Woo in the head.

MIKE

We didn't come in here to fuck
around.

Vince is in shock and disbelief standing with his mouth wide
open.

Jesse walks toward Mike with his gun still aimed at the men
at the table.

JESSE

What the fuck was that?

MIKE

Like you said, we can't trust him.

JESSE

Bra you just fucked up.

Jesse turns around and he stares in the barrel of Vince's
shotgun. BOOM

Mike attempts turns to point his gun at Vince but one of the Jamaican's attack him from behind.

Devan shoots George in the neck.

Mike is being forced on toward Vince.

DEVAN

Revenge is always the best
medicine. He killed your son.

They bring him to the mirror.

He begs for his life.

Vince grabs his hair, then slices his throat.

FADE TO BLACK.

The sounds of foot steps and heavy breathing is heard but nothing is yet revealed.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cage is running up three flights of steps in his apartment building.

He shuffles his keys to get in the door.

INSIDE CAGE'S APARTMENT

Cage is not concerned with any of the mess in this apartment. None of the clothes that cover the floor, or old food that stick to the plates on the old dining room table.

He rushes in a bedroom and locks his door.

He throws some crumbled money on the dresser.

Then leans on the edge of the bed with his gun tapping his temple. He drowns in sorrow from the events of the night.

The lone survivor.

From the dresser mirror the money is revealed.

POLICE SIRENS ARE BLASTING

Cage now stares at himself in the mirror.

THE END.

