

Mr. Fremont's Proposition

By

Jeffrey Bruno

2014

[jeffjb91@gmail.com](mailto:jeffjb91@gmail.com)

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

WANDA, 30s, a black street hooker, stands under a street lamp with MARCUS, 40s, a tough looking black pimp. She hands him a small wad of bills. He counts them quickly.

MARCUS

Wanda, you dumb bitch, where da rest of my money?

WANDA

I'm sorry daddy, I had to buy some food. I didn't eat nothing all day.

Marcus GRABS Wanda's arm forcefully, pushing her against the street lamp.

MARCUS

You eat when I say you eat. You got that you stupid cow?

Wanda nods her head nervously.

MARCUS

And next time you disobey, daddy ain't gonna be so nice.

Marcus stares into Wanda's eyes, then lets her go. He turns and starts to walk away.

MARCUS

Now earn me some fuckin' money.

Marcus saunters over to a fence next to the sidewalk. He leans against it, folds his arms, and stares at Wanda.

Wanda stares back, then turns to the street.

A car approaches. Wanda does her best strut-walk down the street, trying to get their attention. The car ZOOMS past.

Wanda walks back towards the street lamp. Another car, a fancy new Jaguar, approaches more slowly.

Wanda excitedly pushes her breasts together and walks towards the Jaguar. It slows down to a stop.

MR. FREEMONT, 50s, a businessman, rolls down his window.

WANDA

Hey honey, you tryin' to have a good time?

(CONTINUED)

MR. FREEMONT  
I'd like to talk with you.

WANDA  
I can talk real good for you baby.

Wanda flicks her tongue sensually at him. Mr. Freemont opens the passenger door. Wanda gets in.

INT/EXT. MR. FREEMONT'S JAGUAR - NIGHT

Mr. Freemont rolls up his windows. Wanda starts caressing his inner thigh. Mr. Freemont grabs her hand.

MR. FREEMONT  
Let's... Hold off on that.

Mr. Freemont guides her hand away.

MR. FREEMONT  
I'd rather talk for a minute, if that's alright.

WANDA  
You know you got to pay for da time we talk too, right?

Mr. Freemont nods, smiling.

MR. FREEMONT  
I'm Mr. Freemont. What's your name?

WANDA  
Wanda.

Mr. Freemont smiles. They sit in silence for a moment. Wanda looks around at the interior of the Jaguar.

WANDA  
Dis car real fancy though. You got dem seat warmers, dem leather seats... Damn dis radio real nice.

Wanda tunes the radio to a jazz station.

MR. FREEMONT  
Thankyou. Oh, I quite like this station.

WANDA  
Say why you goin' round' pickin' up street corner hoes like me? You

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WANDA (cont'd)  
could be havin' those girls that  
got websites and shit. Like dis  
girl Rachel I know, she real fancy.

MR. FREEMONT  
Because, you are a beautiful woman,  
just like Rachel.

WANDA  
You know dis pussy is like, a sure  
thing right?

Wanda motions around her crotch.

WANDA  
You ain't got to talk sweet to get  
dis. Like, you ain't got to lie, I  
know I ain't no top of the line  
product.

MR. FREEMONT  
You are not a product, my dear.

WANDA  
Whachu mean?

MR. FREEMONT  
You are a person. A living,  
breathing, free woman.

This statement surprises Wanda.

WANDA  
Oh. I... Yeah, well--

A TAP TAP TAP at the window. Marcus' face looms.

Mr. Freemont rolls down the window.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

MARCUS  
Say, I ain't tryin' to interupt,  
I'm just makin' sure nothin' wrong,  
cus you spendin' a lot of time  
talkin to my bitch an' I wonderin'  
what be wrong.

MR. FREEMONT

Oh, nothing is wrong. We're just getting to know one another.

Marcus looks at Mr. Freemont suspiciously.

MARCUS

Aight... I'ma be postin' right over here if somethin' you need.

MR. FREEMONT

Certainly. Thankyou.

Mr. Freemont rolls up the window.

INT/EXT. MR. FREEMONT'S JAGUAR - NIGHT

Wanda looks nervously back to Mr. Freemont.

WANDA

He dont like it when I take long.  
He say good bitches get men off quick.

MR. FREEMONT

He's got you imprisoned in this life, hasn't he?

Wanda chooses not to hear him, listening to the jazz. Mr. Freemont turns off the radio.

MR. FREEMONT

Wanda, I've got a proposition for you. And I'll give you \$3,500 if you do what I ask.

WANDA

Damn, you must be into some real freaky sex.

MR. FREEMONT

No, it's nothing to do with sex...

Mr. Freemont opens his glove box, revealing a PISTOL. Wanda gets visibly nervous at the sight of the gun. Mr. Freemont picks up the pistol with a cloth around his hand.

MR. FREEMONT

I want you to take this gun, which is un-registered and without any fingerprints, and kill him.

(CONTINUED)

WANDA  
You crazy, dude.

MR. FREEMONT  
Wanda, don't you understand? This man is scum. He's degrades perfectly capable, beautiful women like you, and traps them in a cycle of shame. But you can escape.

Wanda starts to cry.

WANDA  
You right, Mr. Freemon... I just, I don't think I'm strong enough...

MR. FREEMONT  
You are strong, Wanda. You can stand in this world on your own two feet, if you try. \$3,500 will be enough to get you started.

WANDA  
But... can't you do it?

MR. FREEMONT  
No. It must be you that breaks your own shackles.

Mr. Freemont takes out his wallet and removes a clipped stack of hundred dollar bills. He shows it to her, and holds out the pistol. Wanda looks at it, thinking.

MARCUS (O.S)  
WANDA!

Mr. Freemont cracks her window slightly.

MARCUS (O.S)  
Wanda you testin' my patience bitch! Your old crusty pussy too dry for him ain't it?

MR. FREEMONT  
Listen to the way that he talks to you. Take the gun.

Wanda looks at the gun. Then out the window, at Marcus walking towards the car. Then back to the gun. Back to Marcus. Wanda finally GRABS the gun.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Wanda steps out of the Jaguar, aiming the gun straight at Marcus' face. He stops in his tracks and holds out his arms.

MARCUS

Woah, woah, Wanda, baby, whachu doin'?

Tears stream down Wanda's face. She closes her eyes and tries to make herself pull the trigger, but she can't.

MARCUS

Calm down, baby. He tryin' to make you do this?

Marcus steps slowly towards Wanda. She steps away from the car and circles away from him. The door to the car SLAMS behind her. The Jaguar drives forward.

MARCUS

Listen, baby, it's just you and me in this world. That dude don't care about you. Look, he leavin' you already.

The Jaguar disappears down the street. Marcus keeps trying to slowly make his way closer to Wanda. She keeps backing away, and so the two go in a circle.

MARCUS

We been together three years baby. I took care of you while you was sick. Remember that?

Wanda nods her head, SNIFFLING through tears.

MARCUS

Remember when you was sleepin' on them cold benches, an' I rolled up at you and said, "Hey girl, you want a place to stay?"

Wanda nods, smiling a little.

MARCUS

I know I be rough with you sometimes, but it's just tough love baby. We got that real connection. Nobody can fuck with that.

Wanda looks deep in his eyes. Marcus turns, seeing the Jaguar make its way back around the corner.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Here come that fool again.

Wanda looks at the Jaguar, which drives towards them slowly.

MARCUS

Baby you got a gun, you can rob  
that fool. Dude's probly got  
thousands in there. Take all that  
shit, all for yourself. I won't  
take none, baby. Cus I love you.

The Jaguar parks across the street. Wanda looks at it, then  
back at Marcus.

MARCUS

Do it, baby. And steal his fuckin'  
car too. You'll be a queen.

Wanda steps off of the curb, slowly making her way into the  
street, gun at her side. The window to the Jaguar lowers.  
Mr. Freemont looks at her, confused.

Wanda stops in the middle of the street, looking at Mr.  
Freemont's innocent expression. She turns back to Marcus,  
who watches her expectedly. She looks back to Mr. Freemont.  
Back to Marcus.

A CLICK as Wanda pulls back the hammer of the gun.

CUT TO BLACK