

SARU SARU

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FADE IN:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A crater-faced pimp in a long leather trench coat, SARU (40), manhandles a woman under the limelight, LACY (20).

Her face is a mess.

LACY

Saru, please... I'm sorry!

He grabs her by the throat and smacks her out.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE SAME BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

As if magically beamed in from an old television program, a holographic, grainy, black and white man, DEVON (30), stands, propped against a brick wall.

Slick hair, cool blazer, he holds a lit cigarette whilst adjusting his skinny tie. He looks into the camera.

DEVON

Meet Saru. A pimp, a parasite, a scumbag if you will. Tonight, he's on edge cause one of his ho's be playing head games, and Saru hates that shit. Also, he just found out he's in dire need of another whorehouse, cause the last one was just raided by the vice.

He takes a long haul off his cigarette, then stomps the butt. He walks and talks, stoically.

DEVON

On the one hand, he's Mr. Big's right-hand man, and on the other --

He disappears into the shadows, notices, then returns in the other direction.

his other hand... well, that's the one he likes to use to smack his bitch up.

He gets near Lacy, crouches and lifts her head from the pavement, grimaces, then gently drops her back on her face.

DEVON

He calls it the Monkey's Paw. And if that alone doesn't seem like five pounds of shit crammed into a one-pound bag, he was also a *Bag-man* for the local Yakuza. That's right... the Japs, and the Japanese word for monkey is Saru. They called him that cause he smells like an ape, and --

SARU (O.S.)

Da fuck you just call me?!

CRACK!

Devon is cold-cocked by Saru, he quickly falls out of frame.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Saru's on his cell. He walks as he talks.

SARU

(into phone)

All right, all right... I'll deal with it!

He hangs up.

SARU

Fuck's sake!

Then, stops in front of an old --

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

The place is dark as void behind the glass.

SARU

Where am I gonna find a fuckin' whorehouse at this time of night?

From inside the laundromat, at first a soft glow, then, suddenly the entire front end lights up. Open for business.

Saru looks skyward. It's a four-story building.

SARU

Da fuck?

In the front window is a huge 'For Rent' sign.

SARU

You gotta be shitting me.

He tries the door... it's open.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - STAIRWELL - LATER

Saru and an Asian Man, WANG (70), make their way up into a beat-down hallway. They walk towards the end of the corridor.

WANG

Last tenant never home. He a loner or some shit. Pay one month rent then go. Leave all things in apartment.

SARU

Apartment? No, no... I just paid you a year's rent for the whole fuckin' block, Wang!

WANG

Yes, big money, whole block. And you take all his things. Part of deal.

Wang unlocks and opens the door. An angry stench kicks them both in the face.

SARU

Jesus Christ!

WANG

Yes, stinky man. Stupid cock face. He no pay me, so I keep his shit. I lock it, but now you buy, you buy all his stinky shit.

Wang walks away mumbling to himself. Saru can only shake his head. He enters into the --

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He looks around. The place is pretty much empty except for a small kitchen table with one chair.

SARU

The hell's he talking about?
There's fuck all here.

He looks around a bit. The bathroom, a shithole, he walks into the --

BEDROOM

Same, a shithole. He pulls a light chain in the closet, it throws a single bulb. He's about to leave until he notices a small wooden box on the shelf.

He brings it down and studies it.

INSERT BOX: a carving of a monkey etched onto the lid with an intricate Japanese Kanji.

SARU

Cool. A monkey.

KITCHEN TABLE

He sits and tries to open the box. To no avail. Then, he notices a small plastic battery tab sticking out from the bottom. He pulls it out and --

CLICK CLICK CLICK... POP!

The top blows open, as a fuzzy, spring-loaded monkey with a wooden head jumps forth.

Saru damn near shit's a brick.

SARU

Jesus! Fuck!

The MONKEY BOX sings from an internal speaker.

MONKEY BOX

*"I am Monkey - Saru, Saru. I grant
death wish unto you. Unless my
Kanji - swish, swish, swish - is
written all so swift, swift,
swift!"*

Then, as if it died, goes silent and hangs gimpy on its spring. Saru stares, cocks his head.

A long beat.

SARU

What?

Then, the Monkey comes back to life.

MONKEY BOX

Times up!

From the ether, as if a straight razor was drawn across his back, the first stroke of the Kanji tears into his flesh.

SARU

Ah! Fuck!

More strokes - SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

SARU

Ah, God! What the fuck!

He stands and tries to fight off the invisible enemy, twisting, turning.

He hauls ass to the door to escape the torment.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

SARU

Please! God! Somebody!

The door won't open, he's trapped. The Monkey laughs.

MONKEY BOX

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The lights buzz erratically, as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

High up, the lights of a lone apartment window flash on and off, then, the shop front slowly goes dark and silent.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK

The rusty voice of an OLD MAN as he sings in Chinese.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

(à la Chordettes - Lollipop)
Bàng bàng táng, Bàng bàng táng, oh
Bàngy bàngy bàngy. Bàng bàng táng,
Bàng bàng táng, oh Bàngy bàngy
bàngy... Bàng bàng táng!

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: Old Man's face as he pops his cheek in unison with the music -- POP!

PULL BACK: Wang is sat at the kitchen table; he hums as he counts his cash.

He sets that aside then grabs the Monkey Box. He gently resets the battery tab and closes the lid.

BEDROOM

He sets the box back on the closet shelf and pulls the light chain, as we --

SMASH TO BLACK:

POP!

THE END