CAB'S TALES

"THE GOD FEATHER"

by

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Based on Helio J. Cordeiro
original idea
FADE IN:

EXT. NYC STREETS – NIGHT

A yellow cab is slowly driving through a New York City deserted and snowy street, following another cab.

INT. CAB – NIGHT

Inside her slick, yellow Royal taxi sedan, NORALEE (45), a black fat woman, is seated behind the steering-wheel. She looks pissed off at the cab in front of her.

NORALEE
Come on bungi! Move your ass!
Night is cold! You stupid lackawanna!

The cab finally turns on the left.

NORALEE
It was about time!

She speeds away through the black muddy snow.

NORALEE
Another fucking night to freeze my jugs out there.

Farther, a COUPLE is hailing her.

Noralee pulls her cab over along the sidewalk. The MAN opens the back door. Giggling and laughing enter the car.

Noralee turns back to the couple who is about to get into the car.

NORALEE
Hey! No drunkards in my cab!

The man bends into the car.

MAN
(jittering and stuttering)
Who’s drunk beauty queen?

He turns to the WOMAN.
MAN
(jittering and stuttering)
Who’s drunk? Are you?

The woman titters.

WOMAN
Anyway, I’m less drunk than you are.

Without hesitation, Noralee floors on the gas pedal and the cab goes off, almost zigzagging on the muddy snow, leaving the couple laughing out loud.

The back door slams close.

NORALEE
Fucking boozers! Let them ferment!

She turns the radio on. A Christmas song is heard.

RADIO (V.O.)
"Hark! The herald angels sing!
Glory to the newborn King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild--"

Noralee turns the radio off.

NORALEE
Fucking merry Christmas night.
Just guzzlers and lost dogs in the streets.

Fifty feet ahead, a man on the sidewalk coat hails her.

NORALEE
You'd better not being drunk Charlie.

She slowly drives to the man. He is in his mid-thirties, elegantly dressed with a wealthy gray long coat. Parking at his level, Noralee realizes he is a Chinese-type guy. His name is CLARENCE.

NORALEE
Okay! What's now?

The back door opens and Clarence gets into the car. He slowly closes the door and sits.

Noralee stays silent.

CLARENCE
Wherever you want, please.
In a complete opposition to his physical, Clarence talks with George Clooney's quiet voice.

NORALEE
Wherever I want?! It's gonna cost you, mista.

CLARENCE
I don't mind. I have plenty of time ahead.

NORALEE
(muttering to herself)
My ultimate luck. It had to be a kooky China nigga.
(to Clarence, with a peak of bitterness)
Alone on this holy night?

CLARENCE
I'm never alone. No one is.

NORALEE
Talk about you, mista. Talk about you.

A green traffic-light is now in sight of the cab.

CLARENCE
Even if you feel alone, you're not.
(a beat)
Mind the traffic-light.

Noralee is about to cross another street.

NORALEE
(annoyed)
Mind the-- I saw it mista.

Suddenly, from the other street, a car appears, speeding as Hell. It crosses the street and cuts the cab's way.

Noralee floors the brakes.

NORALEE
(shouting)
What the f--

She raises her eyes to the rear-view mirror.

NORALEE
Have you seen that, mista? Where are the pigs when you need them?

Clarence doesn't answer. He just smiles, staring at the street through his window.
NORALEE
So, I just keep driving?

CLARENCE
(nodding)
Please.

NORALEE
I want to see your cash then. I don't wanna get stiffed.

Clarence takes his wallet out his coat pocket and shows it to Noralee. It is filled with bills.

NORALEE
Last week, a so-say brother jumped out of my cab and I had to pay for his rip.
(a beat)
Hey, you're not the talkative kind of man.

Clarence closes his eyes and smiles.

CLARENCE
Trashcan.

NORALEE
Are you talkin' to me?

She is about to turn back to Clarence when she sees a trashcan spilled over the street.

Noralee manages to swerve at the last moment and avoids it.

The cab skids on the snowy street.

NORALEE
Fuck! It was about time!

CLARENCE
You shouldn't swear that much.

NORALEE
(squeaky voice)
Hell! Who do you think you are?! My father?!

CLARENCE
I'm not.

NORALEE
Listen, mista. I had a busy night with boozers and hookers and I don't feel much like chewing the fat. I'm not some kind of coffee-pot lawyer.
CLARENCE
I know, Noralee.

NORALEE
(squeaky voice)
How the Hell do you know my name?! Are you some kind of pervert?!

CLARENCE
No. My name is Clarence.

NORALEE
Well, Mister Clarence. I don't like you. I don't like people and I hate the whole world!

CLARENCE
Why?

NORALEE
Why? Cuz life is just like a box of shit! Maybe everyone deserves what he gets, but I had my share enough.

CLARENCE
That's why you leave alone?

NORALEE
None of your fucking business!

CLARENCE
You know tonight, there are surely more desperate people outside in the streets than you.

NORALEE
(firmly)
I'm not interested.

CLARENCE
People who want to finish their lonely existence. People who haven't your strength.
(a beat)
Beware of the cat.

NORALEE
What are you talking about?

A cat suddenly jumps onto the car front, hissing, and facing Noralee.

She screams.
The cab fishtails on the street and gets on the sidewalk where it finally stalls.

Shook up, Noralee turns back to Clarence, pissed off, an elbow on the back of her seat.

NORALEE
Listen to me, Mista Clarence--
Bullshit! I'm living alone cuz I want it! And now, get out of my cab!! You freak me out!

Clarence stays quietly seated.

CLARENCE
Not yet.

NORALEE
(squeaky voice)
How comes "not yet"?! Okay. I call the cops!

She faces the steering-wheel and is about to pick up the cab radio microphone when she realizes the radio is dead. Only statics.

CLARENCE
Give me just one more minute.

NORALEE
I give you shit! Get out!!

Clarence slowly opens the back door.

CLARENCE
Time has come. Your next customer should be better.

NORALEE
(shouting)
Get out!!

Clarence complies. He quietly gets off the cab, closes the door, and starts to walk away.

Noralee stares at him and realizes--

HE DOESN'T LEAVE ANY FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW

Noralee rubs her eyes.

NORALEE
(to herself)
I need a fucking cuppa joe.

She deeply sighs as the man disappears around the corner. She turns the ignition key. The engine restarts.
She swerves to the street and keeps driving.

    NORALEE  
    (to herself)  
    Wackos are everywhere tonight.  
    What will be next? Aliens?  
    Vampires?

Suddenly, looming from a porch, a black form hurls onto her cab and disappears in front of the car.

With an incredible skill, Noralee floors the brakes.

Pushed over the limit, she bends over the steering-wheel and raises her eyes to the sky.

    NORALEE  
    (shouting)  
    Lemme alone!! What did I do to you to deserve all this!!

She hits the steering-wheel and gets off the cab.

EXT. NYC STREETS – NIGHT

Noralee discovers a MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN laid on the muddy asphalt.

    NORALEE  
    (shouting)  
    Are you out of your mind?!

The middle-aged black man turns his head to her. Noralee realizes he is crying.

He quickly wipes his eyes off and gets up.

Noralee’s face gets grave. Her anger fades. She now considers the man with different eyes.

    NORALEE  
    Are-- are you alright, Sir?

The middle-aged black man proudly tosses his coat.

    MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN  
    Yes. I am.

    NORALEE  
    You sure?

The middle-aged black man is about to walk but one of his legs visibly hurts him. He has to recline against the cab.

Noralee helps him to stand. At first, the middle-aged black man stiffens a bit, but, finally, surrenders.
Let me take you inside the cab.

Limping and helped by Noralee, the man walks to the back door she opens.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Tired, the middle-aged black man sits on the back seat.

Noralee stands outside, staring at him, not really knowing what to do.

The middle-aged black man notices then a magnificent feather on the back seat by him. He picks it up and smiles.

MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN
Do you like birds?

Noralee stares at him as he was some kind of lunatic, then bursts out laughing. The middle-aged black man laughs at his turn.

IT IS LIKE LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

CLARENCE'S P.O.V.

Down in the street, the yellow cab looks tiny.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Clarence is standing on the top of a high building, looking down to the street with a smile.

He has large wings in his back. The color is the same as the feather found in the cab.

FADE OUT: