

Shake Some Action

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's quiet. A WOMAN lies in bed, staring out into open space. Eyes wide open.

INT. SADIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Briefly. A child's room. Empty. Window broken.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A MAN, in his early thirties, sits at his dining table. A sixpack near his elbow, and he's four-deep. Eyes red and glazed. He's staring out the back window, into the dark. This is JAMES.

He looks down at a piece of paper - written in large arial black: "STAY BY THE PHONE."

There's a low whistling, building in the air, trees rustling - the sound of dogs in various yards barking. . .as suddenly, silent again.

SUDDENLY, there's a knock.

JAMES opens the front door, and his mouth drops open. A FIGURE stands in front of him, outline vague.

FIGURE

Hello, James.

He mouths something, trying to form words.

FIGURE

Are you going to let me in?

CUT TO BLACK

FADE INTO -

INT. COWBOY HOOKAH - NIGHT

Quiet; alt-rock plays at a low decibal, mixing with the tinkle of scattered conversation. Low, brown lighting. A big, old house converted into a hangout for bohemians and college types.

Sitting by his lonesome in the corner is a thin, tall BIRDLIKE man, checking his watch and puffing at his own Hookah, occasionally. Shuffling, nervous.

The doorbell dings, and Bird looks up - a couple of young women step through, heading up to the counter. He snorts. That's not him.

His head falls to his chest, and he begins to doze. . .

. . .shadows SHIFT over his face. One settles.

VOICE

(o.s.)

Mr. Toomes.

He STARTS. Looks up.

Just in front of him, there stands a MONOLITH of a man, almost completely in silhouette. All in black, eyes dancing with fire. Looking down at him.

BIRD/TOOMES

Hey buddy, you're late.

MONOLITH

Apologies. I was engaged elsewhere.

TOOMES

Mmm. You gonna sit down?

The Monolith does so. Sitting on the other side of the lamp, stretching his legs out. The Hookah's between them. Now in the light, we can see that the Monolith is an older man.

TOOMES

You ever try hookah?

MONOLITH

It's been a while.

Toomes gestures at the Hookah.

TOOMES

Well, you're welcome to it. I like it enough. They've got so many flavors, here.

MONOLITH

What's this one?

TOOMES

Strawberry and mango.

The Monolith looks at him, casually disapproving. Taking the Pipe in hand.

TOOMES

It's good, try it. Very fruity.

He takes a small puff, and exhales through his nose. Nods at Toomes.

MONOLITH

Mm.

TOOMES

Nah, c'mon. You've gotta take a bigger one than that. Real deep. Breathe fire, spit smoke.

The Monolith takes a deep, long drag off the pipe - holds it for a second, and then lets it go, into the air, a giant plume of smoke that floats around his face.

TOOMES

There you go. You're a dragon, man.

The Monolith smiles, and hands him the pipe.

MONOLITH

The girl. How is she?

TOOMES

She's where she's supposed to be. They're taking pretty good care of her, last I checked. Have you talked to the parents yet?

MONOLITH

I have. They're being very cautious, but they haven't gone to the police yet. So far, this is still a private matter. He's playing coy - keeps saying he doesn't have the money.

TOOMES

Sounds about right, for him. But, good. Have you spoken to boss man yet? What's he want to do, now?

MONOLITH

We're moving her. Tonight. He wants to take her out to the house in Bastrop.

TOOMES

Why?

MONOLITH

He's not convinced your safehouse is very safe. I haven't been there myself, I wouldn't know.

TOOMES

That doesn't make any sense. She's only been there a day, and nothing's happened.

MONOLITH

This is just what he tells me. Fact of business, it's why I'm here. I need you to take me there, so I can take her there.

TOOMES

(slowly, realization
dawning but downplaying
it)

I see.

(beat)

You're not very good at this cloak
and dagger stuff, are you?

(beat)

Who are you, really?

The Monolith smiles again, slowly.

There's the CLICK of a revolver, beneath the table. Toomes notices it, and draws in a sharp breath, but doesn't say anything. The Monolith stares at him - through him.

MONOLITH

Why was she kidnapped? The girl's
father told me a few things, but
they were vague.

TOOMES

Look, I'm just a middle-man. All I
know is that he's one of us, that
ran off. With a lot of money.
Fortunately, he wasn't very smart -
boss found him pretty easy, after a
minute. Traceable bills. And he
didn't run all that far, after all.

(beat)

Thing is, old boy knows a lot about
us. Boss figured any direct action
short of just. . .you know,
breaking into his house and
shooting him and his family in the
face might cause him to run and
talk.

MONOLITH

Why did he run?

TOOMES

He had a brother who worked for us,
I heard. Name of Johnny. Never met
him, myself. Johnny made some
mistakes, about a year ago.

(beat)

He doesn't work for us, anymore.

(beat)

Anyway, we took her. Figured it was
the safe option. He'd know.

MONOLITH

You know, you're a blabbermouth.
It's a wonder you've lasted this
long.

TOOMES

What have I got to lose, really?
Either you'll kill me, or they'll
kill you.

(beat)

But, what about you? You're someone
from the outside. You want her,
too.

(beat)

Who do you work for?

MONOLITH

No one, Mr. Toomes.

(beat)

I'm nobody.

TOOMES

Why do you want her? Is he paying
you?

MONOLITH

No.

TOOMES

. . .just a cowboy, then?

MONOLITH

Something like that. Now, tell me
where she is or I'll blow the back
of your head off.

TOOMES

What, in here? In public? You think
you're that sly?

MONOLITH

It wouldn't be difficult, for me.

TOOMES

. . .and how do you know that,
after I tell you, I won't tell them
you're coming? Have them just kill
her, and them? Or tell boss man,
and put the word out on you?

There's silence.

MONOLITH

I don't.

(beat)

Get up.

A criss-crossing series of overpasses, one on top of another
going five high, undulating above us.

INT. MONOLITH'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

. . .Toomes looks at Monolith, in the driver's seat. Trying
to read him. When he turns, we see that his eye and face are

bruised and bloody. Over this and the next couple of scenes, Toomes and Monolith talk in voice over, disconnected from the action on screen.

MONOLITH

How many of them will there be?

TOOMES

At least six. Maybe more.

MONOLITH

Armed?

TOOMES

Anything's possible.

Monolith's car, black as night, passing under a bright, flashing neon sign, on and off. . .on and off. . .into a dark side street, passing into shadow.

MONOLITH

Are they expecting you?

TOOMES

Not now. But they can be.

MONOLITH

Call them.

INT. MONOLITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They're parked across the road from a gated COMPLEX. Cars pass, every so often.

Monolith is staring at Toomes.

MONOLITH

Say nothing else.

Toomes nods and slowly, nervously pulls out his phone - presses a button, and holds it up to his ear. We don't hear the other half.

TOOMES

Brody? Toomes. Yeah, hi.

Listen, is the girl
alright? Is she keeping?

(beat)

Well, give her a popsicle or
something, she's seven. Look, boss
man's sending me down to check up
on you guys. Make sure everything's
alright. I brought a six pack.

He looks at Monolith, who nods.

TOOMES

I'm bringing someone else with me.
I dunno, just some greasy,
no-talent thug boss man picked up -
extra muscle on my end, in case
anything else happens out here.
He's harmless.

(beat)

Good. See you in a minute, blud.

He clicks shut. Gives a thumbs up to Monolith.

TOOMES

They're going to kill you.

MONOLITH

You'd be so lucky.

INT. COMPLEX - NIGHT

Monolith's car, lights off, sits outside the gate as it opens. He rolls through, up to the entrance.

INT. COMPLEX - HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Bird and Monolith step out of the car, and from afar we can see five or six others watch from the doorway as the LEADER of this little group steps forward to shake hands with Bird, and stares off at Monolith.

As they go inside, we hear:

LEADER

Where's the six-pack?

TOOMES

I didn't make it in time.

IN THE HIDEOUT

. . .as the door shuts behind them, and Bird and Monolith are surrounded by seven big old TOUGH GUYS, dressed in their leather best. Shifty, pug-eyed. The Leader is the only one wearing a suit, but otherwise he's of a piece with everyone else.

The hideout is sparsely decorated. A few chairs, a couch. A cooler. A TV sitting on a box. There's music pulsing in the background.

LEADER

And who're you, newbie?

MONOLITH

An associate.

TOOMES

Listen, Brody. First thing's first
- we need to see the girl.

LEADER

She's fine. Relax a minute. Chill
with the boys. We'll throw back
some.

A uniform "AYYY" goes up, like a rumble from the crowd.

TOOMES

I will, I will - it's just that -
(beat, sudden)
HE'S NOT WITH US! HE'S AN
IMPOSTER, SHOOT HIM SHOOT HIM -

He dives to the floor as all eyes dart to the Monolith, and
make sudden action - they gang up on him as one. . .

The Monolith grimaces, and meets their throng. They pound on
him, some with knives. But he doesn't fall, PUSHING BACK
with Herculean strength, and they collapse into singles.

One of them is readying his gun, behind him another picks up
a bat and swings. He ducks it, catches the guys arm and
PUNCHES THE SHIT out of the guy's ribs before RAMMING HIM
into a wall.

ON THE FLOOR, INTERCUT WITH THE PREVIOUS

The Leader is yelling at Bird.

LEADER

You stupid fucking idiot! You led
him right to us!

Now, chaos. Pure, rhythmic chaos. Turns out only two of them
have guns - but, the Monolith is vicious. A shark. He tears
through them quickly, and at first it's visceral, fun to
watch. Rhythmic. But, then - it keeps going. He's merciless,
and cruel. Doesn't use a gun. Only his hands, and a baseball
bat. Lit by silhouette.

During the course of the fight, he's stabbed. Shot. Nothing
fazes him. He proceeds with the knives still stuck in him,
at least six or seven. A walking porcupine. A golem. Toomes
registers this, and a growing look of horror sets across his
face, along with spatters of blood as the fight plays as
shadows on the wall behind him. If possible, let's deal with
this violence more by implication than anything directly on
screen.

Finally, they're all dead at his feet, save for Bird, who's
crouched in the corner, covered in blood.

The Monolith stands, a shadowy figure lit from behind by
red. Points at Toomes, ominously.

MONOLITH

Don't leave. I'll find you.

IN THE BACK ROOM

The Monolith breaks open the door, letting in a slat of light into a pitch-black room. He wanders in, listening.

He goes to the other side of the room, where the CLOSET is blocked off by a lot of ramshackle stuff, placed a little too carefully. He starts pulling it off, throwing it to the side.

He opens the closet door. Inside, on the floor in the middle of a makeshift pallet, is a YOUNG GIRL surrounded by comics, TV DINNERS and popsicle sticks.

A look of familiarity comes over her face. He softens, face breaking into a friendly smile - like a big, bloody teddy-bear.

MONOLITH

Hi there, Sadie-kins.

MAIN ROOM

The Monolith and Girl walk out through the sea of broken men, he covers her eyes with his hand, carrying her in the other arm.

Bird is still in the same place. He sees them pass, and as the Monolith is just about to reach the front door, he calls out. . .

TOOMES

Wait a second. . .just. . .who are you?

MONOLITH

Your boss knows who I am, newbie. Tell him old Johnny says hello. I'm watching this family, now. If any harm comes over them, then that will be visited tenfold upon his head.

TOOMES

He'll find you first.

MONOLITH

Tell him to look in the field where he buried me the last time. The hole's still there. Even still has that fresh gasoline smell to it.

And the door closes behind him. Toomes mouth is hanging open, and he lets out a single sob.

EXT. THE GIRL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MONOLITH

Is she okay?

JAMES

She's fine. I don't think she knows what happened, really.

MONOLITH

That's good. She's got all her life to realize.

JAMES

I. . .I can't thank you enough for this, man. I. . .

He's at a loss for words. He looks down at the Monolith. Sees he's still covered in blood. There's still a knife sticking out of him.

JAMES

Is there anything I can get for you?

Monolith follows his gaze and looks down, sees the knife - pulls it out, dropping it to the ground.

MONOLITH

Got any duct tape?

JAMES

. . .yeah, yeah.

(beat)

Johnny, you're dead. You've been dead for four years, now. I buried you.

He's starting to BREAK UP.

MONOLITH

Things are more different than you would ever believe, little brother.

(beat)

I saw momma, though. She says she loves you, and get it together.

JAMES

Really?

MONOLITH

She actually said "get it the fuck together and stop being a simpleton."

JAMES

That does sound like her. Is this like a movie, or something? You gonna go away now?

MONOLITH

No, I don't think so. Not yet, at least.

A piece of him FLAPS off.

MONOLITH

I like it here.

INT. THE GIRL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

The Monolith tapes himself up, haphazardly. His torso is a criss-cross of self-stitching, old tape and new. Blood, holes. Pock-marks. He tapes up the newest entries and replaces the old - there are pieces of him that are hanging off by a thread.

That done, he looks in the mirror. Taking off his glasses, and looks at his pupils. There are none. His eyes are black.

The question Bird asked him in the bar plays in his head, as he looks in the mirror at himself. All else fades, except for his face.

BIRD

Who are you, really?

He exhales loudly, and a small plume of smoke comes out of his nose.

FADE TO BLACK