

Screenplay

EXT. DETROIT -- NIGHT

A young boy about thirteen years old walks alone on the sidewalk. He is walking very briskly as if he is headed somewhere in a hurry. In his right hand, he clutches a white envelope. He is normal height and wears a large puffy black jacket and blue jeans. He also wears a backwards Detroit Tigers Baseball cap. A black car with tinted windows pulls up slowly behind the boy. The passenger side window rolls down slightly revealing a hand holding a silenced pistol. The boy has barely enough time to stop in place before the pistol fires two silent shots into his chest. The boy staggers and falls to the ground and a pool of blood begins to form underneath his body. His outstretched arm still is still clutching the white envelope. A lady with red hair, a black trench coat, dark sunglasses and high heels exits the car and walks over to the boy. She bends over and takes the envelope from the boy's hand just as his blood touches the envelope's corner. She gets back into the car and it speeds away.

EXT. DETROIT -- DAY

ANDREW ORTEGA walks down a crowded sidewalk holding a briefcase. He's about six feet tall, wearing a clean black suit and sunglasses. He has a relaxed demeanor and walks with a calm sense of purpose. He turns and enters a large office building. He looks strangely at the revolving door he uses to enter the building. He walks into an elevator with only one other person in it and presses the button for the thirteenth floor. The other person in the elevator is an old lady, very wrinkled and wearing a dress. Andrew turns to say hello but notices that the old lady has tiny headphones in her ears. The elevator reaches the thirteenth floor and Andrew steps out. He is greeted by a young blonde secretary sitting behind a desk.

SECRETARY

Do you have an appointment?

ANDREW

Didn't know I needed one.

SECRETARY

Who are you here to see?

ANDREW

I'm here to see a white rabbit  
about some carrots.

The secretary nods knowingly.

(CONTINUED)

SECRETARY

I see, I'll let him know you've arrived. What is your name?

ANDREW

Andrew Dominick Ortega

She dials a number on the phone in front of her and holds the receiver to her ear.

SECRETARY

A Mr. Ortega is here to see you.

She listen for a brief moment before placing the phone back down.

SECRETARY

Mr. Bancroft would like to see you immediately. Please step into his office.

Andrew performs a short bow

ANDREW

Thanks for your time, miss.

Andrew opens the only door in the room and steps into a much larger room with a very high ceiling. He briefly surveys the room while walking over to a desk. The walls are covered with different paintings and there is a huge flat screen television hanging above him. In the center of the room is a desk with a man sitting behind it. Rupert wears a brown suit and has a brown beard. Sunlight coming through the window reflects off of his shiny bald head. He is rather large and seems cemented into his chair. Andrew sits comfortably in a chair opposite the desk.

RUPERT

Ah, Andrew Ortega, it's a pleasure to finally meet you in person. I would introduce myself but I'm sure you've already heard so much about me.

ANDREW

Nice place you got here.

RUPERT

Thank you. The carpet is imported from Brazil. I'm sure you recognize many of the paintings.

Andrew shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Can't say that I do. Never was much of an art enthusiast. In fact, I barely passed my elementary art classes.

Rupert laughs thunderously. The sound of his laughter echoes throughout the room. He laughs for a good ten seconds and then clears his throat.

RUPERT

(loudly)

I like a man with a sense of humor.

Andrew smiles slyly.

ANDREW

Yeah, you should see my stand-up routine.

Again, Rupert erupts into laughter. He takes a second to compose himself before speaking.

RUPERT

Enough small talk. We both know why you're here. I need you to do a job for me.

ANDREW

What kind of job?

RUPERT

I'm glad you asked. Tell me Mr. Ortega, are you a candy man?

Andrew squints and digs his finger into his ear. As if he is trying to scrape something out of it.

ANDREW

(confused)

Come again?

RUPERT

Are you a man who enjoys eating candy?

ANDREW

You could say I have a sweet tooth.

RUPERT

What's your favorite kind of candy?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Well now, that's a tough one. But if I had to pick one, it would be skittles.

RUPERT

How would you feel, Mr. Ortega, if another person took all of your skittles right from under your nose?

ANDREW

Well sir, I'd probably be pretty pissed.

There is an awkward silence. Rupert strokes his beard, thinking pensively. Andrew squirms in his chair.

ANDREW

I apologize sir, but I don't see what candy has to do with anything relating to you and me. Don't get me wrong, I love candy, but what's it got to do with the job?

Rupert laughs again.

RUPERT

Look at you. Johnny on the spot. You get down to business don't you. Well since you asked, I need you to take care of a guy whose been taking all of my skittles. Head down to this address tonight and do a little spring cleaning. You packin' heat?

Andrew opens his suit jacket to reveal a machine gun attached to the inside.

RUPERT

Good. Now listen to me. When you get to this place, don't ask questions. You wear gloves, you don't touch anything and don't do anything out of the ordinary. I want everyone in this house iced. If anyone runs, you chase 'em down. No one, and I mean no one should be alive to tell the police what happened. Understand?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Crystal sir.

RUPERT

Then what are you talking to me for. Get out of here. It's the shitty the shitty looking house on Orlando Boulevard. Come back when the job is done.

Andrew gets up and leaves the room.

EXT. DETROIT -- NIGHT

RYAN MURPHY and MAYA HUNTER sit underneath an overpass with a wood fire in between them. Ryan lies asleep in his sleeping bag and Maya sits upright awake and knitting a green scarf. Both are in their mid-twenties. Ryan has greasy brown hair and a jagged scar on his forehead. There are visible track marks on his right arm. Maya is black with dreadlocked hair and a black jacket. Both are skinny and look a little malnourished.

RYAN

(Muttering in his sleep)

No. I can't have anymore really.  
It's too much.

MAYA

Ryan? Ryan, wake up.

Ryan suddenly wakes up.

MAYA

You alright? You were screaming again.

RYAN

Yeah, I guess so. I was on a boat in the middle of the ocean. I felt thirsty so I tried to drink the water, but it tasted like vinegar. You were there too. I think you were playing chess or something...

MAYA

I hope that's all I was doing. I don't trust you, even in your dreams.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN  
(sarcastically)  
Thanks. Real reassuring.

Ryan gets out of his sleeping bag, puts on a white t-shirt and stretches his legs. He rubs the sleep out of his eyes and looks down at his feet. They are covered in grime and a completely different color than the rest of his skin. His belly rumbles.

RYAN  
Goddam i'm hungry. Give me one of those string cheese sticks.

MAYA  
Are you serious? We've been out of food for two weeks. Did you get hit on the head or something.

RYAN  
Maybe. More importantly, Are you knitting?

MAYA  
So what?

RYAN  
I didn't know you had any hobbies. I know you played the piano but knitting. I didn't think anyone did that anymore.

Maya stops knitting.

MAYA  
My grandma taught me when I was little. It's just something to keep my hands busy.

RYAN  
What are you working on?

MAYA  
A scarf.

Ryan looks disinterested. He moves closer to the fire and warms up his hands. He takes a sip from a glass of water at his side. Maya stops knitting and stands up.

MAYA  
Anyway its good you're awake. We can start heading over to Porky's.

RYAN

thank god. I've been dying for a fix.

MAYA

Me too. Let's start going. The sooner we get there the better.

Maya places her knitting materials into a backpack and stands up. She begins walking into the distance and Ryan follows.

INT. PORKY'S -- NIGHT

Ryan and Maya stand inside the house known as Porky's. The house is dirty and filled with junkies who are either passed out or sleeping on brown mattresses. Several cats are also in the house. The two walk through several rooms and until they reach GRECKO, a small plump man with very red cheeks and many tattoos.

GRECKO

Well if it isn't my two favorite customers. Ryan and...wait don't tell me. I know this one.

MAYA

Ma-

GRECKO

Mariah! Of course! I swear, you get prettier everytime I see you.

Maya looks disgusted.

GRECKO

Well, what will ye be havin' on this fine evening.

RYAN

Just the regular.

GRECKO

fantastic. Now let me see here

He ruffles through a large stack of tools, most of them indistinguishable. He grabs two needles and a bottle of some strange looking brown liquid. A cat starts rubbing its body on Grecko's leg.

(CONTINUED)



GRECKO  
(In a baby voice)  
awwhh. Who's daddy's favorite?

He bends over and pets the cat gently, then hands the bottle and two needles to Ryan.

GRECKO  
Enjoy. Oh yeah, and remember the golden rule.

MAYA  
We know. No sharing needles.

GRECKO  
You got it. Keep it clean folks.

Ryan and Maya walk away from Grecko and ascend the staircase in Porky's. They find a secluded room. Inside the room are two dirty stained mattresses and several items on the ground. Among them are a belt, a can opener, assorted pieces of silverware and a few frying pans. Ryan sits down on a dirty floor and begins preparing the materials. He ties the belt tightly around his bicep and begins flicking the veins on his forearm. The trackmarks on his arm become even more visible

MAYA  
You ever get one of those feelings?

RYAN  
What?

MAYA  
A bad feeling. Like something's not right with the world

RYAN  
So what?

MAYA  
So asshole, I just got a serious chill. I think we should leave. Now.

RYAN  
But the party hasn't even started. Now quit thinking and get these delicious opiates into my bloodstream.

Maya shrugs and then squats down in front of Ryan. She slowly inserts the syringe into Ryan's arm. Ryan grimaces.

(CONTINUED)

MAYA

Hold still.

Ryan's blood fills the syringe and is mixed with the heroin. The mixture is then reinserted into Ryan's arm.

RYAN

There we go. Now i'm feeling it.

Ryan's grimace changes into a toothless smile. He collapses onto his back, the belt still wrapped around his bicep. His eyes close and he begins mumbling something inaudible.

MAYA

Passed out like a baby.

With difficulty, Maya lifts Ryan's body onto one of the stained mattresses

Ryan continues mumbling and his eyes open slightly.

RYAN

You're such a good friend. Thanks for taking care of me.

Maya chuckles

MAYA

This must be some really pure stuff.

INT. ANDREW ORTEGA'S CAR -- NIGHT

Andrew and his partner CARLOS sit in Andrew's parked car. Both are wearing all black and holding machine guns.

ANDREW

Alright. Get in, get out, no questions asked.

CARLOS

Got it. You sure this is worth it?

ANDREW

I told you before. The guy we're working for has his shit on lock. This job is definitely worth your while.

CARLOS

Alright man, just wanted to make sure. We're going fifty-fifty on this job, right?

(CONTINUED)

Andrew stares at Carlos

ANDREW

Don't talk about money until the  
job's done.

CARLOS

Whatever you say, partner.

Andrew looks disgusted. The clock in his car hits 2:30 AM

ANDREW

It's time.

Andrew and Carlos both put on ski masks and exit the car.  
The walk up to Porky's and Andrew kicks down the door.  
Without hesitation, they begin firing their machine guns.

INT. PORKY'S -- NIGHT

Ryan lies on the dirty mattress. Maya picks up some of the  
cleaner pieces of silverware and puts them into her  
backpack. Suddenly sounds of gunshots and screams echo  
through the house.

MAYA

What the hell?

Maya runs over to Ryan and shakes him

MAYA

Ryan! Wake up!

RYAN

(Drowsy and high)

Hold on Mom, im having an awesome  
dream.

MAYA

Ryan you goddamn idiot! we need to  
hide. Can't you hear the gunshots?

RYAN

Those are just the fireworks.

Maya sighs in disbelief. She scans the room and spots a  
closet with a sliding door. She drags Ryan's body into the  
closet, grabs her backpack and hides in the closet as well.  
She slides the door shut.

INT. GROUND FLOOR OF PORKY'S -- NIGHT

Andrew Ortega stands in the center of a filthy room inspecting his gun. The walls of the room are now splattered with blood. Grecko sits in a wooden chair facing Andrew. Blood pours from an open wound in his left thigh and he coughs violently. He is still alive but looks to be in tremendous pain. Carlos enters the room holding a slice of pizza in one hand and a machine gun in the other.

CARLOS

For such a dump, this place sure has a stocked fridge. You should see the food they got here.

GRECKO

A man's gotta eat.

Carlos walks to within a foot of Grecko and stares at him. Grecko stares at the ground, his body shaking while blood continues to ooze from the wound in his thigh.

CARLOS

What's a loser like you gonna do with that much food? You're already fat enough.

Carlos points his gun directly at Grecko's head and almost pulls the trigger until Andrew shoots him a look.

CARLOS

C'mon man, let me cap this fool. We already shot up every junkie in the building. Why are we keeping this loser alive?

ANDREW

I'm not done with him.

CARLOS

Whatever.

Carlos lower his gun and takes a few steps back.

CARLOS

What we gonna do now?

ANDREW

Do a quick search of the house. Make sure there aren't any stragglers or junkies left hiding. We can't leave any witnesses.

Carlos nods.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

And throw away that pizza.

Carlos drops the pizza on the floor and exits the room. The stairs creek as he goes to search the upper floor. Andrew walks a few steps closer to Grecko.

ANDREW

Quite the operation you got going here. I take it you're the ringleader. Know how I can tell?

Grecko doesn't answer

ANDREW

Because you're the only one not strung out on cheap heroin.

A cat enters the room, brushes up against Grecko's leg and begins purring.

ANDREW

That's a cute pet you got there. What's her name?

GRECKO

Drop dead.

Grecko spits into Andrew's face. Andrew staggers backwards and wipes the bloody spit from his cheek.

ANDREW

You're gonna wish you hadn't done that.

Andrew presses the barrel of his gun into the open wound on Grecko's thigh. Grecko thrashes in pain and begins breathing heavily.

ANDREW

The way I see it, you got one chance to make it out of here alive. With a place like this, you must have quite a bit of cash tucked away somewhere. Tell me where it is and I might let you live.

GRECKO

I'd rather die than give you anything.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Such a shame. I really would've let you go.

Grecko kicks the cat and it wanders over to the discarded pizza and begins eating it.

ANDREW

You're a parasite. You live off of the misery of others, forcing them to inject poison into their bodies. You lived like lowlife scum and you'll die like lowlife scum.

Andrew raises his gun and shoots one bullet through Grecko's head, instantly killing him. He leans against a wall and removes a handkerchief from his coat pocket. He uses the handkerchief to clean the spot on his cheek.

INT. UPPER FLOOR -- PORKY'S

Maya and Ryan hide in the dark closet. The closet is as dirty as the rest of the house. Maya opens a small wooden box and finds a white envelope filled with money. She places the envelope in her backpack. Ryan, still high, lies on the ground occasionally mumbling and stirring.

RYAN

(Mumbling)

That truck is too big. You're gonna kill someone.

MAYA

(Whispering)

Be quiet.

Ryan perks up.

RYAN

I'm awake.

Through an opening, Maya sees Carlos enter the room holding a gun. She reaches into her backpack and takes out a sharp steak knife, holding it at the ready. Carlos approaches the closet and slides the door open. Maya immediately stabs the steak knife into his stomach. Carlos drops his gun and falls to the floor, the knife still embedded in his stomach.

MAYA

Quick! We need to get out of here.

Maya picks up Carlos's machine gun as she and Ryan exit the room. They make their way down the stairs silently. Maya notices several dead bodies on the ground and covers her mouth to keep from puking. The two exit through the back door and quickly run away from the house.