

ONE DEAD BOOKIE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Within a chain-link fence, a CROWD of rowdy, drunken, and mostly obese men, surrounds BOB The Bookie (67), an unkempt old man, with a collection of stains on his shirt, and a spreadsheet in hand. Bob SIGHS then WHISTLES loudly.

MARIA "Cyborg" Nunes (24), fiercely competitive, in boxing attire, with a shiny prosthetic left leg, and ETHEL (71), leaning on a cane, wearing a floral dress, with short white hair, each push their way to the center of the crowd.

BOB
Taking bets.

The crowd erupts into chaos, all SCREAMING their picks. Bob points at individuals, scribbles on his spread sheet, and repeats. Maria anxiously TAPS her prosthetic leg. Chaos continues, as the crowd throws cash at Bob.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY (LATER)

Bob stands between Maria and Ethel. The crowd surrounds them. Maria bounces, slamming her fists together, as Ethel calmly smokes a cigarette.

BOB
Are we ready ladies?

Both women nod. Bob steps back, pulls a pistol from his waistband, and fires it into the air. BANG. Ethel ASHES the cigarette on her tongue, and flicks it at Maria, who charges and SMACKS the old woman with a right hook.

Ethel stumbles backward, wipes blood from her nose, smirks, and flips her cane around, wielding it like a sword. She violently BASHES her opponent with the cane. Maria blocks each swing with her forearms, wincing upon each impact.

ETHEL
No shame in tapping out,
sweetheart.

Maria LAUGHS. Each stands still, catching their breath.

MARIA
If you leave now, you can still
catch water aerobics at the Y.

Ethel SCOFFS, then wildly swings the cane. Maria catches the weapon, rips it away, and slings it into the crowd. She then tackles the old woman. Both grapple, until Maria gains control, raining a barrage of punches onto Ethel.

Blood covers the old woman's face. The crowd ROARS with approval. Maria jumps up, hands in the air, as a triumphant smile emerges on her face.

CROWD

Cyborg! Cyborg! Cyborg!

A wounded Ethel crawls toward Maria, latches onto her prosthetic leg, and yanks it off. Maria stumbles around on her remaining leg, then tumbles.

MARIA

Oh fuck.

Ethel mounts her opponent, bashing her face in with the metal leg. The crowd GROANS. Blood sprays onto Ethel's floral dress. CRUNCH.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY (EVEN LATER)

A white sheet covers Maria's body. Bob stands, counting a wad of cash. The GRUNT (25), a dim witted, awkward, young man, in a three piece suit, timidly approaches Bob.

GRUNT

Is that it?

The young man points at the sheet.

BOB

Do you see another dead body out here?

GRUNT

Right. I'll get rid of it.

BOB

Wonderful. I was starting to think I paid you to piss me off.

The two stare at each other SILENTLY.

BOB (CONT'D)

Anything else?

The Grunt turns, glances at Maria's corpse, turns back to Bob, and mumbles.

GRUNT

Yeah. I just thought it would be nice to introduce myself.

Bob discreetly pulls his pistol from his waistband.

GRUNT (CONT'D)

You know? Since we haven't worked together before. They call me Grunt. I'll be working the big game Friday, so you'll probably see me there too.

Bob waves the pistol at the Grunt.

BOB

Listen Grunt, If you don't get rid of her right now, I'll be digging one hole for both of you.

The Grunt slowly walks backwards. Bob conceals his weapon.

GRUNT

Alright. Alright.

The gangly young man stumbles over to Maria's corpse. He stands over her, staring downward. Bob watches him from a distance, as the Grunt bends down, grips the cold body by its ankles, and drags it for a few yards.

The Grunt abruptly drops the body and turns back to Bob.

GRUNT (CONT'D)

One more thing. I almost forgot.

BOB

You're killing me kid.

GRUNT

He wanted me to remind you to stop by the old mailbox.

Bob exhales sharply.

BOB

How could I forget?

INT. BOB'S EL CAMINO - DAY

Bob lights a cigarette, as he cruises down a country road. A tower of binders, loose leaf paper, a pistol, and wads of cash, sits in the passenger seat, held together by the safety belt. Bob presses his foot on the break.

EXT. FOUR WAY STOP - DAY

Bob's El Camino SCREECHES to a stop, as LITTLE LEVI (8) an obnoxious, snotty nosed brat, on a ten speed, blows through the intersection.

INT. BOB'S EL CAMINO - DAY

Bob lifts his foot off the break, then quickly slams it down.

BOB'S POV

Through the dirty windshield, Little Levi rides by, waving his middle finger at Bob.

BOB (V.O.)
Should've flattened him out.

Out of nowhere, a red truck drifts to a stop, in the middle of the intersection. Tires SCREECH.

END POV

EXT. FOUR WAY STOP - DAY

The SHOOTER (30), tall, menacing, dressed in a three piece suit, hops out the truck's passenger side, pulls out a pistol, and FIRES FIVE SHOTS at the El Camino's windshield. GLASS SHATTERS.

INT. BOB'S EL CAMINO - DAY

Bob slumps down in his seat, blood oozes out from a hole in his forehead. The passenger door swings open. The shooter leans in. His gloved hand puts the car in park, snatches a wad of cash, and shoves it into Bob's open mouth.

EXT. FOUR WAY STOP - DAY

The shooter backs out of the El Camino, and casually returns to the truck, which quickly drives off.