

A USUAL NIGHT

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ryan(24) leans on the trunk of an old black Pontiac. impatiently rubs his hands and strolls circles.

JAMAL(17) rushes to him from the darkness, holding a sack on his back. He crashes onto the trunk. Supports himself with one hand on the car, pants aggressively. Sweats all over his face. Hysterical look.

RYAN

Fuck J! What takes you so fucking long?

Jamal holds a finger up to Ryan as a "don't talk to me let me breath first".

JAMAL

I...(inhaling)...I saw...

Jamal breathes.

RYAN

Jam. What did you see! Tell me what did you see.

JAMAL

Fuck Ryan.
Fucking...(underbreath)...A fucking stone cold body. on the floor. I see blood all over carpet, on the floor, on the coffee stand, on the windowsill...
(exhaling)...Who the fuck would do that?

RYAN

J... you scared the shit out of me. Just a body? I thought the police saw you...

JAMAL

A fucking body!

RYAN

Calm the fuck down! Just a body!

JAMAL

Fuck, what should we do?

RYAN

Leave, pretended like we ain't see nothing and ain't never be here.

JAMAL
How the hell....

RYAN
We are just stealing! Isn't it?! We
are just thieves, we ain't no
murderers!...
(beat)
You didn't do it right?

Ryan looks Jamal.

JAMAL
Hell nah!

RYAN
Great. Then just pretend like ain't
nothing happened. We should be
good.

JAMAL
I don't know!...What If someone
find out I was there?

RYAN
Fuck. Like...If anyone ask...say
you were playing GTA 6 or some
shit.

JAMAL
GTA 6 ain't out yet.

RYAN
...It's called an analogy. Say
whatever if anyone ask, deadass.
Say fucking, fucking football or
something.

JAMAL
Okay...okay...we are not fucked
right?

RYAN
Com'n, put the money in truck.

JAMAL
I really don't know Ryan. What if
someone find out...? I was there
and I saw the body...

RYAN
How the fuck will anyone find out?
You just saw it. Did you drop your
eyeballs there?

JAMAL

I...I may touched something...

RYAN

Where's the fucking glove i gave you?

Silence.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where!

JAMAL

I...

RYAN

You didn't have that on?

JAMAL

I...dropped it somewhere...I thought one time won't matter...

RYAN

Fuck. ONE TIME WONT MATTER?

JAMAL

I....

RYAN

We are fucking thieves! Do you know what that means?!

JAMAL

That we steal things...?

RYAN

No!...well... Fucking yes! But we are fucking walking a fine line of fucking paying attention to detail so nobody fucking caught us! Do you understand that?

JAMAL

Yes.

RYAN

And what are you doing here?

JAMAL

Stealing...

RYAN

Fuck no! You are not paying attention to detail.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

And that's how we screwed things up, how we fucked!

JAMAL

So we are fucked...

RYAN

Not yet. Com'n buddy. Tell me. What did you touch? Remember, picture it, picture the room. Use your brain. What did you touch?

JAMAL

I...

RYAN

Don't be nervous. Just, picture the room. What did you see? Have you touch anything?

JAMAL

Yes...I Walked in. A living room. There's a fridge, I saw family photos. I thought, weird looking couples...huh...I may touched the frame, the fridge, maybe...

RYAN

(to himself)

Save my ass...

JAMAL

And I just went straight to the bedroom. Trying looking for jewelries...

RYAN

Yes.

JAMAL

A dressing table. Very exquisite, very beautiful. I figured there maybe good money. I should have touched the table, cuz I was looking for things.

RYAN

Yes.

JAMAL

Then it's just...I put them in and, saw the damn body on the floor. By the bed. I got my ass out.

RYAN

Ok.

Ryan motions to the driver seat.

JAMAL

Where are you going?

Ryan scrabbles the front seats, brings out a Clorex.

RYAN

To the fucking body.

JAMAL

The fuck?

RYAN

To the. Fucking. Body.

JAMAL

What do you gonna do?

RYAN

Clean your mess up.

JAMAL

No no no. No no no no no Ryan.
That's stupid. That's dangerous.

RYAN

Better risk it all than been
knocking at the door by the cop
tomorrow morning, don't you think
so?

Ryan gets into the car. Jamal baffles.

EXT. CORNER - CONTINUOUS

A FBI agent looking guy lurks in the corner. He holds a walkie-talkie to his mouth.

FBI

We may got a murder. 326 follows a
black Pontiac. To the north. Very
old model.

The FBI guy bites onto his donut.

FBI (CONT'D)

That's a nice car.

TO BE CONTINUED.