

Come Ups

an original screenplay by

William Gilmore

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Save the Cat Version

William Gilmore
354 W 54 St., #3
New York, NY 10001
718-702-6685
william@williamgilmore.tv

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The hot Florida sun bakes a faded ribbon of asphalt cutting through a desolate stand of slash pine and palmetto bush. An armadillo toddles obliviously along the edge of the roadway, rooting occasionally in the hot sand for grubs. A moment of hesitation and it turns onto the scorched blacktop.

In the distance an automobile breaks through the shimmering waves of heat and hurtles down the two lane highway.

INT. REYDEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

An open briefcase of rumpled and dirty cash rests on the lap of REYDEL, mid-40s, Cuban, a hint of silver in his jet-black hair. He rides in the backseat of the car with his brother ALMANDETO, early 30s. CARLOS and MATEO, 30s, the muscle, ride up front. Mateo has the wheel.

REYDEL

(pensive)

It's a lot of money, no?

ALMANDETO

Penny ante bullshit, bro. We'll turn that into a million in no time.

REYDEL

Think it will be that easy?

ALMANDETO

Hiram chose us. Remember? Almandeto y Reydel. Who else is there?

REYDEL

Vicente had similar thoughts, I'm sure.

ALMANDETO

Vicente was a punk-ass bitch. Whatever he got, he deserved. Am I right, Carlos?

CARLOS

Fucking bitches get stitches.

Almandeto and Carlos high-5.

ALMANDETO

Relax, brother. A million dollars is a nice come up.

Carlos suddenly points through the windshield.

CARLOS

Mateo!

Mateo slams on the brakes and yanks the wheel. Almandeto and Reydel are catapulted violently forward. Cash spills from the briefcase as FUMP! An object strikes the car and bounces along the undercarriage. Mateo regains control of the car.

REYDEL

Mateo! What the hell?

MATEO

An armadillo, man.
(laughing)
A fucking armadillo just ran out in front of me.

Almandeto and Carlos also laugh.

CARLOS

Maybe we should go back and scrape him up for you. I hear they're good eating.

MATEO

Mmm, taste like chicken.

More laughter. Almandeto claps his brother on the knee.

ALMANDETO

Not a good day to be the armadillo, eh?

Reydel collects the spilled cash from the floor boards.

REYDEL

It's never a good day to be the armadillo. Mateo, next turn off.

EXT. WOODED GLADE - DAY

Reydel's car turns onto a sandy rut leading to an open glade. JUAN and ESTEBAN, more muscle, wait anxiously by a second car as Reydel and his crew exit their vehicle.

ESTEBAN

Yo, Reydel, you late.

REYDEL

No, you're early for a change.

ESTEBAN

Shit, been here 45 minutes already.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

This asshole wouldn't even let me stop for coffee.

JUAN

Tu tendría que dejar de nuevo para tomar una mierda.

(eyeing the briefcase)

Que el dinero?

REYDEL

No. This is the future. For all of us.

JUAN

Todos vamos a ser rico.

REYDEL

In time. For now, you and Esteban will drive Almandeto to the house.

ALMANDETO

You're not coming?

REYDEL

You can't handle business on your own? You think we should ride in there waving guns? After Vicente? No, we keep it simple to start. But I am also no fool.

Reydel indicates the highway.

REYDEL (CONT'D)

Hiram's crew will pass by here. When they do, I'll call you. Once they're clear. Mateo, Carlos and myself will move in to block the road. We'll have them between us. Leave your phone open so I can hear what is going on. Once the deal is done, we move out of the way and no one is the wiser. But if things go bad, we got your back.

Almandeto takes the briefcase from Reydel.

ALMANDETO

Everything will be fine. I promise.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

A john-boat drifts idly on the brackish waters of a backwoods lake.

SHEP, late 30s and unshaven, casts a line far out into the water from the bow. He slowly reels it back in.

GRADY, late 30s, short thinning hair and a goatee, baits a hook at the stern.

TYLER, 20s, Shep's half-brother and equally unshaven, but in a hipper, trendier way, occupies the center of the boat, restlessly snapping his line.

A beat.

TYLER

How much longer we gotta sit here?

GRADY

Patience is a virtue, Tyler, which should be practiced silently.

TYLER

Haven't had so much as a nibble.

SHEP

All good things to those who wait.

TYLER

Yeah? You still waitin' on a job?
Or just the unemployment check?

GRADY

Doesn't know when to shut up, does he?

SHEP

Gets all his dumb from his mama.

TYLER

If my mama was so dumb, how'd she end up with our daddy?

SHEP

'Cause she wasn't smart enough to run off like my mother.

TYLER

Shit, if you're so smart, how come you're still livin' in daddy's ol' trailer?

SHEP

I'd be happy to help you move out.

TYLER

Don't you worry 'bout that. I got a plan.

TYLER (CONT'D)

One you ain't gonna be part of.

SHEP

(shrugging)

Everythings got a price, worth it or not. Kinda like them *ladies* you like to hang with.

TYLER

Least someone in this boat's seein' some action.

GRADY

Tyler, why don't you take a swim? Cool off them ragin' hormones a bit.

TYLER

There's fuckin' gators in that water.

GRADY

I know. I know.

INT. DARRYL'S CAR - DAY

Three men in flannel shirts bounce and sway with the movement of the car. DARRYL, the crew chief, pops the clip from his gun to check ammo.

DARRYL

Lock and load, gentlemen. Reydel plays ball, we are in and out. If not, might be some clean up.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Reydel watches Darryl's car rumble down the road through a pair of binoculars. As the car approaches, he lowers the binoculars and steps behind a tree to conceal himself.

The car passes a few feet away.

Reydel takes out his cell phone and dials.

EXT. HUNTER'S CABIN - DAY

Almandeto climbs the steps of a ramshackle hunter's cabin as his cell phone rings.

ALMANDETO

Yeah.

REYDEL (V.O.)

They're coming. Should be to you in three or four minutes.

ALMANDETO

Don't worry. We'll greet them with smiles.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Tyler pulls at his limp, sagging fishing line.

TYLER

Hey, Grady? Ask you a question?

GRADY

No.

TYLER

You ever--you ever kill a man?

GRADY

What?

TYLER

In the war? You ever kill someone?

SHEP

Tyler.

TYLER

What? They're shootin' jihadists over there all the time. Had to 'uv killed someone, right?

GRADY

Shot at lots of people. We'll leave it at that.

TYLER

And you didn't get sick from the Agent Orange.

GRADY

Say what?

TYLER

All them soldiers came back from Iraq got sick 'cause the government sprayed 'em with Agent Orange. Read about it on the History Channel.

GRADY

Agent Orange is a defoliant.

TYLER

Yeah?

SHEP
Iraq is a desert, jerk off.

TYLER
Like they don't have cactus and shit
in Iraq?

GRADY
You're an idiot.

TYLER
Your buddy got shot though, right?
You had to operate or some shit right
there. Middle of a battle. You
saved him.

GRADY
(quietly)
Yeah, I saved him.

Shep nudges Tyler.

TYLER
(under)
What?

SHEP
(under)
Let it go.

Grady rummages in his tackle box then tosses it aside.

GRADY
I think I'm done. Let's get the
hell out of here.

EXT. HUNTER'S CABIN - DAY

Almandeto, Esteban and Juan exit onto the porch as Darryl's
car pulls up.

Darryl, MITCH and STAN exit the car. Mitch carries a canvas
gym bag.

DARRYL
Almandeto. Amigo.

ALMANDETO
Darryl.

DARRYL
Where's Reydel?

ALMANDETO
Around. Somewhere.

DARRYL
Got you playing messenger boy, huh?

ALMANDETO
You Hiram's boy?

DARRYL
(laughs)
Hiram's puttin' in face time at Sunday
Services, so I'm minding the store.
(pause)
We just gonna stand here in the sun,
or you gonna invite us in for tea?

Almandeto gestures toward the house.

ALMANDETO
Mi casa es us casa. Amigo.

INT. HUNTER'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Almandeto crosses behind a rickety table where the briefcase case lies unopened. Darryl follows. He reaches for the briefcase.

DARRYL
This the money?

Almandeto places his hand on the briefcase.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
I show you mine, you show me yours.
That the deal?

Almandeto nods. Mitch unzips the canvas bag and withdraws a single cellophane-wrapped brick of cocaine.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Happy?

Almandeto pops the briefcase's clasps and lifts the lid revealing the tattered, rumpled cash.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, Almandeto. You make a
withdrawal from your grandmother's
mattress?

ALMANDETO
Still spends, no?

Darryl reaches for a packet of bills. Almandeto slams the briefcase closed, nearly catching Darryl's fingers.

DARRYL
What the fuck?

ALMANDETO
I only seen one brick.

Darryl waves Mitch forward.

Mitch sets the canvas bag on the table. Almandeto peers inside. He smiles and opens the briefcase.

ALMANDETO (CONT'D)
180,000.

DARRYL
180? Where's the rest?

Almandeto places his cell phone on the table.

ALMANDETO
Deal was 180.

DARRYL
For the coke, yeah. What about our
commission?

ALMANDETO
Commission?

DARRYL
Yeah. 30,000. Ten each for me and
my boys.

EXT. WOODED GLADE - DAY

Reydel listens to the conversation over his cell phone.

ALMANDETO (V.O.)
The deal was 6 for 180.

DARRYL (V.O.)
And we brought 6, but you need 210,
not 180.

REYDEL
Shit.
(to Mateo)
They're gonna fuck us.

INT. HUNTER'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

ALMANDETO
I want to talk to Hiram.

DARRYL

You don't talk to Hiram. Or more specifically, Hiram doesn't talk to you.

Almandeto slams the briefcase shut.

ALMANDETO

Then it's no deal.

DARRYL

Tell you what, we'll leave 5 for 150 plus 30 for our commission.

ALMANDETO

Fuck off.

DARRYL

Be reasonable, Almandeto. You don't want to piss Hiram off. Not your first time out.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

The john boat zips silently through the swamp. A single gun shot rings out. The men are jolted to attention.

TYLER

What the hell was--

An intense volley of gunshots breaks the still, muggy air.

GRADY

Everybody down!

The men drop to the bottom of the boat.

The gunfire subsides. A final shot rings through the swamp. Silence.