

Come Ups

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tanned brown hands of CUBAN MEN count out worn, tattered bills of US currency, sorting them into stacks of 10s, 20s, 50s and 100s.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

Bricks of cocaine wrapped in cellophane are dumped onto a table. Three DRUG MEN remove Davis County evidence stickers from the cellophane wrap.

INT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Revolvers and 9mm pistols are loaded and placed in holsters or stuffed in waistbands.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

The cleaned bricks of coke are placed in canvas gym bag.

INT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Banded stacks of money are placed in a shabby briefcase.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

The drug men load guns and put on bulletproof vests.

INT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

REYDEL, mid-40s, a good-looking Cuban man with a hint of silver in his otherwise jet-black hair, closes the briefcase and snaps the locks.

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - MORNING

In the gray pre-dawn gloom, the three drug men dressed in flannel shirts and jeans exit the house. One carries the canvas bag of coke slung over his shoulder.

INT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Reydel stares pensively at the briefcase, then glances up at ALMANDETO, late 20s, Cuban.

ALMANDETO

No more penny ante shit, eh bro?

REYDEL

(nodding)

We'll take both cars.

Almandeto reaches for the briefcase.

ALMANDETO

Let's do it.

Reydel pulls the briefcase toward himself.

REYDEL

I'll carry the money.

Almandeto acquiesces.

EXT. REYDEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Six men exit the house. ESTEBAN and JUAN move to one car, Reydel, Almandeto, CARLOS and MATEO the other.

A gang of wayward youth congregate nearby, smoking cigarettes. Reydel eyes them warily. One of the youth, ANGEL, about 18, breaks from the group.

ANGEL

Almandeto! S'up, Esse.

ALMANDETO

Angel, up kinda early aren't you?

ANGEL

(grinning)

Up kinda late.

ALMANDETO

Shouldn't you be getting ready for school?

ANGEL

Yo bro', I graduated. Last June.

(slyly)

Lookin' to move up now. Know what I'm sayin'?

ALMANDETO

Got no angle for you, Angel.

ANGEL

C'mon, man. Word is you got something going.

REYDEL

Whose word is that?

ANGEL

(nervous)

You know, since Vicente went down no one's in charge now. People say Reydel and Almandeto. . .

REYDEL

Reydel and Almandeto what?

ANGEL

I gotta crew, man. I want to work for you.

REYDEL

You want to work for me? For us?

Reydel looks to Almandeto and the others. He begins to laugh; the others join him. Angel's face turns red with embarrassment.

REYDEL (CONT'D)

Look at my yard, Angel. I can't afford someone to cut it. I got no jobs. Whatever you heard, Reydel and Almandeto are nobody. Got that? Nobody.

Angel nods silently as the men climb into their cars. Almandeto leans into Angel.

ALMANDETO

(under, with a wink)

Nobody for now, eh?

Angel smiles and nods.

The cars back out of the driveway and depart.

INT. REYDEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Reydel stares pensively out the window.

The briefcase of money lies on the back seat between Reydel and Almandeto.

ALMANDETO

Smart-assed kid, huh? Remind you of anyone?

REYDEL

He knows too much of our business.

ALMANDETO

He looks up to us. Wants to be like us.

REYDEL

If he knows. . .

ALMANDETO

What does he know? No more than anyone else. And he's right. With Vicente gone, someone has to take over. Why not us, brother?

Reydel lays a hand on the briefcase.

REYDEL

This is everything we have. Took a long time to save this much.

ALMANDETO

\$180,000 is not so much. But a million? That's a nice come up, with more to come.

REYDEL

If we screw this up--

ALMANDETO

Hiram picked us, Reydel. He trusts us.

REYDEL

Hiram picked Vicente, too.

Reydel leans forward.

REYDEL (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Mateo, there. That little turnoff. Pull in there.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Cuban motorcade slows and turns onto a sandy rut.

They drive a short distance through and stop in an open glade.

INT. REYDEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

REYDEL

We'll wait here. You take the money to the house. The whole thing should take no more than 15 minutes.

ALMANDETO

Everything will be fine. I promise.

Almandeto takes the briefcase and exits the car.

EXT. WOODED GLADE - CONTINUOUS

Almandeto crosses to the second car, briefcase in hand. He climbs into the back seat.

The second car turns around and heads back to the road.

INT. REYDEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Reydel watches the second car disappear. He sighs heavily and mutters a prayer under his breath.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

A john-boat drifts idly on the brackish water, slipping through the cypress knees.

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, lies sprawled in the center of the boat, watching a turkey buzzard through a pair of binoculars.

TYLER

Wha'ch you think he's huntin'?

SHEP

Turkey buzzards don't hunt. They scavenge.

TYLER

Yeah, whatever. He's workin' somethin'.

GRADY

Probably jus' ridin' an updraft.

TYLER

Kinda early for a turkey buzzard to just be sailin' don'cha think?

GRADY

Don't know. Never spent much time in the company of buzzards.

TYLER

What about your wife and kids?

GRADY

Shep? Believe your brother's 'bout to cross a line.

SHEP
Half-brother. And he got 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.

Shep checks his hook.

TYLER
Heard she got chased off.

GRADY
Yeah, chased so hard she had to drive
off in your Dad's prized possession.

TYLER
Drove off--?
(realizing)
No fucking way.

SHEP
(laughing)
Yep, his custom 1970 Dodge Super
Bee.

TYLER
Dad always said that car was stolen.

Shep gives Tyler a knowing look.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You are shittin' me? Rita? Really?

SHEP
Yep.

TYLER
Dad loved that car.

SHEP
That I believe was the problem.

Shep casts his line out into the water.

INT. DRUG MEN'S CAR - DAY

The three men bounce and sway with the movement of the car,
but show no expression or emotion. Just another day on the
job.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Reydel watches the drug men'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 drug men's car passes on the road a few feet away.

Reydel takes out his cell phone and dials.

ALMANDETO (V.O.)

Yeah.

REYDEL

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

EXT. OLD FLORIDA CRACKER HOUSE - DAY

Almandeto stands on the decrepit porch of a ramshackle cracker-style house. The rusted tin roof is missing several sheets, the front door is gone and the windows are smashed.

ALMANDETO

(on his cell)

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

Almandeto gestures to Esteban and Juan who lean against their car, smoking cigarettes.

ALMANDETO (CONT'D)

Esteban. Juan. Company's coming.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Tyler pulls at his limp, sagging fishing line.

TYLER

So who's fabulous fishin' spot is this?

GRADY

Shep, your brother's yappin' 's scarin' away all the fish. . .From my favorite fishin' hole.

SHEP

Already told you, he ain't my brother.

TYLER

(to Shep)

Fuck you.

Tyler slowly reels his line in.

TYLER (CONT'D)

So, Grady, you ever--you ever kill a man?

GRADY

What?

TYLER

In the war? You ever kill someone?

GRADY

No, never killed no one.

TYLER

You at least shoot at someone?

SHEP

Tyler!

TYLER

What? They're killin' jihadists over there all the time.

GRADY

Gulf War was different.

TYLER

So you didn't shoot anybody?

GRADY

Shot at lots of people. Don't know if I hit 'em, but I shot at 'em.

TYLER

And you didn't get sick?

GRADY

From shooting?

TYLER

From the Agent Orange.

GRADY

What?

TYLER

All them soldiers came back from Iraq got sick 'cause the government sprayed 'em with Agent Orange.

GRADY

No, they didn't.

TYLER

Read about it on the History Channel.

GRADY
Agent Orange is a defoliant.

TYLER
Yeah?

GRADY
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 gestures to Tyler that he should 'cut it out.'

TYLER
(mouths)
What?

SHEP
(mouths)
Let it go.

Grady rummages in his tackle box then tosses it down in
disgust.

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

EXT. OLD FLORIDA CRACKER HOUSE - DAY

Almandeto, Esteban and Juan stand on the porch.

The drug men's car stops in front of the house. DARRYL,
MITCH and STAN exit the car. Mitch carries the canvas gym
bag.

DARRYL
Almandeto. Amigo.

ALMANDETO

Darryl.

DARRYL

Where's Reydel?

ALMANDETO

He's around. Somewhere.

DARRYL

Got you playing messenger boy, huh?

Almandeto grabs his crotch.

ALMANDETO

This boy's got a message for you.

DARRYL

Mm-hmm, so we 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. OLD FLORIDA CRACKER HOUSE

Almandeto crosses behind a rickety table where the briefcase
case lies unopened.

Darryl follows Almandeto to the table. Mitch and Stan stop
several feet behind him.

Esteban and Juan take positions just inside the door.

DARRYL

That the money?

Darryl reaches for the briefcase. Almandeto places his hand
on the briefcase.

ALMANDETO

You got the merchandise?

DARRYL

I show you mine, you show me yours.
That the deal?

Darryl nods. Mitch unzips the canvas bag and withdraws a
single cellophane wrapped brick.

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?

Mitch and Stan laugh.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
 Guess it still spends, huh?

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

DARRYL (CONT'D)
 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
 Rest? 180 was the deal.

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

Mitch and Stan snigger.

ALMANDETO
 Commission?

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

ALMANDETO
 The deal was 6 for 180.

DARRYL
 And we brought 6, but you need 210, not 180.

ALMANDETO
I want to talk to Hiram.

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

Darryl reaches for the briefcase. Almandeto slams it shut.

ALMANDETO
Then it's no deal.

Esteban and Juan move in. Mitch and Stan spread out.

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.

Tension builds as the two men stare each other down.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

The john boat motors silently through the swamp, propelled by it's electric motor.

Shep, Tyler and Grady sit apart, lost in their own thoughts.

A single gun shot rings out. The men bolt upright.

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.