

MOTHER'S DAY

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

The sun shines brightly in an azure sky.

A light breeze jostles foliage, lycra-bound joggers pose, lovers into each other make out, oblivious.

Park heaven.

JAY, 20's sits on a bench and soaks up the sunshine.

Chiselled features, slicked-back blond hair, knockoff Oakley shades, he chews gum feverishly.

Head-to-toe sleazeball.

He watches and lusts after the young girls as they pass.

Snaps his fingers nervously, nods, smiles, seeks approval, gains none.

LENNY, 50's, balding, two piece suit, open-necked shirt, walks past.

He stops, turns slowly, ambles over, sits down on the bench takes a deep breath, looks briefly at Jay, pouts, exhales loudly.

LENNY
Beautiful day.

Jay looks at him quickly.

Doesn't respond. Carries on gawping.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Can't remember a day like this for
God knows how long.

Jay sneers.

JAY
Beat it old man. I'm waitin' on
someone.

Lenny crosses his legs, folds his arms and joins in the voyeurism.

LENNY

Yup. Must say the sun'll always
bring out the chicks, right?

Jay looks away, spits. Spins back.

JAY

I said fuck off man---

Lenny holds up a hand.

LENNY

Whoa bucko! Never judge a book by
it's cover...Jay right?

Jay confused, pulls off his faux specs.

JAY

How the fuck...?

Lenny leans forward, looks ahead, matter of fact, calm,
sniffs, sighs.

LENNY

You called me.

Jay astonished, looks at Lenny and laughs.

JAY

This is a joke right? You're Lenny?
Lenny the 'Man'?...Come on guy---

Without looking, Lenny reaches across and bends Jay's thumb
back to breaking point, effortlessly, still calm.

LENNY

Oh Yeah, I'm the 'Man' all
right...and I was doin' this shit
before you were born...

He bends the thumb even further. Total control, almost
disinterested.

LENNY (CONT'D)

...and I've driven all the way
across town 'cos you said you
wanted a job done...so Jay boy,
let's talk huh?

Jay writhes in pain, grimacing.

JAY

Shit man! Okay, okay, we'll talk.

Lenny releases his grip and pats Jay's leg.

LENNY

Be nice Jay, that's all I'm
askin'...just be nice...Now, you
want someone taken out, right?

Jay rubs his thumb, ruefully. Pauses, still in pain.

JAY

Sure.

LENNY

When?

JAY

As soon as.

LENNY

Got a picture?

Jay reaches into his pocket, fishes out a crumpled photograph.

Lenny studies it. Whistles.

LENNY (CONT'D)

This recent?

JAY

'Bout two years ago.

LENNY

Good looker...name?

JAY

Gina.

Jay attempts to take the photo back.

Lenny stuffs it into his jacket, shakes his head.

LENNY

Need this for the make...now, why
you doin' this?

Jay leans back on the bench, cocky. The king entering his own world.

JAY
Okay...take today...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jay stumbles into the hallway drunk. He clutches a half empty whisky bottle.

GINA, 20's, drained.

Beauty, pride and self esteem, all now in 'park' maybe in 'reverse', waits.

She wears an overused housecoat and clings to a baby.

Maternal? Craving physical attention? A human shield?

Three in one.

GINA
Where the hell have you been?

Jay pushes past without an answer, twists the cap off his liquid gold, tosses it into the air and swigs.

JAY (V.O.)
Got no freedom man. When we first met she was hot...an' I mean fuckin' stokin'...but now with the kid...she's the bitch from hell.

Gina grabs his arm, wrenches it down, stops him drinking.

GINA
You've been with that whore of yours...I can smell her on you.

JAY (V.O.)
Won't let me see my friends...so jealous man...

He pulls away and guzzles. Gina grabs the bottle and smashes it on the coffee table.

JAY (V.O.)
Then she gets violent. Screamin', scratchin', smashin' things...I worry about the kid...she's crazy man, fuckin' crazy.

Jay turns and slaps Gina hard.

She falls to the floor but still grips the screaming baby.

Gina shouts through blood and spit.

GINA
You bastard! Get out! Get out!
Leave us alone you---

Jay grabs Gina's face.

JAY
Yeah, I'm outta here...fuck you and
your brat!

He aggressively smears blood across her mouth, then pushes her roughly away.

JAY (V.O.)
So...I do the right thing and
leave.

JAY (CONT'D)
You're dead now Gina.

He storms out of the room.

JAY (O.S.)
You hear me? Fuckin' dead!

The door slams.

Gina jumps, then kisses the still bawling baby.

GINA
It's okay sweetheart. He won't do
this again.

She pulls herself to the coffee table, picks up a cellphone, punches in a number.

Sobs, almost incoherent.

GINA
Momma...

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jay trips down the stairs, free once more, pulls a piece of paper and his cell phone from his pocket.

He reads the scrap and dials a number.

Engaged tone.

JAY

Fuck! Come on man, not now.

Dials again.

Success.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hello...Lenny?... Got your name
from a friend....

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lenny rubs his chin, thoughtfully.

LENNY

Hmmm...interestin'...Why don't you
just bale?

JAY

Dollars and cents my man...good ol'
moolah.

LENNY

How?

Jay lowers his voice to a whisper. Leans into Lenny.

JAY

She's got a life insurance. Took it
out for the kid, if anything
happens.

LENNY

Nice. So she gets whacked, you get
the dough and you and your kid live
happily ever after?

Jay resumes his full volume verbals.

JAY

Yeah, right!...Do I look
stupid?...I get the money, the kid
goes to her mother or whatever.

LENNY

Fuckin' harsh Jay, real fuckin'
harsh.

He pauses, raises his eyebrows, shrugs his shoulders.

LENNY (CONT'D)
So, I guess she's gotta go.

JAY
Hell yeah, but it's dependin'.

LENNY
On what?

Jay swaggers, drug dealer style, pathetic.

JAY
Price my man...remember, it's all
about dollars and cents...

Lenny leans back, sucks his teeth.

LENNY
Ah...price and cost...two different
things right there...

Jay's eyebrows knit, unsure.

LENNY (CONT'D)
...Sometimes I just do favors...you
know, loyalty, love...hate...

Now Jay is concentrating.

JAY
And me?

LENNY
Women always cost more---

Jay puffs out his cheeks.

JAY
How'd the fuck did I know you were
gonna say that?

Lenny looks Jay right in the eye for the first time.

LENNY
An' I don't do women.

Jay spreads his arms then grabs his head in disbelief.

JAY
You gotta be fuckin' kiddin'
me...You said you was the 'Man'.

Lenny returns his stare to the park.

LENNY

Don't go thinkin' otherwise
kid...But even us guys've got
standards.

He shifts closer, friendly.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Y'know, I've got a long term
girlfriend...Man what a gal. Makes
me feel like a king...and I treat
her like a queen.

Jay, irritated.

JAY

What the fuck has this got to do---

Lenny holds up his hand.

LENNY

I asked you once...be nice...Now
I'm fuckin' telling you...!

He glances down at Jay's thumb

Jay instinctively protects it, cringes slightly and shrugs
in compliance.

LENNY (CONT'D)

See...if I was to hit a woman, I'd
be thinking of my baby and then I'd
be thinkin' of her daughter...she
loves her daughter...I mean she
really fuckin' adores her...

Lenny looks away, lost in thought momentarily.

He catches himself.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Today, when you called me, you
couldn't get through, right?.

Jay recalls slowly.

JAY

Er, yeah. You was talkin'...Then I
got you.

Lenny's face hardens.

LENNY

That call was her...She's tellin'
me 'bout her daughter...just been
beaten by her drunken prick of a
husband.

Lenny, ice cold, unblinking, looks at Jay.

Realization crosses Jay's face. Acceptance.

JAY

Oh fuck...Gina...

Lenny simply raises his eyebrows, tilts his head slightly.

LENNY (CONT'D)

No price for this one Jay...but
women do cost more...sometimes
everythin'.

He attempts to pull his gun but Jay grabs his arm already
with his .22 stuck in Lenny's ribs.

JAY

Too old, too slow...

Lenny clenches his teeth.

JAY (CONT'D)

Least that's what Ruby...it is Ruby
right?...said when she called me.

LENNY

She what?

JAY

Yeah old man. That woman who makes
you "feel like a king"...well I
think she's lookin' for some fresh
meat.

Lenny spits in Jay's face.

LENNY

You're fuckin' lyin' boy. I'll---

Jay stabs his gun hard into Lenny's ribs, wipes his face,
smiles.

JAY

You'll fuckin' what? See, that's
the problem with you so called
'wiseguys'...you just ain't...wise
I mean.

Jay laughs at his own joke.

JAY (CONT'D)

Nope. You's guys can't see when a woman's fuckin' with you. Pussy whipped buncha fuckin' dinosaurs.

Lenny growls.

LENNY

You ain't no pro...you ain't got the balls.

JAY

Maybe, maybe not, but you gotta know before you go that good ol' Ruby has told me everythin'...about your will...the whole shitload.

Lenny freezes.

JAY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, she wants me outta Gina's life...but she wants you outta hers more...and then she's gonna pay me to do both...pay me good.

Jay pulls Lenny's head roughly to his and whispers.

JAY (CONT'D)

Any last words old man? Want me to tell Ruby anythin'?

Lenny jerks away. Hard to the last but Jay still has a hold.

LENNY

Fuck you...fuck both of you.

Jay places his gun to Lenny's head.

JAY

Women cost more, right?...Sometimes everythin'.

He lets go one round. Lenny slumps sideways.

Jay sticks the gun in his pocket.

A gun is placed against Jay's head and one shot is fired.

Jay sits, mouth open saying nothing, eyes staring blank.

Death as in life.

BLACK SCREEN:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hello, Ruby. All the trash's been
taken out...sure is...a beautiful
day.

FADE OUT:

THE END