

PREY

Written by

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1st Draft

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

LARRY PIERRE, late twenties, silk button up hangs off his frame, a fashion scarf dangles from the neck, with a pair of shades that hides his eyes.

Next to him...

MAJOR, mid-thirties, his pastel polo hugs his intimidating frame. His right hand clutches a BEAVER TAIL SLAPJACK that rests on his knee.

LARRY PIERRE

I dont know how your nutty ass found me, but I aint got it, okay? My ol lady got in my wallet when I was sleepin' and went buck ass wild.

MAJOR

What's that got to do with me, or my money?

LARRY PIERRE

you're gonna give me two things. My collateral, cause that's not yours, and some more time.

Major studies him.

The big man snatches a handful of Larry's shirt. He pushes the arrogant ass against the inside of the vehicles door,

Major raises the batting weapon, ready to bring that bitch down across Larry's forehead.

MAJOR

Where's my money, you silly mutha fucka?!

LARRY PIERRE

OH MY GOD! I aint got it. I aint got it!

MAJOR

You aint got it?

LARRY PIERRE

I aint got it. Please, not the face, I'm not insured.

The big man sighs.

MAJOR

Of course your silly ass aint got it.
Don't mean I can't use you.

Major releases him. Larry hyperventilates in the driver's seat, his hand clutches his chest.

MAJOR

I've got a debt floating around in the air out there. Seven thousand, a little more than you owe me, was to be paid back to me, in full, last week. Man by the name of Stew. Last week came and went, and so did Stew. But, you network in this business for a reason. I got word from his ol' lady, who does some work for my old pastor at his new church, that he'll be home soon. All I need you to do is come with. We catch him at home, we collect my money. That piece of shit wanna get squirrley, we hop on him.

LARRY PIERRE

I dont know about all that. That sounds like a felony.

MAJOR

And this slap jack sounds like a grade three concussion! So you gotta choice to make: Come with me on this job and get your collateral back? Or, I take out what you owe me in whacks to the back of da head with ol' Stevie Ray here?

Major gestures to the slap jack in his hand.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Larry holds a notebook, he analyzes it as he crosses something out on it. He raises his head from the paper.

He puts on his best attempt at an intimidating face. Can't tell if he's angry or on the verge of crying.

LARRY PIERRE

You got the man's money? Or am I going to have to hurt you?

He switches back to his normal face.

LARRY PIERRE
How was that?

TOMMY, late twenties, sits with his arms crossed.

TOMMY
Did you get my ring back like you
said you would, or not?

LARRY PIERRE
I'm working on it.

TOMMY
You're working on having a well
whipped ass. Now where the hell is my
ring?!

LARRY PIERRE
Imma get it back, trust me, just
chill.

TOMMY
Chill my ass. You said you needed it
to secure a loan you'd pay back in a
week, you said this was low risk!

LARRY PIERRE
Tommy, calm down. I got this.

TOMMY
You about to get these hands! Get my
ring back, or I'm coming back with a
hammer and tearin all your shit up!

Tommy storms out.

INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Major with Larry tip toes around the room. 'Stevie Ray'
sticks out from his grip, ready for action.

MAJOR
He didnt have much mail in the box.
Means someone comes here frequently.

Major stares into space a beat, then returns to earth.

MAJOR
It a little hot in here to you?

LARRY PIERRE
Kind of, but I prefer the heat.

MAJOR
It's hot outside, why would the heat be on? Check the kitchen. If the stove's on, either someone's here or they're coming back soon.

Larry follows the order.

INT. HOME (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

Larry enters the small kitchen and notices the oven burns at four hundred twenty five degrees. A pizza sits inside the pit.

INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Larry enters the space again.

LARRY PIERRE
There's a pizza in the oven.

MAJOR
Did it look burnt?

LARRY PIERRE
No, looked like it still had a few minutes.

MAJOR
Good, means our guy wont be gone long.

LARRY PIERRE
This probably isnt the best time, but how'd you get involved in this type of lifestyle?

CLICK!

The sound of the kitchen door lock as it retracts.

Larry's eyes widen, Major tip toes backwards.

MAJOR
Shhh...wait for him to come into the living room. You hide by the door, I'll be behind you.

LARRY PIERRE

What? Hell no! You're the one with the weapon.

MAJOR

Well, who told your ass to show up without one?

Check mate.

Larry scoffs and goes into hiding as Major said.

A MAN enters the space, a HOODIE with the hood up, he closes the door, and...

CLICK!

Locks it.

MAJOR

Now...

LARRY PIERRE

Like, right now?

MAJOR

Now!

Larry comes from behind the corner and faces the man in the hoodie.

LARRY PIERRE

You got my man's money? Or am I going to have to--

Larry's jaw drops at the sight.

The man drops his hood.

It's TOMMY!

Major comes from around the corner with 'Stevie Ray' cocks that sum bitch back, and whacks Larry an ugly shot to the back of the neck.

Larry clutches the back of his neck and grits his teeth.

LARRY PIERRE

What the hell are ya doin?!

MAJOR

Tryin to knock you out!

Major winds up another one, and it crash lands clean across the back of the dome.

Larry tips over like a cut tree. Out like a light.

Major and Tommy look at each other.

Major goes in his pants pocket and takes out a RING BOX. He tosses it to Tommy. Tommy catches it.

MAJOR

This guy was hard to find. Evasive
lil' shit he was. Thanks.

TOMMY

No, thank you.

Major nods and backs out of the house and into the night.

Tommy looks to Major, puts his hood back on, and leaves him.

END