

RECALLING ERNIE'S DEATH

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

CONROY FITZ
(O.S.)
Ugh.

FADE IN:

INT. CONROY'S HOME- LIVING ROOM- DAY

1981, Miami, Florida.

CONROY FITZ(38) greasy and long slicked hair, thick mustache with sideburns, wakes up, his eyes puffy. He slept on a sofa.

THUD THUD!

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE
(O.S.)
Fitz! Open up!

Conroy scratches his head. He looks around.

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE (CONT'D)
(O.S.)
I'll kick this door down, Fitz.

CUT TO:

INT. CONROY'S HOME- PORCH- DAY

Conroy edges the door open, his face peeking out.

DET. LAUDERDALE(40s) middle-aged suited man. DET. WITHERS(30s) still quite young, spiffy suited man.

The two detectives stand and stare at Conroy.

DET. LAUDERDALE
Care to let us in, Conroy?

CONROY FITZ
Ah. What's the matter 'ere?

Lauderdale pushes the door open, barging past Conroy.

DET. LAUDERDALE
Fuck me. It stinks of marijuana in here.

CONROY FITZ
I beg to differ. It's my malaysian bonsai hermahs.

DET. LAUDERDALE

What?

DET. WITHERS

I don't think they exist, SIR.

Lauderdale shakes his head.

DET. LAUDERDALE

You know what we're here for?

CONROY FITZ

Hm?

Conroy takes a seat on the sofa he slept on. The two Detectives take seats opposite on rugid armchairs.

DET. LAUDERDALE

Ernesto Dominguez was found dead last night. Blunt force trauma. You were the last man with him. I need answers, now I don't think you're a murderer, Conroy but I do think you're an idiot. So please. Tell me. What did you two do last night?

Conroy closes his eyes.

INT. BLACK VOID

Jazz instruments rattle.

Conroy stands on a step in a jazzy suit. He creeps down another. The rattling guides his way as each step lights up in front of him.

He reaches a door. The rattle gets louder.

He opens the door.

EXT. MIAMI STRIP- NIGHT

Conroy watches himself and ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ (30s) puerto rican man, chubby but suave hair-do and mustache. Both men wear jazzy suits.

Conroy follows himself and Ernesto, both versions of Conroy wear the same suit. Conscience Conroy, the one from the void fades away but we stay on the other and Ernesto.

CONROY FITZ

Ernie. We celebrate. You solved a case of a cheating husband and I solved a case of a missing sum of money. Success.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ
 (Eyes locked on Conroy)
 You look so amazing and handsome,
 Conroy... Not in a homosexual way.
 I know you do not like men, you are
 a ladies man...

INT. CONROY'S HOME- LIVING ROOM- DAY

DET. LAUDERDALE
 Ernie said that?

Conroy shakes his head, he closes his eyes again.

EXT. MIAMI STRIP- NIGHT

Conroy and Ernesto stand in line for a club, a real 80s vibe.
 Wild clothes, wild colours. Wild music.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ
 I've given this some thought,
 Conroy. How about us two join
 forces? We drink together and
 there's no point fighting over-...

CONROY FITZ
 (Raising his voice over
 crowd noise)
 That's a very big thing to happen,
 Ernie but I like it. Miami is a hot
 spot for all sorts of shit and PD
 detectives can't handle it all.

DET. WITHERS
 (V.O.)
 That's a lie.

Ernesto looks around, he seems confused. Then back to Conroy.

The two make it to the front of the line.

BOUNCER(30s) generic big guy in black, raises his brow.

BOUNCER
 Thirty-dollars entry.

The two pay the bouncer.

They go through a door, neon lights flash and blind.

WHITE FLASH.

INT. BLACK VOID

Conroy creeps around steps, he find another door. He looks at it, a disabled bathroom sign on it. He thinks.

DET. LAUDERDALE

(V.O.)

Fitz, start speaking.

CONROY FITZ

(V.O.)

Can I have a second to think please?

Conroy goes through the door.

INT. DISABLED BATHROOM- NIGHT

Conroy has his trousers around his ankles, having sex with a chubby cheap looking woman.

Ughs and ahs. Conroy struggles but he continues.

He snorts cocaine off of his hand and then slaps the woman's ass.

CHUBBY WOMAN

Oo! Shit!

CONROY FITZ

Agh, god. I've got su-..Such bad stamina.

CHUBBY WOMAN

Just-... Keep going.

INT. BLACK VOID

Conroy stand there, shaking his head, he taps his foot.

CONROY FITZ

(V.O.)

I really, really don't want to go in there. God, no.

Conroy uneasily steps back through the door.

INT. DISABLED BATHROOM- NIGHT

Conroy continues to struggle and have sex with the chubby woman.

Ernesto walks in.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ

Ey. Conroy-...

Conroy turns around, coke around his face, still thrusting.

Ernesto looks in shock.

Ernesto shuts the door.

Behind him, a bloodied man is being dragged into a bathroom stall.

Ernesto looks just after the man is dragged in. He shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. A LONELY BAR- MIAMI- NIGHT

Jazz music plays and the two sit facing each other.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ

Why are we here?

Conroy stares at Ernesto. Wired. Coke around his nose still.

CONROY FITZ

Christ. Ernie. You know...

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ

Know? Wh-..?

CONROY FITZ

You know my secret. I like fat chicks, okay. It's a thing. I dated-
...

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ

Ahm. You have some-...

Conroy rubs his face. He sniffs.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ (CONT'D)

Y-.. Yeah. Right there-.. Just.

Conroy rumages his hand all over his face. He then nods slowly.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ (CONT'D)

Honestly. I'm cool with it. It's nothing to be ashamed of.

Conroy nods, he embraces Ernesto.

DET. LAUDERDALE

(V.O.)

Have you done thinking?

CONROY FITZ

(V.O.)

No.

Ernesto picks a peanut up from a bag of peanuts.

He slots it in his mouth and begins to choke.

CONROY FITZ (CONT'D)

Oh god! Help!

Ernesto squal as the peanut is lodged in his throat.

DET. LAUDERDALE

(V.O.)

Surely not this way?

CONROY FITZ

(V.O.)

No. No.

Ernesto chokes until the barman starts punching his back.

Ernesto squal until a peanut flies out his mouth.

CONROY FITZ (CONT'D)

Jesus christ.

Conroy shots the rest of his drink, shaking his head.

INT. BLACK VOID

Conroy creeps. Jazz music plays frantically. He hops down some more steps.

Conroy opens another door.

EXT. LONELY ALLEYWAY- MIAMI- NIGHT

Conroy watches himself and Ernie walk down steps, out of a bar. They both seem pretty drunk and messed up already.

CONROY FITZ

(V.O.)

Oh no. Oh no.

DET. LAUDERDALE

(V.O.)

What are you 'Oh No'ing at?

CONROY FITZ

(V.O.)

Please don't take the drugs. Please-

...

DET. LAUDERDALE
(V.O.)
The what?

CONROY FITZ
Ayyy, Billy!

BILLY WALFORD(20s) rough-looking, drug addict persona, stands beside a rusty car.

BILLY WALFORD
Duuude. What's up?

Conroy has his arm over Ernesto, both of them are waddling.

CONROY FITZ
Billy. Ernesto. Ernesto... B-Billy.

BILLY WALFORD
Yooo.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ
(Mumbling)
Holaaa.

Ernesto shakes Billy's hand.

BILLY WALFORD
So. I heard two dudes wanna' get
fucked right up?

CONROY FITZ
That'd be us twooo.

Billy opens his trunk. Packages of various drugs inside.

CONROY FITZ (CONT'D)
Close your eyes Ernesto.

Conroy grabs Ernie's finger, moving it around.

CONROY FITZ (CONT'D)
Tell me when to stop.

The finger moves around.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ
Stop!

Conroy slams the finger down. It pokes through plastic, squashing the pills inside.

BILLY WALFORD
Ow. Fuck. Well you're gonna' have
to do it now. Squashed the-...

Billy mumbles, shaking his head.

Suddenly, a large concrete block falls out of the sky. It just goes astray of Ernesto's head.

CONROY FITZ

Woaah!

BILLY WALFORD

(Looking up in confusion)

Well, shit.

Ernesto shrugs it off, the trio depart.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADY APARTMENT-MIAMI-NIGHT

Conroy and Ernesto lay flat out on ravaged couches.

CONROY FITZ

(Mumbling)

You-gh, go-ugh.

Ernesto slowly looks over to Conroy.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ

(Panicked Mumbles)

I can-gh. Can-gh feel.

Ernesto flaps around.

Billy looks at the two.

BILLY WALFORD

Shit. You two are pretty fucked up.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ

(Mumbling)

Shu-gh up, Birry!

BILLY WALFORD

Fuck you just say?

Conroy mumbles loudly and gets up to his feet.

He stands inbetween the two.

CONROY FITZ

(Mumbling)

Ca-gh down. Caalm.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ

(Mumbling)

F-... You!

BILLY WALFORD
 (Standing up)
 You better shut his beaner mouth,
 Conroy!

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ
 (Standing up himself)
 Bean-ugh!?

Conroy uneasily places his hands inbetween the two.

CONROY FITZ
 (Mumbling)
 Cmogghh.

Billy swings for Ernesto.

CONROY FITZ (CONT'D)
 (Mumbled shouts)
 EY! EGH!

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ
 (Mumbled shouts)
 WHA-GH! EY!

The two start swinging at eachother, barging Conroy out of the way.

They start grappling eachother. Getting eachother in headlocks.

CUT TO:

INT. CONROY'S HOME- LIVING ROOM- DAY

Conroy sits on the couch, his eyes closed, his head waving around.

CONROY FITZ
 (Shouting)
 EY! HE-H! HOOAAA! HEH!

Lauderdale and Withers look at eachother, completely bewildered at Conroy's channeling.

Conroy slaps his thighs.

CONROY FITZ (CONT'D)
 (Shouting)
 Heh!

CUT TO:

INT. SHADY APARTMENT-MIAMI-NIGHT

Billy and Ernesto keep wrestling, they tussle and tussle.

Billy grabs a lamp. He **SMASHES** it over Ernesto's head.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ

GAH!

Billy then charges at Ernesto. He knocks him FLYING.

Ernesto smashes through the window. He tumbles out onto the alleyway below.

BILLY WALFORD

(Panicked)

Oooh! Ohhh god!

CONROY FITZ

(O.S.)

Ernest-ugh!

Ernesto lays out cold on the floor of the alleyway.

Billy looks to Conroy.

BILLY WALFORD

Ju-... Just stay here. I'll-...
I'll fix this.

Billy stutters and mumbles. He rushes out of the apartment.

Conroy looks around, his eyes wide open. He's completely dumbstruck.

He shrugs. He grabs some pills, placing them in his pocket.

He then strolls out, shades over his droopy eyes.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY- MIAMI- NIGHT

The hallway is dimly lit.

Conroy strolls along. The whales of Billy in the backdrop.

INT. BLACK VOID

Conroy strolls through the void, each step lighting up.

He sighs.

CONROY FITZ

(V.O.)

So that's the story.

INT. CONROY'S HOME- LIVING ROOM- DAY

The two detectives stare at Conroy.

DET. LAUDERDALE
Uhm. No. No reports of broken bones. No reports of falling, anything. It was multiple blows to the head that killed Ernesto.

Conroy shakes his head.

CONROY FITZ
Listen. I'm all fucked up. I can't really remember.

DET. WITHERS
Bet you're fucked up, too. Goddamned drug addict. Scum.

Conroy smirks at Withers.

DET. LAUDERDALE
Think, Conroy.

Conroy closes his eyes.

INT. BLACK VOID

Conroy sits on a step. He thinks for a moment.

CONROY FITZ
(V.O.)
Ahhh... Fuck... Ah... Yes, yes, I remember.

Conroy stands up and bursts through the door.

EXT. MIAMI STRIP- NIGHT

Straight out onto the real Conroy. He fast walks through the street, he turns off down an alleyway.

EXT. LONELY ALLEYWAY- MIAMI- NIGHT

CONROY FITZ
Ahm. Ernie. Errnie?

The sounds of splatter and struggle. Conroy walks in on Billy beating Ernesto's head in. Ernie still struggles.

BILLY WALFORD
(Shouting)
AGH! GOD-..! DANG IT! DIE!

Billy gives a final smack over the head to Ernesto with a tire iron.

Conroy stares in shock, bewildered.

Billy turns, looking at Conroy as he is stained with blood.

CONROY FITZ
Holy fuck.

BILLY WALFORD
You get here, Fitz.

CONROY FITZ
Shit!

Conroy begins to run as a bloodied Billy chases him.

BILLY WALFORD
(Shouting)
You get the fuck back here, boy!

Conroy hyperventilates as he runs. He reaches the strip, the home clear.

Billy gives up the chase, collapsing onto his knees.

EXT. MIAMI STRIP- NIGHT

Conroy runs. He stumbles and slams his head into the floor. He knocks himself unconscious.

EXT. LONELY ALLEYWAY- MIAMI- NIGHT

Billy sobs on his knees. He is distraught.

A mumble.

Billy turns to see a bashed up Ernesto still mumbling and moaning.

ERNESTO DOMINGUEZ
(Barely alive)
Agh. Yo-... Uh.

BILLY WALFORD
Oh for fuck sake.

Billy grips his tire iron and pulls himself to his feet.

He tiredly walks over to Ernesto.

He raises the crowbar. As it drops.

CUT TO:

INT. CONROY'S HOME- LIVING ROOM- DAY

DET. LAUDERDALE
So you knocked yerself out?

CONROY FITZ
Correct.

DET. LAUDERDALE
How did you get home?

CONROY FITZ
A rude awakening at five this morning, some bum fiddling in my trousers.

Conroy takes a cigarette out and begins to smoke.

DET. LAUDERDALE
Withers. Go warm the engine, I'll be two seconds.

Lauderdale hands his keys over to Withers.

Withers exits through the front door.

As he leaves, Lauderdale edges closer to Conroy.

DET. LAUDERDALE (CONT'D)
God only knows how I'm gonna erase your name outta' this one, Fitz.

CONROY FITZ
You'll find a way. You always do.

DET. LAUDERDALE
Oh fuck you, Conroy. This week's shrooms better make me shit unicorn skittles or else I'm done with this.

Conroy takes a drag.

Lauderdale gets up to leave.

CONROY FITZ
We'll both survive this. Make sure you lock that dickhead Billy up.

DET. LAUDERDALE
(Sarcastically)
Thanks. As always. For your SERVICE.

Conroy waves Lauderdale off. Lauderdale leaves the home.

Conroy sighs as he pulls himself up.

INT. CONROY'S HOME- BASEMENT-DAY

The lights switch on, Conroy lazily strolls into his basement.

In there is Billy. Bloodied. Beaten. Half-dead. He is strapped the wall.

CONROY FITZ

Oh, Billy. They're gonna' look hard
for you.

Conroy grabs a bowie knife from a tools table next to the stairs. He is now at on the ground.

Billy mumbles under a gag.

CONROY FITZ (CONT'D)

I really, really fucking liked
Ernesto.

EXT. LONELY ALLEYWAY- MIAMI- NIGHT

Billy stands in front of Ernesto's dead body.

Conroy sneaks up behind Billy and places a bag over his head.

EXT. LONELY ALLEYWAY- MIAMI- NIGHT

Conroy places Billy inside Billy's own car, slotting him next to all the drugs.

CONROY FITZ

Ah, christ.

Conroy takes the car keys from Billy's pocket, he slams the trunk down.

INT. CONROY'S HOME- BASEMENT-DAY

Conroy grips the knife. He flicks his cigarette off.

CONROY FITZ

You really, really shouldn't have
killed Ernie.

Conroy smirks.

CUT TO BLACK.

The end.