

"The Blues Man"

By

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

RODERICK "THE BLUES MAN", a young black practicing guitarist playing a few riffs on his GUITAR through his EFFECTS pedal as he wears his HEADPHONES.

The Blues Man is trying to come up with a riff for a song...
he struggles...

AND struggles...

WHEN...

he rips out a HEAVY blues riff that he plays in I-IV-V fashion.

FLASH ON : THE BLUES MAN IN A SUIT AND BLACK SHADES STRANGLING THE LIFE OUT OF SOMEONE...

Back to The Blues Man wailing on the guitar...

FLASH ON: THE BLUES MAN PUTTING A PILLOW OVER SOMEONES FACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, THEN SHOOTING THE PILLOW REPEATEDLY...

Back to The Blues Man playing his riff...

FLASH ON: THE BLUES MAN USING A GUITAR STRING AS A GARROT TO STRANGLE SOMEONE IN THE SHOWER.

The Blues Man ends his riff in CLASSIC blues style.

TITLES & CREDITS: "The Blues Man"

SUBTITLE: PART 1: "*Oooh, the legends outta retirement...*"

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

The gas station is moderately busy with a few people pumping gas, and others going in and out of the place.

Roderick is out by the PAYPHONE, he's holding a small piece of paper with a number on it labeled "Office"...

he takes the black phone off the hook, and punches the number in.

It rings...

AND rings...

someone answers.

(CONTINUED)

MAN(O.S)
Wrong number.

RODERICK
It's the Blues Man.

MAN(O.S)
(Sarcastic)
Oooh, the legends outta retirement.

RODERICK
(scoffs)
What's the word Ecks-Ray?

ECKS-RAY, a male with a THROATY VOICE, he is Roderick's unofficial boss in the hit-man world.

ECKS-RAY
King Joe, comes in on a plane in 45 minutes, his info should be under this phone. Find him and eliminate him, cool?

RODERICK
Cool.

They both hang up the phone.

Roderick feels around the phone for the INTEL...

he finds it in the form of an envelope under the phone.

Roderick opens it up, and looks at the photo of "King Joe"...

KING JOE is a very well dressed, handsome, and built male...

but just looking at him, you can tell...

some things "off" about him.

BUILD SOUNDTRACK until we...

CUT TO

MONTAGE: OF KING JOE IN HIS PSYCHOPATHIC GLORY MURDERING RANDOM PEOPLE, IN RANDOM WAYS, WITH A SMILE AND BIG LAUGHS. COURTING SUPER MODEL WOMEN, LIVING THE HIGH LIFE. A TRUE AMERICAN PSYCHO.

NARRATOR(O.S)
Ex-marine, and current PTSD sociopath, King Joe is the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR(O.S) (cont'd)
 proverbial "wild animal on the loose" murdering without remorse or reason. King Joe is as dangerous as humanly possible, due to his knowledge of combat and his physical strength. He hasn't been apprehended possibly due to his ex-marine status and rumored connections to the department. He's also quite the ladies man, King Joe courts only super duper models, and maintains a lavish lifestyle through "unknown" means. When it comes to King Joe...King Joe does, what King Joe wants, which makes King Joe...virtually unstoppable.

CUT TO

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Roderick is now in his workshop/garage where he keeps his MATERIALS.

- An assortment of GUNS...
- an assortment of KNIVES...
- his bulletproof vests...
- books on HEALTH and ANATOMY...
- and his custom (Low E-String) GARROTS.

Roderick gathers his chosen materials and heads to the address given to him in the envelope...

FADE TO BLACK

B&W TITLES: "**PART 2: *Slippin...***" over sounds of an AIRPLANE landing.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A humble home sits in a residential neighborhood. The neighborhood is quiet, awkwardly quiet.

A CAR pulls up across the street in front of the house and parks.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE - DAY

King Joe, in a nice shirt and tie sits at his kitchen table snacking on some chips holding a hand of CARDS...

as his RADIO plays JAY-Z's "99 Problems".

He intently looks across the table...

KING JOE
(chips in mouth)
Got any sevens?

Across the table is a DEAD MAN who looks to have had his face MANGLED, and his body looks to have been stabbed repeatedly.

He has a hand of cards on the table in front of him.

The Dead Man looks lifelessly into the ceiling.

King Joe looks at the Dead Mans Hand, and he has a SEVEN.

KING JOE
(awkwardly)
You got a seven right there...

DEAD MAN

...

KING JOE
(taking the seven with his greasy fingers)
You could have just said you had the seven. No need to be so tight lipped.

DEAD MAN

...

King Joe rolls his eyes at the body as if it's not dead, only ignoring him.

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Back to the car...

CUT TO

INT. CAR - DAY

Inside this AVERAGE CAR sits Roderick, in NICE BUSINESS ATTIRE, BLACK BLUES BROTHER SHADES, and BLACK MECHANIC GLOVES.

Roderick checks the clip of his silenced GUN before putting it into a GIFT BOX.

Roderick says a silent prayer as he bows his head for a brief moment...

his head comes up...

GAME FACE on...

it's show time.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Roderick gets out the car carrying the gift box by his side as he walks up to the front door of the house.

He stops at the front door for a brief moment...

he rings the bell a few times...

then waits...

and waits.

He rings it again and waits...

THEN...

Roderick feels something in his back...

it's a gun, and it's held by King Joe.

KING JOE
(in reference to the door)
It's open.

Roderick face is saying "Oh shit!" and "How did I let this fool sneak up on me?!"

The two killers walk into King Joe's humble abode.

INT. KING JOE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

King Joe directs The Blues Man to the couch in his living room...

King Joe nudges The Blues Man onto the couch, forcing him to sit down.

King Joe keeps his gun locked on the contract killer.

King Joe then grabs a can of "RUSH" out a small MINI-FRIDGE.

King Joe takes the slender olive drab colored can, and before he closes the door on the tiny fridge asks...

KING JOE
(to The Blues Man)
Want anything?

RODERICK
(shocked)
...whatcha got?

KING JOE
I got some Executives Choice,
Hammer Sickle, Texas Red, and some
water.

RODERICK
Naw, I'm good.

KING JOE
Suit yourself.

King Joe closes the mini-fridge, and keeps his aim on Roderick.

King Joe opens his can of Rush and takes a SLOPPY swig from it...

KING JOE
The Blues Man I presume?

RODERICK
King Joe I assume?

KING JOE
Your assumption is correct.

RODERICK
So is your presumption.

Roderick's face turns up like he's just eaten some spoiled food by accident.

(CONTINUED)

King Joe notices...

KING JOE

Oh, sorry about the smell, I was playing go fish with a friend, and if you couldn't tell, he stinks.

Roderick doesn't react to the black joke.

King Joe notices the Gift Box...

KING JOE

Look who came bearing gifts. What's in the box?

RODERICK

...

KING JOE

Don't answer that, let me guess...

(beat)

Ummmm...

(clutching chin and thinking)

is it...

(snaps fingers)

something silenced?

Roderick barely shows signs of shock, but it's faintly seen.

King Joe picks up on it.

KING JOE

(Sarcastic surprise)

It is! Well, I like gifts, give it to me.

Roderick doesn't move...

King Joe points the gun right between the eyes of The Blues Man...

The Blues Man hands over the gift box.

King Joe keeps the gun on The Blues Man as he opens the box and finds The Blues Man's silenced gun.

KING JOE

Oh boy! What do we have here?

(taking the gun out the box)

Wow! Now this is a beaut. You know what I like about these kind of guns?

(CONTINUED)

RODERICK

Don't know, why don't you te-

Before Roderick can finish his response...

PSST! PSST!

King Joe puts two in The Blues Man's shoulder...

The Blues Man howls in pain as he clutches his bloody shoulder.

KING JOE

(answering his own question)

They're silent.

(beat)

So! I guess you must be wondering "How'd the hell this nutty bastard know I was coming?" Now that's a very good question. Another good question would be "How was he able to see right through my masquerade, my fisad, my plan?" and the answer to that question is easy, how can anyone see through another...

(dramatic beat)

with out an Ecks-Ray.

Roderick, though wearing black shades, becomes irrate and there's no question it's written all over his face.

The Blues Man is in such a rage that he could give a fuck about his shoulder...

he got fucked over and was sent to die.

KING JOE

Man your steamin brotha, I think it's time I cooled you off.

King Joe pistol whips The Blues Man with his own gun...

knocking him out COLD.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. KING JOE'S BATHROOM - 1 HOUR LATER...

The Blues Man is in a BATH TUB, still in his dress shirt...

THEN...

a WAVE of water comes splashing on his face...

(CONTINUED)

he doesn't shoot up, but he does wake up.

There's music playing on a SMALL RADIO, it's Psycho-Billy music, King Joes favorite.

The Blues Mans glasses are off, and one of his eyes is heavily scarred.

King Joe is wearing The Blues Man's signature black shades.

KING JOE

Rise and shine, just eggs no swine.

The Blues Man coughs up some of the water as he lays uncomfortably in the too small tub.

King Joe sits down on a FOLDING CHAIR next to the bath tub in the somewhat grimy bathroom.

King Joe puts on a pair of NON-LATEX MEDICAL GLOVES...

grabs a SYRINGE in which he takes to a VIAL of UNKNOWN FLUID...

KING JOE

The legendary Blues Man, I can't believe I've finally gotten the chance to meet you, and under these circumstances as well.

(checks his syringe)

At the risk of sounding cliché', you know? me and you are not so different. We both keep the morgue busy, we both profit from it, and we both have our own ways of going about this...

(thinking of the right word/s)

"life" we've chosen to live.

The Blues Man looks at him, sweat streaming down his face...

RODERICK

We're very different...

KING JOE

Oh? How so?

RODERICK

Well, one, I only kill the worst type of people, like you, you'll kill anyone with a bellybutton. Two, I don't get off on killing randoms, you do. Three, I don't go

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RODERICK (cont'd)
through there pockets after their
dead.

KING JOE
(clapping)
That's great, anymore excuses you
want to put out there that makes
being a murderer for hire PC.
(beat)
Look, we kill people, it's what we
do. Don't try to get all righteous
on me because you don't enjoy it as
much as I do.
(beat)
You like steak?

RODERICK
...

KING JOE
(waiting for his answer)
...
(answers for him)
I'll assume you do. So answer me
this. A vegan cooks a steak, and
it's not just any steak, it's a big
ass t-bone. The vegan puts the
seasoning on their, tenderizes it,
does all that food network shit to
it, then cooks it. The ending
result, it's the best fucking steak
of all time. I mean this steak puts
these so-called culinary expert
mutha-fukas to shame. Now, how can
that be? How can a vegan be so good
at cooking meat? And they hate
meat, everything about it, flesh,
all that hippy bullshit. How can
that be?

RODERICK
(just starrng)
...

KING JOE
Point is, just cause you hate
something doesn't mean you can't be
exceptional at it. A fag, excuse
me, hippy vegan, can cook meat like
no one else, but never eat it. Just
like someone who hates killing for
a living, can kill like no one else
and still hate it.

(CONTINUED)

(lets the statement stand)

King Joe then brings a bag of "ICE VAPORIZER" SALT to the side of his leg.

KING JOE

Now you seem to be bleeding pretty badly...

King Joe grabs a handful of salt.

KING JOE

Lets do something about that.

King Joe GRINDS the chunky salt rocks into the shot-up arm of The Blues Man...

The Blues Man screams in pain.

The psychotic King Joe prepares his mysterious syringe for injection when...

a CORNY LOVE SONG comes ringing out through tiny speakers...

its King Joe's phone.

KING JOE

(frustrated)

Damn it...

(looks at the phone, the Roderick)

It's the queen, excuse me.

King Joe heads out the bathroom...

Roderick breathes a quick sigh of short-lived relief.

The Blues Man has got to do something, and it's got to get done ASAP. King Joe is coming back, and rest assured when he does, The Blues Man won't be going out on a high note.

The Blues Man feels around his pockets and waist looking for something...

he looks around the bathroom for a weapon...

NOTHING.

The Blues Man is fucked...

THEN...

he looks at his Hi-Top "Flight-Captains" Sneakers...

(CONTINUED)

his eyes LIGHT UP.

CUT TO

INT. KING JOE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

King Joe is in his kitchen on the phone...
also on hold.

He talks to the body while he waits.

KING JOE

Can you believe this woman? She say
I gotta attitude, she say I'm too
sensitive, you wanna know what I
say?

DEAD MAN

...

KING JOE

I say fuck that bitch! Without me
that broad is like corn flakes
without the milk! You know?

DEAD MAN

...

King Joe's demeanor changes as the "queen" clicks back over.

KING JOE

Hey baby cakes-thought about you
too-you know I miss you. Come over
here? Ummm...

(scans the kitchen)

My place is a little dirty plus I'm
working late tonight sweet
pea-okay-Ill be over later-yep-love
you too, bye.

King Joe hangs up, and talks to the dead man again...

KING JOE

Women...

King Joe then heads back to the his guest The Blues Man in
the bathroom.

INT. KING JOE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Blues looks to be all but passed out, he's bleeding rather substantially, he's sweating, and he looks pale.

King Joe takes his seat in the folding chair from before...

as he preps his mystery syringe we see...

FLASH ON B&W: The Blues Man using an unlabeled INHALER, his pupils dilate...

King Joe looks at his equal and chuckles...

KING JOE

I never thought catching the great
Blues Man would be this easy, but
I'll take what I can get...

FLASH ON B&W: The Blues Man digging in his Hi-Top Sneaker and pulling out a small, somewhat thick, extremely sharp POCKET KNIFE. He conceals it in his STRONG HAND.

King Joe goes in to inject The Blues Man with the syringe...

AND...

in one swift motion The Blues Man cuts off King Joe's THUMB and INDEX fingers.

King Joe wails in pain.

SOUNDTRACK EXPLODES with a HEAVY BLUES THEME (Killing Floor Cover by The Jimi Hendrix Experience)

The Blues Man hops out of the tub pushing King Joe back, causing him to fall over in his chair, he slips...

King Joe grabs his spare gun with his GOOD hand and blasts WILDLY at The Blues Man...

King Joe misses every shot as the Blues Man ducks out of the bathroom.

The Blues Man looks around and sees something...

HIS silenced automatic gun...

he grabs it.

KING JOE

Where are you, you little bitch?
Imma fuck you up for cutting off my
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KING JOE (cont'd)
fingers, Imma take my time with you
like I would a bitch!

King Joe is frantic and losing blood, yet the Blues Man knows he's still dangerous...

SO...

both men are at a STALEMATE.

The Blues Man looks around and finds an empty can of "RUSH" an OLIVE DRAB colored energy drink...

he comes up with an idea.

King Joe is getting suspicious and wonders what the Blues Man is doing.

KING JOE
Where you at? Come in here and let
me blast your wig back, come in
here and get it you pussy.

THEN...

something that looks similar to a GRENADE PIN flies through the air and lands on the downed King Joe...

THEN...

something that appears to be a SLENDER CONCUSSION GRENADE comes flying through the air...

King Joe never gets a good look at it, but he knows what it is.

King Joe springs to his feet and heads for the door...

THEN...

The Blues Man comes in, with his gun and BLASTS King Joe to KINGDOM COME...

King Joe is damn near BREAK DANCING involuntarily from the bullets ripping apart his body in rapid succession.

King Joe hits the floor in a heap...

The Blues Man walks up to him as the soundtrack continues to play, he grabs his shades from off of King Joes face...

The Blues Man puts them back on...

(CONTINUED)

AND...

empties the clip.

The Blues Man goes through King Joes pockets...

looking for something.

The Blues Man then finds King Joes wallet and a small note...

it SAYS...

"\$\$\$ @ 1925 5th ave. - Ecks-Ray"

The Blues Man takes the note and leaves the CARNAGE behind him in the bathroom.

CUT TO BLACK

TO BE CONTINUED...