

THE JUROR

Written by

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EXT. WHISKY CITY - NIGHT

The moon is out in full force tonight, a smidgen of stars crowds around it.

The city is awfully quiet, not even the annoying whisper of the stray animals can be heard.

Silence...

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A few small puddles from the earlier storm.

The door on the roof is ajar.

The silhouette of a large man steps through the door. His foot lands heavy on the wet cement. He slowly walks towards the edge of the roof.

Heavy panting can be heard.

The man takes a look down...

MAN'S POV

CLYDE MORRISON, 20s, long black hair. A very mopey face, even when he hangs on for dear life. He shows no emotion.

CLYDE

I guess this is the end huh?

MAN

It doesn't have to be, give me your hand son.

CLYDE

Never! I'll never fall prey to you and your cronies.

The Man reaches his immense sized paws to grab Clyde.

CLYDE'S POV

Looking up at the shadowy figure. A long arm descends down upon him.

Clyde lets go...

Falling into what seems to be eternity...

CUT TO:

"Over Black" : A couple hours prior.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Heavy rain beats down on the street, a storm is coming.

Just another day in Whisky City.

Protestors form a large crowd in front of the court house. Their ready to riot if things don't go their way. Armed with sticks and stones, bats and knives.

The whisky City S.W.A.T team is out in full force, they barricade the feisty heathens, blocking their entry into the court house. They stand emotionless not speaking a single word, taking all kinds of verbal punishment from the crowd.

PROTESTOR #1

Fuck you, you think you're special
because you got a gun?

(Spits on to the Officers
Visor)

Not so special now, you filthy
bitch!

Other Protestors roar in the background, things could get ugly.

Black smoke is let loose from the top of the court house, the jury has come to a decision.

A large projection screen then opens up, catching a glimpse from inside the court room.

The protestors have come to a halt, their roars become pesky whispers, and their whispers fade like a flame in the wind.

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everything seems so tense, even the judge is sweating profusely.

TODD FOYLE late 30s, sits gingerly in his brisk white suit. His hair is greasy and slicked back.

A couple rows behind him sits his beautiful family, BLOND WIFE, TWO TWIN BOYS, and a BABY GIRL.

He Looks back and gives a wink.

JUDGE FLOYD, who seems eager to get this case done with, calls for the defendant and the defense counsel to stand.

Todd's LAWYERS whisper something in his ear. He then straitens up his tie, his hands are bound together by HINGED HANDCUFFS.

JUDGE

Members of the Jury, have you reached a verdict?

THE JURY.

A rather peculiar one at that. They are all dressed in black jump suits with brown paper bags on their heads. Each paper bag has a number on top. A drastic security measure.

THE FOREMAN stands, his long black hair stretches pass the ends of the paper bag. "7" delicately marked on his bag.

FOREMAN

Yes we have your honor.

He speaks with extreme doubt.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bracing crowd watches as if God himself is passing judgement.

BACK TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Judge Floyd smirks, he then casually takes off his reading glasses. Wipes the sweat off of his head.

JUDGE

Members of the Jury, on the case of Todd Foyle vs. Whisky city, what you say?

FOREMAN

Your honor members of the jury find the defendant...

(beat)

Guilty.

TODD

No!

Todd is restrained by a BIG-BEAR like man.

A team of officers armed with riot shields hover over the Jury.

Todd continues to shout as he is being carted away.

TODD (CONT'D)

You motherfucker! You won't make it home, I swear of it.

Judge Floyd has somehow escaped despite all the madness.

The jury selection are transported to a separate room.

SECRET ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SERGEANT LEWIS, a certified bad ass, stands tall with a cane in his right hand.

SERGEANT LEWIS

Ladies and gentleman of the jury...
(with great pleasure)
You did one hell of a job.

The jury is now being unmasked. Regular men and women, all stuck with a bewildered look.

The Foreman is the last to enter the room. He quickly rips the bag from his head.

It's Clyde Morrison.

SERGEANT LEWIS (CONT'D)

(talking to Clyde)
And you sir, you deserve a medal, a drink, and seventeen virgins.
(laughs)
You brought down the most dangerous man to ever walk these streets, for years he flooded our communities with drugs, and violence.

CLYDE

I'm no hero.

SERGEANT LEWIS

You are more than a hero.

CLYDE

Then why'd ya have us hide behind these mask? Why'd you take us against our own will? Is it because ya know ya can't protect us?

SERGEANT LEWIS

From who?

CLYDE

From them. They who run these streets like mad men. Men possessed with demons from the deepest parts of hell. They have no remorse, no compassion. And we just locked up their boss. I'm fucked aint I?

SERGEANT LEWIS

Your not fucked. None of you are. Yea you just locked up the biggest crook since lord knows when. You may be wanted by some, but you're now loved by millions, these people can go to sleep now knowing that everything will be alright in the morning. You gave them a piece of mind. Sounds like a hero to me.

He puts his hands on Clyde's shoulder. Clyde quickly slaps it away.

Sergeant Lewis flashes a stack of bills in front of Clyde -- Shut him up.

SERGEANT LEWIS (CONT'D)

For keeping up your end of the bargain. Not fucking up. Twenty thousand dollars for each of you.

(whispers to Clyde)

Maybe you can buy something nice for your girlfriend, you know the stripper one.

Clyde looks at the money in disgust. He grabs it with one quick snatch.

CLYDE

She's a bartender, asshole.

The other jurors collect their cash.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Little by little the large crowd fades away.

The protestor who earlier spit on the officers visor, has had a change of heart. He wipes off the spit.

PROTESTOR #1

Sorry, bout that. No hard feelings
pal.

(extends his hand)

No, well, see ya next time then.

The rain starts to let up.

INT. TUNNEL - EVENING

The juror's walk down a dark path, Sergeant Lewis is at the head, he holds a flashlight.

He comes to a dead stop. Flicks off his flashlight.

DARKNESS.

SERGEANT LEWIS

All right find men and women of the
jury, this is the last time I'll be
seeing your pretty mugs. Hopefully.
Nobody knows your true identities,
they are considered level five
classified. So you can rest easy.
Return home.

The door opens. White light consumes us.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

One by one each juror leaves the house, all splitting into separate directions.

Clyde exits.

BINOCULARS - FROM A DISTANCE

Someone is watching, the view zooms in on Clyde.

The voice of a MAN speaks, ruffled voices from a cell phone can be heard.

MAN

(talking into the phone)

Yes, I've got him.

Clyde takes a look around. Not a soul in sight.

CLYDE
Destination, home.

Clyde sucks in the dusty air into his lungs. He lets out a smile as if to say "free at last, free at last, thank god I'm free at last"

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Clyde hasn't found his way home yet, he watches the ground as he walks.

Suddenly...

GUY
Hey kid.

CLYDE
Huh, me?

GUY
Yea you.

A tall fella, wearing a long black trench coat. A half chewed cigar sandwiched between his lips. Posted up on a street light.

GUY (CONT'D)
You got a light kid?

Clyde is thrown off guard for a second.

GUY (CONT'D)
Kid, do-you-have-a-light? Simple
yes or no question.

CLYDE
Uh, yea.

Clyde's hand reaches into his slim fitting skinny jeans. He pulls out a matchbook.

GUY
Wow, I haven't seen one of these in
years. Old school, I like that.

CLYDE
Sure no problem, you can keep it. I
got plenty at home.

He gives Clyde a thank you gesture by nodding his head.

Clyde smiles, starts to continue on his way.

GUY
Hey, thank's Clyde.

CLYDE
Not a problem sir, enjoy.

A single rain drop falls on Clyde. A moment of clarity.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
Wait a minute, who told you my name
was Clyde?

He snaps his head back, the Guy is gone.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
(hysterically)
No, no. Who told you my name.

The rain begins to fall heavy once again. Large droplets beat down on Clyde's alarmed face.

On a swivel, Clyde's surroundings start to take form, buildings and run down cars.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
I gotta get out of here.

Clyde takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

A glass being pounded on the bar.

Dozens of men all crowd around the bar, trying to get their quench served, and hoping to get a smile from the lovely SAMANTHA, blond with all the beauty god intended for a lady to have.

Promiscuously she flirts with one lucky guy. SIMON was his name, and tonight was his night.

SAMANTHA
Hey, what you drinking gorgeous?

SIMON
Scotch.

SAMANTHA

Nice, classy yet still manly enough
to handle a woman like myself.

SIMON

Yea, what makes you think I wanna
handle you?

Samantha pours Simon a glass, hands it over.

He throws it back. Trying hard to impress.

SAMANTHA

It's been a long day Simon, don't
make me beg for it.

She reaches across the counter, wrapping her arms around him,
kisses him ever so gently on the cheek.

Whispers into his ear.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

You want it don't you?

SIMON

(eyes rolling back)
Uh-huh.

SAMANTHA

You see that door right over there.
Right next to the bathroom. Go now,
I'll be right behind you.

Like a dog taking order from his master, Simon rushes almost
knocking down a couple of tables in the process.

CLOSE ON: SAMANTHA'S HAND. A BROWN WALLET.

Simon turns the knob on the door.

EXT. BACKLOT - MOMENTS LATER

Garbage bags and empty bottles.

SIMON

Wha --, what in the world is this.

The door closes behind him. Leaving Simon locked out of the
bar.

BACK TO:

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE

Samantha counts a wad of bills, a couple of credit cards. She takes a look at a baby picture. On it's flip side is marked "Simon, 1980, two weeks old".

SAMANTHA

The guy keeps baby pics of himself.
Ugh.

She rips it up, tosses the wallet and I.D. Into a bucket filled with those kind of things.

EXT. THE ZIP LOUNGE

Simon pleads with the BOUNCER for re-entry.

BOUNCER

You ain't got no I.D. You not getting in.

SIMON

But --

BOUNCER

No butts, no titties, no nothing.

Clyde, approaches the door, soaking wet. He looks around to see if he's being followed.

The bouncer lets Clyde pass without questioning.

SIMON

Oh come one. You didn't ask that dude for I.D., this is bullshit, how in the fuck did this happen.

Simon walks away, still confused.

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE(BREAK ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Samantha sits balled up in the corner, sucking on a cigarette and taking shots.

Clyde enters, Samantha doesn't even bother looking back, figure it to be her boss.

SAMANTHA

For the love of Christ, leave me alone.

CLYDE

Two weeks without me and your
already back smoking. Tsk, tsk,
tsk.

Her eyes widen.

SAMANTHA

Clyde honey is that you?

CLYDE

(lightheartedly)
Sure is ma'am.

She puts out her cigarette. Stands up. Swallows her last
shot.

Pivots around, gives Clyde a seductive smile.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I knew you missed me.

He extends his arms for a hug. She steps forward, her heels
connect to the floor with persistence.

She gets close enough to Clyde...

BAM! knocks him to the ground. That's one hell of a right
hand.

SAMANTHA

Two weeks you asshole. You couldn't
call, text...

Trying to adjust his jaw back into place Simon stumbles to
his feet.

CLYDE

I know your mad, but listen...

SAMANTHA

Nope, don't want to hear it, that
was your final chance.

Clyde grabs her arm, pulls her closer.

CLYDE

Trust me when I say, I had no
choice.

He pulls the large stack of money he received from his jury
duty work.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
This is for you.

She's hesitant.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
Go head, it won't bite.

She reaches, he pulls his hand away, brings his face nearer for a kiss. They lock lips.

They are now making out, going at it like two wild dogs.

SAMANTHA
Wait, not here.

CLYDE
Where then?

SAMANTHA
How bout the roof?!

Her white blouse is half way unbuttoned, her breast peek through the top.

CLYDE
Lets do this.

EXT. THE ZIP LOUNGE (ROOFTOP) - MOMENTS LATER

The sounds of love making.

A trail of clothes leads us to Clyde and Samantha.

SAMANTHA
I'm still mad at you. Two weeks.

CLYDE
I know, I got caught up in something foul. Something unspeakable.

SAMANTHA
Now you're back, and you're twenty thousand dollars richer, and yet still I get no answers.

CLYDE
I don't owe you an explanation Sam.

Clyde stands, he starts putting on his clothes.

SAMANTHA

So what do you plan on doing with it?

CLYDE

First off, you can go down stairs and quit right now, cause no girl of mine is gonna be working in some shit hole like this.

EXT. THE ZIP LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

The Bouncer still stands guarding the door. He chats with two lovely looking females.

A car pulls up.

Stepping out is STOKES, a no-nonsense kind of guy. He surveys the surroundings.

He approaches the bouncer.

STOKES

Have you seen this man? He was last seen entering this location.

INSERT: A PICTURE OF CLYDE

BOUNCER

Nope haven't seen that man in a very long time.

Stokes gives him the "You wanna play that game" face.

STOKES

I don't think you understand the importance of me finding this man, his life may be in danger.

BOUNCER

That may be the case, but I still haven't seen him.

STOKES

(snickering)

OK. You win partner. I'm just going to go in and have a beer. Let me know if you see this man.

BOUNCER

You got I.D.?

STOKES

Sure thing.

Hands the bouncer his I.D. Card.

EXT. THE ZIP LOUNGE (ROOFTOP)

Clyde wraps the stack of money in an old newspaper. Samantha finds a half smoked cigarette laying on the floor, she picks it up, blows it off and sticks it in her mouth.

Clyde gives her a repulsive look.

SAMANTHA

Hmm, tasty.

(beat)

Fuck I left my lighter down stairs.

CLYDE

I'll run back and get it for you, I gotta take a shit anyway. You just cool off, think of all the nice things your gonna have after today.

She hugs him.

CLOSE ON: SAMANTHA SLIPS HER HAND INTO HIS POCKET.

Clyde knows Samantha all too well, he blocks the attempt. But it was a DECOY.

CLOSE ON: SAMANTHA'S OTHER HAND. GENTLY TUGS A PAPER FROM CLYDE'S BACK POCKET

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Stokes sits at a table alone, a blond waitress gives him a wink. He gives her a wave.

She struts towards him.

WAITRESS

What's a fine gentlemen such as yourself doing at a piece of trash bar like this.

STOKES

My father always said, "sometimes you have to dig through shit, to find the perfect situation".

She giggles. But she's totally clueless, was it a compliment?

WAITRESS

(unsure)
Why thank you.

STOKES

How much they paying you?

WAITRESS

About...
(counts with her fingers)
Four dollars. I make most of my
money in tips.

STOKES

Four dollars, that's all?

Stokes takes a diamond ring off his finger. Hands it to the lady.

STOKES (CONT'D)

That's worth one-hundred thousand,
take the night off.

WAITRESS

(stunned)
Umm -- why are you doing this? Have
we slept together or something?

STOKES

Ha-ha. No, not yet at least.

WAITRESS

Then why?

STOKES

Cause I'm a demon, and a angel like
your self shouldn't have to witness
hell.

She's speechless.

STOKES (CONT'D)

Now, where's the bathroom?

WAITRESS

Next to the jukebox.

STOKES

And, there aren't anymore females
working right now are they.

WAITRESS

Well, there was this other fine girl, but I think she took off with her boyfriend not to long ago.

STOKES

Thanks for your help, now get...GO!

The waitress takes off, busting through the door.

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE(BREAKROOM)

CLOSE ON: CLYDE PICKS UP A LIGHTER.

The sound of a **STOMACH GROWLING...**

CLYDE

Oh shit.

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE(BATHROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

STALL.

Clyde sits on the toilet, his hands brace on the sides of the stall. He really had to go.

Stokes casually walks into the bathroom. His **CELL PHONE rings**.

STOKES

(Talking into phone)

Hello.

(ruffled voice talking back)

He's somewhere in here, I'll find him.

(beat)

About ten or fifteen. No women.

(beat)

No it's not a gay bar, there was this one waitress and I sent her home.

(beat)

Cause I don't kill women that's why.

STALL.

Clyde's ears proficiently picks up on the words "**KILL**" as it replays in his head.

EXT. THE ZIP LOUNGE (ROOFTOP) - CONTINUOUS

Samantha takes a look at the paper she snagged from Clyde. It reads.

(Readers Note: the note was written by SGT.Lewis, so that's why we hear his VO)

SERGEANT LEWIS (V.O.)

He's guilty. Make sure the other juror's see it this way, we need a unanimous decision. You guy's are the first jury to make it this far, everyone else was either suspiciously killed, or was to damn scared. We need this man locked up now. We got him by the balls, now it's time to crush him. Todd Foyle goes down.

She tosses the paper on the floor like it was poison ivy.

SAMANTHA

Oh, my.

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE(BATHROOM)

Stokes removes his jacket, his arms are firm and muscular.

Piece by piece he detaches the jacket.

THE SLEEVES: A **SUPPRESSOR** was hidden in the right sleeve.

INSIDE POCKETS: **BULLETS**.

STALL.

Clyde still sits. Something splashes into the toilet, one can only imagine what.

Stokes picks up on the sound, taking a look at the stall.

STALL.

Clyde's feet are now up against the wall, he's frozen, trying his hardest not to make anymore sounds.

Stokes put's it past him.

There is a slit in the back of his jacket, it holds a very short **M4**.

Stokes attaches the suppressor to the M4. Loads the bullets into the cartridge.

A perfect killing tool.

STALL.

Clyde face grimaces. He bites down hard on his lip.

Stokes is almost ready. He watches his self in the mirror.

MONTAGE - STOKES FRESHENING UP

Takes out a little black box. The contents inside...

A small three inch toothbrush, floss, tweezers, toothpaste, hand lotion, and a small comb.

-- He flosses his teeth with cerebral execution, his flossing method is flawless, quickly moving from one tooth to the other.

-- Stokes concentrates as he squeezes the perfect amount of toothpaste on to the toothbrush. He brushes.

-- Flares his nose, two plucks, he barely twitches.

-- Using one hand to style and the other straighten, Clyde combs through his already near perfect hair.

-- applies lotion.

END MONTAGE.

He's smooth indeed.

He starts walking away, notices he has forgotten something. The M4 sits on the bathroom counter. Grabs the gun and takes a look at himself.

STOKES
(to himself)
If it weren't for this gun in my
hand, boy I tell ya.

Stokes finally exits.

Clyde finally lets up. All tuckered out. Gives a sigh of relief.

CLYDE
I gotta get the fuck out of here.

Reaches for the toilet paper. Wipes his ass, and burst through the stall.

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Patrons of the bar sit and watch the game. They don't even notice as Stokes move past them with a loaded assault riffle.

The television announcer can be heard. The game is boiling down to the final seconds.

Stokes, grabs a chair and takes a seat. He watches the gang of men celebrate, takes a look at his watch.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The Komondor's just one out away from a world title.

(beat)

Wilson with the pitch, Martinez swings and misses...The Komondor's win, the Komondor's win!

The bar erupts with bo's and curses.

STOKES

Hey, sorry to bug you guy's but.

They turn and see Stokes with a M4 in hand. He smiles, and unleashes a silent furry. Not one shot was heard, the only sound is sluggish bodies hitting the floor.

EXT. THE ZIP LOUNGE (ROOFTOP) - MOMENTS LATER

Clyde bust through the rooftop door.

SAMANTHA

What the hell is this?

She holds the note.

CLYDE

I can explain.

SAMANTHA

So start explaining.

CLYDE

Fine, I was a juror on the Foyle case alright.

SAMANTHA

Oh man, this is bad...

CLYDE

I know it's bad. It's worse than that. I think a hitman is downstairs.

SAMANTHA

You helped to lock up the biggest dealer in town, which makes you public enemy number one.

CLYDE

Don't rub it in, It was a setup. That piece of shit Lewis forced us, turned me into the damn foreman. Gave us paper bags to hide our identities as if that would make a difference.

SAMANTHA

Well you can sleep at my place tonight, I'll keep you safe. Will hitch our way out of town tomorrow.

CLYDE

No way, I don't want to put you in any danger.

Clyde gives Samantha the money.

SAMANTHA

What are you doing?

CLYDE

Take this, I want you to have it, just in case...

SAMANTHA

Just in case what...

CLYDE

Just in case they get me. I love you Sam, just want you to know.

Tears stream down his face, Samantha is forgiving, they share an intimate hug.

She reaches into her purse and gives Clyde a small handgun.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Yea, this should keep em off me.

SAMANTHA

So what am I suppose to do?

CLYDE

Pack all your shit, be by the
Whisky city ferry by seven A.M.,
buy two tickets out of this shit
hole, if I'm not there by seven
thirty then go on with out me.

SAMANTHA

No, I'm not gonna leave you.

INT. THE ZIP LOUNGE

The bar has been painted into crimson red. Bodies everywhere,
behind the bar, by the jukebox, the bouncer is laid out.

Stokes takes a walk to the back.

He see's the stairs leading up towards the roof. He starts
climbing.

EXT. THE ZIP LOUNGE (ROOFTOP)

Clyde and Samantha hug it out.

CLYDE

Alright baby, it's time to go now.

He leads her towards the fire escape, gives her one last kiss
then watches her descend down.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Go straight home, no stopping.

SAMANTHA

I love you.

She waves goodbye.