

Third Avenue in the Evening

By

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Brown Road Productions

ANTHONY (O.S.)
It's still early but I leave
anyways.

EXT. SEVENTH AVE - EARLY EVENING

ANTHONY, 21, shy and timid, keeps to himself and despite the way he looks he's homosexual. He strolls down 7th ave, his hands pinned to his pockets, face to the ground, he doesn't look up, he can't. With each passing pedestrian he shrinks more and more inside himself.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
I know my place. They don't show
it but I know what their
thinking. What else can they do?

INT. BAR - EARLY EVENING

Anthony sits at the bar sipping his gin and tonic, he goes unnoticed. He shares curious glances around the room, none for more than a second.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
The bars are already filled but I
know where he is... He's leaning
in the alley by third ave, smoking
a cigarette, ignoring life.

EXT. THIRD AVE. - EARLY EVENING

JOHN, 22, tall and handsome, feminine but masculine, he's the gentleman you stare at perplexed, unable to look away. Leaning against the graffitied walls like an old nameless cowboy, he puffs on his cigarette meticulously.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
I remember when we first
met. Tall, serious and thin, He
was going nowhere, and neither was
I. We got along great.

EXT. OUTSIDE MUSEUM - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

Anthony and John walk side by side, their connection is obvious. Anthony smiles delightfully and grabs John's hat and runs off. Flustered and just as excited John turns and chases after him.

Anthony turns into an alley way and plants himself against the wall waiting, John follows, laughing he lunges into Anthony grabbing for the hat, they grope each other playfully, they can't control themselves.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

He stayed with me in the village
for a few months. We roamed the
city like a mut without a home. Of
course, we were just kids, what did
we really know?

EXT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

Anthony exits his apartment building, adjusting his coat collar to protect against the cold winter air. Standing at the bottom of the stairs is John. Smoking a cigarette, he looks up at John innocently, his duffel bag hanging from his shoulder. Anthony stands, frozen in place. John flicks his cigarette in the street and walks away, never stopping to look back, he disappears in the afternoon crowd.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

It wasn't long until he got bored
and left to prowl someplace
else. Just like that he was
gone. I could never figure him
out, but I loved him
anyway. Something I'll never fully
get over.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Anthony stares in the depths of his drink.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

It was a Tuesday when I got the
call. I still remember the fear in
his voice. It was summer, he was
in Des Moines in some hotel when
they kicked in the door... Hostages
are never taken.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

John stands uptight on the corner. A black Lincoln stops suddenly in front of him, the passenger side window lowers slowly. Caught in it's gravitational pull, John drifts helplessly towards the vehicle.

INT. BLACK LINCOLN - NIGHT

John leans through the window, the DRIVER, hidden in shadows, hands him twenty bucks, John takes it and gets in the car, they drive off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

John and the Driver, both equally shy and handsome, sit next to each other awkwardly on the bed. John, not knowing what else to do, stands up and starts unbuckling his belt-KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. He stares blankly at the door. Silence. CRASH. Three men pour into the room, anger painted on their faces. In a panic John trips and falls, the three men surround him and commence their senseless beating, making sure to kick him in the groin. Wielding a knife the Driver slips in unnoticed, stabbing John twice. Finished, they retreat.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Anthony swallows a shot of whiskey, wincing in satisfaction. He wipes his lips dry, ready for the next one.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Occasionally he talks about how he almost didn't get away. Sometimes I think he never did... Things are different, now. I've grown up. We don't see each other much anymore...

EXT. THIRD AVE. - NIGHT

John takes a drag from his cigarette as he patrols the alley, patiently waiting in the shadows, his slender body hunched, hiding everything.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

My bar is somewhat further down the street.

THE END