WALKING POSSESSION

by Ed Jones

edjones1@virginmedia.com

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FADE IN:

INT. SHABBY OFFICE -- DAY

A iron barred window. Before it, fat MIKE, 50, sprawls in a padded leather chair behind his desk. The chair, his Rolex watch, heavy gold chain, Sovereign ring, contrast to the general meanness of his surroundings.

> MIKE Walking possession order? Never heard of it.

He speaks to BARRY, 24, who fidgets on a metal chair.

BARRY The Revenue have slapped a possession order on my equipment. If I don't pay my tax bill fast, they'll auction the lot.

MIKE What's that to me?

Barry squirms to the edge of his chair.

BARRY I need a bit of help to...

MIKE Go to your bank.

BARRY The bank? By the time I get...

MIKE What's that little lot there?

He nods to a bulging black plastic bag at Barry's feet. Barry unties the string securing the contents.

> BARRY Polishing residue, rich in gold.

MIKE Looks like a bag of shit.

BARRY What it looks like doesn't matter. It's what it's worth.

MIKE Still looks like a bag of shit.

Barry sags in resignation.

BARRY

This bag of shit is worth three grand. I just can't wait the time it takes to be refined.

Mike stares at the bag with contempt.

MIKE

Tell you what I'll do.

He heaves himself up, goes to a paint-chipped safe. Takes a packet from a cardboard box. Flops in his chair, spreads it open on the desk. Looks like chips of glass.

BARRY

What are they?

He moves in closer.

MIKE Industrial diamonds, sunshine.

BARRY What do I do with them?

MIKE

Sell 'em.

BARRY Sell them? Who to?

Mike sits back, looks at Barry with disgust.

MIKE

You work in the jewelley trade and you don't know who uses industrial diamonds around here?

He speaks like he talks to an idiot.

MIKE There's a guy just down the road. Franzil or whatever his name is. He makes diamond tools. He'll buy 'em.

Realization spreads across Barry's face.

BARRY They're knocked off!

Mike jabs a finger.

MIKE All you need to know is I'll take two for 'em.

He glares at Barry who gazes at the diamonds.

MIKE You come to me bleating for help? You help me, I'll help you.

Barry's gaze is held by the diamonds.

MIKE How's your wife? What's her name?

BARRY

Ruth.

MIKE That's it, Ruth. Nice girl.

Barry looks up.

MIKE

Think about Ruth, will you? Before the bailiffs carry your equipment out your door?

BARRY Franzil, you say?

Mike nods, collects the diamonds together.

MIKE Remember. There's no come back to me. Got it?

INT. SMART OFFICE -- DAY

Beneath a framed diploma, FRANZIL, (65) studies the diamonds through a lupe screwed in his eye. Only the distant hum of machinery breaks the silence. He folds the packet on his orderly desktop then studies Barry.

FRANZIL So. Why do you come to me?

BARRY You use diamonds, don't you?

He pushes the packet towards Barry.

FRANZIL I cannot use these.

BARRY

Why not?

FRANZIL I'll send you to my supplier. He'll be interested in them. Barry is in an armchair transfixed by golden framed image of a goddess astride a tiger. Her six arms bear assorted weapons.

ASHOK, (40), sits against a heavy, ornate desk. He watches Barry closely.

ASHOK Scary, isn't she?

BARRY Yes, she is.

ASHOK Beautiful and terrible. She is Durga. Goddess of vengeance.

SATYA (26) walks in. She pays no heed to Barry, places the packet of diamonds on the desk, speaks briefly in Hindi then leaves.

ASHOK

My sister, Satya. Very knowledgable.

He indicates photos of enlarged diamonds displayed on the wall. Each shows something of their organic structure.

ASHOK Each diamond is unique, to a

dealer. They are sawn, measured, weighed, graded into lots. Each lot is unique, to a dealer. But then, you are no dealer.

Ashok moves closer to Barry. Picks up an ornate paper knife, twirls it, fixes Barry with an intent gaze.

ASHOK Walking possession. Very apt.

Barry shifts in his chair.

ASHOK You walk into my office with my goods in your possession.

Barry's eyes widen.

ASHOK Two thousand pounds you asked. Whose valuation is that? Yours?

BARRY

No.

ASHOK No. You are no dealer. Who then?

Ashok stands suddenly. He points the knife at Barry.

ASHOK Two thousand is not the true valuation. Shall I tell it you?

He puts his face close to Barry.

ASHOK My brother's brain!

Barry shrinks back. Ashok resumes his position on the desk. He twirls the knife, his eyes boring into Barry's.

ASHOK He was kicked around the carpark. His brain, damaged.

BARRY I didn't know. I swear!

ASHOK Of course not. You are only the fool. But you will tell me who gave you them. I demand it.

He points the knife at the image on the wall.

ASHOK Durga demands it!

INT. SHABBY OFFICE -- DAY

MIKE's incredulous gaze flits from the diamonds on his desk, to Barry perched on his chair.

MIKE What the hell do you mean? Worthless?

Barry shrugs.

BARRY It's what Franzil said.

MIKE

He's having you on! You're having me on!

BARRY He told me to take them to the police. Said I'd been swindled. Asked me the merchant's name. Who I bought them from. MIKE Didn't mention me, did you?

BARRY No, I swear. Never mentioned you to Franzil.

MIKE I'll sort this, one way or another, believe me.

He drums his finger on his desk as he assess Barry.

MIKE If I thought you'd dare...

BARRY You were ready to help me. Why would I risk that? Face it. Somebody has shit on you.

MIKE

Think so?

He pulls out a cellphone, stabs it with a finger. Gets a response. Barry jumps to the door, shoots back a bolt, flings it open. Ashok and two big guys rush in. Ashok snatches the phone from a stunned Mike.

MIKE Barry, you bastard, you're done!

ASHOK No, Mike. You will see that you are done.

Ashok checks the cellphone as he speaks to Barry.

ASHOK

Collect your bag of stuff and go. Call me tomorrow. We'll look at this walking possession matter.

He turns to Mike.

ASHOK

So. Now we talk.

FADE OUT.