

CAB'S TALES

"THE GOD FEATHER"

by

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Based on Helio J. Cordeiro  
original idea

FADE IN:

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

A yellow cab is slowly driving through a New York City deserted and snowy street, following another cab.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Inside her slick, yellow Royal taxi sedan, NORALEE (45), a black fat woman, is seated behind the steering-wheel. She looks pissed off at the cab in front of her.

NORALEE  
Come on bungie! Move your ass!  
Night is cold! You stupid  
lackawanna!

The cab finally turns on the left.

NORALEE  
It was about time!

She speeds away through the black muddy snow.

NORALEE  
Another fucking night to freeze  
my jugs out there.

Farther, a COUPLE is hailing her.

Noralee pulls her cab over along the sidewalk. The MAN opens the back door. Giggling and laughing enter the car.

Noralee turns back to the couple who is about to get into the car.

NORALEE  
Hey! No drunkards in my cab!

The man bends into the car.

MAN  
(jittering and  
stuttering)  
Who's drunk beauty queen?

He turns to the WOMAN.

MAN  
 (jittering and  
 stuttering)  
 Who's drunk? Are you?

The woman titters.

WOMAN  
 Anyway, I'm less drunk than you  
 are.

Without hesitation, Noralee floors on the gas pedal and the cab goes off, almost zigzagging on the muddy snow, leaving the couple laughing out loud.

The back door slams close.

NORALEE  
 Fucking boozers! Let them  
 ferment!

She turns the radio on. A Christmas song is heard.

RADIO (V.O.)  
 "Hark! The herald angels sing!  
 Glory to the newborn King! Peace  
 on earth, and mercy mild--"

Noralee turns the radio off.

NORALEE  
 Fucking merry Christmas night.  
 Just guzzlers and lost dogs in  
 the streets.

Fifty feet ahead, a man on the sidewalk coat hails her.

NORALEE  
 You'd better not being drunk  
 Charlie.

She slowly drives to the man. He is in his mid-thirties, elegantly dressed with a wealthy gray long coat. Parking at his level, Noralee realizes he is a Chinese-type guy. His name is CLARENCE.

NORALEE  
 Okay! What's now?

The back door opens and Clarence gets into the car. He slowly closes the door and sits.

Noralee stays silent.

CLARENCE  
 Wherever you want, please.

In a complete opposition to his physical, Clarence talks with George Clooney's quiet voice.

NORALEE

Wherever I want?! It's gonna cost you, mista.

CLARENCE

I don't mind. I have plenty of time ahead.

NORALEE

(muttering to herself)  
My ultimate luck. It had to be a kooky China nigga.

(to Clarence, with a peak of bitterness)  
Alone on this holy night?

CLARENCE

I'm never alone. No one is.

NORALEE

Talk about you, mista. Talk about you.

A green traffic-light is now in sight of the cab.

CLARENCE

Even if you feel alone, you're not.

(a beat)  
Mind the traffic-light.

Noralee is about to cross another street.

NORALEE

(annoyed)  
Mind the-- I saw it mista.

Suddenly, from the other street, a car appears, speeding as Hell. It crosses the street and cuts the cab's way.

Noralee floors the brakes.

NORALEE

(shouting)  
What the f--

She raises her eyes to the rear-view mirror.

NORALEE

Have you seen that, mista? Where are the pigs when you need them?

Clarence doesn't answer. He just smiles, staring at the street through his window.

NORALEE  
So, I just keep driving?

CLARENCE  
(nodding)  
Please.

NORALEE  
I want to see your cash then. I  
don't wanna get stiffed.

Clarence takes his wallet out his coat pocket and shows it to Noralee. It is filled with bills.

NORALEE  
Last week, a so-say brother  
jumped out of my cab and I had to  
pay for his rip.  
(a beat)  
Hey, you're not the talkative  
kind of man.

Clarence closes his eyes and smiles.

CLARENCE  
Trashcan.

NORALEE  
Are you talkin' to me?

She is about to turn back to Clarence when she sees a trashcan spilled over the street.

Noralee manages to swerve at the last moment and avoids it.

The cab skids on the snowy street.

NORALEE  
Fuck! It was about time!

CLARENCE  
You shouldn't swear that much.

NORALEE  
(squeaky voice)  
Hell! Who do you think you are?!  
My father?!

CLARENCE  
I'm not.

NORALEE  
Listen, mista. I had a busy night  
with boozers and hookers and I  
don't feel much like chewing the  
fat. I'm not some kind of coffee-  
pot lawyer.

CLARENCE  
I know, Noralee.

NORALEE  
(squeaky voice)  
How the Hell do you know my  
name?! Are you some kind of  
pervert?!

CLARENCE  
No. My name is Clarence.

NORALEE  
Well, Mister Clarence. I don't  
like you. I don't like people and  
I hate the whole world!

CLARENCE  
Why?

NORALEE  
Why? Cuz life is just like a box  
of shit! Maybe everyone deserves  
what he gets, but I had my share  
enough.

CLARENCE  
That's why you leave alone?

NORALEE  
None of your fucking business!

CLARENCE  
You know tonight, there are  
surely more desperate people  
outside in the streets than you.

NORALEE  
(firmly)  
I'm not interested.

CLARENCE  
People who want to finish their  
lonely existence. People who  
haven't your strength.  
(a beat)  
Beware of the cat.

NORALEE  
What are you talking about?

A cat suddenly jumps onto the car front, hissing, and  
facing Noralee.

She screams.

The cab fishtails on the street and gets on the sidewalk where it finally stalls.

Shook up, Noralee turns back to Clarence, pissed off, an elbow on the back of her seat.

NORALEE

Listen to me, Mista Clarence--  
Bullshit! I'm living alone cuz I  
want it! And now, get out of my  
cab!! You freak me out!

Clarence stays quietly seated.

CLARENCE

Not yet.

NORALEE

(squeaky voice)  
How comes "not yet"?! Okay. I  
call the cops!

She faces the steering-wheel and is about to pick up the cab radio microphone when she realizes the radio is dead. Only statics.

CLARENCE

Give me just one more minute.

NORALEE

I give you shit! Get out!!

Clarence slowly opens the back door.

CLARENCE

Time has come. Your next customer  
should be better.

NORALEE

(shouting)  
Get out!!

Clarence complies. He quietly gets off the cab, closes the door, and starts to walk away.

Noralee stares at him and realizes--

HE DOESN'T LEAVE ANY FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW

Noralee rubs her eyes.

NORALEE

(to herself)  
I need a fucking cuppa joe.

She deeply sighs as the man disappears around the corner. She turns the ignition key. The engine restarts.

She swerves to the street and keeps driving.

NORALEE  
 (to herself)  
 Wackos are everywhere tonight.  
 What will be next? Aliens?  
 Vampires?

Suddenly, looming from a porch, a black form hurls onto her cab and disappears in front of the car.

With an incredible skill, Noralee floors the brakes.

Pushed over the limit, she bends over the steering-wheel and raises her eyes to the sky.

NORALEE  
 (shouting)  
 Lemme alone!! What did I do to  
 you to deserve all this!!

She hits the steering-wheel and gets off the cab.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Noralee discovers a MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN laid on the muddy asphalt.

NORALEE  
 (shouting)  
 Are you out of your mind?!

The middle-aged black man turns his head to her. Noralee realizes he is crying.

He quickly wipes his eyes off and gets up.

Noralee's face gets grave. Her anger fades. She now considers the man with different eyes.

NORALEE  
 Are-- are you alright, Sir?

The middle-aged black man proudly tosses his coat.

MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN  
 Yes. I am.

NORALEE  
 You sure?

The middle-aged black man is about to walk but one of his legs visibly hurts him. He has to recline against the cab.

Noralee helps him to stand. At first, the middle-aged black man stiffens a bit, but, finally, surrenders.

NORALEE

Let me take you inside the cab.

Limping and helped by Noralee, the man walks to the back door she opens.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Tired, the middle-aged black man sits on the back seat.

Noralee stands outside, staring at him, not really knowing what to do.

The middle-aged black man notices then a magnificent feather on the back seat by him. He picks it up and smiles.

MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN

Do you like birds?

Noralee stares at him as he was some kind of lunatic, then bursts out laughing. The middle-aged black man laughs at his turn.

IT IS LIKE LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

CLARENCE'S P.O.V.

Down in the street, the yellow cab looks tiny.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Clarence is standing on the top of a high building, looking down to the street with a smile.

He has large wings in his back. The color is the same as the feather found in the cab.

FADE OUT: