

Fell On Black Days

A Screenplay by
Michael A. Weiss

Revised February 2, 2004

SAMPLE

Michael A. Weiss
11151 Aqua Vista St.
Apt. 230
North Hollywood, Ca
91602
818-981-8110

FADE IN:

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A SILHOUETTED MAN stands on the sidewalk looking through a restaurant window. The bright magnesium moonlight crosses through his path. He's watching what looks to be a party going on inside the restaurant. His cloths are worn, jacket ripped, pants dirty. At his side he holds a black case.

His name: JOHNNY SPENCER, mid 30's, in a low tone, tired voice he speaks...

JOHNNY (V.O.)

I woke up the same as any other day, remembering words said to me by a friend... They always say times change but you actually have to change them yourself. These words ring true, for today have changed.

FADE TO:

SUPER OVER BLACK: THE TITLE "FEL ON BLACK DAYS" APPEARS IN WHITE SCRATCHY LETTERS

FADE IN:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA PROJECTS - NIGHT

A worn down brick tenement building stands within the glowing moonlight.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We PASS THROUGH the apartment. Gun holes, shells and blood encompass the walls which are padded by puke green and yellow faded paint. This is a Drug King's Apartment. Dead bodies lie throughout the room. This is the aftermath.

We STOP on a BLACK MALE, PK (Preacher's Kid) lies on the couch coughing up blood, he's barely alive.

We CONTINUE ON until we STOP...

Johnny and his long time child hood friend and partner DALLAS DRAKE, late 30's, are cleaning up the last of the money sitting on the table.

JOHNNY

I can't fucking believe what you did.

DALLAS

What? Who cares, we did the job we needed too. You wanted this as much as I did.

JOHNNY

Not like this I didn't. Now we got Jimmy Boca to deal with.

DALLAS

Fuck him. Supposed to be the man in the 70's, well it's fucking 2001. And he ain't shit no more, hack.

JOHNNY

Shit Dallas you never learn. You're always jumping two steps ahead without thinking what could happen.

DALLAS

Ah fuck, can't come at me with this now.

Dallas picks up a stack of money and holds it up to Johnny.

DALLAS

I'm gonna say us that bar on the sandy beaches of Mexico we always talk about.

JOHNNY

If you make it that long. First the fake money then the Cowboy shoot'em up. What's gonna be your encore?

PK is still alive. His hands, covered in blood, shake as he takes hold of the shotgun in front of him. PK slowly tries to aim the gun at Dallas. He slips..... BAM!

Johnny jumps back as Dallas quickly looks past himself.

DALLAS

Holy Shit!

PK
(laughing)
Cracker fucks.

PK begins to cough up blood. The gun lies on his chest.

JOHNNY
What the fuck, you didn't check him
before we cleaned up?

DALLAS
I shot him three times in the
chest, normal motherfuckers would
be dead.

Johnny walks over to PK and takes the shotgun away from him.
He unloads it and throws it on the floor behind him.

JOHNNY
Was that so hard?

DALLAS
Shit man what's up your ass today?

JOHNNY
What? Were you a your last job?
Did you see what we did?

DALLAS
We did what we had to do.

JOHNNY
Don't do that, don't fucking make
it smaller than it was.

DALLAS
You want out of this life as much
as I do.

PK again laughs at them bickering back and forth, and again
spits up blood.

JOHNNY
Let's just get this wrapped up.

DALLAS
What do you want to do with him?

JOHNNY
Let him die in his own blood.

They finish packing the briefcases, off the table they take their guns and holster them into their pants. They look around before exiting.

JOHNNY

I'm out of here. We should just go our separate ways now.

Dallas spins Johnny around and gets in his face.

DALLAS

Listen, if this is you blowing off steam then fine but you know as well as I do you can't live without the action, without me, without this life.

Johnny shrugs him off and begins to walk out.

JOHNNY

I'll do just fine. Remember I'm the brains.

DALLAS

Listen, I'm sorry, really. I'm sorry, I should have told you about the switch. I should have told you about my plan. I wanted to be the one with the plan this time.

Johnny stops at the door and turns to look at Dallas. Something else grabs his attention though. Johnny places his case on the floor, he takes out a gun. Signaling over to Dallas to do the same thing and follow his lead. They walk over to a closed door that has been riddled with bullets.

Johnny puts up 1 finger then 2 and then 3... They kick in the door and draw their guns at...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A MAN squirming inside the bathtub. The entire bathroom is covered with blood. Hand prints, smears. Standing in the doorway Dallas and Johnny watch as the man squirms to keep himself alive.

DALLAS

Ain't this some shit.

BAM! Dallas finishes the job and walks out of the bathroom.

Off Johnny's reaction we...

EXT. VALLEY FORGE PARK - NIGHT

It's dark outside, not a cloud in the sky. We MOVE DOWN from the incandescent moon over the Memorial Arch of Valley Forge. Within the Arch stands Johnny and Dallas, waiting.

Johnny looks at his watch. Dallas switches hands with the briefcase he is holding.

DALLAS
They're late.

JOHNNY
In two minutes they will be.

A black Suburban and a old boat sized Mercedes pull up. ROSCO, early 30's, steps out of the Mercedes with four BODYGUARDS heavily armed and carrying four other briefcases. They make their way up to Dallas and Johnny.

Rosco is one of the faces for Jimmy local. He's a southerner with a short man's complex who also uses a whip as his weapon of choice.

ROSCO
Dallas Duke and Johnny Spencer,
WOOD HOO... we got us some outlaws
here.
(to a bodyguard)
Now watch these motherfuckers,
they're sick on the gun.

Dallas laughs at Rosco.

DALLAS
You here to deal or make jokes?

ROSCO
Son I'm here to make me some money.
Now let's have at it.

Johnny turns his back on Rosco, he stares up at the Arch.

ROSCO
Now what we got here?

DALLAS
Don't worry about him. I have the
case.

ROSCO

You two sure run a fucked up game here. No reach around's, you know what I mean?

Off Rosco's smile we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAR/PHILADELPHIA PROJECTS - NIGHT

We PULL OUT from the moon shining down onto a black car. The trunk is open. Dallas walks out from behind the trunk over to the passenger window.

Inside the car Johnny's head rest against the window.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The butt of a gun knocks against the window of the car, startling Johnny. He stares up at Dallas with an unpleasant look.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Johnny gets out of the car, blood covered, carrying a black bag with him. Dallas puts his gun back in his pants. Johnny fixes himself but seems different, distant.

DALLAS

Jes' Johnny, you gotta get some sleep sometime other than before a job.

JOHNNY

Sleep is not on my mind.

Dallas take's a cocaine vial out of his pocket, he snorts it.

DALLAS

Two words for ya, Ny Quil. Even when I wasn't sick I'd take that shit. I'd have the strangest dreams.

JOHNNY

After tonight I don't know if I'll ever sleep again.

Johnny and Dallas walk to the back of the car. Dallas ruffles through the trunk throwing Johnny a shirt to change into. Johnny changes shirts, throwing his old one back in the trunk.

DALLAS

You ok?

Dallas smells the air.

JOHNNY

I'll be fine let's get this over with.

DALLAS

I think it's gonna rain tonight.

Dallas grabs the metal briefcase, Johnny throws the black bag in the trunk. Dallas closes the trunk.

Standing in front of them is the worn down brick cement building. Off Dallas's smirk they walk.

DALLAS

I'm not gonna get shot cause you have issues.

JOHNNY

If you get shot it's from my gun.

DALLAS

Nice. This is how it's gonna end?

JOHNNY

Somebody ever said it would end pretty.

They walk to the front door.

DALLAS

From the womb to the tomb.

JOHNNY

(reluctant)

From the womb to the tomb.

Off Dallas's smile we...

EXT. CHURCH ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A church stands quiet amongst the thunderous sky as it pours down rain.

ENTER Johnny and Dallas as they run up the steps to the church. Johnny and Dallas both carry cases with them. Johnny bangs on the door.

DALLAS
Come on, come on.

JOHNNY
Father Orwan, come on Father.

Johnny bangs on the door again. The door unlocks and opens. FATHER JOSEPH ORWAN (56), is standing in the doorway.

FATHER
I should have expected as much.
You boys have to learn to come here
during the day time.

JOHNNY
Father, it's raining, please.

FATHER
If your mothers could just see you
two now.

DALLAS
Please, Father.

FATHER
Come on in.

Father Orwan opens the church door for them. Dallas and Johnny walk into the church out of the rain.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Johnny and Dallas follow Father Orwan through the church. The church is lined with rows of benches, twenty deep. On either side of the walls there are three stain glass windows with biblical figures painted on them.

Father leads them to the pulpit.

FATHER
Give me your things. I will put
them in your rooms, go wash up,
then we will start.

Johnny and Dallas hand Father Orwan their bags. Father Orwan walks off.

Johnny and Dallas stand in front of the Lord Jesus Christ. They cross their chests and pray silently.

We RISE UP to the cross of Jesus Christ staring down on these two lost souls.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Johnny splashes water on his face. Dallas is next to him taking a piss. Johnny stares into the mirror in front of him, looking for another face. Dallas flushes the toilet and walks over to Johnny.

DALLAS

It's in your blood man, this is just what we do.

Johnny looks at Dallas through the mirror. He cries his hands and face.

JOHNNY

This is what we do.

He shakes his head and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - NIGHT

The confession booth is dark, a small dim light from above is the only thing that lights it. The door opens and Dallas jumps in the confession booth. Dallas kneels down, the window in front of him slides open and through a mesh barricade Father Orwan can be seen.

DALLAS

Bless me Father for I have sinned.

FATHER

Child tell me your sins.

DALLAS

Father I think you know my sins without asking.

FATHER

Dallas, every man sins, it's what you do to correct it that makes you the man you are.

Dallas smirks.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Even now at the moment you should
be letting go, you don't.

SAMPLE