

ALL FOR ANGIE

An original crime dramedy writing sample

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FADE IN:

INT. RAMON'S DUPLEX -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A dozen empty beer cans sit in a pile on a coffee table in a modest home with Ikea furniture.

RAMON, mid 20s with an average build and a stained white tee, sits back in a recliner and takes a long drag off a joint.

ISAAC, mid 20s with a wrinkle-free button down shirt and new sneakers, sits next to Ramon and accepts the joint hand-off.

Isaac takes a much smaller drag and hands it back.

ISAAC

You think she would?

RAMON

Yeah, man. You just need someone to vouch for you.

(pats his chest)

I got that.

ISAAC

Has she ever listened to you before?

Ramon squints and looks up at the ceiling.

RAMON

Yeah? Yeah. No, she has.

ISAAC

That sounds promising.

RAMON

I'm telling you, man. I'm her brother. She'll hear me out.

Ramon takes another long hit.

RAMON (CONT'D)

Look it. You're not ugly and you know how to be a good guy. She's rolled with some shady mother fuckers but I think she's ready for a change.

ISAAC

I guess I'll take that.

RAMON
If you're so nervous about it,
why'd you even ask me?

ISAAC
Just gimme the intro.

RAMON
Okay okay.
(beat)
You're my bro and all, but I still
need a favor.

ISAAC
I knew this shit wouldn't be free.

RAMON
It's not about payment, it's about
us having each other's backs. And
I'm in a tight spot right now.

ISAAC
How tight?

RAMON
It's a small favor I gotta respect
from Steph.

ISAAC
Steph? Really?

RAMON
Once in a while I need those kinds
of gigs. Minimum wage does shit.

ISAAC
What's the favor?

RAMON
Only a drop-off.

ISAAC
Fuck, Ramon! You never know what
you're walking into with that shit.

RAMON
True, but you gotta come through
for me on this. Steph needs some
cool-down time before seeing my
face again.

ISAAC

Seems like a steep price for getting that inside track with Angie.

RAMON

You're the one asking for it. If she's no big deal, then forget about it and just finish this joint with me.

Isaac takes the joint again, hits it, and sits in silence.

RAMON (CONT'D)

So we doin' this?

Isaac looks at Ramon and exhales. Smoke billows out as he nods.

INT. STEPH'S HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Isaac walks through a smokey corridor with colorful lights flashing. People are lined against the wall, drunk and rowdy.

A MUSCULAR GUY stares at Isaac as he passes.

ISAAC

Hey, where can I find Steph?

The Muscular Guy laughs hysterically then stops abruptly.

MUSCULAR GUY

Fuck you!

Isaac wipes trace amounts of spit off his face and keeps walking.

INT. STEPH'S HOUSE -- BACK ROOM -- NIGHT

Isaac spots Steph in a room with just a few other people. As Isaac steps up to the open door, a BOUNCER blocks his path.

BOUNCER

What'cha want?

ISAAC

I'm here to pick up for Steph.

BOUNCER

I don't know you.

ISAAC
I know Ramon.

BOUNCER
That limp dick nothin'?

ISAAC
I don't know anything about his
dick, but yeah.

The Bouncer grabs Isaac by the shirt, ready to pound his face
in.

STEPH (O.S.)
Let 'em in.

Isaac sidles by the aggravated Bouncer and sees STEPH, a well-
dressed man in his 30s with a piercing stare, lounging on a
velvet couch sipping a whiskey.

STEPH (CONT'D)
So... you know Ramon.

ISAAC
He's a friend.

STEPH
Do all your friends ask you to do
their dirty work?

ISAAC
Nah.

STEPH
Just Ramon. Got it. He's shitty
like that.

ISAAC
We have an agreement.

STEPH
Oh good. I'm glad you're gettin'
somethin' out of this then, because
I was about to assume you were some
special kind of dumb fuck.

ISAAC
What's the job?

STEPH
Alright. Settle down, boss.
(to someone in a dark
corner)
(MORE)

STEPH (CONT'D)

My lovely, can you bring our new
friend Ramon's package?

A young woman in her 20s, dressed in a skin tight dress,
saunters over to Isaac and hands him a paper-wrapped box the
size of a brick.

She sits down next to Steph and gently rubs his inner thigh.

ISAAC

Angie?

ANGIE, with beautiful green eyes, stares vacantly at Isaac.

ANGIE

Do I know you?

Isaac is visibly in shock, mouth agape.

ISAAC

No. You don't.

Isaac turns to leave.

STEPH

Hold up, cowboy. You don't even
know where you're goin'.

Isaac turns back around and sighs.

STEPH (CONT'D)

87th and Federal. Drop it in the
trashcan under the streetlight.
Right in front of the pawn shop.
Got it?

ISAAC

Got it.

Isaac turns to leave again.

STEPH

Oh and don't go gettin' any stupid
ideas since you never done this
before. I got eyes everywhere, son.
You hear me?

ISAAC

I hear ya.

Angie leans in to Steph and kisses him.

BOUNCER

Go on, errand boy!

Isaac peels his gaze away from Angie's busy tongue and walks out.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Driving through surface streets, Isaac bites his bottom lip and grips the steering wheel.

ISAAC
Goddammit!

He sees graffiti with gang signs in red as he turns. The next block has more but it's tagged over in blue.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Fuck this.

Isaac pulls over next to a dumpster and opens his car door. He reaches for the package as headlights flash in his rearview mirror.

A car pulls over right behind him.

He stares in the mirror as the car sits there idling with headlights still on.

No one gets out of the car but he can see two silhouetted figures in the front.

Isaac reaches for his open door and closes it.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Thanks so much for this shit,
Ramon.

Isaac starts his car up again and slowly drives away.

The other car follows him.

Isaac looks up at the street signs hanging overhead: 83rd 84th, 85th street. Isaac tilts his head to crack it.

The headlights in his rearview mirror dim. He sees the tailing car pull a u-turn and drive away.

Headlights illuminate the signs for 87th and Federal. Isaac pulls over in front of the pawn shop. He looks around the vacant corner and grabs the package.

He steps out of the car and slowly closes the door.

INT. PARKED CAR -- NIGHT

Across the street, GHOST, a young woman in all black clothes sitting in the passenger seat, points an assault rifle at Isaac.

SLY, a late 30s man also dressed in all black, sits in the driver's seat.

GHOST

Who the fuck is this joker?

SLY

He doesn't look like one of Steph's regulars.

GHOST

Why is he pullin' this shit?
Trustin' a nobody with a delivery?

SLY

Steph is on edge but this is risky
even for him. We still gotta clap
back.

Ghost lowers the gun.

GHOST

We don't.

SLY

That's why we're here, Ghost. Can't
ignore that.

GHOST

Yeah, we can. We can ignore this
whole thing.

SLY

What are you sayin'?

GHOST

If nobody makes the drop, Steph is
done.

SLY

But someone did make the drop.
Look.

Isaac places the package in the trashcan.

GHOST

I didn't see nothin'.

SLY

This is some big-time shit, Ghost.
Victor is gonna want Steph's head
after one more fuck-up.

GHOST

And guess who he's gonna ask to
make it right?

Ghost smiles.

SLY

You really are after that ladder.

GHOST

How else am I supposed to get mine?

Isaac gets back in his car and peels out as Ghost and Sly
watch.

SLY

Steph is gonna have it out for that
poor fucker.

GHOST

Ain't my business.

FADE OUT: