

Everything After

by

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EXT. ROAD- MORNING

Music begins...

The camera moves along a road as the white hash lines pass by.

A foot slams into frame followed by its companion. They move at a quick pace but a steady rhythm.

A sole runner sprints along the edge where the wheat fields of the Palouse meet the concrete road. His body is lean and strong. Music from his head phones fills his head.

He turns up an old country road that runs perpendicular to the concrete highway.

EXT. FARM HOUSE- MORNING

A tractor being driven by a Native American farmer, an older version of the runner, waves as the runner heads towards the farm house.

INT. FARM HOUSE- KITCHEN- MORNING

The runner makes his way into the farm house kitchen. He stops and drinks water directly from the faucet.

He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he grabs a glass that sits on the counter. He fills it and then spins around to grab a plate with a cold country breakfast and then heads to...

INT. FARM HOUSE- BEDROOM - MORNING

... his bedroom. It reeks of a young teenage boy ... young man clutter. He balances his plate on the glass as he takes off his headset. Pushes a button on his MP3 player that makes his music play on his Bluetooth speaker.

He tosses the MP3 player on the mess that is his bed. Over the bed hangs a mixture of classic and modern rock band posters.

As he makes his way around the room we see on another wall two large posters: one of Jim Thorpe and another of Chief Joseph.

He sits down at his desk and hits a button on the computer. As he waits for his laptop to turn on he stuffs as many pieces of bacon into his mouth as he can. He looks up at the wall above his desk, which is full of accolades for track and field.

He glances at the only picture frame on his desk. It is homemade collage of pictures of a boy and girl. It is the same two kids at different ages starting with elementary school ending with a prom picture circled in a silver heart and signature Maria. His eyes move over to a pinned more recent candid photo of the attractive young girl and him. He is lost in a memory but he is awakened by the laptop when it tells him that he has mail.

He scans the list of e-mails as he drinks his water. The usual promotional and garbage type things we all see on our lap tops. Then something catches his eye.

The heading reads "MARIA@PCLAPTOPS.COM SUBJECT I NEED YA".

His fingers move quickly as he opens the e-mail.

It reads: *Hey O! How are ya? I'm sure ya just got back from your run. I know this the worst time to ask ya this it being summer time and all. I know how much ya have to do around the farm but I need ya. Please hurry. Ya can catch the 9 am bus and be here 8 pm. I need your help! Please come. I will meet ya at the Wall street entrance of the bus terminal about 11 pm. I know that I can count on ya. See ya soon Love Maria.*

O's eyes dart to the clock.

It reads 7:45 am. A cell phone rings ...

INT. BATHROOM- HOURS LATER

... wet, slender hands drop and reveal a pair of beautiful dark eyes. She looks over to the sound of the ringing phone.

The phone rings. The shower is turned off. The phone stops ringing

The phone reads "9:45 am. Missed call from Maria". Her hand comes in and picks up the phone and scrolls to see if she has a message.

She brings the phone to her ear. Water drips down her fingers from her wet hair.

We can hear that it is a female's voice on the message but can't make out more than that.

Single notes from a guitar begin to play.

She brings down the phone and on the partially steamed-up wall mirror her reflection tells us this was not a message she was looking forward to.

A guitar chord strums ...

EXT. DOWNTOWN WALKING STREET- DAY

A young black musician's hand strums a guitar. The music echoes loneliness. A solitude ...

... like that of this musician as he plays in the middle of the bustle of business people making their way to and from lunch.

Some dollars fall but mostly coins into the guitar case. Then suddenly a folded note falls in. It reads "Henderson".

The guitarist stops playing and looks up but the messenger has disappeared into the crowd.

He reaches for the note slowly then reads it.

HENDERSON appears and disappears with every passing stranger. He seems even more alone as he sits there silently reading the note. On the wipe of a stranger...

INT. THE DOWNTOWNER MOTEL - A ROOM - DAY

... the darkness slips away as a dark blanket falls through frame revealing a dirty white wall with a cheap black velvet artwork.

An attractive chambermaid dressed in an ugly uniform makes the bed. She is less than satisfied with what she is doing but she completes her task. A vibrating phone goes off in her pocket. She finishes the bed first. Grabs the clear plastic bag of trash and steps out ...

EXT. THE DOWNTOWNER MOTEL - DAY

... of the room onto the second floor balcony. She puts the trash on the full bin of her cart. She reaches for the phone in her pocket.

Her name tag that reads: CALLE.

Her fingers move quickly as to open up the text message from Maria.

"I need to see ya. Tonight! Wall street entrance bus terminal. Ya know why...."

Then she looks and catches a glimpse of something in the trash bag.

A used condom.

She reaches for a squirt of sanitation soap. She begins to rub in the soap. She turns away from the cart and continues to rub her hands.

A rumble begins...

She can't seem to get them clean enough. Leaning against the railing trying to clean her hands, her whole body shows that finally something gives. She seems to crumble surrounded by the seediness of the outdoor courtyard.

The rumble grows into the roar of a train ...

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS NEAR RED BRICK BUILDINGS - DUSK

A train moves down the track past a red brick building.

INT. RED BRICK BUILDING- STUDIO APT- DUSK

The train can be seen roaring across the tracks just outside the window. Smoke rises. Some of it disappears, some of it goes back to from where it came. We follow it to reveal a strong muscular young man smoking on a twin bed as the evening sunlight flickers in the bedroom due to the passing train. The room is much different than O's. No warmth nor history, more Spartan; lamp on the floor, small sink, mini fridge, micro wave, weight bench, and a punching bag.

He is lost in his thoughts. He takes one last long drag.

As though in a race the paper around the cherry of the cigarette curls and burns away.

The last of the train passes by as the sunset explodes into the room. There is a knock.

The door, which has a hole that looks like it's from a fist punch, opens.

In the hallway stands a nervous Henderson, the street musician, guitar strapped to his back. He steps right into the room

HENDERSON

BLUE, Did you hear from Maria?

BLUE

Yeah.

Henderson closes the door and takes the last drag from cigarette.

HENDERSON

What she say to you?

BLUE

You know her. A lot of nothin'.
I'm goin' to get somethin' to eat.
You can come if you want.

Blue leaves before Henderson can respond. It wasn't really an invitation, and Henderson knew it. He spots a cigarette pack and helps himself. In the comfort of the burning cigarette he wonders what she said to Blue. He tosses the lighter up misses it.

The lighter slides under the bed.

From the other side of the bed we watch as Henderson feels for the lighter. He stops. His face tells us he has found something more than the lighter. He slowly lowers himself to get a better view. We follow into darkness.

INT. BLACKWOOD'S GARAGE - DUSK

Blackness. Sparks fly. They are coming from a grinder as it eats into metal. It appears to be erasing serial numbers.

A man with goggles works the grinder over an engine block that hangs from two large chains attached to a pulley.

A warehouse space that has been converted to some type of body shop. Several automobiles at different stages of disassembly. The orange light of the sunset bursts into the space as the one of two large doors opens. Two silhouetted figures come in, one of them chattering away.

MICHAEL

... Man, I am not bullshitting. It is cherry and you are goin' to drool like a mother when you see this black beauty ...

MICHAEL leads the pair in. He is a pretty boy tough guy but a bit strung out. He is followed by a tall, thin bald MAN. The man looks like something right out of the movie ROMPER STOMPER with three days' growth. He chomps on a juicy red apple.

An older, wiseguy type comes out of the makeshift office followed by what appears to be a large bodyguard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mr. Blackwood, this is the guy that I chatted with you about.

The two men eyeball each other as they shake hands.

MR. BLACKWOOD

Didn't catch the name.

MAN

Didn't throw it.

Michael can see this is not starting off right.

MICHAEL

Hey, man, why you got to be like that ... we don't need all this... Ya know ... It's cool, man, Mr. Blackwood has the shit ... but you got to be cool man.

MR. BLACKWOOD

Fuck it! We are not at a tea party. The man wants to see a car, let's show him a car.

A tarp is yanked off a customized 1969 Dodge Charger. The man chomps on the apple as he walks around the car.

MICHAEL

What I tell you man! Fuckin' beauty.

MR. BLACKWOOD

Normally I don't do business like this so hope you don't mind me asking you something?

MAN
(mouthful of apple)
Nope.

The man opens the door, inspects the car.

MR. BLACKWOOD
Are you a cop?

MAN
No.

MR. BLACKWOOD
You got the money.

The man looks under the driver's seat

MAN
No.

Mr. Blackwood throws a look at Michael.

MICHAEL
But he can get it. There's no
issues, Mr. Blackwood. He can get
it. Right, man, you told me you
can get it?

MR. BLACKWOOD
Am I wasting my time here?

MAN
No, you're not. Can I check the
trunk?

MICHAEL
Why do you want to do that for?

MR. BLACKWOOD
He wants to make sure that I
didn't pull this out of a lake
somewhere, then just made it look
pretty.

The man has gained Mr. Blackwood's respect. Blackwood
tosses him the keys.

MICHAEL
Lake? What lake? I am the one who
brought it in with the kid?

Keys go into the lock and opens the trunk.

MR. BLACKWOOD
Shut the fuck up Michael!

The man inspects the truck. He reaches in ...

MICHAEL
Okay, okay, cool.

Mr. Blackwood walks up behind the man

MR. BLACKWOOD
So what do you think?

In a quick smooth motion the man spins around and whacks Mr. Blackwood in the face with an extra long crowbar.

Mr. Blackwood goes down hard. The man hits the bodyguard on the face with the apple as the bodyguard rushes at him. The man then thrusts and impales the bodyguard with the sharp end of the crowbar.

The man almost picks him up and drops him like a beached whale. A bullet whizzes by and hits hubcap behind the two men. The man turns ...

... to see the grinder guy with a smoking gun in his hand. His eyes are wild and scared.

The man grabs Michael, using him as a shield, then rushes at the grinder guy.

The grinder guy fires three shots but is so scared he misses each time.

Michael's body slams into the grinder guy, knocking them both over. As they go down the gun slides near Michael. It is just in his reach. He looks at the man.

The man just throws him an evil glance that freezes Michael in his tracks. Then he stands over the grinder guy and crushes his skull with the crowbar.

Blood flies everywhere.

On the Wall.

On the man's white T-shirt.

On Michael's face.

The man lands a final blow then heads over to Michael.

Kicks the gun away and grabs Michael. Drags him so that he is lying under the engine block.

MICHAEL

Please, man don't kill me. I won't say a word.

MAN

That will be a first.

He grabs the chain and releases the engine block. Michael's head and chest explode on impact.

The man opens the warehouse doors as the last of the twilight creeps into the space.

He walks back over to the car. He hears a moan.

It is Mr. Blackwood with a broken jaw coming to. The man kneels down next to him. He looks at the back of the car and then slides Mr. Blackwood a little to his left.

MAN (CONT'D)

The name is Virgil.

He gets into the driver seat and starts the engine.

Mr. Blackwood moans and with a dazed look he sees the backup lights pop on. More important that the back tire is lined up to his head. Too late for him to move - with a squeal of burning rubber the car rushes at him.

THUMP! SPLAT! Virgil stops the car then puts it into drive.

He speeds out the open doors. The sound of the roaring engine echoes in the garage.

As he disappears the engine noise is over taken by the loud squeal of brakes ...

EXT. PLAZA BUS TERMINAL- TWILIGHT

... of a bus as it comes to a stop.

It parks next to two Greyhound-type buses. People are getting on one bus and getting off the other. They stop near the side to gather their bags. O, the runner from the opening, steps out of the bus wearing a backpack. He looks around and heads ...

INT. BUS PLAZA WALL ST. ENTRANCE- TWILIGHT

... through the sliding door entrance in the midst of some other fellow travelers. He looks around.

He sees the sitting area near the entrance. The place is crowded and busy. Not quite Grand Central Station but for this farm boy it might as well be.

From high above a girl with long straight hair watches his every move.

He looks at the clock on the wall. It reads 8:08 pm. He has almost two hours to kill. He decides to go back outside.

The girl from high above that has been watching opens a purple-colored composition book. In it there is a photograph. She holds it up. It is a copy of the one that O had on his desk. Is the girl in the picture the voyeur...

INT. SULLEY'S DINER- NIGHT

... the hair seems like it might be the same girl. The picture falls on to a table top next to a bottle of coke.

O sits at a booth looking at the picture he brought from home. He sits in the downtown diner whose clientele is best described as eclectic.

As an attractive waitress in her early twenties walks over with his order of an all-American cheeseburger and fries.

The girls at a nearby table whisper and giggle. They look in both O's and her direction. In contrast these girls are overly made-up and trying to look like someone famous for being famous.

O doesn't notice them nor the waitress as she slides his food in front of him.

WAITRESS

Not sure if you'd noticed but those girls over there are totally eyeing you?

O looks up from his trance and checks out the girls. Something in how they are looking right past him gives him a different idea. He looks over the waitress. He notices the name tag says "Jonsey"

O

Are you sure it's me they're gawking at?

The waitress looks over. The girls giggle and turn away.