

INDECENT DELIVERY

Act 1 Sample 1

"ONE LAST JOB"

By

Robb Edward Morris

WGA#: 190423

robbedwardmorris@gmail.com  
1 (213) 810-4556

FADE IN:

EXT. GALANZ'S OFFICE HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: San Antonio, Texas - 2008

The SIGN on the front lawn of a small FAMILY HOME reads  
RICHARD GALANZ REAL ESTATE.

RUSSELL MADIK, (African American, Mid 40's, fit) parks his  
aging sedan in front, and casually strolls toward the door.

He wears a TAILORED TWO-PIECE SUIT and a BASEBALL CAP.

INT. GALANZ'S OFFICE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The place is a mess.

RICHIE GALANZ, (Caucasian, mid 40's,) sits behind a desk  
shuffling through a sea of disorganized papers.

Madik comes through the door.

MADIK

Goddammit Galanz! What is that  
smell?

GALANZ

Yesterday's take out.

MADIK

Smells like ass.

GALANZ

Tasted like one.

MADIK

You're a fucking slob.

GALANZ

Excuse me, Mr. tailored suit.

MADIK

My one indulgence.

GALANZ

With the pimp threads.

MADIK

Otherwise I'm frugal.

GALANZ  
Ma bro-tha.

MADIK  
Oh. We're black today?

Galanz moves to a BOOKSHELF.

GALANZ  
Bad muthafucka.

MADIK  
Using the lingo doesn't make you  
one of us. You realize that.

Madik plops in his chair.

GALANZ  
I'm not trying to be with that  
gear.

MADIK  
You wish you were.

GALANZ  
You're wearing a baseball cap.

MADIK  
And I look good.

GALANZ  
Who the fuck does that?

MADIK  
What you know 'bout fashion bee-  
atch?

GALANZ  
I know something.

MADIK  
You're not even matching!

GALANZ  
I know you don't wear a fucking  
baseball cap with a tailored suit.

Madik sees the ROTTING FOOD.

MADIK  
Will you throw this fuckin' shit  
away. What are you making cheese?

GALANZ

Alright, I'm throwing it away.

He drops it in the bin by the desk.

MADIK

Thank you. I don't smell it now.

GALANZ

What you want me to do?

MADIK

Get rid of it!

Galanz takes the bin to a back room.

MADIK (CONT'D)

Nasty ass shit. That's disgusting.  
You're a slob.

GALANZ(O.S.)

Your sister loved it!

Galanz returns.

MADIK

That was the last one, right?

GALANZ

One more.

MADIK

I thought we were squared, Galanz.

GALANZ

Madik, why don't you just pay me  
the money back?

MADIK

I'm saving for my retirement. So  
what about the gig?

GALANZ

It's a little bit different.

MADIK

(suspicious)

What is it?

GALANZ

Hold on.

MADIK

Better not be no fuckin' immoral  
shit. My daddy's a priest.

GALANZ

I know.

MADIK

So?

GALANZ

I got a client. He's a bit of a  
strange bird. His name is Phillip  
Talleywack.

MADIK

You mean like the song? Nick-nack-  
talley-wack give a dog a bone?

GALANZ

Something like that.

MADIK

I'm not judging.

GALANZ

I need you to make a delivery to  
him.

MADIK

What is it?

GALANZ

A girl from Taiwan.

MADIK

You want me to deliver a girl? Not  
a package.

GALANZ

She IS the package.

MADIK

Sounds like some fucking immoral  
shit.

GALANZ

Will you chill with the morality  
trip.

MADIK

I ain't doin' nothin' freaky.

GALANZ

Listen, the guy lost his wife, OK. She died of...something, it doesn't matter. They never had any kids. He got into some trouble with the law a few years back so he can't adopt. He just wants to be a dad. So we "arranged" for him to have a kid.

MADIK

He some kinda kiddie perv?

GALANZ

No. He's alright. But that's not a relevant issue.

MADIK

It is for me.

GALANZ

The guy is paying a ridiculous amount of money for this delivery. Far as I'm concerned, that supersedes morals.

MADIK

So what do you want me to do, fly to fucking Taiwan?

GALANZ

Nah nah nah.

MADIK

Because fuck that shit.

GALANZ

We got a guy bringing her over. All you gotta do is pick her up from the airport, take her out to Talleywack's, drop her off, you're done.

MADIK

And we're squared after this?

GALANZ

Paid in full.

MADIK

I don't wanna come back to this fuckin' office. You got shit growing in here.

INT. SAN ANTONIO AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Madik waits.

Sutti (Taiwanese, 16-yrs-old) and her ESCORT, (Latino, 30's,) approach him. Sutti carries a SMALL TRAVEL BAG.

ESCORT  
You Madik?

MADIK  
That's me.

ESCORT  
She's all mouth and she's all yours.

SUTTI  
I must go pee wee! Go to toilet.  
Pee pee. Wee wee.

MADIK  
What's your name, sweetie?

SUTTI  
Pee pee. Wee wee. Go to toilet!

She drones this continuously.

MADIK  
Are you serious?

ESCORT  
You have no idea.

MADIK  
She got a name?

ESCORT  
Sutti - something. Fuck, I don't know. I can't pronounce it.

SUTTI  
Pee pee! Wee wee! Wee pee pee!

MADIK  
Alright! We go pee pee wee wee!

ESCORT  
Good luck man.

Madik takes Sutti by the arm and leads her to the restroom.

MADIK

Listen to me, Sutti. I want you to go in there and don't friggin take all day. Understand? I'll be right next door doing my own business.

He leaves her standing there and goes to the restroom door.

MADIK (CONT'D)

Make it snappy!

He goes inside.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Madik comes inside and pisses at a commode.

The stream is strong.

INT. AIRPORT - ENTRANCE TO RESTROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Madik comes out of the men's room and looks around for Sutti. She's nowhere in sight.

He cracks the door to the ladies room.

MADIK

Sutti! Rap it up. Let's go.

No answer.

MADIK (CONT'D)

Sutti, squeeze it off!

Still no answer.

MADIK (CONT'D)

Sutti!... You in there? Sutti!...  
Goddamit!

He goes inside.

INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Madik calls out to her while peeking under stall doors.

Two are empty.

We HEAR A FLUSH from inside the third one.

A bent over ELDERLY WOMAN emerges.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
This is the ladies room, young man.

MADIK  
Shit!

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Madik bursts out of the restroom, looking around for her.

He races through the airport and finally sees her crying in the arms of a FRAIL OLD MAN with a conspicuous HEARING AID.

Sutti sees him coming and points.

SUTTI  
That's him!

FRAIL OLD MAN  
Is this your daughter?

MADIK  
No.

FRAIL OLD MAN  
Shame on you! Leaving this poor child on her own. There are treacherous people about!

Sutti sobs.

FRAIL OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
Yes, yes. It's okay now.

He appraises Madik.

FRAIL OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
You don't look like her father.

MADIK  
I'm not her father.

FRAIL OLD MAN  
You look after her. The way a good father should. Shame on you!

He wobbles off.

Sutti's sobbing ceases immediately.

She holds up a wad of cash.

SUTTI

We go shop.

She runs towards the Duty Free. Madik grabs her by the elbow and marches her to the exit.

INT. MADIK'S CAR - DAY

Madik chauffeurs Sutti through the streets of San Antonio. Sutti stares out the of window, wide-eyed, singing like an annoying brat!

SUTTI

America. America. I go to America!

America. America. I go to America!

MADIK

Oh brother.

Sutti spots a McDonald's and gets excited.

SUTTI

McDonald's! I want McDonald's!

MADIK

No.

She pokes out her bottom lip and folds her arms.

A LITTLE LATER - STILL DRIVING

Sutti eyes Madik overtly. He pretends like he doesn't notice.

SUTTI

You bad man, Mista?

MADIK

Yes.

SUTTI

You tough guy, huh?

MADIK

That's right. I'm bad and I'm tough. Remember that.

SUTTI

You no bad guy.

MADIK

Yes I am.

SUTTI  
You tough guy with good heart.

MADIK  
No no. Mean. Growl.

SUTTI  
Tough guy. Good heart. Yaaah.

Madik puffs with exasperation.

SUTTI (CONT'D)  
What your name, Mista?

MADIK  
Madik. Russell Madik. Everybody  
calls me Madik.

SUTTI  
I call you Russell.

MADIK.  
Call me Madik.

SCREEETCH!

She pulls the emergency break. The car stops.

Sutti JUMPS out. Cars HONK as she dashes across the busy  
intersection.

MADIK  
Got dammit!

INT. WIG SHOP - DAY

QUEEN SUGAR (African American, late 30's), a sassy drag  
queen, the only employee present files her perfect manicure.

Madik comes bursting through the door.

MADIK  
Have you seen a little...

Queen Sugar points her nail file.

Sutti is by the MIRRORS trying on a BLOND WIG. She spins as  
Madik comes toward her.

SUTTI  
How I look?

MADIK  
Ridiculous.

Queen Sugar tips over.

QUEEN SUGAR  
Can I be of assistance?

MADIK  
We're leaving.

SUTTI  
(to Queen Sugar)  
How I look?

QUEEN SUGAR  
It's not chu girl.

MADIK  
I told you. Take it off!

QUEEN SUGAR  
What chu lookin' for, sweetie?

SUTTI  
Marilyn Monroe.

QUEEN SUGAR  
I got just the thing.

She reaches for another wig while Sutti removes the one she's wearing.

QUEEN SUGAR (CONT'D)  
Girlfriend, I don't normally say  
this cause Queen Sugar gotta make  
sell, but chu got excellent raw  
materials. What chu want with a  
wig?

SUTTI  
I want be Marilyn Monroe.

QUEEN SUGAR  
Alright then child, put this on.

Sutti grabs the wig and quickly plops it on. Queen Sugar  
straightens it out for her.

SUTTI  
How I look?

MADIK  
Ridiculous.

QUEEN SUGAR  
Hey, tough guy. Zip.

She appraises Sutti.

QUEEN SUGAR (CONT'D)  
You look good, girl.

Sutti starts jumping up and down, clapping.

SUTTI  
Yaaah! Marilyn! Marilyn!

She runs to the counter.

MADIK  
You're not helping.

QUEEN SUGAR  
Talk to this.

She flicks him "the hand" and prances away.

MADIK  
I'm not paying for that.

INT. MADIK'S CAR - DAY

Sutti wears her new Marilyn wig. She keeps pressing the SEEK  
BUTTON on the radio.

ON THE RADIO:

A ROCK SONG. Change.

A NEWS STATION.

NEWS VOICE  
Authorities estimate more than a  
thousand girls a month are sold  
into...

Change. A HIP HOP SONG.

Madik has it up to here! He pushes her hand away.

MADIK  
No! You. No touch radio!  
Understand? My radio. You no touch!

She presses the button again. He raises his hand like he's  
going to smack hers away.

MADIK (CONT'D)  
Git! Keep it up!

She sticks out her tongue and blows him a long, drawn-out mouth fart.

Madik suppress a laugh.

EXT. UTSA BOULEVARD SAN ANTONIO - DAY

Madik's car cruises the large metropolitan boulevard.

INT. MADIK'S CAR - DAY

The car is parked. Quiet inside.

Madik has turned and is looking at Sutti.

She leans her head against the window, lost in a faraway world.

She finally realizes and looks at Madik.

They stare into each others eyes. He finally looks beyond her and nods.

She turns to see what he's indicating. Her eyes grow wide.

She jumps out and waits for him by the passenger door.

EXT. MADIK'S CAR - MCDONALD'S - CONTINUOUS

They're parked in front of a McDonald's.

Madik gets out and meets her on her side.

MADIK  
But only if you take that stupid  
wig off.

She snatches it off and throws it back inside the car.

MADIK (CONT'D)  
And it's your treat.

He starts walking towards the entrance. She runs after him.

They're an odd pair, their contrasting size and culture.

SUTTI  
Tough guy. Good heart.

No.	MADIK
Yaaah.	SUTTI