

VULTURES

by
Jon-Luke Lourens

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CONTACT JONLUKE@WORLDONLINE.CO.ZA
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Jon-Luke Lourens
55 Clovelly Road
Clovelly
7975
jonluke@worldonline.co.za
+27827827770

VULTURES

EXT. HIGHWAY FLYOVER - NIGHT

Rush Hour.

Queues of car lights follow each other through the darkness.

Silhouetted on a grassy verge surrounded by dark trees is a beaten up old tow truck. Lights reflect in its headlights like glinting eyes. Tow Slings hang from the Tow Mast like battered wings.

I/E. BRANDON'S TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

BRANDON; Nineteen, fresh face with excited eyes and a hairstyle that would confuse a tornado slides a CD into the player.

BRANDON

Okay, hold on. Are you wearing your seat belt? Listen to this.

He hits play.

Its a guitar riff from the 1950's

JARRED

Really bro? I dunno?

JARRED is that nerdy guy who always has his hands busy with something; right now he's fixing a pair of headphones.

BRANDON

Jarred! Seriously bro! If we mix this in with a fat beat, some robo-grind... It would be some mad ass shit.

JARRED

Oh yeah...
(Oh! Now he gets it)
Yeah! Mad ass shit.

BRANDON sniffs the air.

BRANDON

Dude. You didn't. Aw that is foul.
Wind it homes.

They both wind down their windows.

SUDDENLY TWO BIG BLACK TOW TRUCKS DRIVE UP TO EACH DOOR.

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A tinted window motors down to reveal a hard face and pursed lips sucking on a match. This is CURT-Z. He removes his shades to reveal one blue eye.

On JARRED'S side its PITTBULL a heavy set monster with huge biceps covered in tattoos.

CURT-Z

'R You faggots here to tow or are we just playing tunes?

CURT-Z has this ring shaped like a claw on his middle finger he uses it to emphasize TOW

PITTBULL makes huge crazy eyes.

PITTBULL

Yeah man? You don't wanna tow...
Not tonight! Do ya faggots?

On cue CURT-Z's homeboy SLIM (he's the opposite of slim) and PITTBULL'S homie VEGA (should have been called Slim) jump out and go round to the back of BRANDON'S Truck.

Brandon has picked up a heavy looking spanner from under his seat. He keeps it hidden.

CURT-Z

Well? Then lets play tunes man.

PITTBULL and CURT-Z start pumping the their truck stereos. Their massive speakers soon drown out any of BRANDON'S music with aggressive gangster rap.

EXT. HIGHWAY FLYOVER - NIGHT

Meanwhile.

SLIM and VEGA unravel BRANDON'S tow rope and clamp his truck to a nearby tree.

INT. BRANDON'S TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

BRANDON winds up his window. Before it can close CURT-Z jams a baseball bat into the gap.

CURT-Z

Yo BRAN VAN. Y'all dont like my tunes? Huh?

PITTBULL

Yeah bitch! You wanna roll up your window too white boy.

JARRED

I'm not white.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PITTBULL

Oh. I'm sorry... What

CURT-Z

... What?

PITTBULL

WHAAAT!

CURT-Z

WHAAAT!

(he turns down the stereo)

Hold up. Hold up...

On the police-band radio a report comes in of a breakdown.

CURT-Z (CONT'D)

Lets roll son.

(to Branson)

You ready? Come on son, start up
your rig I'll give you a head
start. You ready?!?

Brandon releases the spanner and fires up his truck, both hands on the wheel.

CURT-Z (CONT'D)

THREE...

PITTBULL

...TWO...

CURT-Z

...ONE. GO!

BRANDON floors it and his wheels just spin and he goes nowhere. They are stuck to the tree. The Vultures pack up laughing.

CURT-Z (CONT'D)

You mind if we go? I mean, there's
a crash out there Son. Good
citizens are relying on us for
assistance. So long suckerz.

CURT-Z and PITTBULL roll out of there. CURT-Z drags his claw ring along the paint work of Brandon's rig, causing a nasty scratch. Clumps of mud hit the windscreen and they are gone.

EXT. HIGHWAY FLYOVER - NIGHT

BRANDON gets out slamming the door.

BRANDON

Fuck those assholes man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He kicks the ground and then goes over to free his truck from the tree.

JARRED
Brandon, They're just jealous bro.

BRANDON
Of what Jarred? Our Rig?

BRANDON'S old rusted ass tow truck with "ABE'S AUTOBODY" painted along the side is really not much to look at.

INT. BRANDON'S TOW TRUCK, CURB - NIGHT

BRANDON'S TRUCK comes to a stop in a quiet but poor neighborhood. Somewhere a dog barks as JARRED gets out.

BRANDON
Another wasted Friday.

JARRED
Hey man see you tomorrow.
Competition Day Bro.

They slap hands. BRANDON drives off; dejected and tired.

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

The Road weaves through some trees and down over a ravine. As he crosses the bridge BRANDON spots a light coming from the side of the road. He stops the rig.

There in a ditch on the side of the road is a small white BMW. BRANDON snaps on his torch and makes his way down.

BRANDON
Hey. Everyone okay? Hello?

He gets to the bottom and finds a cascade of blonde hair slumped over the steering wheel and huge shuddering sobbing sounds.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey... You okay?

She looks at him into the torchlight, makeup steaming down her pretty face.

LUCY
My father is going to kill me. Why
does this always happen to me?!

She bursts into another fit of sobbing and crying.

BRANDON accesses the situation. Its not that bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDON

Well. This is your lucky day. I can help you. I drive a tow truck.

LUCY stops her crying.

LUCY

Really?

BRANDON

Yeah. I'll have you out of here in no time.

BRANDON gets to work; attaching the BMW to his cables.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

What's your name?

LUCY

Lucy.

BRANDON

I'm Brandon.

They smile at each other. There's a moment.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Stand over there. Safer.

She does as she's told - he's actually quite a dish if you look past the tornado hair and he's got a confidence about him. She likes what she sees.

BRANDON starts winching the BMW out of the ditch. Its comes up smoothly.

Then as it reaches the top, a rock wrenches the entire front bumper and lights from the front of the car.

LUCY

Oh Shit! Shit! Shit! Fuck!

BRANDON

Aw shit. Hey. Look. Don't worry... I can get this fixed at the shop.

EXT. ROAD TO LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The BMW is being towed unceremoniously with bits of car dragging along the road.

INT. BRANDON'S TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

LUCY

Look. No-one can know about this. Especially my father.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

If he finds out he will actually kill me. You have to hide it okay, and fix it. And you need to fix it quick cause I don't know how long I can keep it a secret. I mean people are going to ask where is your car and I'm going to have to say something. I mean what do you say? Maybe I should just not let my Dad know, I mean he doesn't see the car everyday, but if he asks about the car then what am I going to do? He loves that car, maybe even more than me - I love that car too, its an M you know, that means it has more power than the normal ones. Shit! Brandon what am I going to do? I can tell my friends what happened but my father will literally kill me... Well?

BRANDON

Um... I don't know. All I can do is take it to the shop and get it fixed as soon as possible.

LUCY

Would you do that for me?

She is flirting with him - BRANDON just smiles back.

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They arrive. There's only one way to describe Lucy's house... Its a Massive Mansion! Brandon tries to hide how impressed he is.

LUCY

This is me.

BRANDON

You just need to sign this.

He hands her a clipboard.

LUCY

If you wanted my number all you had to do was ask.

More flirting...

And she's out of the truck, blowing him a kiss from the top of the steps and then gone inside.

BRANDON drives off, happy.

INT. ABE'S AUTOBODY - MORNING

Its a rundown old workshop containing some beaten up cars, lots of grime and some obsolete equipment.

At the back, behind dusty blinds is an office with a primitive fax machine and a beige computer. PA looks up over his spectacles as BRANDON comes in.

PA

In here.

BRANDON sidles over.

PA (CONT'D)

You bringing problems into my house?

BRANDON

What?

PA

Ah. Aw. You don't know. You stupid now? Huh? You tell me huh? Whats this shit you dragging in here huh?

He's on his feet now.

PA (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. Dont tell me "you don't know"... Come.

He leads BRANDON into the loading bay where the BMW is still hitched to the tow truck.

He points at the "DO NOT TOW" Sticker.

PA (CONT'D)

Here! Don't tell me you didn't see this. That 0800 number is for the exact insurance company we are trying to get accreditation from. What are you doing to me boy? You trying to put me out of business? I'm not touching this bullshit. You get it out of here! It doesn't even come of the truck. You understand.

He starts walking off

BRANDON

No. Pa. You don't understand. The lady who's car this belongs to she doesn't want anyone to know...

PA

She what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDON

She doesn't want her father to find out she crashed it. She wanted me to take it in - no insurance.

PA eyes the car unsure.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

She'll pay for everything. Trust me.

PA grabs the clipboard from the front seat of the Tow Truck.

PA

This Lucy, she got a real name?

PA throws the clipboard at him. It reads "Lucy (Heart Shape) and her cell number"

BRANDON

Pa trust me, its cool. I'll get her details.

JARRED bursts in.

JARRED

Yo dog. We gonna be late. Lets roll.

BRANDON makes for the exit.

PA

What? You going now? You got to take care of business son.

BRANDON

Its all good. I promise.

BRANDON bounces with JARRED.

PA

Oh yeah? Well what is this shit then?

He runs his hand down the fresh scratch from Curt-Z's ring. But the boys are gone.

EXT. LAX, LOCAL NIGHT CLUB - DAY

LAX is a club on parking lot opposite the mall. Young people stream in as a SUPERSIZED BOUNCER checks ID's at the door.

INT. LAX, LOCAL NIGHT CLUB - DAY

Its a local dance competition. Hoochie Mamas be crumping on the stage. The place is alive with flavour.

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BRANDON and JARRED chill at the bar sucking on beers.

ASHLEY a cute but quirky Manga Geek comes in with LUCY, they scope the joint and find chairs close to the stage.

BRANDON
Look. Its her.

JARRED
With CURT-Z's sister?

BRANDON
Uh-huh

JARRED
Oh bro, you gotta stay away from that.

The VULTURE CREW come onto stage - their turn to compete.

BRANDON
Why? Fuck CURT-Z man.

JARRED
No son. That is the daughter of MR. MARIUS POWELL the owner of Powell Insurance and Assurance.

BRANDON
So

JARRED
You better get that BM fixed up good or its gonna be bad for your pops man. Don't you know how these things work... Damn son. Schooled.

DANCE M.C.
Next up. Last years winners... The Vultures!

The VULTURE CREW Dance their set - Awesome. Tight. Choreographed. The crowd goes wild.

BRANDON makes his way over to LUCY.

BRANDON
Hey girl.

LUCY
Hey

Smiles

BRANDON
Now you gonna see some shit.

(CONTINUED)

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BRANDON and JARRED get onto the stage and set themselves behind a DJ Desk set at the back of the stage emblazoned with their name: "MASHUPCR3W".

The lights dim.

INT. LAX, LOCAL NIGHT CLUB, STAGE - DAY

The M.C. Studies his clipboard trying to make out the words.

DANCE M.C.
Competing for the first time
tonight. Give it up for MASHUPCREW!

BRANDON scratches out some amazing mix and JARRED lights the stage to match.

The MASHUPCR3W kids hit the stage in an energetic freestyle frenzy. There's a lot of energy but no direction. Some talent but no training.

LUCY finds it quite funny, but ASHLEY is mesmerized by the music. BRANDON and JARRED really have something.

INT. LAX, LOCAL NIGHT CLUB, BAR - DAY

BRANDON and JARRED are back in their seats sucking beers. The rest of MASHUPCR3W are high-fiving and carrying on. BRANDON notices that LUCY is surrounded by the Vulture crew.

DANCE M.C.
The judges have made their
decisions and we are ready to
announce the winners.

The place gets quiet. LUCY makes eye contact with BRANDON and smiles; mouthing the words "Good Luck"

DANCE M.C. (CONT'D)
In third position. And winners of a
one hour facial at Aunt Maureen's
Beauty Palace...

The place goes a little crazy with jokers...

JARRED
Oh. Man I hope we win the facial.
You could use a facial Brandon.

He runs his hand across BRANDON'S cheek

BRANDON
Get off me!

(CONTINUED)