

BLAST FROM THE PAST

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DREAM-LIKE SEQUENCE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dimly lit, obscure. A darkly-lit faced MAN in a suit, standing next to a LADY (30s, white), writing in a pad.

INTERCUT WITH:

RED BACKGROUND, LIT FOREGROUND

From a side-view, a 38-caliber revolver being held by a hand.

LIVING ROOM

The Lady is sexually attacked by the darkly-lit faced Man.

RED BG, LIT FG

From a side-view, the revolver's hammer is pulled back.

CLICK!

LIVING ROOM

A MAN (30s Italian male) and the dark-lit faced man scuffling as the Lady slinks away on the floor, distressed, ripped clothing.

RED BG, LIT FG

The revolver turns to point at the camera.

LIVING ROOM

The darkly-lit faced Man stands over the Man and the Lady, holding a smoking 9mm handgun with a silencer attached.

RED BG, LIT FG

The revolver's barrel facing the camera SHOOTS, followed by a woman's SCREAM (V.O.).

END OF DREAM-
LIKE SEQUENCE:

EXT. TOWN OF BROWNSVILLE, BROOKLYN - DAY

MONTAGE:

CAMERA SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON NEW YORK. THEN, IT LOWERS
FOCUSING ON THE TOWN OF BROWNSVILLE, BROOKLYN. FUTHER DOWN TO
STREET LEVEL WHERE A SIGN SAYS,
"WELCOME TO BROWNSVILLE"
SHOWING THE ELEVATION AND POPULATION.

SHOTS OF PEOPLE GOING TO WORK, WALKING ON THE STREETS, SCHOOL
BUSES, RETIRED SENIORS IN THE PARK, AND CHILDREN WALKING TO
SCHOOL.

THEN, TRAVELS DOWN A STREET, TURNING LEFT ON ANOTHER STREET,
STOPPING IN FRONT OF A 2-STORY, RAIL-CAR TYPE, BRICK HOUSE.

END OF MONTAGE:

EXT. ORSO'S HOUSE - DAY

ORSO RICCI, (80s) dressed in a robe and pajamas with house
slippers, steps out the front door and moves a trash can to
the street, then heads for the mailbox.

He grabs the newspaper from the mailbox slot and heads
towards the front door.

TONY MARTINO, (60s) an African-American male neighbor
sweeping his porch stops, waves, and yells...

TONY
Happy Birthday, Orso!

Orso keeps heading for the door.

ORSO
Don't start, Tony!

Orso enters his house letting the screen door slam.

Tony sings (O.C.) "Happy Birthday," loud enough for Orso to
hear.

Orso shakes his head in disapproval.

INT. ORSO'S KITCHEN - DAY

Orso makes a pot of coffee. He sits at the kitchen table and opens the newspaper.

He hears a cell phone RINGING (O.C.) coming from upstairs, turns his head and back again to the newspaper.

INT. FINO'S ROOM - MOMENTS EARLIER

FINO, (30s) slender, Italian male with short, bed-head awakened by his cell phone RINGING. He picks it up to see who's calling.

It reads, "SARAH".

FINO
(under his breath)
Oh shit, here we go.

Fino answers it lying in bed.

FINO (CONT'D)
Morning, doll-face.

SARAH (V.O.)
Don't doll-face me.

FINO
You're still mad.

SARAH (V.O.)
Olivia? Really?

FINO
She's a flirt. So, what?

SARAH (V.O.)
Is that what you want? A ho?

FINO
Baby, you're the only one for me.

SARAH (V.O.)
Yeah, right.

FINO
Listen, come over tonight. Let me make it up to you.

SARAH (V.O.)
You're not getting off that easy.

INT. ORSO'S KITCHEN - DAY

Fino heads downstairs. He kisses Orso on the forehead.

FINO
Happy birthday, Pops.

ORSO
Sure, rub it in.
BEAT.
D'ya hear about that fire at the
Sweeney house?

Fino shakes his head no.

ORSO (CONT'D)
Damn junkies got no respect. Almost
burned down the house next door.

Fino pours a cup of coffee.

FINO
Oh, Pops. Junkies gotta live
somewhere, too.

Fino turns and smiles as he takes a sip from his coffee.

ORSO
Yeah, well, they still don't have
no respect. When I was a young
man --

FINO
When you were a young man, the
Earth was flat.

Fino chuckles.

ORSO
(mockingly)
Ha, Ha. Smart ass.

Orso crinkles the newspaper in defiance of Fino's teasing.

FINO
Anyways, that's why I'm getting a
gun.

ORSO
I don't think we need one.

FINO
It's for protection. It's crazy out there.

ORSO
Speaking of crazy, when you gonna marry Sarah?

Fino shakes his head.

FINO
Pops.

Orso pulls down the paper and looks at Fino.

ORSO
What are you waiting for?

FINO
I'm working on it.

Orso goes back to reading the paper.

ORSO
You had a fight.

FINO
Why do you say that?

ORSO
DUH! Old man. Anyway, it'd be nice to have a little one around again, you know.

FINO
Don't get ahead of yourself.

ORSO
We're all we've got, kiddo. Well, except for your no good uncle.

FINO
Easy now, Pops. Watch your blood pressure.

Orso gets up grumpily from the table to fill his coffee cup and a second.

ORSO
You just worry about your own blood pressure, huh?

FINO
Funny, Pops. Gotta get ready for
work.

Fino heads upstairs.

Orso heads out the front door with two cups of coffee.

INT. DIEGO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the front window, Orso makes his way across the
street to the front door.

KNOCK, KNOCK(O.C.)

DIEGO MERCADO (70s) a Puerto Rican male with a strong accent
opens the door.

DIEGO
Come in, come In.

Orso steps through the door.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday!

Orso has a disapproving look on his face now.

ORSO
Shut up, Diego. Here.

Orso hands Diego a cup of coffee.

DIEGO
Mmm. Thanks. It's trash day, you
know?

They head for the couch to sit.

ORSO
And?

DIEGO
You gonna catch 'em this time?

ORSO
If you keep talking, I won't.

DIEGO
Who you kidding? You'll miss 'em
again.

ORSO

Oh, what a comedian. You should go on the road with that humor.

DIEGO

Think so?

Diego laughs.

ORSO

D'ya hear about the Sweeney house fire?

DIEGO

(mockingly)

Yeah. Damn junkies. No respect.

Diego smiles.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

You wanna head to the park this morning? Lots of pretty ladies.

ORSO

You're a pervert.

DIEGO

I'm a ladies man, my friend. A lover. Not a fighter.

ORSO

You're an idiot. Alright, gotta go.

Diego grabs Orso's arm as he's getting up.

DIEGO

You wanna go or no?

ORSO

Maybe later. I got something to do right now.

DIEGO

Like catch the trash guy?

ORSO

Yep, you're a funny guy.

DIEGO

OK. Go play trash cop.

INT. FINO'S ROOM - DAY

Fino leaves the bathroom wrapped in a towel.

A cell phone rings from his bedroom.

INT. FINO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He answers his phone.

FINO
Man, you're a nag.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah drinks coffee sitting on her couch.

SARAH
And, you love it.

FINO (V.O.)
I do?

SARAH
Just making sure you got your lazy
butt outta bed.

FINO(V.O.)
I'm a working man. Gots things to
do and peoples to see, Yo.

SARAH
Yeah? What peoples?

FINO (V.O.)
Nunya bidness.

SARAH
Alright, then. No boom boom
tonight.

INT. FINO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FINO
Promises, Promises.

Fino hangs up the call and dresses for work.

INT. ORSO'S KITCHEN - DAY

Orso comes in through the front door and heads to the back of the house. Rummaging of a toolbox (O.C.).

CLANK, CLUNK, CLINK.

EXT. ORSO'S HOUSE - DAY

A trash truck rolls up and stops in front of Orso's house.

The GARBAGE MAN on the back jumps off and grabs Orso's trash can flipping the lid off.

He empties the contents into the back of the truck. Then, he throws the trash can to the ground and jumps back on the truck.

INT. ORSO'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Fino yell from upstairs.

FINO (O.S.)
Pops! The Trash Truck!

Orso rushes from the back of the house with a screwdriver in his hand. The trash truck roars down the street. (O.S.)

Orso peers through the kitchen window. He SLAMS the screwdriver down.

ORSO
Bastard, garbage men.

The kitchen wall phone (landline) rings. Orso answers it.

BEAT

ORSO (CONT'D)
Hello, Diego.

BEAT

ORSO (CONT'D)
Yeah, it happened again. I'm
calling this morning and give 'em a
piece of my mind.

Orso hangs up the phone, grabs a bag of trash out of the kitchen trash and makes his way to the front door.

EXT. ORSO'S HOUSE - DAY

Orso yanks up the trash can. Sees the trash truck moving away, shakes his head. He slams the bag of trash into the trash can. Then, retrieves the lid, covers the can and places it next to the house.

Orso grabs the nearby water hose and waters plants at the base of the house.

MONTAGE:

EXT. GHETTO STREETS - DAY

RAP MUSIC PLAYS WITH SHOTS OF THE GRITTY NEW YORK BROOKLYN BURROUGHS. THE HOOD.

SHOTS OF RUN DOWN APARTMENT BUILDINGS, ABANDONED STRIPPED CARS, DILAPIDATED HOMES, ABANDONED BUSINESSES AND STORES. LOTS OF GRAFFITI AND TRASH.

A SMALL SUV DRIVES THROUGH THE STREETS OF BROOKLYN. LOOKING INTO THE DRIVER DOOR WINDOW.

END OF MOTAGE:

INT. BEE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rap music transitions to the car radio.

BEE (mid-20s), a Hispanic male, drives and his friend MARCUS JACKSON (mid-20s) an African-American male is in the passenger seat.

BEE
C'mon, gee, I dunno about this.

MARCUS
I just wanna have some fun this morning.

BEE
It's not my idea of fun, Marcus.
You go'n' kill someone, for sure.

Bee looks down at the shotgun on Marcus's lap.

MARCUS
(jokingly)
That's the idea, Bee. I just want
to scare some people.

BEE
You cray-cray, Gee. No wonder your
Dad kicked you out.

Marcus cocks the shotgun while looking at Bee.

MARCUS
I left home. No one kicked me --
Marcus turns and looks out the window.

BEE
My bad.

MARCUS
My father's a jerk, yo.

BEE
Whatev, Marcus. You still cray-
cray.

Marcus grabs a hold of the shotgun and brings it up.

MARCUS
Don't you forget it.

BEE
Hey man, put that down. Someone
go'n' see.

Marcus looks at Bee and lowers the shotgun.

MARCUS
Don't worry about it.

BEE
Where we going?

Marcus sees Orso and jumps in the back seat.

MARCUS
Turn here.

Marcus indicates left and rolls the window down.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Slow down, foo'.

Bee sees Orso.

BEE

Oh, man.

Bee slows the car down.

EXT. ORSO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Orso heads to the front door, not noticing a car pull up.

A voice yells...

MARCUS(O.C.)

Hey, old man!

A shotgun sticks out of the rear passenger door window.

Orso turns to look at who's yelling at him.

BLAM! (O.S.)

Orso falls to the ground, bloody.

The car speeds away. (O.S.)

Fino comes busting out of the front door rushing to Orso lying on the sidewalk. He notices the car that sped off.

FINO

Pops! What the hell. NO! No, no, no.

Fino kneels down next to Orso.

FINO (CONT'D)

Hang in there. I'm calling 9-1-1.

Fino talks to the operator.

Neighbors start pouring out gathering around Orso's still body.

Diego and Tony walk up. Diego kneels down reaching for Orso's hand to feel a pulse.

DIEGO

ORSO! Oh God, what a mess. ORSO!

Diego fingers Orso's neck. He looks at Fino.

DIEGO
I don't feel anything. There...
there's so much blood.

Fino smacks Diego's arm.

FINO
Shut up!

Fino speaks into the phone while Diego recites the Lord's prayer.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Fino is sitting at DETECTIVE JEROME MILLER's (40s) desk, silent, lost in thought.

Jerome types on his computer keyboard, then stops and looks up at Fino.

DETECTIVE MILLER
That's all you remember?

FINO
Yeah. Listen, Detective, you got a description of the car. Aren't you going to do something?

DETECTIVE MILLER
Mr. Ricci. I'll get to that. But, I need more information first.

FINO
What more do you need?

DETECTIVE MILLER
Do you know how many cars like that are on the road? You didn't see the license plate?

Fino shakes his head no.

DETECTIVE MILLER
I'm sorry about your grandfather.

FINO
He was my Pops. It was just him and me.

Fino crosses his arms.

Detective Miller clicks his computer's mouse.

FINO (CONT'D)
I told you all I know. Maybe a
neighbor saw something.

Detective Miller motions to Diego sitting at another
detective's desk.

DETECTIVE MILLER
We're talking to one of them now.

Fino looks over to see Diego.

The Detective gets up, grabs a piece of paper off a nearby
printer, then walks over to POLICE OFFICER #1 LUIS and hands
him the piece of paper.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
Can you get an APB on this right
away?

POLICEMAN #1 LUIS
Sure thing, Jer.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Thanks, Luis.

The Detective makes his way back to his desk and notices
POLICE CHIEF FRANK JACKSON (50s) African-American male
talking to Fino.

The Detective sits in his chair.

FRANK JACKSON
Listen, Mr. Ricci. Detective Miller
is very good at his job. We'll find
this guy. Won't we, Jerome?

DETECTIVE MILLER
You bet, Chief.

The Chief walks away.

DETECTIVE JEROME
That's Police Chief Jackson. My
boss.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Fino and Diego walk out the front door.