

BANJANXED

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES CITY ALLEY - DAY

We start close up on CONOR, a tough looking Irish guy in his 30's wearing a leather jacket, his neck tattoos rising up just above the collar. He's staring at something below him with deep concern.

The camera lowers to reveal that Conor is looking into the TRUNK OF A CAR. His right hand holds the trunk open, then he raises his left hand to take a drag of a CIGARETTE that has an INCH OF ASH hanging off of the end.

VICTOR, a Latino guy in his 30's with a shaved head and sunglasses walks up behind Conner carrying a BLACK DUFFEL BAG.

VICTOR

Conor! What the fuck are you doing bro?

Conor just keeps staring into the trunk, smoking his cigarette. We finally see what Conor has been looking at -- A DEAD BODY CURLED UP IN THE TRUNK. Victor SLAMS THE TRUNK SHUT.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Are you an idiot? What if someone saw you?

Conor speaks in a thick Irish accent.

CONOR

Doesn't matter, we're royally fucked either way.

VICTOR

Not if I have anything to say about it. Just follow my lead and it'll be all good homes.

CONOR

Aye, did you get the money?

Victor grips the black duffel bag tighter.

VICTOR

Yes I fucking got it.

Victor shoves Conner towards the passenger side of the car.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Vamos!

Victor opens the back door and tosses the duffel bag onto the back seat. They get in the car and take off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES 10 FREEWAY - DAY

With downtown LA behind them, they speed down the 10 freeway heading East.

INT. VICTOR'S CAR - DAY

Conor stares out the passenger window lost in thought. Victor is antsy, constantly shifting in his seat as he drives.

CONOR

What's got yer knickers in a twist Victor? I thought you said you could take care of this?

VICTOR

I can, and I will. We just need to make it to the desert before Sunset.

CONOR

Right.

VICTOR

You don't believe me.

CONOR

I'm a bit flummoxed as to how you think this is going to work out. What's Sunset got to do with it anyway?

VICTOR

Listen bro, the old man makes the rules, not me. Don't trip, let me worry about the details.

CONOR

You don't know these fellas like I do. They don't fuck around. If they catch us acting the maggot and find out Junior's riding with us in the boot we're going to have our back doors kicked in so hard their feet'll be comin' out of our mouths.

VICTOR
 You don't think I know that
 Pendejo?

Conner pulls a FLASK out of his jacket pocket.

CONOR
 I just want the gravity of our
 situation to be clear.

Conner takes a sip and then hands the flask to Victor.

VICTOR
 Crystal.

The car passes a road sign that reads LOS ANGELES COUNTY
 LINE. The car travels deeper in the desert, passing ABANDONED
 SHACKS on the side of the road. They're the only people on the
 road for miles in any direction.

INT. VICTOR'S CAR - LATER

VICTOR
 What time is sunset?

CONOR
 How the hell should I know?

VICTOR
 Google it motherfucker.

CONOR
 Alright alright.

Conner pulls his PHONE out and starts googling. Victor looks
 at the car's DASHBOARD CLOCK, it reads 5:15PM.

CONOR (CONT'D)
 You can take that puss off your
 face, Sunset's at 6:15.

VICTOR
 Fuck, we're cutting it close.

Victor steps on the gas, the speedometer jumps up to 100mph.
 The car flies through the desert, the sun getting lower by
 the minute.

Victor starts looking around, leaning forward towards the
 windshield.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 It's around here somewhere.

CONOR
What is?

VICTOR
There!

Victor slams on the breaks and takes a sharp turn onto a dirt road, kicking up dust everywhere as they drive.

CONOR
This really is the middle of feckin
nowhere.

VICTOR
That's the idea.

The car continues down the dirt road until they reach an OLD DECAYING SHACK. Victor stops the car.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Hurry, we don't have much time.

CONOR
On it.

Victor and conner leap out of the car.

VICTOR
You grab Junior and meet me in the
shack.

Victor grabs the black duffel bag out of the back seat and heads straight for the shack. Conor gets the trunk open and struggles to pull the DEAD BODY out of the trunk. Victor takes a deep breath and OPENS THE DOOR of the shack.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The door of the shack swings open violently. Inside we see an OLD MEXICAN MAN sitting alone on the ground in the center of the room with his eyes closed, surrounded by CANDLES, the BONES of various desert animals, and a variety of DRIED HERBS hang from the ceiling.

VICTOR
Brujo.

Victor tosses the bag of cash onto the ground in front of the man. The man opens his dark eyes and looks at Victor. Conor enters the room behind Victor holding the body of Junior.

CONOR
A little help... Jaysus.

VICTOR

Brujo, we need you to bring him
back.

The old man smiles a toothless grin.

CUT TO BLACK.