

RICO

Written by

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INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

OLIVER a young man wearing jeans and a flannel shirt is sitting with a small suitcase in a chair eating fast food in the middle of an airport. He looks around the terminal when he spots RICO, a man in his thirties wearing a nice yet messy suit walking out of a lounge with a flight attendant. Oliver hears a flight announcement and rushes to finish not realizing Rico has taken a seat in front of him.

RICO
What's the rush pal?

Oliver is a little surprised but talks between bites.

OLIVER
Gotta catch my flight.

RICO
Why not just eat on the plane?

OLIVER
I hate airplane food.

Rico chuckles a little as he relaxes.

RICO
I can tell. You're eating that hotdog like you haven't seen food in days.

Rico points at Oliver's container of fries.

RICO (CONT'D)
You mind?

Oliver looks at him warily but nods as he swallows his last bite. Rico takes a few fries.

OLIVER
Yeah go ahead I've gotta get moving anyway, um...

RICO
...Rico.

OLIVER
Oliver. Nice to meet you Rico but I've gotta get to my flight.

RICO
Where ya heading?

OLIVER

Arizona.

RICO

Oh yeah? John Wayne country I like
to think of myself as kind of a
cowboy.

Oliver stares blankly before turning to leave.

RICO (CONT'D)

If I can give my opinion I think
you're missing a golden opportunity
here kid.

Oliver keeps walking trying to ignore him.

RICO (CONT'D)

Only real way to see this country.
Road trip.

Oliver slows down a bit turning his head to answer.

OLIVER

Haven't got a car.

RICO

So buy one. You've got a golden
ticket right there

Rico walks over to him and taps the ticket in Oliver's hand.

RICO (CONT'D)

Plenty of people waiting around on
standby just looking to get home.
Not you, you're looking for an
adventure so let them take the easy
way out.

He smirks finishing the last fry in the carton dropping it
onto the floor before turning and leaving. Oliver picks the
carton off the floor as he watches him leave before looking
down at his ticket hearing a final boarding call for his
flight.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

RICO is standing outside by the curb as OLIVER runs after
him. Rico doesn't acknowledge him as he scans the streets.

RICO
I had a good feeling about you kid.

OLIVER
Ok you have my attention what's
your plan here?

Rico smirks pointing across the street at a run down car with
a for sale sign on it.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
You can't be serious.

RICO
As a heart attack my friend.

Rico crosses the street without looking Oliver chases after
him avoiding cars in the way. They approach the car as the
owner is shuffling through his trunk.

RICO (CONT'D)
How much you got?

Oliver counts the money fast as they walk.

OLIVER
With the money from my ticket at
least a grand.

Rico snatches it without looking and stuffs half in his
pocket.

RICO
Follow my lead. Hey how ya doing?

He approaches the man as he closes his trunk.

RICO (CONT'D)
We're interested what ya looking
for?

MAN
Twelve hundred?

Rico takes a sharp breath through his teeth.

RICO
That negotiable?

MAN
I mean I can maybe knock off two
hundred just take down my number
and give me a call.

The man sits in his car but Rico holds the door leaning down to his eye level.

RICO

What if I offered you six hundred, cash, right now. I'll even through in cab fair home.

MAN

Are you insane?

RICO

Look I'll level with you my buddy over here. His aunt is real sick this she raised him all on her own, the woman's a saint. Now we gotta get him cross country to see her one last time so I'm standing here appealing to your sense of decency with every last dime we have. Can you help us out?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

OLIVER is fastening his seat belt as RICO shuts his door turning the key. He leans out the window handing the cash out to the MAN

MAN

I don't know man I'm having second thoughts...

RICO

Hey. Hey. Hey. Don't worry about it I was a lawyer once.

MAN

Ok I guess...

OLIVER

Once?

Rico leans over to Oliver as the man walks off.

RICO

When no one will touch your case you gotta represent yourself if you want to get outta county.

Oliver tightens his grip on his bag as Rico pulls out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

RICO sings along with the radio as OLIVER stares out the window at the passing buildings. Rico turns the music down as he looks over at Oliver.

RICO
Beautiful city ain't it?

OLIVER
Yeah too bad I had to leave so soon.

RICO
You didn't even get to do all that touristy stuff?

OLIVER
Couldn't. Boss needs me back by Monday.

RICO
That's plenty of time man. They gotta loosen that leash a little before you choke.

OLIVER
No it's perfect. You see, I get home tomorrow morning and sleep in. Then, I have all day Sunday to just relax and recover from jet lag. It's a whole weekend to myself...

He stops noticing Rico side eyeing him with an incredulous look.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I never said I lived an exciting life...

RICO
Well if you had it all planned out what made you decide to tear apart that schedule of yours?

Oliver pauses to think about it.

OLIVER

I'd like to have one week where the most exciting thing to happen isn't an office birthday party.

Rico laughs reaching into his inside pocket and pulling out a joint.

RICO

You're alright kid. Take the wheel.

Rico puts the joint in his mouth and lights it. Oliver grabs the wheel in a panic as they start to swerve.

OLIVER

What the fuck are you doing?

RICO

Keep it steady damn.

He takes the wheel back as Oliver sits back panting. Rico takes a long drag before holding it out to Oliver.

RICO (CONT'D)

(strained)

You need to relax man.

He coughs exhaling as smoke fills the front seat Oliver looks at him then his hand before taking it from him. He starts to take a drag as police lights appear behind them. Oliver quickly throws the joint to the ground stomping it out.

RICO (CONT'D)

Oh come on man that was my good shit.

He groans pulling over as Oliver begins to panic again.

RICO (CONT'D)

Can you calm down you're freaking me out.

OLIVER

You should be! We're swerving around in an unregistered car that smells like weed!

RICO

That poor attitude isn't gonna get us anywhere. Just let me do the talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

OLIVER is slammed face first next to RICO on the trunk of the car as the OFFICER cuffs his arms behind his back.

RICO

Officer if you'd just let me call my doctor I'm sure he could fax my prescription to your precinct. Do you guys have fax? Or is it all e-mail now?

OLIVER

Would you shut the fuck up.

The officer rolls his eyes as he turns toward his squad car talking into his radio. Rico struggles not taking his eyes off of him.

RICO

You know I always look forward to the policeman's ball this time of year. What do tickets usually run for again?

OLIVER

What are you talking about?

RICO

(whispers)

It's called misdirection. Just need a shim and a little bit of elbow grease.

He smiles slyly as he places his now open cuffs on the trunk in front of Oliver.

OLIVER

Are you insane--

RICO

Now you.

He sticks his tongue out to reveal a handcuff key before going behind Oliver.

RICO (CONT'D)

Grab your bag out of the front seat and get ready to run.

(shouting)

You know my brother plays for the cops in the hockey game every year.

(MORE)

RICO (CONT'D)

They always get creamed by the fire department but hey, there's always next year right?

He releases Oliver as they slowly move towards the front of the car. Oliver grabs his bag as the officer finally turns around.

OFFICER

Hey!

RICO

Book it kid!

Rico dashes past Oliver who stumbles trying to keep up as they round an alley way. The officers shouts echo against the walls as they round another corner.

RICO (CONT'D)

Keep moving and don't look back.

Oliver pants and wheezes slowing down after each corner. Rico finally stops skidding on his heels as he opens the lid of a dumpster.

RICO (CONT'D)

Hop in.

Oliver pants bending over shaking his head trying to catch his breath.

RICO (CONT'D)

It's this or lock up princess take your pick.

Oliver clenches his fists and groans as he climbs onto the side of the dumpster. Rico pushes him over the edge before jumping in and slamming the lid.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

RICO and OLIVER cautiously peak out of the alley way.

RICO

Ok I think we're in the clear let's keep moving.

They exit the alley, their clothes torn and covered in garbage.

RICO (CONT'D)
Just try and look inconspicuous.

Oliver rolls his eyes.

OLIVER
So what's the game plan cool hand
luke?

RICO
Not bad but leave the references to
me. I know a guy in the area, he
owns a bar a couple of blocks up We
can make our next move from there.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

RICO and OLIVER enter a run down strip club. Oliver moves cautiously bumping into people here and there as Rico makes an easy B line to the bar. Oliver reaches the bar to see Rico talking to an older scantily dressed woman named SALLY.

RICO
You must be a demon because you get
more beautiful every time I come
here.

SALLY
(flatly)
Hello Rico.

He smiles as he grabs a beer out of another patrons hand and takes a swig without breaking eye contact.

RICO
I'm in a jam baby I think you can
appreciate that. SO I was hoping
you could slide me the keys to
Pete's El Camino. I'll get it
backed to him hand washed by yours
truly as soon as the heat dies
down.

SALLY
The Camino. Seriously?

RICO
Well I'm not gonna ride around in a
sedan, I'm fleeing the city not
picking up the kids at soccer
practice.

She stares blankly at him before turning away. Rico give a nod towards Oliver.

SALLY
(shouting)
Pete you've got a visitor!

RICO
Shit...

OLIVER
(nervous)
Who's Pete? I thought you said your friend owned this place.

RICO
Friend's a strong word.

PETE bursts out of his office wearing and open collard shirt and carrying a gun.

PETE
I must be looking at a ghost. If you're here I'm assuming you have my money.

RICO
Pete It's been... Just long enough

PETE
Do you see me laughing?

RICO
Well maybe not now, but with hindsight.

Pete cocks his gun and holds it to Rico's temple.

PETE
I'm gonna paint my walls with your brains.

RICO
Counter point...

He knees Pete in the crotch before jumping the counter. He grabs a bottle of whiskey, a wad of bills and a set of keys before bolting towards the door.

RICO (CONT'D)
Run! Don't be afraid to throw some punches!

Oliver runs towards the door but is stopped by a large bouncer. The bouncer grabs him by the shirt and lifts him off the ground as he struggles to escape. Rico stops at the exit looking back at him.

RICO (CONT'D)

Deck him!

Oliver closes his eyes and winds back punching him. The bouncer hits the ground as Oliver runs out shaking his hand in pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

RICO and OLIVER run full speed as PETE follows far behind firing blindly at them. Rico jumps into the drivers seat and starts the as bullets ricochet off the walls around them.

RICO

Now or never kid!

Oliver hops into the trunk falling flat on his back as they speed off down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

OLIVER is sleeping in the trunk of the car he wakes up as he feels the car shake as RICO pulls to the side of the road to get out.

RICO

Pete you crazy bastard you shot the fuel line.

OLIVER

How far did you manage to take us?

Oliver gets out to stretch as he walks in front of a large sign that says "Welcome to New Jersey".

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me? We haven't even left the state?

RICO

Of course we did. You're the one who stepped back over the boarder.

OLIVER
I can't believe this! I could have
been home by now!

RICO
But what kind of adventure would
that be?

Oliver grits his teeth and runs at Rico tackling him at the waist. They roll around on the ground before Oliver lands a punch on Ricos jaw and backs off. Rico sits up rubbing his chin.

RICO (CONT'D)
(panting)
Get it all out of your system?

OLIVER
We're so fucked how are we gonna
get out of this?

RICO
Well I know a guy--

OLIVER
No more guys! I've had enough.

He pulls a cell phone out of his bag.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I'm calling a cab and getting to
the nearest bus station.

RICO
Ah come on kid. Has it really been
that bad?

Oliver glares at him.

RICO (CONT'D)
Ok, it's been a nightmare. But
that's life.

OLIVER
I just wanted to be adventurous for
once. I could have just taken a
cooking class.

Rico laughs as his breathing gets heavier.

RICO
That's how it starts. Once you get
a taste for it you can't stop.

Oliver laughs relaxing a little.

OLIVER

You know I go in there every day
and just type away at my computer
and make mindless small talk and
endless inside jokes and at the end
of the week. Does it even matter?
Does any of this even matter? If I
had died in that ally. If I just
didn't show up to work. Would
anyone even notice?

They both sit there silently for a minute.

RICO

You're really killing the mood here
kid.

They both look at each other stifling themselves then
laughing hysterically as Rico goes to the passengers seat and
grabs the whiskey bottle taking a swig.

OLIVER

My hand is still killing me.

RICO

You surprised the shit out of me
with that left hook you got there.

He sits back down next to Oliver handing him the bottle as he
takes a swig.

OLIVER

I'll tell you this much. I'm gonna
have the best weekend story on
Monday.

They both laugh as Rico starts to cough hard turning red and
clutching his chest. Oliver stands up to check on him as his
breathing becomes labored. Oliver pulls out a phone and
frantically calls 911.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

A team of paramedics are tending to RICO as OLIVER sits on
the hood of the El Camino being questioned by a police
officer.

OFFICER

So you have no knowledge of this man before yesterday.

Oliver shakes his head watches as they cover Rico and load him into the back of the ambulance.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

What'd you say his name was?

OLIVER

Rico. Never caught his last name.

OFFICER

Uh huh. Well his real name was Albert Schwartz, he really took you for a ride kid.

Oliver just stares ahead as they close the doors to the ambulance.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

OLIVER approaches the ticket counter pulling out his wallet.

OLIVER

How much for one to Phoenix?

TELLER

Two fifty.

He opens his wallet to see his credit card is missing and no cash.

OLIVER

(whisper)

Shit...

He puts his wallet away and goes to sit down on a nearby bench. He sees JERRY a young man fumbling with his luggage as he approaches the bench and sits next to him.

JERRY

Did they call the bus to Vegas?

OLIVER

Couldn't tell ya.

He slouches in his seat.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Hoping to win big?

JERRY
Excuse me?

OLIVER
Heading to Vegas right?

JERRY
Oh, no just visiting family not
gonna really have time for that.

OLIVER
If you were smart...

A sly smile crawls across his face as he turns and rests his
elbow against the wall.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
You'd sell that bus ticket of yours
hitchhike a ride and win big when
you get there.

JERRY
That doesn't really make any sense--

OLIVER
Don't Think just do. You think
Copernicus thought about it before
he told the church the sun was
round?

JERRY
I--

OLIVER
No! He took action just like you're
going to.

Jerry looks down at his ticket in his hand.

JERRY
I guess so. I'm sorry what was your
name?

Oliver extends his hand to shake.

OLIVER
Call me Rico.

FADE TO BLACK.