

EXTREME BAGGAGE

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A yellow cab pulls up to the curb of an apartment building.

RAYMOND, a handsome Latin man in his early 40s peers through the windshield at the front door.

The front door opens, a smoking hot woman, FRANZINA (30) steps out. Her long hair flows down the back of her coat tied at the waist. She pulls two large bags on wheels behind her.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Raymond grins, pulls his wedding ring off his finger, puts it in the glove compartment.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Raymond exits the cab, a smarmy smile, he grabs her bags.

RAYMOND
Please, let me take your bags.

Raymond strains himself, drags the bags to the trunk. He opens the trunk, struggles to lift them.

FRANZINA
(condescending)
Need a hand with that?

RAYMOND
(embarrassed)
No, no... I got it.

He opens the back door, gives her another greasy smile. She sits, elegantly moves both legs together into the car. Her coat slides open over her long well toned leg with silky smooth skin all the way up past her thigh.

Raymond's eyes light up, he grins, shuts the door.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Raymond adjusts his crotch, peeks at Franzina's reflection in the rearview mirror.

RAYMOND
Where to, pretty lady?

FRANZINA
Southside of the bay. Take the
Skyway Bridge.

RAYMOND
My pleasure. I do what you want.

He eyes her in the mirror.

Through the mirror Franzina can be seen gazing outside, a
slightly annoyed expression on her face.

Raymond puts the car in gear and drives off.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The yellow cab drives through the city.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Raymond admires Franzina in the rearview mirror.

She gazes through the window, takes a cigarette out of her
purse, lights it, inhales deeply.

Raymond turns his head, looks at her, an apologetic smile.

RAYMOND
This cab is no smoking.

Franzina takes a long drag, blows the smoke into Raymond's
face.

FRANZINA
Good! I hate when other people
smoke.

Raymond is stumped, he turns, concentrates on the road ahead.

The cab maneuvers through city traffic, Franzina stares
outside.

Raymond stares at her.

RAYMOND
Where are you from, pretty lady?

FRANZINA
Venus!

RAYMOND
(smiling)
I'm from Mars.

FRANZINA
Obviously.

His arm slung over the seat, Raymond turns to face her, one eye on the road.

Franzina glances at Raymond's hand and the pale indentation of a missing wedding ring.

She takes another drag, exhales smoke at the hopeful Raymond.

RAYMOND
So, are you traveling somewhere?

FRANZINA
No.

She slides her long naked leg over the other leg.

Raymond notices, jerks the wheel, tries to stay in his lane.

RAYMOND
I get off soon.

FRANZINA
You look like you would.

RAYMOND
(smiling)
I mean, you are my last ride.

FRANZINA
I'm sure I will be.

RAYMOND
Uhh... listen... you wanna go
somewhere and have a drink and talk
for a while?

FRANZINA
(scoffingly)
Talk?

RAYMOND
Yeah

FRANZINA
Why don't you tell me what you
really want?

RAYMOND
That's all. Just talk to you.

She studies him, seductively.

FRANZINA
I'd respect you more if you were
honest.

She shifts in the seat, the coat slides open at the top
revealing her cleavage.

Raymond eyeballs her in the rearview mirror.

RAYMOND
You want me to be honest?

FRANZINA
Would be refreshing.

He thinks for a moment, turns, looks her in the eye, turns
back, faces the road.

RAYMOND
What if you don't like when I'm
being honest?

FRANZINA
Try me.

Raymond peers nervously at her in the mirror.

RAYMOND
Okay... I want to make love to you.

FRANZINA
Bullshit!

RAYMOND
I mean it. That's what I want. As
soon as I saw you I knew I wanted
to make love to you.

FRANZINA
That's bull and you know it! Why
don't you tell me what you really
want?... Com'on, say it.

RAYMOND
What?

FRANZINA
You want to fuck me.

RAYMOND
Well... that's what I said, just
didn't want to be rude.

FRANZINA
 You said you wanted to make love to
 me, that's entirely different than
 fucking.

RAYMOND
 You're right. I was just trying to
 be a little more classy, I guess.

She looks at his ring-less finger and scoffs.

FRANZINA
 You're classy alright!

She looks out the window while she smokes.

He looks at her.

RAYMOND
 (carefully)
 I guess that's a no then?

She rolls her eyes.

EXT. SKYWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

The yellow cab drives onto the bridge.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Franzina looks out the window to the right.

FRANZINA
 Stop the car!

RAYMOND
 It's illegal to stop on the bridge.

FRANZINA
 I don't care. Just stop the car!
 Stop the damn car!

Raymond pulls over to the curb halfway across the bridge.

Franzina opens her door, exits the car.

FRANZINA
 Open the trunk!

Raymond shrugs, shakes his head, gets out of the car.

EXT. SKYWAY BRIDGE - SAME

Franzina struggles to get one of the bags out. Raymond looks up and down the bridge then rushes to help her.

Blood seeps out of the bottom of the bag, there's a stain of blood in the trunk. They don't notice.

FRANZINA
Throw it into the water.

RAYMOND
What?

FRANZINA
Just throw the damn thing in the water.

RAYMOND
If the cops sees me throwing luggage from the bridge I'll get arrested!

FRANZINA
Better hurry before one of them drives by then.

A breeze catches her coat, blows it partly open. She's not wearing anything underneath. He ogles her, shakes his head, uses all his strength to heave the bag over the railing.

Franzina tugs on the second bag in the trunk.

FRANZINA
Hurry, this one too.

He pulls the bag out of the trunk, drags it to the railing, chucks it into the water.

Franzina notices the blood in the trunk, she quickly shuts it.

She hurries back into the cab, Raymond does the same.

INT. CAB - SAME

Raymond puts the cab in gear, pulls out into traffic. He glances at Franzina in the rearview mirror.

RAYMOND
So, what was in the bags?

FRANZINA
Just stuff I wanted to get rid of.

RAYMOND
Why not throw it in the trash?

She glares at him.

RAYMOND
I noticed you're not wearing
anything underneath that coat.

FRANZINA
My clothes got soiled.

RAYMOND
Why don't we go back to your place
and you can tell me what's going on
here?

FRANZINA
(smiling)
I would have to clean the place up
first.

RAYMOND
I don't mind if it's messy.

She quietly laughs a wicked laugh.

FRANZINA
It's a little too messy, trust me.

RAYMOND
I know this great little place
where we can go, have something to
eat and a drink and see what
happens after that.

FRANZINA
Suppose we end up in bed together,
what would you want to happen then?

He turns around, looks at her with a huge horny smile.

RAYMOND
I'd make you feel like the luckiest
woman on earth.

She starts to laugh.

FRANZINA
Really?... How would you do that?

RAYMOND
I would treat you like my queen,
make you feel really special, take
my time to give you all the
pleasure in the world.

FRANZINA
What if my idea of a good time is quite different from yours?

RAYMOND
That's fine. I would do whatever you want me to.

She looks at him devilishly seductive.

FRANZINA
What if I wanted to have you all naked, tied up and use you for my own pleasure?

Raymond's face lights up, he looks at her again.

RAYMOND
If that's what you want.

She smiles again and looks out the window.

FRANZINA
You want to know what was in those bags?

RAYMOND
Yeah sure.

FRANZINA
My husband.

He laughs.

RAYMOND
That's pretty funny.

He looks at her in the rearview mirror.

A look of seriousness on her face.

FRANZINA
Yeah that is pretty funny.

RAYMOND
You are kidding, right?

She smiles again.

FRANZINA
I'm dead serious.

Raymond looks confused.

RAYMOND
What was in the second bag then?

FRANZINA
He was a big man... There's no way
I could fit him into just one bag.

RAYMOND
Why would you kill your husband?

She glances at his ring-less finger.

FRANZINA
He was screwing around on me.

One eye on the road, he glances at her in the mirror.

RAYMOND
You were kidding...

FRANZINA
No.

RAYMOND
Well... where would you like me to
drop you off?

FRANZINA
You don't want to fuck me anymore?

She opens up her coat. She's naked.

He stares.

RAYMOND
I just remembered I have to do
something when I get off.

FRANZINA
Something for your wife?

He looks her in the eye through the mirror.

FRANZINA
You screw around on your wife too,
don't you?

RAYMOND
Listen... just tell me where you
want me to drop you off. No charge
okay.

FRANZINA
Drive down to the beach... we can
fuck there.

He looks stressed. Sweat on his forehead.

Franzina pulls out a gun from her coat pocket. She sensually rubs it against her cheek while she eyes him.

FRANZINA
You have to fuck me, I'm in the mood now.

She seductively points the gun at him.

FRANZINA
Take me to the beach... now!

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The yellow cab drives along a road, turns down a smaller road, down to the waterfront then stops in the sand.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Franzina wickedly points the gun at Raymond.

FRANZINA
Turn off the car and give me the keys.

He hesitantly does as he's told.

FRANZINA
Let's get out and have some fun.

She gestures with the gun for him to get out.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Raymond and Franzina exit the cab, the gun is trained on him.

FRANZINA
Take your clothes off.

RAYMOND
Please...

She points the gun to his head.

He nods, complies, strips down to his underwear.

FRANZINA
Can't fuck with your boxers on.

Embarrassed, Raymond takes his boxers off. He covers himself.

FRANZINA
Give me your belt.

He pulls the belt out of his pants, hands it to her.

FRANZINA
Get on your knees.

He drops down to his knees into the sand.

FRANZINA
Put your hands behind your back.

She ties his wrists together. He looks, scared. She takes the coat off, tosses it on the ground.

The gun in front of her crotch, she points it in his mouth.

FRANZINA
Are you excited now?

He breathes hard. Sweats. He shakes his head.

FRANZINA
Why not? Isn't this what you wanted? You, naked and tied, me naked having my way with you.

RAYMOND
Please... let me go... I have a family, my wife, my daughter...

FRANZINA
What? Are you saying they wouldn't want you to screw around?

RAYMOND
I'm sorry. I meant no harm.

She strokes his head.

FRANZINA
Does your wife cook for you? Does she clean up after you?

She takes a firm hold of his hair.

RAYMOND
Yes! Yes, she does.

FRANZINA
And your daughter, does she brag about her daddy? Does she tell everyone her daddy is the greatest?

She pushes the gun into his lips.

RAYMOND

Yes! Please, I'm so sorry.

FRANZINA

So you have two women in your life that think you're great and you're still out there screwing around?

A tear trickles down from the corner of his eye.

RAYMOND

Please... I'm so sorry... I will never do it again. I'm sorry.

She pulls his head back, shoves the gun into his mouth.

FRANZINA

You even took your wedding ring off. Did you think I'm stupid?

She pushes the barrel of the gun further into his mouth.

FRANZINA

You're a deceiving, horny old bastard..! I Hate deceiving, horny old bastards.

She moves the gun slowly back and forth in his mouth.

FRANZINA

If your wife and daughter saw you now, would they be proud? Proud of daddy?

Franzina, feet in the sand, gun at her crotch, the barrel moving back and forth in his mouth, a firm grip on his head.

The moon and the stars shine brightly in the night sky. A SHOT rings out, echoes across the beach.

FRANZINA (V.O.)

Are you happy now? Now that you've been fucked.

FADE OUT:

THE END