

Black Sheep

By

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2013 Jose Vasquez

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One in the afternoon. It is summer. The air is dry, arid. Any comfort given by a token breeze gets decimated by the heat created by the fire in the sky. The ground of dusty dirt is rough. When the dust kicks up, it chokes whomever inhales. The closest thing to any remnants of society is many miles away. The concept of sustained human life was obviously not in God's intentions when he created such barren land. This place is hopeless; a place whose only purpose is to prolong torture, to weaken, to impair, exhaust, to slowly choke away our natural ability to live.

This is a place of punishment, for those who disobey.

EXT.DESERT

A small draft kicks up dust. An African American man lays face down on the cracked ground. He lies there motionless, beaten, stripped, left in his briefs. The dust has found a new foundation to lay on, leaving the man dirty, filthy.

JESSE  
(coughs)

The man releases a small cough. He delays, releases another. His coughs increase in magnitude. As they do, the dust kicks back into his face and eyes.

He raises his head up slowly to view his frontal surroundings. He slowly rolls over slowly onto his side, and raises his arm up to block the sun beaming down unto him. He rolls back onto his stomach. He continues to cough.

Moving at a snails pace, he attempts to ascend to his feet. His first attempt, he falls back unto his face. He groans, clutches in pain. He turns his body, looks down at his feet and notices that his right foot is swollen. He brings his foot closer for confirmation.

JESSE  
(sigh and deep breathing)

He lays back onto his stomach, and rests his forehead back on the dry, cracked ground. He begins to slowly crawl forward. He does not know where his going, or what lies ahead, but how knows that he must keep going forward.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE

Typeset of the "BLACK SHEEP"

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK FIELD

Three in the afternoon, spring in March. The track is empty. Someone walks toward the beginning meter of the track.

ANNOUNCER

(intercom)

Racers, on your marks.

Jesse walks up to his starting blocks. Modest traces of sweat from pre-warmups drip from his face. The light from the sun reflects from his chain. The spikes from his shoes press into the ground. He reaches down unto the white stripped line, performs a few light stretches, kicking his feet in the air. He kneels to the ground, with his hand still on the white line, placing his feet firmly into the blocks. He stares into the ground.

ANNOUNCER

Set.

Jesse raises his butt in the air, straightening out his legs.

He gives three heavy breathes.

BOOM!!!

Jesse violently shoots up, and begins his sprint. His legs rapidly press unto the ground, his body beating against the wind. His arms grow tense, exposing every ligament and muscle he uses.

As he approaches the finish line, a racer closes in on him. Jesse begins to grit his teeth, fighting to stay in front. At the moment they reach the line, the other racer makes a giant stride, passing a lunging Jesse.

A sound of a disappointed crowd echoes across the track field.

The two slow down a few meters away from the finish line, Jesse holding his hips while the other racer, Jesse's best friend BOBBY, jogs over to him.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE  
(breathing heavily)  
Why you always gotta do that shit?

BOBBY  
Do what?

JESSE  
I swear, you just come out of  
nowhere half the damn time, like  
what's the point? Like a tease.

BOBBY  
Hell, ain't my fault you can't  
finish. (laughter from both)

JESSE and BOBBY walk over to the water fountain.

JESSE  
I guess winning ninety percent of  
the race isn't good enough.

BOBBY  
Maybe you're just not  
clutch. Gotta have the Jordan gene  
you know?

JESSE lightly punches BOBBY's arm.

JESSE  
Naw, I think you just used to  
running like you stole something.

Both JESSE AND BOBBY laugh historically.

BOBBY  
You got jokes, huh? That's messed  
up bro!!!

Both start to walk away from the track, but COACH yells at  
JESSE to stop.

JESSE  
I'll catch up to you.

BOBBY  
Aight.

BOBBY continues on his way. JESSE jogs over to COACH.

COACH  
Damn boy, I swear I can't tell you  
damn thing. You gotta save up for  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COACH (cont'd)  
that last stretch. Shit's gonna  
happen all the time if you keep  
pullin up.

JESSE  
Yea... haaaa, I know.

COACH  
Yea, Yea, you know? Then come on  
then!!!

COACH takes a deep sigh as he sees JESSE drop his head.

COACH  
Listen, I'm only telling you this  
because I know you should be burnin  
BOBBY, you're makin him look like  
the Mexican Usain Bolt out there!

JESSE snickers.

COACH  
Alright, get the hell out face boy.  
(JESSE jogs away)  
And make sure that boy stays out of  
trouble!!!  
(JESSE raises his arm up)

EXT. SIDEWALK

JESSE and BOBBY are walking towards BOBBY's crib. They both live in the rough, the hood, the ghetto, the barrios. They have lived here there whole life. The roughness of the region is seen around every corner, by ever car crusing, every dealer making his rounds, every girl trying to make her way, every bum basking in the sun.

BOBBY  
Hey playa, so what's been goin on  
man?

JESSE  
Please don't start that shit. I  
ain't even trying to get into  
that...

BOBBY  
Hey, I'm just repeatin what I  
heard, aight? Come on now.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Whatever man, just spit it out.

BOBBY

Heard you and Stacy are in the  
outs.

(JESSE pictures himself with  
STACY, kissing with her back  
against a brick wall,  
caressing her smooth, lightly  
tanned arms)

I'm mean ain't none of my business  
but...

JESSE

That last thing you said, yea,  
stick to that.

BOBBY

Just tryin to help a brother out.

JESSE

(5 beats)

Naw, you know how it is. Just need  
a little time to myself. That's  
all. It will get better  
again. That's how it always ends,  
you know?

BOBBY

Yea, you gotta keep em right and  
pick em tight.

JESSE

Damn, come on bro.

BOBBY

Haha, just fuckin wit ya. Plus,  
you know them gringas! Gringas,  
Gringas!

(emphasizes a feminine posh  
accent)

JESSE shoves him to the side.

BOBBY reaches into his pocket and pulls out a rosary.

JESSE

You always carry that thing with  
you?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Well, this thing... keeps me alive  
each day my friend. Nothing wrong  
with a little luck, plus, I'm  
Catholic.

JESSE

Damn Mexican.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF BOBBY'S HOME

JESSE AND BOBBY reach their destination. The house is  
concrete, ready to fall apart once California's next  
earthquake erupts. It looks and smells like stereotypical  
Mexican American.

BOBBY inserts the key, and bust open the door as if he is  
trying to scare someone.

INT. BOBBY'S HOME

The door opens, and five men jump up and turn, forcefully  
drawing their guns toward the JESSE and BOBBY. JESSE  
freezes.

BOBBY

(throws his hands in the air)  
Yo, what the fuck?! You gonna  
shoot you're own blood?!

Everyone slowly returns to their original positions, BOBBY'S  
brother WILL briskly walks up him.

RAUL

I thought I told your ass to stop  
fucking busting in like that. I  
could of popped your ass.  
(begins to laugh, BOBBY joins,  
then RAUL stops)  
Get the hell out of my face.  
(pushes his head to the side)

BOBBY directs to JESSE to follow him to his room.

JESSE notices RAUL arguing with one of his friends,  
seemingly about JESSE and BOBBY'S presence in the  
house. RAUL catches JESSE looking.

RAUL

Hey Jesse!

JESSE stops to turn to RAUL

(CONTINUED)

RAUL  
How you been?

JESSE  
(choked up, he replies)  
I've been cool... just livin.  
(clears throat)

BOBBY smacks JESSE in his chest, guides him into the room.  
He slams the door behind him.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM

JESSE  
(anxious)  
Um, what the fu... what the fuck  
was that shit?! What the hell are  
they doing in there man?

BOBBY  
Relax, they're always doin that,  
overparanoid bullshit. That's that  
"thug life." Haha

JESSE  
Well, I'm glad you think it's  
funny. That really makes feel a  
lot safer, mentally at least!

BOBBY  
Calm the fuck down, they're just  
being them. His boys ain't gonna  
come screw with this, or rape us.  
You know what I heard? I heard  
that jail turns you gay or  
Muslim. All of his friends went to  
jail. So they are either gay or  
Muslim, or both.

JESSE  
Now that's pretty fucking  
hilarious.

BOBBY  
Haha, yea.  
(BOBBY pauses in confusion)  
Wait a minute. My brother went to  
jail.

JESSE and BOBBY look at each other.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM

A few hours have passed, making it seven in the evening. BOBBY has been sitting at the computer, staring into social media, scanning videos and pics for the majority of the time. JESSE lays back on the bed, head buried into the pillow. BOBBY turns to see what JESSE is doing and shakes his head.

BOBBY

Damn bro, you've been laying there quiet this whole time.

JESSE remains silent.

BOBBY gets up, first pulls his rosary out and places it on the nightstand, then walks over to JESSE, and smacks him in the balls. JESSE quickly crunches into a fetal position, crying in childish agony.

JESSE

Ah, you fucking bastard!

BOBBY

I knew that would get your attention.

JESSE throws the pillow at BOBBY.

JESSE

Why did I do that? I still needed that.

BOBBY

Still thinking about that bitch huh?

JESSE

Why you gotta call her a bitch bro? Huh?

BOBBY

Well, she is a bitch right?

JESSE

Naw, you can't just call every girl a bitch.

BOBBY

Well, I thought every girl was a bitch. My mistake.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE  
Naw, she's different.

BOBBY  
(5 beats)  
Well, then what is she?

BOTH laugh.

JESSE  
Fuck you, man. Wannabe Carlos  
Mencia mothafucker.

BOBBY  
Hey, hey, don't hate okay...

A sudden loud popping noise is heard. JESSE and BOBBY look at each other.

BOBBY  
What was that?

JESSE  
(shrugs)  
What was what?

BOBBY  
(walks over to the door,  
places his ear on it)  
Did you hear that?

JESSE  
(still confused)  
Hear what?  
(3 beats)

POP, POP, POP!!!

Hundreds of shots spring through the concrete walls. They shoot pass rapidly, but everything seems to slow down, as if JESSE and BOBBY can't move to the ground fast enough. JESSE falls to the floor, shots flying over his head, feeling the un-ending barrage of force from an unknown origin.

The gun shots end. Jesse has his hands covering his head, face kissing the floor, breathing into it. He glances up, sees holes all around the room. Slight smoke in the room. He turns around to find BOBBY, laying on his back, motionless.

JESSE  
Bobby? Bobby?  
(crawls toward his body)

(CONTINUED)

JESSE turns BOBBY's body, and discovers his it is riddled with gunshot wounds, one in the head particularly. JESSE scurries away from the body in fear. He's never seen a dead body before. JESSE backs into the wall, covers his face in disbelief.

JESSE  
 (whispers)  
 Oh my god, oh my god, what the fuck  
 man, ahhh god...

JESSE continues panting, filled with nerves. He looks around, gets on his knees, and peeps into a hole created by a bullet on the door. He sees no one in sight.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He slowly turns the door knob, using the same pace as he opens the door. He remains crouched, and begins to slowly walk up the hallway. He looks around, the walls filled with bullet holes, empty shells can be found around the floor. A frame containing the Virgin Mary shattered. A small figurine of Christ Jesus has his hand shot off.

JESSE walks into the living room where BOBBY's brother and friends were, and see them all laying dead. A small crash sound comes from the kitchen, causing JESSE to fall unto on of the bodies. He jumps in disgust and fear. He hears someone grunting. He walks over slowly to the kitchen entrance.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is destroyed. Remnants of dishes, glasses, fruit lay scattered everywhere. There lies one of RAUL's friends, the one he was arguing with earlier, coughing blood. JESSE slowly walks up to him. The dying friend begs JESSE to come forward.

FRIEND  
 Com... Come here... Co...Come...  
 Come.

JESSE  
 (whispers)  
 What the fuck is going on here?

FRIEND  
 You... You...  
 (swallows blood)  
 You don't want to know kid... you  
 weren't even suppose to be here...

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Wha? Want to know what? Who did this?

FRIEND

Some...very important people... we knew to much... kid... you gotta get out of here. Now.

The front begins to creak open. JESSE backs up, and shoots down the hallway.

FRIEND

(steadily increasing yell)  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

JESSE shoots through the hallway, back into BOBBY'S bedroom, busts open the window, and falls out. He scrambles up to his feet, and sprints away from the house. He doesn't care which way, just as it is away from the house.

INT. KITCHEN

RAUL's friend still lies against the cabinet, screaming. Broken glass cracks, more begins to crack, it gets louder. Someone in black boots begins to walk towards him. He looks up at the figure.

FRIEND

(struggling to speak)  
Fuck you....

A few seconds later, more black boots begin to enter. FRIEND turns to look at them. The figure near him goes down forcefully, grabs to FRIEND's neck, strangling him. He is unidentifiable, wearing a black ski mask on his face. FRIEND struggles to breath, shaking violently. The shaking stops.

The figure in black slowly rises back up, with the others on standby.

FIGURE IN BLACK

Search the place.

The others scatter.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. DARK STREET

JESSE stops after running an hour non-stop. He finds himself on the westside of town. The well-off bystanders walking passed him look at him in confused look. He looks around, walks fast around the corner, running into a homeless man.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey, watch were you are going? Do you even know where you are kid? You're not even suppose to be here. You're not even suppose to be here!!!

JESSE runs away.

INT. BUS

He finds a bus stop, gets on to trek back home. He sits in the back of the near empty bus, in the middle away from the window, staring blankly ahead.

EXT. JESSE'S HOME

JESSE runs through the lawn, up the steps, and heavily knocks on the door. His mother opens the door, wrapping his arms around him. A few hours have passed since the incident, and news travels fast around the neighborhood.

INT. JESSE'S HOME

JESSE sits on the couch rocking back and forth. His mother sits across looking at him in amazement. She's never seen him this scared in his life.

MOTHER

I heard what happened to BOBBY. COACH called, said JESSE's dad called him and told him what happened.

JESSE continues rocking back and forth.

MOTHER

Where were you, son?

JESSE

(whispers)

I was there.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER  
Where were you?

JESSE  
(louder)  
I was there!  
(begins to sob)  
I was there.

MOTHER moves over to JESSE, puts her arm around his shoulder.

DISSOLVE

INT. JESSE'S HOME

Police are finishing up questioning JESSE after being called by MOTHER. A rookie beat cop, FLORES, is sent in.

FLORES  
You've given us a lot of important information kid. You know, you're mother tells me that you guys were very close, childhood friends.

JESSE nods.

FLORES  
Don't worry kid, an investigation is taking place as we speak. We'll get right to it. Um, yea, that's all I can really give you right now.

JESSE looks down.

MOTHER  
Thank you, officer.

They all stand up, shake hands.

FLORES  
JESSE, we might also need you for more questioning in the precinct in the future, but right now, you need to rest. It's been a frantic day for you. I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy.

JESSE  
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

FLORES walks away from them, walks towards the door, but stumbles upon a stand, knocking over a picture. The picture contains a man in a military uniform. Flores examines it.

FLORES  
Hmmm, you're dad, he was in the Army. Where did he serve?

JESSE  
He served in Iraq. He served three tours. Died on his way to his fourth.

FLORES  
Sorry to hear that.

JESSE  
Why are you sorry? You didn't kill him.

FLORES  
(3 beats)  
You guys have a good night.

EXT. JESSE'S HOME

FLORES walks down the stairs, meeting his partner, JOHNSON, also a rookie.

JOHNSON  
So what's up?

FLORES  
Don't know. The kid is pretty spooked. Heard on the wires that it might of been a bad drug deal. You know that side of town.

JOHNSON  
Hmmm. Then why send us? Why not just send fucking narcotics or DEA to question the kid? I'm missing the Dodgers game.

FLORES  
Don't know. Let's go get some coffee before we head down.

FLORES and JOHNSON enter the patrol car.

DISSOLVE

INT. JESSE'S ROOM

JESSE sits on the floor with his back to the bed, staring quietly into the ground. He hears BOBBY's voice echoing:

BOBBY

Hey, can I get an order of fries please? (chuckling) And get some for my little bro too, you know add double. He needs to pack some muscle you know what I'm sayin.

(JESSE and BOBBY can be heard laughing together in the background)

JESSE stands up, and climbs out of his bedroom window.

EXT. STACY'S HOME

JESSE walks up to a house. His on and off girlfriend STACY lives there. He walks towards the back window, begins to knock on it. He knocks on it one more time, STACY pulls the window up. They stare at each other for a couple of seconds.

STACY

(whispers)

Come in.

JESSE climbs into the house.

INT. STACY'S HOME

They sit across from each other. JESSE keeps his head down. His anxiety reaches STACY, as she begins to place her hand on her forehead to brush her long brown hair back.

STACY decides to break the silence.

STACY

My dad told me what happened.

(beat) He had to do a news conference a couple of hours ago.

(beat) He should back pretty soon.

JESSE keeps his head down, fiddling with his fingers.

STACY

Listen, I just want to tell you that I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE begins to sob. STACY walks toward his side and puts her arms around him.

STACY  
I'm always here.

CUT TO BLACK

NEWS ARTICLE

FOUR MONTHS have passed since BOBBY's death. The incident was ruled to be drug related, with two hundred kilos of cocaine being found. The police say RAUL got on the bad side of the San Julio cartel, leading to a retaliation massacre. No one has looked back since.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK

Three in the afternoon, summer in July. The sun stares down into the track. Heatwaves are visible. The water fountain looks dry.

JESSE warms up, jogging up the track, headphones on. He keeps pace with his choice of music, Jimi Hendrix "Fire."

As he's jogging and listening to the music, he hears light gun fire. He's thinking it's only the percussion instruments. He continues. The shots get louder, he begins to look around. He sees nothing. The shots begin to overwhelm the music, so he takes off his headphones, looks around, yet there is nothing.

JESSE bends over, taking heaving breathes.

He walks over to the water fountain, takes a sip. COACH walks over to him.

COACH  
How's it going kid?

JESSE  
I'm fine, you?

COACH  
Heh, well I'm alright. (3  
beats) You're looking pretty great  
out there. Definitely increased  
you're speed in last months. (2  
beats) Bet you wouldn't have a  
problem beating BOBBY haha.

JESSE focuses on the fountain.

(CONTINUED)

COACH

And it so happens I'm not the only noticing how well you've been doing. Come here, there's someone I want you to meet.

JESSE stands straight up.

COACH

Come on.

COACH walks JESSE toward the middle of the field. There's a tall white man, around 6'2", standing in an all black track warm up, black hat, and shades. His hands are behind his back, back turned away from COACH and JESSE.

COACH

JESSE, I want to introduce you to Robert Hale.

The man turns around to them. He reaches out his hand to shake JESSE's. He senses something strange about this man.

ROBERT HALE

It's a pleasure to finally be in your presence, Mr. Robinson. I've heard so much about you.  
(British accent, speaks in a semi-seductive tone)

COACH

You see, JESSE, Mr. Hale here has called me repeatedly asking about you. He's a scout from the U.S. Olympic team.

JESSE

Wow, really?

ROBERT HALE

Yes, Jesse, and I've truly impressed by your speed and...acceleration. Seems it would only be wise to make you an addition to our elite team. It would really mean a lot to us. We want you to train with us.

JESSE can sense a peculiar vibrate pulsating away from Mr. Hale, but I so overwhelmed with excitement, he ignores it.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Wow, I don't know what to say...  
thank you! Who told you about me  
by the way? I have to  
thank them!

ROBERT HALE

Your coach of course, but let's  
just say we have a lot of eyes out  
there, especially for those with  
your skillset. (beat)

COACH rubs JESSE's head.

ROBERT HALE

(Well, I must be on my way  
then. Oh, (reaches into  
pocket) here's my card.

JESSE barely glances at the card.

ROBERT HALE

I expect a call in the next two  
days. Good day to you both.

Hale walks away.

JESSE

(yells)Thanks again!

JESSE throws his hands up. COACH hugs him.

ROBERT HALE disappears into the distance.

CUT TO BLACK