

Rogue's Island

Part 2: Moving On

Story by Craig Slivka

Screenplay by Craig Slivka & Meg Belviso

347-595-2507

Craigslivka1@gmail.com

(c) copyright 2020 Craig Slivka

INT. T.G.I.F. EARLY EVENING

Typical cluttered, antiques TGI Fridays

TWO YEARS later, JON SLOVAK(25) lives in his parents home after narrowly escaping and going to jail for thirty years. Jon's brown eyes still reflect his deepest thoughts and emotions but have a traumatic heaviness to them. Jon still works at Friday's. It is the middle of his shift. Jon SMOOZES and makes happy hour food. The regulars adore his hamminess.

INT. SLOVAK KITCHEN EVENING

A neatly kept country kitchen with modern appliances.

During dinner, Jon and Dad, MR. SLOVAK(52), tall, red hair, red beard, green eyes, pale skin, Polish Jewish parents, Mr. Slovak, owns a successful engineering company, are in a heated argument.

Jon's mom, AILEEN SLOVAK(48), five foot five, stunning brunette, brown eyes, dresses stylistically, a lady of fashion, appropriate outfit for each situation. Jewish, but Polish, Hungarian, African mix gives skin beautiful Mediterranean look. Always wears red nail polish, never goes out without makeup on, sits at table the quietly.

JON

I can't believe we're having this
fucking--

MR. SLOVAK

--Don't use that language with me.
This isn't a fight, I asked you a
question, and I expect an answer
young--

JON

--And I gave an answer!

Mr. Slovak EXPLODES.

MR. SLOVAK

That was no answer! It was a smart
ass--

JON

--Now who's using curse words!
Hypocrite!

MRS. SLOVAK

--Jon! That's your father you're talking--

JON

--That's right take his side!--

MRS. SLOVAK

--I'm not taking anybody's side!
Jon... listen to yourself--

JON

--I am... and the voice in my head
tells me to stop taking this sh--

Jon sees dad mad crazy look and says in a low guttural volume.

JON (CONT'D)

--Nonsense!

MRS. SLOVAK

Jon... Please, for my sake, can't
we sit as a family and have a
peaceful dinner?

JON

I was making an attempt, Mom...
until the persecution began.

Miron BOILS.

MRS. SLOVAK

Miron... your blood pressure--

Miron keeps restraint but grits his teeth.

MR. SLOVAK

--I... don't... have... high blood
pressure.

MRS. SLOVAK

You will... if you keep this up.
Listen to me... both of you. Let's
finish this meal in peace. Can we
at least do that?

They eat in silence.

The phone rings, and Jon hops up to answer.

JON

I got it. Hello... yes, definitely.
I'll be right there.

Jon hangs up.

JON (CONT'D)
I gotta get to the theatre.

MRS. SLOVAK
Jon... what about your dinner.

JON
I was almost done. Theatre calls,
love you, mom.

Jon kisses mom on the cheek then coldly says.

JON (CONT'D)
Bye, Dad.

Jon leaves, Mrs. Slovak stares at her food while Mr. Slovak eats.

MR. SLOVAK
Aileen, what's wrong?

MRS. SLOVAK
Can't eat... aggravated.

MR. SLOVAK
But you were--

MRS. SLOVAK
--Forcing it down... to eat like a
family.

Mrs. Slovak gets a bottle of JWB out of the Liquor closet.

MR. SLOVAK
You knew what you were asking when
you wanted the boy to come home.

Mrs. Slovak pours JWB on rocks.

MRS. SLOVAK
He's your son too... you should
start acting like it.

MR. SLOVAK
Not when he acts like this.

Mrs. Slovak downs her drink and leaves the kitchen.

MR. SLOVAK (CONT'D)
Aileen, where are you going?

MRS. SLOVAK
Upstairs, my head hurts.

Mr. Slovak eats obliviously.

EXT. WESTBURY SIDE ROAD/NEIGHBORHOOD STREET LATE NIGHT

A borderline lower/middle-class neighborhood.

Jon's car exits parkway at Westbury exit, lightning crackles.

JON
That lightning doesn't look safe.
Are we almost there?

HOT SLENDER GUY
Almost, but we need to make a
pit stop.

JON
What!?!

Jon pulls off-road and stops the car.

JON (CONT'D)
What do you mean, pit stop?!

HOT SLENDER GUY
Exactly that.

Hot Slender Guy kisses Jon.

HOT SLENDER GUY
You trust me?

JON
Yes.

He kisses Jon again.

HOT SLENDER GUY
Do you want more--

JON
--Yes, oh, yes.

HOT SLENDER GUY
Excellent, follow my lead, and
we'll have a fantastic time. Now
let's go.

Jon starts his car.

JON

Okay.

The car drives down the road.

HOT SLENDER GUY

Turn right here. Stop, turn your car and lights off and wait for me like a good boy.

Hot Slender Guy exits the car, and leans on open window.

HOT SLENDER GUY

Here's the scoop. You'll wait here quietly for me. When I return in a few minutes, we'll go to my place, and I'll show you the time of your life.

Jon is nervous but also excited.

JON

Okay.

He looks Jon in the eyes.

HOT SLENDER GUY

That's a good boy.

Hot Slender guy walks fast to two houses down.

Lightning crackles.

JON

I'm not sure, no, I promised I would stay... so I wait. I hope he hurries up.

Hot Slender Guy approaches the door and knocks.

The door opens, and words are exchanged.

MUSCULAR LATINO(29), grabs Hot Slender Guy by the shirt and drags him inside the house.

Lightning crackles, thunder booms.

EXT. WESTBURY NEIGHBORHOOD STREET EARLY MORNING

An hour later, Jon still waits.

JON

This is crazy, it's been an hour,
and I'm waiting. I should, no, a
few more minutes.

Lightning Crackles, thunder booms.

The house's front door opens, and Muscular Latino walks to
the car.

Jon's eyes bulge out of sockets, Muscular Latino's biceps are
big as Jon's head, Jon panics.

JON (CONT'D)

Oh shit! What the heck's going on?
Where's what's his name? He told me
a few minutes. Now this guy as big
as a house is coming. Okay, stay
calm. No! I should go.

Jon turns on the engine.

Muscular Latino opens the car door.

MUSCULAR LATINO

I wouldn't if I was you.

He sits next to Jon and slams the car door.

Jon jolts.

MUSCULAR LATINO (CONT'D)

Shut off the engine, we have a
situation.

Jon scared and numb turns off the engine.

JON

Situation?

MUSCULAR LATINO

Your friend's in a mess. He needs
to be bailed out.

JON

Bailed out?

MUSCULAR LATINO

He owes my friends cash and can't
pay. He told us about you, and I'm
here to collect.

JON

For what?

MUSCULAR LATINO

Can't say. If you wanna see your friend alive, you'll give me what money you have. Maybe they'll let him leave in one piece.

JON

You're kidding, right?

Muscular Latino raises an eyebrow.

MUSCULAR LATINO

Do I look kidding!?!

JON

N... no.

MUSCULAR LATINO

Good! Now what you got, kid?

JON

I have two dollars in my wallet. I don't even own a credit card.

MUSCULAR LATINO

That's bad for your friend.

Muscular Latino looks around the car and eyeballs Jon's watch.

MUSCULAR LATINO (CONT'D)

Gimme the watch kid, must be worth something.

JON

No, I can't... it was my graduation present.

MUSCULAR LATINO

You think my friends give two shits! Give the watch to me.

JON

No.

Muscular Latino puts Jon in a headlock.

Jon struggles, but to no effect.

Muscular Latino grabs laundry wire hanger from the back seat and puts the wire hanger to Jon's neck.

MUSCULAR LATINO

Okay, faggot, here's the deal. You gimme the watch, and I don't gash your throat with the hanger.

Muscular Latino squeezes his arm hard, and Jon's veins bulge.

MUSCULAR LATINO (CONT'D)

Come on faggot... is the watch worth going to the hospital--

JON

--Fine, it's yours!

MUSCULAR LATINO

That's a good faggot...

He Squeezes his arm again, and Jon moans in pain.

MUSCULAR LATINO (CONT'D)

... Now I wanna hear the faggot beg for its life. Come on, faggot, ask me nicely not to slit your throat.

JON

Please, Sir, I beg you... please don't cut my thro...

He squeezes arm once more, and Jon almost screams.

JON (CONT'D)

--Please, sir! Please let me offer you my watch, so you don't slit my throat. Please, sir, I beg of you!

MUSCULAR LATINO

Okay, faggot, I'm gonna ease my grip, and you take the watch off your wrist then give it to me.

He eases his Grip, to allow for Jon to remove his watch and hand to Muscular Latino

MUSCULAR LATINO (CONT'D)

See how easy it is, fagboy? Now I'm gonna go back to friends. Yer to wait like a good fag boy till I find out if it's an okay payment. Got it, faggot!?

JON

Yes sir.

Muscular Latino goes to the house.

Lightning crackles, thunder booms, rain begins.

Muscular Latino at the door knocks.

Jon puts the car in reverse and the slams accelerator peddle.

Jon speeds backward and drives away.

The rain pours.

INT. SWANN THEATRE MORNING

In a dressing room, Jon's stares at the mirror cries muffled and uncontrollably.

Scott arrives early, sees Jon, rushes in.