

The Assassination of Lost Innocence

by
Qiana Chukura

qianac-sw@outlook.com
Tampa, FL 33615

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INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

He stares at the barrel of her gun as he falls to his knees.

MAN

You don't have to do this.

She breathed deeply, aiming the rifle at his skull.

WOMAN

I wish that were true.

WOMAN (V.O.)

You might be wondering how I got here.

INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cowering in the corner of the room a young girl's amber-colored eyes fill with tears. Pushing her long curly tresses behind her ear BLAKELY, 14, wipes her nose on the inside of her sequined top. As she rises she tugs at her miniskirt to try and cover up her twig-like legs.

Towering over her DADDY Z, mid-20s, dressed to the nines in all white takes off his fedora. He uses the hat to flick lint from his Armani suit.

Over Daddy Z's shoulder, by the door the CUSTOMER redresses.

DADDY Z

Are you fucking kidding me? You do what I tell you and that includes you doing whatever they tell you.

BLAKELY

I'm sorry, daddy.

DADDY Z

Sorry's don't pay bills.

CUSTOMER

Z, I'm here to get in and get out. I don't have time for the bullshit.

Daddy Z shifts his focus to the customer.

DADDY Z

Yo, you know this is not how I run, the bitch must be PMSing or something. I got you a deal on a good one next week.

The two exchange an intricate handshake before the customer leaves.

BLAKELY
I'm so sorry, daddy.

Daddy Z returns to a crying Blakely that hasn't left her corner.

He slaps her to the floor.

DADDY Z
Bitch, did I tell you to talk?

He straightens his suit and puts his hat back on.

DADDY Z (CONT'D)
Pick ya bitch ass up and get your shit.

Holding her cheek Blakely stuffs things into a bag.

EXT. BIRDS NEST - AFTERNOON

Lionville, Pennsylvania a large white house sits at the end of a long driveway dubbed the Birds Nest.

A blacked out SUV pulls up to the entrance. Daddy Z and Blakely exit the vehicle. Daddy Z leans against the car and lights a cigar.

DADDY Z
Go get the others and bring them to the back yard.

INT. BLAKELY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Blakely stands in front of a vanity mirror and inspects her face.

IZZY, 18, a slim busty caramel girl walks into the room as Blakely turns to leave.

IZZY
What's up, girl?

BLAKELY
I hate this.

IZZY
Why, what happened?

BLAKELY

Some perv tries me and I'm the one that gets slapped in the face.

IZZY

Are you serious? Let me see.

Izzy pulls Blakely closer by the face and inspects the crimson-stained cheek.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Asshole.

BLAKELY

What's the point of Z anyways? He's supposed to protect us.

IZZY

I mean, the house is nice. Better than that hole he found me in when I was your age and probably better than wherever he found you.

BLAKELY

Whatever. He's calling a meeting in the backyard. Can you get the others while I try to clean myself up?

IZZY

Sure honey.

EXT. BIRDS NEST BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy walks towards the lounge chair by the edge of the pool with five other young teen girls in tow.

Blakely, the last to arrive, sits in Izzy's lap. Izzy wraps her arms around her waist.

Daddy Z walks back and forth on the pool deck chewing on his now extinguished cigar.

DADDY Z

I'm gettin' real tired of ya'lls shit. I shouldn't be gettin' calls about shit ya'll wont do. We ain't in the business of not doin'!

Blakely visually tenses up.

DADDY Z (CONT'D)

Blakely, tonight we gonna train seeing how you feel the need to turn people's request down.

Members of the group suck their teeth and shake their heads in Blakely's direction.

DADDY Z (CONT'D)

Dismissed.

All the girls get up and leave the pool area. As some of them pass Blakely they shoot her looks of disappointment.

INT. DADDY Z'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daddy Z stands next to the dresser and removes several gold chains from his neck. He places a gun affixed with a silencer next to the chains.

Overhead a mirror echos Blakely's slim sheet covered figure.

Daddy Z walks over to the bed and drops his pants. Removing the sheet from Blakely he climbs in the bed and gets on top of her. She closes her eyes tight.

He buries his head in her neck then kisses her chest. Blakely strains her face and looks towards the wall. He grabs her face squeezing her cheeks.

DADDY Z

Look at me.

Daddy Z forces a heavy kiss on her lips then licks the side of her face. Blakely slightly pulls away.

He grabs the top of the headboard and thrust deeper. She painfully sucks in a breath. He grips her breast tightly.

He buries his head in her neck with one last thrust. His sweaty face skims her cheek.

Daddy Z rolls to one side of the bed and from the night table he grabs a blunt and lighter.

Blakely covers herself with the sheet and sits up in the bed. Daddy Z hands the lit blunt to her. She takes it puffs and pulls a long drag then hands it back to him. Exhaling she wipes a single tear from her eye.

Daddy Z takes one last puff and hands her back the blunt then turns away from her and falls asleep.

She sits up on the edge of the bed as she finishes smoking. She grabs her shirt and underwear off the floor and puts them on as she stands.

Blakely walks over to the door and stops short at the dresser. Her eye catches the gun. She lightly strokes the rough handle and caresses the barrel from rear to front sight.

She positions the hardware in her hand and rests her finger on the trigger. She takes a beat then points the gun in the direction of the bed.

She pulls the trigger three times, each bullet landing in Daddy Z.

With her gun free hand, Blakely digs through the drawers and Daddy Z's clothes. As she exits she hugs her body keeping everything of value from falling out of her underwear and shirt.

INT. BLAKELY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blakely swiftly pulls things out of her closet. She grabs a bag from under her bed and shoves the clothes and loot into it. A sleeping Izzy wakes up during the commotion.

IZZY
(drowsy)

B?

BLAKELY
Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you.

Izzy illuminates her phone. It shows a time of 3:48.

IZZY
What are you doing? It's four in the morning.

BLAKELY
I'm leaving.

Izzy sits up in the bed and turns on the night stand light. She watches Blakely as she whizzes back and forth throughout the room.

IZZY
B, why do you have Z's gun?

Blakely continues to pack as Izzy gets out of bed to shadow her every move.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Blakely, talk to me. What is going on?

Blakely throws her bag over her shoulder. She turns around and embraces Izzy.

BLAKELY

I love you.

IZZY

Blakely, tell me what happened!

Blakely heads out the room with Izzy right behind her.

INT. BIRD NEST - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Izzy stops at the door and looks in the direction of Daddy Z's room.

IZZY

B?

Izzy reaches in Blakely's direction but turns and goes to Daddy Z's room.

Blakely turns the corner as Izzy opens the door.

Izzy cups her hand over her mouth and bows her head.

INT. MEETING RING NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

In Houston, Texas, Blakely, 17, fills out a corset dress with a name-tag that reads Brittani. She leads a line of girls towards a VIP section of the club. In her hand, a bottle of the most expensive champagne with a sparkler attached. The girls dance as Blakely puts the bottle down in front of the VIP guest.

Blakely focuses on the one in the middle seemingly being the leader of the pack. She takes in his baggy shirt and low jeans. The over sized chains around his neck twinkle in the clubs lights.

The two exchange smiles as she pushes her light blonde locks behind her ear. When the sparkler goes out Blakely leaves with the other girls.

INT. CLUB HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The girls file into a backroom. Blakely breaks off from them.

CLUB GIRL

Hurry, we got another VIP in ten.

Blakely nods as she makes her way out the back of the club.

EXT. MEETING ROOM ALLEY - SAME

From the lace thigh band hidden beneath her dress, Blakely pulls out a pack of cigarettes. She places one in her mouth and fumbles around.

BLAKELY

Shit.

JAMES, late-20s, from VIP, approaches from the front of the building.

JAMES

Need a light?

He flicks a lighter producing a flame. Blakely leans in and lights her cigarette.

BLAKELY

Do you smoke or do you just carry around a lighter hoping a damsel will need a light?

She offers up the box of cigarettes. He takes one and lights it up.

JAMES

Both, actually.

Blakely smiles.

BLAKELY

You're the fancy VIP with what looks to be the starting line up of some sports team.

JAMES

My friends call me James.

He extends his hand.

BLAKELY

And what do people that aren't your friends call you?

JAMES

Fancy VIP.

The two smile as they shake hands. James holds on longer than one should.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What do your friends call you?

Blakely takes a beat.

BLAKELY

B.

James still holds her hand.

JAMES

Nice to meet you, B.

BLAKELY

You too, fancy VIP.

The two break their lengthy hand shake.

Blakely flicks her butt to the ground.

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

I should get back to it.

JAMES

See you in there. Maybe I could buy you a drink.

BLAKELY

I can't while I'm working but maybe when my shift is over the offer might still stand?

JAMES

Definitely.

Blakely heads back inside as James watches her walk away.

EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE - 2:15 AM

James stands in front of a white Navigator truck. Blakely approaches him.

BLAKELY

You must really be thirsty.

JAMES

I like to be quenched.

Blakely smiles.

BLAKELY

There's this place around the corner I go after work if you want to join.

JAMES

Lead the way.

INT. NIGHTCAP BRUNCHERY - MOMENTS LATER

The two settle into a booth in the empty restaurant.

A WAITRESS, 30s, wears a smoke damaged face and pudgy middle approaches Blakely and James with a big smile.

WAITRESS

Hey, B. Who's your friend?

BLAKELY

This is James. He's thirsty.

JAMES

Hello. I'll take your finest glass of water.

WAITRESS

The usual for you, honey?

BLAKELY

Thanks, ma.

The waitress leaves the booth.

JAMES

Family?

BLAKELY

No, that's just what I call her. She's always been real caring like a mom.

JAMES

So, how long have you worked at Meeting Ring?

BLAKELY

Going on five years. Started right when I hit eighteen.

The waitress sits down the drinks along with a piece of pie for Blakely.

JAMES

Wow, that looks yummy.

Blakely flirtatiously offers him a bite off her fork.
When he's done she licks it clean.

The two make small talk as they finish up. James pays the bill and leaves a fifty on the table.

BLAKELY

Ah, a big tipper.

JAMES

The tip is the best part.

Blakely smiles as James leads her by the small of her back out of the restaurant.

INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

A COP grabs the hotel note pad from the desk.

A message reads:

"I'm sorry."

He turns around and looks at the covered body on the floor of the small hotel room. He bends down and pulls back the sheet revealing James.

His mouth drips with foam. At the top of his head a bent spoon and needle.

The cop covers him back up.

COP

Let's wrap this up and get out of this hell hole.

INT. HOTEL SITTING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

As Blakely enters from the other room the waitress stands up. Behind her on the couch a young girl, LILLY, 12.

WAITRESS

We should get going, B. Thanks again.

Blakely and the waitress hug.

BLAKELY

Anything for you Iz.

The waitress moves to the door and waits.

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

Lilly, he'll never hurt you again. I
promise.

Blakely hugs the girl tightly before she exits behind
Izzy.

EXT. HOTEL ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Blakely throws a phone, a blonde wig, the corset dress
from the club, cigarettes, several pictures of James, and
a license that reads the name Brittany in a metal trash
can.

She strikes a match, throws in it and watches as the fire
wipes Brittany from existence.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

Blakely sits under the tattoo gun. Her arm presented to
the ARTIST sitting next to her.

ARTIST

What do these mean?

On Blakely's arm, the artist adds an identical thick
tally like line to several healed ones.

BLAKELY

Hopefully, you'll never have to find out.