

BILLIE BAD ASS

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FADE IN:

INT. THEATER STAGE - DAY

Small stage crowded with all shapes and sizes of drag queens.

An audible cue is given and they form a chorus line. Music starts to play and with uncertain steps off they go - left, right, left, swing kick...

Frustrated STAGE MANAGER, 30s, seated in second row, jumps up and shouts.

STAGE MANAGER

Oh sweet Jesus! Girls, this is not
a Future Farmers of America
production. Please try to dance and
not prance about like dairy cows.

Exasperated stage manager, shrugs his shoulders.

STAGE MANAGER

Once more from the top!

He cues the music and the queens launch into their dance number one more time.

Queens bump into each other, stage manager shouts, music stops playing. He hides his eyes with his hands.

STAGE MANAGER

Oh please just stop it or I'll have
to poke out both of my beautiful
eyes!

He gestures with his hands.

STAGE MANAGER

You two heifers over there...When
the music starts, you glide like
flower petals to your left. Can we
assume you do know left from right?

BILLIE, 20s, thin and graceful, touches a small humming mobile phone concealed in his waistband. He steps out of the chorus line, goes off stage to answer the call.

EXT. OFF STAGE THEATER - DAY

Billie takes a small mobile phone from his narrow waist band, swipes it to answer. He listens in silence, then speaks.

He smiles and slaps the air with a limp wrist.

BILLIE
Oh honey, I don't do rush-rush. I
like to plan my tricks...

Billie pauses as more information is given. He smiles.

BILLIE
Why didn't you lead with triple my
normal rate? I'm all over this one.

Billie stands with his phone pressed to his ear.

BILLIE
OK. Tonight at Pinky's bar, 9
o'clock. Send me some photos.

In background, stage manager shouts.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
Places girls! Let's go through this
one more time...And please try to
keep up. Really, it hurts me to
watch some of you tarts move around
like manatees in drag!

Billie ends his telephone call, returns to drag chorus line
dance practice.

INT. THEATER STAGE - DAY

Rehearsal complete, everyone leaves the stage except Billie.

From the shadows, the stage manager shouts.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
Billie, you're welcome to stay.
Just turn off the lights and lock
up when you go!

Billie waves goodbye.

BILLIE
Sure thing. I won't be long, just
wanted to do a little dance...

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
OK. Bye, see you later Billie.

INT. THEATER STAGE - DAY

Billie stands alone in a spot light on a darkened stage.

He looks around to confirm everyone has gone, reaches into an ample shoulder bag, takes out a colorful Muay Thai head and arm band. He puts these on.

With his slender hand, he takes out his mobile, scrolls, selects and presses PLAY. The high pitched sound of the ritualistic Muay Thai dance music fills the air.

As the music plays, Billie closes his eyes and slips into a trance. He sways back and forth to the music.

With his head bowed and hands held as if in prayer, Billie begins to dance.

MONTAGE:

With reverence and grace, Billie performs the five basic steps to a ritualistic Muay Thai dance in his preparation for mortal combat.

NOTE: For instructional video of basic steps, please visit <https://youtu.be/V16l4HQIKLE> Should add 2-3 minutes to film's runtime.

INT. PINKY'S BAR - NIGHT

Billie dressed up like a showgirl sits alone at the bar as two NYC mafiosos, DANNO and SLATS, both 30s, enter.

They stop, survey the room for possible threats and then move forward towards the bar.

SLATS

I'm telling you Danno, it's all
good. We got nothing to worry
about...The man said meet him here
at 9 o'clock to get paid.

Danno dismisses him with a wave of his hand. He comes to a full stop when he sees Billie at the bar.

He tugs at Slats coat, nods in Billie's direction and grins.

DANNO

Would you look at that...

Slats grins.

SLATS

You don't get many of those to the pound. That's some kinda of high grade fag with a tuck...

Danno winks.

DANNO

Yeah, I know...

The two gumbas move to the bar and sit next to Billie.

The BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

What'll it be gentlemen?

Danno dismisses the bartender.

DANNO

Get lost. We're not thirsty...

He nods in Billie's direction.

DANNO

We just want to chat with this young lady.

Bartender leaves, Billie looks Danno and Slats up and down, smiles, bats his long false lashes and sighs.

BILLIE

What an unexpected pleasure. Two handsome...

Billie touches Danno's upper arm and licks his lips.

BILLIE

And so big and strong...Me like.

Danno leans forward, turns to Slats.

DANNO

You ever been with a he-she?

Slats shrugs his shoulders.

SLATS

Nah.

Danno studies Slat's face, grins.

DANNO

Curious?

SLATS

No. Not really, you?

Danno touches Billie's hand and smiles.

DANNO

What's your name sweet heart?

Billie smiles.

BILLIE

Billie.

DANNO

Billie what?

BILLIE

Billie Bad Ass.

Danno and Slats rock back and enjoy a hardy laugh.

DANNO

Really? Should we be scared?

Billie plays with the umbrella in his drink.

BILLIE

Maybe...

Danno pulls his coat open to display his 9mm automatic.

DANNO

You ever seen one of these Billie
Bad Ass?

Billie smiles, touches Danno's thigh.

BILLIE

That doesn't make you a man.

Billie's hand rests on Danno's thigh. He smiles.

BILLIE

If you wanna show me what you got,
let's go out back...I understand
they have a perfectly lovely and
private alley out there...

Danno looks at Slats, Slats shrugs.

SLATS

Do what you gotta do - I don't see
or hear nothing...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND PINKY'S BAR - NIGHT

Danno slams Billie against the wall. Undismayed, Billie grins and licks his lips.

BILLIE
So you like it rough?

Danno glares at Billie.

DANNO
Yes, I do...

Billie moves closer to Danno and raises his knee between Danno's legs. Danno doubles over, groans.

Still partially doubled over, Danno pulls out his gun and points it at Billie.

DANNO
You he-she bitch!

Billie hikes up his skirt and kicks the gun from Danno's hand. Danno has that classic WTF look on his face as he tries to catch his breath.

With a well practiced move of an accomplished Muay Thai fighter, Billie moves in and brings the hard boney point of his elbow down on the back of Danno's head. Danno falls face down on the ground.

Billie rolls Danno over with his foot, glares down on him.

He studies Danno for a moment before crushing his wind pipe with his high heel shoe.

Billie checks Danno's pulse to confirm he is dead, straightens his dress and goes back into the bar.

INT. PINKY'S BAR - NIGHT

Billie approaches Slats at the bar. He stops next to him, raises his well manicured hands to his lips and gasps.

BILLIE
Your friend is out back in the alley.

Billie puts his finger tips to his lips, opens his eyes wide and flutters his false lashes.

BILLIE
I think he may need your help?

Slats gets up, rushes past Billie towards the rear of the bar. Billie follows.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND PINKY'S BAR - NIGHT

Slats opens the back door of the bar, rushes into the alley, sees Danno on the ground. He kneels next to Danno.

SLATS

What is this?! What happened here?!

Billie smiles.

BILLIE

Seems it's payday, big boy...And
karma is a bitch.

Slats still kneeling beside Danno's body stares up at Billie.

Billie smiles, takes a small pistol from his purse and points it at Slats' head. Billie steps closer to Slats.

He fires point blank. Slats falls dead next to Danno's body.

Billie looks down at the two dead men at his feet and smirks.

BILLIE

And this, gentlemen, is why they
call me Billie Bad Ass.

Billie puts his gun into his purse. He takes out a small mirror, admires himself and straightens his wig.

He steps over the dead bodies and walks away with an "I can pay the rent this month" swagger.

FADE OUT

TRUE CONFESSION: I should be ashamed of myself for writing such a difficult and expensive short, but I'm not. I really love these characters and storyline. In fact, I am sorely tempted to turn this one into a feature length indie.