

SPECIAL DELIVERY

By

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INT. MOVING TAXI - NIGHT

Through a cab window the emptiness of the road.

Glued on the dashboard of the taxi a picture of an Ethiopian family. Next to it, the photo and license of the cab driver:

YEMAJ ABDURAHMAN, LICENSE NUMBER 034949

From the picture it looks like the cabbie is the father of a big family. He drives slowly through the streets looking left and right.

A BUS STATION approaches.

At the bus station an OLDER GENTLEMAN in suit and tie, wearing a long coat and holding suitcase, waves at the cab. Yemaj notices him, so he turns the car around and opens the back door for the Gentleman who seems to have trouble getting in.

YEMAJ
(in Ethiopian)
Great! They sent me another drunk!
(to the gentleman in the
backseat)
Where you headed sir?

The old man keeps mumbling. He hands him a note written on a piece of paper.

Yemaj grabs the note and reads it:

NO SPEAK ENGLISH. STEELS AND KIPLING.

The cabbie looks at the passenger then runs the meter.

YEMAJ
It's in Etobicoke. I can get you
there soon.

Yemaj smiles awkwardly at his passenger.

The cab driver moves swiftly through the streets while glancing periodically in the rear view mirror intrigued by the appearance of his costumer. He looks like a rich gentleman but appears to be very weak.

Suddenly a car jets in front of him making Yemaj really mad.

YEMAJ
You want to go buddy? Go then..
Asshole!

(CONTINUED)

(to his passenger)
Did you see that?

Yemaj turns around but it seems his passenger has fallen asleep.

He keeps on driving while looking at the rear view mirror to see if his costumer is giving any signs of waking up.

Looks through his window and sees the Kipling and Steels intersection. Stops the car, flips the light on and turns around.

YEMAJ
Sir! We are here!

Tries to wake his costumer up but he seems to be in a heavy sleep.

YEMAJ
(jolting his costumer)
Excuse me sir! We have arrived at
the destination. It's eighty
dollars .

Yemaj opens the door and climbs on the backseat next to his passenger.

YEMAJ
Excuse me sir! Wake up please! We
arrived at your destination.

He looks through his costumer's pockets for money to no avail.

He starts to swear in Ethiopian then removes the passenger's coat and notices a huge bloodstain on his shirt.

It seems like the man has been shot in the stomach.

Yemaj gets out of the car in massive panic.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF STEELS AND KIPLING - NIGHT

Yemaj is shaking all over. He kicks the wheel of his car and screams in anger.

Pulls out his cellphone about to make a call then notices the man's suitcase.

He puts the cellphone back in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

He checks the man's pulse but it looks like the Older Gentleman is clearly dead.

Yemaj is freaking out. Cars drive around him honking to move his car.

Yemaj turns the four way lights on and grabs the man's suitcase and opens it.

The suitcase is full of money and a gun lays on top of the many dollar bills. Yemaj's eyes lit up. He shuts the suitcase fast then re-opens it again.

It is real. The money and gun are still there.

He places the dead body flat on the back seat.

The radio inside his car suddenly beeps.

WOMAN ON RADIO

(V.O)

Yemaj, are you there? Please come in!

He looks at his family photo then again at the dead man. He lifts up the receiver.

YEMAJ

Yes, Yemaj here!

WOMAN ON RADIO

(V.O)

We have a call at Burnhamthorpe Rd. Can you take it?

YEMAJ

No, sorry. I mean yes !

(looks at the suitcase)

I dropping off a client but will be there soon.

WOMAN ON RADIO

(V.O)

You know you have to inform us when you are doing pick ups. We're counting on you. Let us know when you'll be done.

YEMAJ

Yes, Sorry! Ten Four on that. I will!

Yemaj closes the backdoor and gets back in the driver seat.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Yemaj looks again in the rear view mirror. He grabs the suitcase from the backseat and places it on the passenger seat.

He drives off.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

He drives towards a dumpster, turns the lights off.

He looks at the body in the backseat. It looks like the man's head is stuck between the seats.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS of a car behind him.

YEMAJ

Fuck!

He drives off. The man's head is banging in between seats.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Yemaj comes to a park illuminated by a single lamp post. A bench under the light. He looks at his family picture again then turns off the car engine.

A couple come out from the darkness and kiss under the artificial light. Yemaj is extremely surprised. He feels ridiculed by life.

Starts back the car and drives off.

EXT. MOVING TAXI - NIGHT

He keeps looking in the rear view mirror back at the body.

YEMAJ

(in Ethiopian)

You came to destroy my life, but
I'm going to keep this money.

He arrives behind a big industrial building. It is dark and looks like no workers are inside the factory.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

He turns off the motor of the car again and turns the lights off. Suddenly he sees a group of teenagers smoking in the distance.

YEMAJ

What?

Suddenly the receiver rings again.

YEMAJ

(aggravated)

Fuck! fuck!

(starts hitting the steering
wheel with his fists)

This can't be happening!

Yemaj looks extremely stressed out with sweat pouring all over his face.

He looks at his hands covered with the dead man's blood.

WOMAN ON RADIO

(V.O)

Please respond! The client is
waiting for you! You want this call
or not?

YEMAJ

(in Ethiopian)

I tried so hard, but I will still
get rid of you.

He lifts the receiver.

YEMAJ

Hi, sorry, Yemaj here, will be
there shortly.

Yemaj gets out of the cab, takes the dead corpse and drags it into the trunk of the car.

He quickly wipes the blood off his hands and the backseat.

He throws the suitcase over the body and closes the trunk of the car.

EXT. BURNHAMTHORPE RD - NIGHT

Yemaj opens the door for his CLIENT, a forty four year old gentleman with blond hair, wearing a suit and tie.

YEMAJ
(akward)
Where to sir?

CLIENT
To Steels and Kipling please.
Please make it fast, what took you
so long?

YEMAJ
I had another client, sorry sir,
busy night!

CLIENT
Drive please.

Yemaj looks even more frightened but complies and starts the car.

The man in the back , looks at his cellphone.

Yemaj stares at his family picture then glances in the rearview mirror at his passanger.

INT. MOVING TAXY - NIGHT

Yemaj is driving fast towards the destination indicated by his client.

The man in the backseat dials a number and makes the call.

Phone RINGS from inside the trunk of the cab. The man hangs up.

CLIENT
Stop the car!

YEMAJ
Can't stop right now sir.

The client pulls out a gun and points it at Yemaj.

CLIENT
I said STOP THE CAR!

Yemaj pulls his car onto a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Yemaj is frightened beyond belief, but he quickly places his hands in the air.

CLIENT
Open your trunk!

YEMAJ
Yes sir! Please don't shoot me!

CLIENT
Shut up! You wait here, I want to see what you have back there.

The man gets out of the car, and looks inside the trunk.

He grabs the suitcase and smiles.

Yemaj backs up the cab really fast knocking the man down and his gun flies out of his hand and onto the road.

The cabbie gets out of the car, grabs the suitcase and knocks the man over the head a few times with it to make sure he is unconscious.
He pulls the dead body from his trunk takes a rag from his car and grabs the gun from the street.

Then he arranges the two bodies to the side of the street and neatly places the gun in his second passenger's hand.

Yemaj grabs the suitcase and makes sure nobody watched him and gets into his car.

He places the suitcase on the passenger's seat and looks at his family photo again.

He smiles and drives off.

THE END