

IMPALA CHOLAS

by

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EXT. INDUSTRIAL UNITS - DAY

A hip-hop beat bounces off the rundown concrete shells of small time businesses, emanating from gleaming 60's bubble top Impala slung low over retro rims and white wall tires.

Inside slouch three hispanic women wearing matching bandanas. In the front is WHISPER and BABYFACE with PRIMA looking the most laid back in the rear.

PRIMA

Girl, enough rap music already. I can barely hear myself think, you know what I'm sayin'?

Whisper shuts it off.

WHISPER

It's hip-hop, bitch.

PRIMA

Hip-hop, rap, whatever.

Whisper and Babyface look back at Prima deplored.

WHISPER

Oh bitch, hip-hop, rap, whatever? There's a fuckin' difference. Like, rap is all fake gangster shit, okay? That's why I refuse to play it. It'd be, like, Ironic and shit.

BABYFACE

Like I told you already, it ain't like that. Hip-hop is more upbeat. It's about being positive when you're feelin' down. But rap, that's slow, that's about tellin' it like it is.

WHISPER

Bitch, you need to tell me how someone who's never popped a Glock in their lives can be, like, tellin' me how it is.

BABYFACE

Is that really so wrong? Look-

PRIMA

-I'd say it's pretty fuckin' wrong. Personas dressin' up like gangsters and, you know, gettin' ink, because, what? They like the style? How can that be right? Fuck anybody who treats our world as fancy dress.

(MORE)

PRIMA (CONT'D)

This aint a fuckin' way of life,
it's a way of fuckin' surviving.
Any stupid motherfucker who sees
crime as aspirational, as
glamorous, they don't deserve the
luxury they were born into.

Whisper shoots Babyface a smug smile.

WHISPER

Profound, bitch, profound!

Prima points at LOLA trudging up the road, a girl who looks so vulnerable she has to watch Twilight from behind a sofa.

PRIMA

Check Dora the Explorer here. Oh,
hell no, honey, turn the fuck
around and go home to yo Mami.

WHISPER

What? This is what you get lookin'
for deals on the Internet and shit.

They chuckle as they watch Lola approach through the rippling heat, her hands deep in her pockets, her head down letting her hair shield her face.

LOLA

'Sup.

PRIMA

'Sup.

LOLA

You lookin' for somethin'?

Lola checks her left and right.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Forty-four... Magnum.

Whisper and Babyface smirk at each other.

PRIMA

Girl, you know that's not a gun,
right? You know what I'm sayin'?

LOLA

Sure it is. Most powerful handgun
in the world.

PRIMA

The fuck it is. What you need the
piece for anyway?

LOLA

Turf war.

BABYFACE

You don't wanna pistol for that. I got you, ese, shotgun all the way.

WHISPER

True that. Or, like, go full-auto, clean that shit up real fast.

Prima studies Lola, growing suspicious.

PRIMA

What you called?

LOLA

Lola. Look, I got the cash.

PRIMA

That your real name?

Lola nods. Whisper and Babyface burst out into cackling laughter. Prima shakes her head.

PRIMA (CONT'D)

I meant your gang name, girl. You gotta be very fuckin' brave or very fuckin' stupid to go around tellin' people your name fo real, you know?

Lola's tough front starts to crack. Prima stares darkly.

PRIMA (CONT'D)

What are you, a fuckin' cop?

With fear showing in her eyes, Lola shakes her head.

PRIMA (CONT'D)

Where yo crib at?

LOLA

On Potomac.

PRIMA

Oh, so you work for Cooch?

Lola nods. Babyface and Whisper burst into laughter.

PRIMA (CONT'D)

Cooch don't operate this far south, Señorita. Nice try.

LOLA

That's what you think.

PRIMA

Oh hell no! You don't know me like that, homie! You wanna get down?

Lola's fear shows.

PRIMA (CONT'D)

What you carrying right now?

LOLA

What gun?

PRIMA

No, what vernal diseases, you know?

LOLA

Seriously?

PRIMA

Fuck no, stupid! Your piece, your
gat, what you packin'?

LOLA

A nine.

PRIMA

Oh, a nine. Well show me your
fuckin' nine, Jenny from the block.

LOLA

Can't, cops might see.

The gang all shoot each other glances. They swing open the doors and slide out, standing tall with Desert Eagles tucked into their Levis. They stroll to the back of the Impala.

Babyface pops the trunk. They stare down into it, Lola's eyes bulge and mouth hangs open. Prima marches up and down the car lot waving her arms.

PRIMA

Where you at little piggies? 'Cause
I gotta motherfuckin' arsenal in
this ride! You know what I'm
sayin'? I suggest, in the interest
of all the residents of Paradise
Hills, you need to arrest me right
fuckin' now! You hear that? Hey?
You hear that?

Prima pretends to wait for a response then snaps round with a mean look in her eyes. Whisper grabs Lola, puts her in a hold, and pats her down, finding nothing but cash on her.

WHISPER

Looks to me, like, the only cop we
got is right here.

BABYFACE

Fuck that. I never thought I'd say
this, but she's too dumb to be a
cop. What you reckon? Snitch?

Prima studies Lola. She moves in close to her and goes to touch her hair. Lola instinctively flinches. Prima brushes Lola's hair back to reveal a bruise. Lola struggles to hold back tears as she stares back shaking.

PRIMA
Your Papi?

No response.

PRIMA (CONT'D)
Mami?

Nothing.

PRIMA (CONT'D)
Pimp?

Lola glares back, her chest heaving.

LOLA
I just wanted the biggest gun out there. Make him real scared before I pull the trigger. Death is peace, but that moment before, I want it to be pure hell for that puto.

Whisper and Babyface shoot each other an impressed glance, that's some dark shit. Prima thinks for a few long moments.

PRIMA
Get in, girl.

LOLA
Where we goin'?

PRIMA
Potomac, right?

INT. IMPALA - MOVING - DAY

The lake pipes throb as Lola and the gang cruise into the residential streets, breezing by bare dirt yards.

PRIMA
You like hip-hop?

Lola nods warily.

PRIMA (CONT'D)
Whisper, rolas!

Whisper puts the stereo on. The beat pounds, air buffets through the open windows, Whisper feeds the thin steering wheel through her fingers, Babyface lights a blunt.

Still a little edgy, Lola gets more comfortable, watching the scenery pass by, studying Whisper and Babyface sat lazily in the front looking pretty fucking chito.

PRIMA (CONT'D)
This is the life, you know? Pretty cool. Pretty fuckin' cool. You could get used to this?

Lola nods.

PRIMA (CONT'D)
Willin' to prove it?

Prima slides out an old Smith & Wesson Model 29 Remington and offers it to Lola.

PRIMA (CONT'D)
There anybody else home?

Lola shakes her head. Prima grins deviously.

PRIMA (CONT'D)
No excuses. No excuses.

Lola takes the revolver and holds it looking lost.

PRIMA (CONT'D)
Yeah, this is the life, girl. Scrapin' by just to get by. No future, no redemption. Cops on your back, thugs in your face. Blood in, blood out. Steal a hifi, do a drive-by. Jail, bail, pop a nine, and do some time. But you know, we get to wear tats and snapbacks, right? Because that's why we do this shit. Because it's a lifestyle choice. You know what I'm sayin'?

Lola stares at the gun in her hands as they ride.

BABYFACE
This is it. Which one you at?

LOLA
Just here, with the broken fence.

EXT. THE WORST HOUSE ON POTOMAC - DAY

The Impala rumbles up the curb and eases to a halt. Lola stares at the rundown shitheap of a house.

PRIMA
So, this puto worth it?

Babyface climbs out and holds the seat forward for Lola to follow. Lola psyches herself up and leans forward to get out, but Prima holds her back and stares sternly.

PRIMA (CONT'D)

Okay, you've proven enough. You need to give me the gun, walk the other way, and don't look back.

LOLA

No... look... I need to do this...

PRIMA

No doubt, no doubt, but girl, that's the whole fuckin' problem.

Prima holds her hand out. Lola begrudgingly hands the roscoe back over. Prima gives her back her cash.

LOLA

Now walk away, and convince yourself we never met.

Lola climbs out. As she walks away, Prima emerges from the Impala tying her bandana over her mouth. Lola stares ahead.

Whisper and Babyface stroll beside Prima, tying their bandanas over their mouths also. They draw out their Desert Eagles, reach the door, and brace ready to kick it in.

Lola keeps walking. BANG! She flinches but keeps looking ahead. A long moment of silence. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

THE END