

KICKSHOT

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WRITER'S SAMPLE
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INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - BYWATER BAR - NIGHT

Fractal patterns on a sari.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Late 20s Bengali-American woman changing her Indian garb. She dons a T-shirt. Slides into a pair of comfortable jeans. This is **TARA GHOSH. A samurai of the felt.**

As she packs up her bejeweled Indian sandals and slips into a pair of stiletto boots, we notice... A small burn on her right wrist.

NEW ORLEANS BRASS seeps through the walls. Hangs in the humidity of the night.

Tara pulls out a red felt box from her backpack. She opens it. Inside... Gangster's rolls of cash. And...

An exquisite cue stick with a white on white sleeve. A red shogun mask insignia accentuates it.

Tara throws her bag full of Indian clothes into the backpack and ZIPS it shut. Backpack slung over the shoulder, red box under her arm... Tara kicks open the door. SOUND BRIDGE TO...

INT. THE BYWATER BREAK - POOL HALL - NIGHT

A BOMB BLAST of a break.

A metal Ouroboros. And inside it, the word "NOLA". In a silver cross pattern. Like the FEMA markings from Katrina.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: This is a belt buckle. We stay with it as it moves around a pool table. Shifts as the owner bends down.

THE SOUND of a cue connecting with a ball. Hitting a pocket. Then another ball. And another. THE SOUND growing louder. Faster. Like machine gun fire.

Tara stands holding her cue. Sidelined. She watches her gangster's rolls next to stacks of cash on a side table. The cue ball hits one more ball. It rolls down the felt...

Sinks. Like a stone. Into the corner pocket.

We move with the belt buckle to... behind the bar.

COSTIN (O.C.)

This humidity sure is a killer...

A bottle of E.H. Taylor is grabbed from the top shelf. Heavy pour on two lowballs glasses.

COSTIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Take a drink.

Tara starts to pack her cue.

COSTIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Kid, I'll give you a shot to win it
all back.

TARA
I don't have anything left to bet.

COSTIN (O.C.)
I want that stick.

We follow one of the glasses of bourbon up from the bar. Past the belt buckle. Past a sweat-drenched silk-shirt. Past a chiseled chin. To an island of lips surrounded by stubble.

COSTIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Goddamn, that's good. You really
should try some of this.

Tara's look shifts from the lips drinking the bourbon to the felt. Clean. Glistening. Asking for redemption.

TARA
Fine. For the stick...

The corners of the lips curve up. The SOUND OF A BREAK...
Turns into...

INT. BYWATER BAR - NIGHT

THE BRASS hitting like a wave crashing onto our chests. It drowns us. Up on the stage, the band is resurrecting the ghosts of the Night Tripper and Professor Longhair.

Packed floor. Bodies writhing... To that... NOLA sound. We linger here for a moment. We watch Tara traverse the sea of bodies across the room. Fighting against the tide.

Past the band. Past the coeds. Past the bar. Out the door and into the night. We follow her...

EXT. BYWATER BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

And pan up into the blackness of that humid night.

TITLE CARD: KICKSHOT