

Who Said the Devil Can't Like Jazz?

Written by:

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INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

A young woman is sitting at a small table with a pink drink in her hand. She is wearing tap shoes and is dressed to resemble a Fosse dancer. She also has a very heavy Boston accent. There is a small live band up stage from her. She is tapping her foot rhythmically in time with the band. She stands and starts to hum while beginning to dance.

JEZABEL

Nah, I don't feel THAT bad. Between you and me, they had it comin'. True, it's the truth. I gave all of em' the chance to show that they weren't total pieces of-

MUSICAL STRIKE

Why can't I say-

MUSICAL STRIKE

What the-

MUSICAL STRIKE

She turns her head to a musician and walks towards him. All music stops

JEZABEL

Hey gigolo, if you interrupted me one more time, I'll put a .22 through that temple of yours, understand? As I was saying,

The music starts again with her rhythmically tapping.

JEZABEL

It's the same every single time. I go to some bar, order my drink, and have a seat. Ya see, I'm just out for a good while. Listenin' to music, havin' a few glasses of somethin' and then, every time without fail, someone, some guy will come on up to me. They all think they're slick for some reason. Walking and acting like they're the bees knees, like their some big shot, but I digress. They come up to me and start blabberin' on about this and that and promotions and the damn stock market or

somethin'. It's always dumb applesause like that. Tryin' to seem all high and mighty.

(gasp, music stops)

Where are my manners? Have I introduced myself yet? Well, my apologies. I'm Jezabel and this is my very good friend, Cosmo. He will be helping us along our little journey.

She gestures to her drink and chuckles slightly. The music resumes and she takes a small sip from her glass.

JEZABEL

Now, some of you suckers already figured out my game and for those who are still lost, it's all in the name.

(frowns)

I take it some of you don't follow. What? They ain't making ya go to Sunday school anymore. Well, you'll get it quick. So, a buncha' bos always walkin' up to me. Ya know, some say I egg em' on, but in the end, it's always curtains for these cat cuz of somethin' they do. I'm just not the type of bim to have em' leavin' in bracelets. I much prefer to burn powder. Take this one champ, wasn't a real high-roller, a vagabond of sorts, but he walks up and slides me a Franklin. Woah, woah, woah. Now, we already figured out he ain't got much cabbage. So what's he doin' walkin' 'round with this kind of money especially cuz he's givin' it out to little ladies like myself? You're lucky imma wise head cuz I already figured him out. He had been trollin' the bar, lookin' out for any guy or girl; we are not gonna be havin' that misogynistic who ha here today, are we? Anywho, he was looking out for persons with fat pockets. He had been shmoozin' off of anyone and everyone in the bar. Not just cash though. We're talkin' purses, wallets, rings, bracelets, for Heaven's sake, even eyeglasses. Got some shots on another guy's tab. He also pawned

some ice off a nice lady no older than my dear grandmother. That's where I have my problems. I was expectin' him to come up to me and make his move. What I did not expect was for him to be so open about his "day job." A heist or two, safecracking, bendin' some Cadallaic's, nicked a few diamonds here and there, even saving up to own a chop shop.

She takes a seat at her table and nearly starts to laugh. She has another sip of her drink and sighs while grinning.

JEZABEL

At this point, I coulda made a citizen's arrest. I mean this fella just kept going on and on. Wasn't a whisper, either. Other folks around made their disapproving glances. The Lord knows I have probable cause to rat him, but I wanted to take things in a new direction. He didn't even have to tell me. I saw it. I could smell it. He was heeled. Carrying a hot gun on his hip. Anyone wanna guess how this is gonna end? I flirt a bit and bring him back to my little apartment in this little city, give him a little show. And then..

She grabs a gun from under the table and conceals it behind her back. She gets up at leisurely walks to center stage.

JEZABEL

Ladies and gentlemen, for my final act tonight, it is my pleasure to introduce for the first time ever performed on a Vegas stage:
CHICAGO LIGHTNING!

Lights flash and many musical strikes happen. Jezebel mimicked shooting the man very dramatically. The music goes back to being soft and she exits. Lights dim.



Autumn Howard's *Chopin's Death March*