

LAST DAY ON THE JOB

Written by

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INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

BILLY, a clean cut, fit man walks with purpose into an abandoned, old warehouse.

The warehouse is large, and full of space. An old conveyor belt line collects dust. Four Metal Fold Up Chairs are set up: two in the front, two in the back - with a television screen, on a stand, in front.

BILLY

(Motioning to chair setup)
What is it movie night?

FLACCO

Billy Chrisano... If I knew Arch was throwing you on this job...

BILLY

Joey Flacs.

FLACCO

Come mere'! Give me a fuckin' hug, you prick!

Firstly, FLACCO, a big heavy set man, who sounds like he gargles glass everyday gives Billy a genuine big hug, and then halfway pats down Billy for weapons.

BILLY

You frisking me?

FLACCO

(Nervous laugh)
I'm seeing if you still have that leather shoulder holster... with all your victims initials on it, you crazy bastard.

MIKEY 'BOBBLEHEAD' KISA, a frail, twitchy man stands there with a toad looking man, SKAGGS.

BOBBLEHEAD

(Head jerking)
Or he, he has some fuckin' weaponry from Afghanistan or some shit.

BILLY

(Walking around and looking poignantly)
We gotta stone cold killer crackhead. And one of the top East Coast sex traffickers.

SKAGGS

Human smuggling, Billy. That's more my specialty these days. With all the border shit going on. Usually involves sex one way or the other.

BOBBLEHEAD

Doesn't most of life involve sex?

Beat.

BOBBLEHEAD (CONT'D)

"Stone Cold Killer CrackHead 3" is probably the best of the franchise.

Billy's face is dead pan. Bobblehead and Skaggs give Billy dead eyes back.

FLACCO

Are you finished? Archie has an important job for us, guys.

Skaggs blows a snot-rocket on the floor. Bobblehead laughs.

FLACCO (CONT'D)

Always important. Arch needs us to do a big job. Brink Truck - rural PA.

(Looking around)

Won't be an easy-peasy job. Far from it. The guards are heavily armed and protected. Big fuckin' suits - they wear. So, we only fuckin' with high caliber guns. Cameras are taken care of where we plan to strike. People can die. We must avoid casualties. Arch wants no one dead!

Billy's PHONE VIBRATES. He looks down at it.

We see a YOUNG GIRLS FACE - Next to Message - **BE SAFE. Don't trust.**

BILLY

What is the haul?

FLACCO

We figure... at least around 75-K - each.

BOBBLEHEAD

Not too shabby.

SKAGGS

(Antagonistic to Billy)
Ahhh... can buy me some new
fleshings. Fresh Mexican imports.

FLACCO

Listen, we block off the truck,
hold em' up. In and out. Bada bing -
bada-boom!

BOBBLEHEAD

(Offering a shot)
Drink?

BILLY

No, I quit.

BOBBLEHEAD

(Head and body twitching)
You?! You stopped drinking? A
fuckin' permafrost must be takin'
over hell.

Bobblehead and Skaggs cackle in Billy's face.

FLACCO

We have the schematics digitally
laid out, that we will review on
the screen, soon.

BILLY

Since when does Archie get all high-
tech?

FLACCO

It will only help.
(Pulling Billy aside)
Everything o.k., huh? You look,
look good.

BILLY

Yeah, I'm fine, Flac.

Beat.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Look at you!

FLACCO

I'm trying to keep the pounds off.
Archie wants you and I with these
rocket scientists over here. Be
like old times.

BILLY

Why is Archie setting up a job like
this with these two slugs?

Billy's PHONE VIBRATES. He glances at his phone.

A Young Girl's Face - Next to Message - **Be quick. Remember
the Plan.**

FLACCO

I need you sharp. Who you texting,
a broad?

BILLY

My girl is texting me.

FLACCO

(Not sure how to respond)
She must be getting big now. Hey, a
little softening never hurts
anyone, right, Billy-boy?

Billy remains stone-faced. Skaggs, with his scumbag face,
coupled with a seedy smile (missing teeth), eyeballs Billy.

Mikey Bobblehead continues to shake oddly, and sporadic.

BOBBLEHEAD

Billy Chrisano, a softy? I'll
believe it when I, when I see it.

BILLY

(To Bobblehead)
Coming from a murderous crackhead,
I don't need your commentary, fuck-
face.

Mikey Bobblehead Kisa twitches in the mouth and face.

Click-Clack. Bobblehead cleans gun.

Heavy tension settles in. Everyone is jumpy.

FLACCO

(Play boxing with fake
punches)
Leave Bobblehead alone. You can
probably kill with your bare hands,
huh?
Jack, Archie - everyone; is very
proud of you, Billy. You are a true
American.

(MORE)

FLACCO (CONT'D)

You remember the old days? I taught you how to kill.

Beat.

FLACCO (CONT'D)

Alright! We have the seats set up here like how we will be riding in the car. Billy, you will sit shotgun, and you two in the back.

Billy sits in the front left, Bobblehead behind him, and Skaggs sits directionally across. Flacco stands. Billy tries to move his chair.

CLOSE UP: Legs of chairs are bolted into floor.

Billy's PHONE BUZZES:

Same Young Girls Face: Next to Message - ***Anything doesn't feel right, be ready. I Love You***

Flacco senses the tension.

FLACCO (CONT'D)

(Hacking out a cough)

Hey! I gotta story to tell; to loosen everyone up before we ride out. Has to do with Billy here, and his first murder...

BOBBLEHEAD

I love murderous stories!

SKAGGS

I had to off a fuck-head just last week, or was it the week before? I lose track of the days.

FLACCO

Years back, Billy and I are asked by Arch, to do a money pickup. Uptown - Bronx. Dominican coke dealers. One thing leads to another, and the fuckin' guy doesn't have the money...

Billy tries to uncomfortably shift in his Metal Fold Up Chairs. He is reminded that they are bolted to the floor.

BILLY

C'mon Flac... do we really need to rehash this?

FLACCO

It's a great story, Billy! Calm your Jew-ass down.

BOBBLEHEAD

(To Billy)

Forgot you were a Jew...

BILLY

Half. What the fuck does that matter to you?

FLACCO

So, I start to rough up this pickaninny-loser. Next thing we know, his cousin darts out from the closet, was hiding the whole time, and starts to lick off automatic shots, and Billy here - sent him to his maker. Not to mention before the Dominican shielded himself with his own kid! Billy got a two for one! Shot went right through the kid's chest, out the lil' bastard's back, and into his father's fat skull. Billy was a marksman before the war.

SKAGGS

Wow! What a story for a first kill.

BILLY

(Disturbed chuckle)

That kid's death haunts me everyday. Not sure how that is suppose to loosen us up, Flac.

FLACCO

(Seriously)

People die, Billy. That is why I told the story.

(Looking deep into Billy's eyes)

I am reminding everyone... how people *die*.

BOBBLEHEAD

They sure do.

FLACCO

However! We are avoiding killing people for all intents and purposes, here, Mikey - remember that! I just wanted to share that story. Will never forget it.

A Loud Bang rattles off from an unknown spot in the spacious warehouse. All semi-jump and look around, but remain cool.

BOBBLEHEAD

(Nervously and twitchy)
What the fuck was that?!

FLACCO

We *should* be the only ones here.
There are fuckin' ghosts and shit.

SKAGGS

If you believe that horseshit.

BILLY

This was an old steel mill.

BOBBLEHEAD

Left over death energy.

FLACCO

All four of us carry that with us.
Well the fuckin' ghost can listen in on the plan then too.

BILLY

Wouldn't Archie, and yourself, or any of the Cappos have *me* lead this? I have the most experience, plus now - war experience. I am an Army Ranger Veteran.

FLACCO

(Nervously)
No, No, we have you in the main plans... you will see.

BOBBLEHEAD

Billy, the big killer... How many towel-heads you think you got out there? I heard you killed a lot of Arabs...

BILLY

Didn't keep count.

SKAGGS

Bullshit. You know every last one.
The army keeps count, anyway. Also,
your boss or Sargent would have.

BOBBLEHEAD

Not that anyone asked me. But me? I
remember the details on every one.
Besides for an explosion, and the
human remains... well, well... who
knows how many smelled there skin
burn as it melted... before they
died. Or those who got incinerated -
instantly!

(Snaps finger while giving
demented smirk)

Poof!

Camera Slow Pans across each character.

BILLY

(To Bobblehead)

Jesus. You have not changed a bit.
You may be even more of a piece of
shit. Evolved.

(To Flacco)

You were like my mentor, Flac. I
looked up to you, man. You got me
on this job with these two low-
lives?!

(Getting Angrier)

These guys are bottom feeders!

SKAGGS

Fuck you! I'll skin you alive and
feed off you!

BOBBLEHEAD

(Shaking and creepily)

Yeah, Billy... I thought we were
friends. We knew each other as
kids.

BILLY

'Knew each other,' being the key
words. In actuality, our parents
just happened to buy real estate in
close proximity. That is the only
reason I know your scummy self.
Look at you now...

FLACCO

(Shouting)

Does everybody want to get fuckin' paid or what?! I mean what the fuck guys?! Billy, you were killing jihadis over there with guys worse than these two. You were probably workin' for and workin' with fuckin' smelly Muslims! And big scumbag mercenaries too. Huh?! The way they treat their women - fuckin' barbaric.

BILLY

Flacs, not for nothing, but you gotta admit - this is an odd crew.

FLACCO

(To Billy)

You were fightin' fuckin' sand niggas' a month ago. You're back now! That's due to you keeping in touch with Arch. Smart move by the way, to remain on payroll. You want the action... How different are you from any of us?

Billy is frozen as Bobblehead and Skaggs leer at him.

FLACCO (CONT'D)

Let's all calm the fuck down, and focus on this damn hit!

Billy's PHONE VIBRATES:

Same Young Girl's Face: Next to Message - ***Strange cars and people on the street.***

BILLY

(Eyes light up)

I'll crawl to the ends of the Earth for my little girl. I'll do anything for that Angel of a human being.

FLACCO

Love is good, Billy...

SKAGGS

Love 'em nice and young.

BOBBLEHEAD

Love when a hollow point turns flesh into confetti.

Bobblehead holds up a HOLLOW POINT BULLET with admiration.

CLOSE UP: Hollow Point Bullet GLISTENS off the light.

FLACCO

(To Billy)

Text your girl, gather yourself, do what you gotta do... and we will start. I see you looking at your phone.

BILLY

She's a small girl, Flacco...
(Looks quickly at Skaggs)
A kid.

BOBBLEHEAD

Don't say that around a man who dabbles in the flesh trade.

Billy approaches Bobblehead like he is going to punch him, but backs off. Flacco and Skaggs take a couple steps in to intervene, if Billy did anything. Tension bubbles.

FLACCO

Whoah! Step out for a sec, Bill.

Billy steps to the side and eyes all three of them down. Flacco, Bobblehead and Skaggs look back at him.

Billy TEXTS: ***GO to the spot where I told you to hide if you ever saw anyone suspicious. No one knows where we live. I made sure of that. I LOVE you very, very much. I am going to carry out the plan. Will just be you and I - on a beach. I love you as deep as the ocean and as high as the sky - and beyond. Be Safe. 'HEART EMOJI.'***

BEAT.

Billy looks down at his phone, and prays for a response. He shakes his hand. He looks back at the others, and all three just finished speaking. They give Billy a fake, nervous look.

Slow Motion: Billy walks back to the chairs like a stoic warrior going into battle.

FLACCO (CONT'D)

(To Billy)

All Good?

BILLY

Yep. Great, fine - good.
(A little sarcastically)
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
 So... it's time for the new
 technology display?

FLACCO
 Always sumptin' new these day, huh
 Billy?

Flacco slaps the back of Billy's shoulder, to his negligible disapproval.

BILLY
 Certainly is.

BOBBLEHEAD
 I heard they are making new sex
 dolls that will get you high while
 you fuck them, and the dolls can
 also transform! So it can get
 pretty weird, if you know what I am
 saying...

SKAGGS
 Wow... that sounds amazing! Can I
 get on preorder?

FLACCO
 Will you two knuckleheads focus?! I
 really need your two demented heads
 listening! And paying attention.
 It's why you's' is on this job,
 gettin' paid well! This won't be
 easy. Remember?!

Flacco gets more nervous and starts to sweat.

FLACCO (CONT'D)
 Now, I'm going to start this shit
 up. Billy, have a seat.

BILLY
 (Standing with hands in
 pockets, firm)
 No, I'm good here.

FLACCO
 (Frustratingly)
 Billy, we are reenacting the way we
 will be sitting in the car when the
 whole thing goes down, and the
 events that will possibly ensue.

Billy sits in a cautious fashion, with hand in right pocket.

The two monsters eye him from behind. Flacco bends down to push a button on the T.V.

Billy's PHONE BUZZES:

Same Young Girl - a new picture of her bounded and gagged.

Next to Message: ***We got her - Watching you now. Sorry Billy-boy! DEVIL SMILEY FACE EMOJI***

Flacco hits the button that triggers an Alarm built into the old warehouse system.

Alarm Blares!

Lighting quick:

Everyone reacts!

Mikey Bobblehead tries to strangle Billy with Wire Tool.

Billy sees it coming, and blocks his throat with Money Clip he whips out from pocket.

CLOSE UP: Old Scratched Clip Reads: **KELLY**

Billy's strength busts out the screws from the floor. He thrusts backwards into Bobblehead's lower chin. Bobblehead, stunned, drops the wire choker.

Skaggs rushes Billy with a knife.

Flacco, frozen, bumbles as he tries to get his gun out.

In one quick move; Skaggs comes in for stab, Billy grabs and swings around dazed Bobblehead who catches the knife in the upper left chest.

Billy double bear hugs them. Next, he grabs the knife out of Bobblehead's upper chest, and jags it into Skaggs's throat.

Flacco blasts shots!

Bobblehead is shot. Billy shields himself with a lifeless Skaggs who bleeds out his throat. Billy uses his strength to hold up lifeless Skaggs. Billy still has a 'jaws of life' grip of Bobblehead, shot, and tries to squirm free.

Flacco stops blasting shots. Billy pushes the 'two-man mesh' into Flacco who falls into and knocks over T.V. stand.

Billy lunges out of the abyss, and serves Flacco a flying slice swing, that juts open Flacco's throat.

BILLY

(To Flacco)

Of all the people... to try to do
me in! it had to be you...

Bobblehead, shot multiple times, badly hurt, stumbles out
back door.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(To self, then louder)

Arch is too old school for this. He
would have had a backup hit squad
rushing in now, or an automatic
machine gun turret!

(Yelling out loud)

C'mon, Arch! Who's behind this?!
That's all you had?!

The Camera Pans out.

Billy, stoic warrior, exits out a door.

The End.