

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address
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EXT. 5TH STREET - NIGHT

JERRY, 42 deadbeat and worn down by life, walks down the street with a bottle covered with a brown paper bag; he is clearly drunk. He pulls out his phone and calls Matt.

JERRY
Heyyyy, maaannnn!!

MATT (O.C.)
Jerry? Dude, you okay? It's the middle of the night.

JERRY
Yeah, man! It's all goood. I've just got a favor to ask.

MATT
Have you been drinking, again?

Jerry takes a swig from the bottle.

JERRY
I've just got this one little thing I need.

MATT
Damn it, Jerry...You need to stop doing this to yourself. And I can't afford to do anymore favors for you.

JERRY
I need \$500

Matt hangs up.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hello? Matt? You there, man? Fuck! Fucking fuck!

Jerry stumbles down the street and turns into an alleyway. He rushes toward a dumpster and vomits against the building wall.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Uuuggghhhhhh shit...

He spins around and sinks down the wall, sitting in the pile of vomit. Further into the alley, a backdoor swings open.

Two men, DAVE and PETER, shove OSCAR, 52, out into the alley (His wallet falls out of his back pocket and lands next to the stairs.) and push him onto his knees--Oscar's hands are tied behind his back. Jerry peeks under the dumpster and can see Oscar and the feet of the two henchmen.

OSCAR

Please! Please! I can make this right! Please don't--

DAVE kicks Oscar in the back and shoves his face into the ground. TROY, the obvious leader of the group, comes through the door into the alley, followed by second in command CHRIS.

DAVE

Shut the fuck up! You knew the consequences if you were to open your worthless mouth to the feds.

TROY

Make what right Oscar? YOU FUCKING TRAITOR!

Troy kicks Oscar in the balls. Oscar screams in pain.

OSCAR

PLEASE I BEG YOU...

Troy spits in Oscar's face. Chris unlocks his gun. Troy smirks and looks to Chris. Jerry shifts as close to the wall as he can get, terrified.

JERRY

(under his breath) Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. This isn't happening.

TROY

Not yet Chris, not yet.

CHRIS

(whispers)
Don't drag on for too long.

TROY

Chill, I'm having fun.

Troy signals the henchmen Dave and Peter.

TROY (CONT'D)

Strip him!

Dave and Peter strips Oscar, fully naked kneeling in front of Troy.

Jerry takes out his phone and starts to dial 911. Before he can press "call," the battery dies.

JERRY
(under his breath) Oh god.

TROY
Ok... so you DO have balls. You know, I've never seen you as someone with BALLS. Let's fix that.

Troy puts out his hand to Chris. Chris draws a large hunting knife from the back of his pants and hands the knife to Troy. Troy stabs Oscar's balls. Oscar lets out a blood curdling scream, and Troy shoves his own fist into Oscar's mouth. Dave and Peter try their best to keep their poker face.

TROY (CONT'D)
Shhhhh shh shh shh...

CHRIS
We gotta go, man. You don't want anyone to see this.

TROY
You boys never want to have any real fun...

Troy hands Chris a set of keys.

TROY (CONT'D)
Get the car. I'll finish this up. Then you two take care of the mess.

Chris takes the keys and hesitantly steps to the side, nervous to see how Troy is going to kill Oscar.

CHRIS
Make it quick. Perhaps not too messy...

Troy spins the knife around in his hand and begins beating Oscar in the face with the butt end of the knife. His hand is slightly wrapped around the blade and slicing his own skin. He is unfazed by the pain as he continues to smash Oscar's face in. Chris steps in and stops Troy.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You two! Clean it up! Don't fucking stand there!

Dave and Peter bag Oscar's body quickly with ease. Oscar's wallet fell off. They put the bag into the trunk and get inside the van. Jerry covers his mouth trying not to make a sound. The van leaves quickly running two red lights.

JERRY
What the FUCK?!?

Jerry picks himself up and stumbles toward where Oscar's body was. As he drunkenly looks around the area, he discovers Oscar's wallet by the stairs. He opens it up, and there is Oscar's I.D., \$1,000 in cash, a credit card, an aged family photo, and a key card to a hotel.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Shit, Oscar... You had it GOOD.
What did you do to piss those guys
off?

He shoves the wallet in his back pocket.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Jerry slaps the key card onto the front desk; he has big shopping bags in hand and he's wearing significantly nicer clothes than the night before. A skinny clerk sits behind the counter; this is Jenny. She's been working all night. The hotel is dingy and dark.

JENNY
Checking in?

JERRY
Uhhh...I actually have a room. I've
been out all night and,
uh..heh...can't seem to remember my
room number.

JENNY
Name?

JERRY
Oscar...uh...?

Jerry pulls out the I.D. and takes a quick look.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Jones

JENNY
103.

Jerry swiftly grabs the key card and makes his way down the hall. He finds room 103, and the door is already cracked open. Jerry tucks the key card into his back pocket and slowly pushes the door open.

The room is eerily dark as the curtains are pulled shut. The entire room looks as though a tornado came through. Jerry tips his toes into the room and gently sets the bags onto the floor. He glances around the room, horrified by whatever happened. The door slams shut behind him. Jerry whips around to see Troy separating him from the door.

TROY

Now, I KNOW you're not the Oscar Jones who has this room. His body is a pile of ashes miles from here.

JERRY

Look, man...I just found the wallet, and I needed some money.

TROY

Shoulda stuck to the cash, my friend. You've been using his credit card, and that's a baaad idea...My men saw that, and we've been wondering how a dead man can spend thousands of dollars in one night.

Troy pulls the knife out from the inside of his jacket.

JERRY

The FUCK, man! It's just money!

TROY

I need Oscar to disappear.

JERRY

I'm not Oscar!!

TROY

But that's his I.D. and his money...Seems like you're Oscar to me.

Troy lunges towards Jerry with the knife. Jerry throws himself back towards the bed and rolls onto the floor between the bed and the wall. Troy bounds toward him and leaps onto the bed, knife held up in the air. There is a crazed look in his eyes.

Jerry jumps up and tackles Troy to the floor. The knife falls out of Troy's hand, and the two men struggle in a fist fight.

Troy strangles Jerry, and just as he is starting to lose, he gets a hold of the knife and swings it across Troy's throat. Blood comes pouring out of Troy's neck and all over Jerry's face. He tosses Troy's body off of him and onto the floor. As he stands up, Jerry's phone rings. He answers it.

JERRY

Hello?...Yeah, man, I've got your
money.

Jerry pulls out the wallet and the cash is untouched.

JERRY (CONT'D)

And I have a little bit of interest
too for the wait.