

END OF THE LINE

BLACK SCREEN

CHARLIE

I was twelve years old the first
time I killed somebody.

INT. CAR - DAY

CHARLIE LEDUC, a heavy set man in his early forties, sits in
the drivers side seat, a cigarette hangs out of his mouth.

CURTIS WHITNEY, a skinny man in his early twenties sits next
to him. Curtis looks over at Charlie.

CURTIS

What you kill him for?

CHARLIE

I grew up in farmin' country,
didn't have much, daddy was dead
and mama was a whore, so I got
myself a job.

Charlie takes a long drag from his cigarette.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

A man named Earl McGraw said if I
helped him out on his farm he'd
give me ten bucks a day, to be paid
at the end of the month. So I took
the job, haulin' hay, cleanin' up
the farm, shoveling shit.

He flicks his cigarette out of through the window.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So at the end of the month I went
to collect my money, close to two
hundred bucks he owed me, and you
know what the sonofabitch did.

CURTIS

What?

CHARLIE

Laughed at me, told me I wouldn't
see one Goddamn dime. That pissed
me the fuck off.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So the next mornin', while that miserable old fuck was eatin' runny eggs and burnt bacon, I grabbed myself a big shiny knife, snuck up behind him, then I slit his throat from ear to ear.

Charlie takes out another cigarette and lights it up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He fell back on his ass with his hands around his throat tryin' to stop the bleeding. I walked in front of him, I wanted him to know who done this to him.

Charlie chuckles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Boy did he ever look surprised. He gurgled a bit and died right there.

CURTIS

Why are you telling me this?

CHARLIE

I like to kill people, and there ain't nothin' that can make me feel the least Goddamn bit bad about it.

Charlie looks directly at Curtis.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Just thought you'd like to know.

Charlie takes a final drag from his cigarette.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Lets do this.

INT. CONVIENIENCE STORE - DAY

A KOREAN CLERK stands behind the register.

A young WOMAN in her early twenties comes walking towards the counter.

A MAN in his late forties flips through a magazine at the magazine rack next to the counter.

Charlie and Curtis burst into the store with guns in their hands and ski masks over their faces.

CHARLIE
(shouting)
Everyone get down on the fucking
floor now.

Charlie points the gun towards the clerk.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Except for you gook. You open up
that register and take out the
fucking money!

The clerk stands there in shock.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Are you fucking deaf? Do you wanna
get shot?

The clerk shakes his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Then take out the fucking money.

The young women and older man are on their knees.

Charlie walks over to the young woman.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Well aren't you a pretty little
thing.

She looks up at him. He turns to Curtis.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Get the money.

He looks back down at the girl.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna have me some fun.

He grabs her by the arm and pulls her up.

Curtis turns to Charlie.

CURTIS
What are you doing?

CHARLIE
Get the money and shut up. There's
a safe in the back, take the gook
and make him open it.

Charlie runs his fingers along the woman's face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You're gonna feel something you
ain't never felt before.

The woman slaps him across the face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Bitch!

He pistol whips her.

She falls to her knees.

He points the gun at her head and pulls the trigger.

The bullet hits her skull and her body falls back, her eyes
and mouth are wide open.

He then points the gun at the older man and pulls the trigger
two times.

The bullets hit the man in the chest.

Curtis runs down the isle.

CURTIS
What the hell did you do?

He looks over at the two dead bodies.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
You killed them!

CHARLIE
You stupid sonofabitch.

He points the gun at Curtis.

Curtis quickly raises his gun and shoots Charlie in the
stomach.

Charlie looks down to the bullet wound on his belly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You shot me you sonofabitch.

Curtis trembles where he stands.

Charlie raises his gun and points it at Curtis's head.

Curtis just stands there.

Charlie pulls the trigger.

A bullet strikes Curtis in the forehead. His body drops to the ground.

Police sirens can be heard coming up the street.

INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

SUPER ON: ONE YEAR LATER

BILLY MYERS, a young man in his mid twenties, baby faced with matted hair, walks next to a PRISON GUARD. Billy has a few folded sheets and pillow cases in his hand.

They make their way to a cell. They stop.

The guard opens the door.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Billy walks into the cell.

The guard closes the door behind him.

There is a desk and a chair in one corner next to the toilet, and bunk bed across from it. A figure lies on the top bunk.

The figure sits up. It's Charlie Leduc.

CHARLIE

Who the fuck are you?

BILLY

Billy, I guess we're gonna be roommates.

Charlie chuckles.

CHARLIE

Is that so.

BILLY

Yeah.

Charlie hops of the bunk and onto his feet.

CHARLIE

So do you wanna have this gettin' to know ya shit over with now, or do you wanna wait till mornin'.

BILLY

I don't think I'm gonna be able to sleep, so I don't have a problem with doing it now.

CHARLIE

Why don't you have a seat boy, bottom bunk is yours.

Billy puts the sheets down and sits on the bottom bunk.

Charlie grabs the chair by the desk and spins it around. He sits down.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So what's a clean cut little shit like you doin' in a place like this?

BILLY

You mean what crime did I commit?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

BILLY

Tax evasion.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE

Looky here, I get a bookworm for a cell mate, how do ya like that.

BILLY

What may I ask are you in here for?

Charlie leans in towards Billy.

CHARLIE

Murder.

Billy takes a big gulp.

BILLY

Who did you kill?

CHARLIE

Lots of people.

BILLY

I'm sure your mother is very proud of you.

Charlie smacks Billy across the face.

CHARLIE

You shut the fuck up. You don't
ever talk to me like that! Do you
understand me?

Billy stares into Charlie's eyes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Are you scared?

Billy remains silent.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I guess that means yes, and you
should be.

Billy continues to stare at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I bet you're asking yourself what's
stopping me from throwing you down
on the ground and fucking you up
the ass. And the answer is
nothing, if I wanna, I will, but
hey, it only hurts for the first
couple inches, but once I'm in the
bowel it's smooth sailing.

Billy doesn't take his eyes off of Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Well are you gonna say something or
what?

BILLY

You have no idea who I am, do you?

CHARLIE

What the fuck does that mean? Am I
supposed to know you?

BILLY

Yes....you Are.

CHARLIE

And how am I supposed to know you?

BILLY

You really wanna know?

CHARLIE

Well what do you think?

BILLY

I want you to want to know.

CHARLIE

Well I want to know. Happy?

BILLY

Very.

Billy strikes Charlie at his throat.

Charlie falls back off the chair and gasps.

Billy gets up off the bunk and spins the chair around. He sits down.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I had to pull some strings and ask some favors to get to this moment, you know that?

Charlie still gasps.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I mean, we pleaded with the D.A not to go for the death penalty. You had no idea how much they wanted to fry your ass. But I didn't want the state to get you, that wouldn't be right, that wouldn't be just.

Billy leans down.

BILLY (CONT'D)

That girl, the one you shot in the head, that was my girlfriend. We were gonna get married. But you ended that didn't you.

Charlie struggles to breathe.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm rich, Charlie, filthy rich. I was able to buy my way in here for one night, to do what I need to do, to have my revenge.

Billy gets right into Charlie's face.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I wanted you to know who killed you
and why.

Charlie still struggles for a breath.

Billy gets up off the chair and walks over to the bunk. He
grabs one of the sheet and rolls it into a rope.

He walks back over to Charlie and grabs him by the hair. He
pulls him away from against the wall.

Charlie lands on all fours. Billy gets behind him and wraps
the sheet around Charlie's neck.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I hope this hurts. I hope it hurts
real bad.

Billy tightens the sheet. Charlie tries to pull it away but
is unable to.

Charlie's mouth is wide open. His eyes fill with blood. He
struggles for a few more moments. His body goes limp.

Billy lets go of the sheet. Charlie's body drops to the
ground.

The prison cell door opens. The guard walks in.

GUARD

Looks like it's done.

BILLY

Almost, but I think I'm gonna need
your help stringing this bastard
up.

The PRISON WARDEN, fifties, short, stalky, with a beard,
walks into the cell.

WARDEN

Suicide by hanging, that's a nice
touch.

Billy smiles.

BILLY

I don't think there will be a lot
of people asking questions over
this, this animal.

WARDEN

I think you're right Billy. By the way your father is waiting for you outside.

BILLY

Guess I should hurry up.

WARDEN

Will you thank your father for his more than generous donation.

BILLY

I will.

Billy looks down at Charlie's body.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Lets do this.

The guard walks over to Charlie's body and picks it up.

Billy gets on the chair and wraps the sheet around Charlie's neck.

FADE TO BLACK.