

Spiro

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two bullet-ridden men writhe at opposite ends of the room:
SPIRO CHRISTOS and JUNIOR JASPER (both 30s).

Between them: wads of blood-stained cash.

Bullet holes. Discarded guns. Blood pools.

Spiro clutches his shot-up gut and shouts to Junior.

SPIRO
You dead yet?

No answer. Junior's foot twitches.

SPIRO
Soon, motherfucker: lights out.

Spits.

SPIRO
Gonna outlast you by 'bout ten
minutes, yo.

A bloody grin. Shaky fingers.

SPIRO
So I fuckin' win.

Spiro fumbles his phone from a pocket: deader than dead.

Junior's legs spasm.

SPIRO
The better man. Me. The stronger
man.

Spiro shakes a bloody finger at Junior.

SPIRO
Gotta listen to my voice on your
way out. Listen good.

Junior's fingers clutch the air.

SPIRO
Gonna tell you every girl I ever
fucked: Swirly Shirley from across
the alley. Laurie Zobot.

Junior coughs, spasms.

SPIRO

Shit, I can't remember 'em in order.

An exhausted blink. Blood-spattered eyelids.

SPIRO

Roberta Gawenda, fantastico. And her friend with the nightgown. And eighty-eight others, all beauties. Models. And my ex-wife, Nana Polina. God dammit, what a mistake.

Snarls to Junior.

SPIRO

An' I fucked your big-titty wife. Yeah.

Junior shudders, croaks delusional death's-door nonsense:

JUNIOR

Chicken--nuh--nuh--noodle.

SPIRO

What? You got words?

Spiro winces in pain, but pushes himself along the floor with his feet--toward the cash.

Junior spits blood, rolls over.

JUNIOR

Chick...uh...nuh.
(gasps)
Noodle. Spoon.

SPIRO

Oh, you're otta your mind.

Spiro bleeds, moves toward the cash.

SPIRO

Think you're in a restaurant? You ain't. You're dyin'.

Junior groans in pain.

SPIRO

Fuck your chicken noodle. Your head's screwy.

Sneers.

SPIRO
You're talkin' like a sausage.

Slowly, painfully, Spiro drags himself along the floor toward the cash. A stuck pig.

SPIRO
I'm gonna die. On that pile.

Grunt. Drag. Push.

SPIRO
Like a king.

The money is just two feet away.

SPIRO
I win. Not yours. Mine.

Junior spasms. On the verge of death.

Spiro inches toward the money. It's at his fingertips.

A door swings open. Footsteps.

In walks ANDREW DOUKAS, 20s, a flunky. Oversized headphones blare his god-awful music. He lugs takeout hamburger bags.

The bloodbath stops him dead in his tracks.

DOUKAS
Ah, fuck.

He rushes to Spiro. Tries to help.

DOUKAS
Spiro? You okay?

Spiro grits his teeth in pain.

DOUKAS
What the hell happened?

A gun hangs out of Doukas's waistband. With a shaky hand, Spiro snatches it.

Doukas's eyes widen with surprise. He tumbles back.

Before Doukas can say anything, Spiro aims the gun at Junior.

His hand trembles as he pulls the trigger.

Blam. Blam. Blam. Three shots at Junior. All of them miss. Not even close. Doukas jolts back, shocked.

Spiro spits in frustration.

SPIRO

Shit.

A deep breath, probably the last Spiro will ever take. He snarls an order to Doukas.

SPIRO

Kick Junior...

(gasp)

in the balls...for me.

(gasp)

Give ya a thousand fuckin' dollars.

Doukas peers at Junior. He frowns. He shakes his head.

DOUKAS

He ain't breathin', Spiro. He's gone. I can see from here.

A half-smile. Spiro's eyes roll back. His head drops. Life drains away.

DOUKAS

I'm not gonna kick a dead guy's balls. Not even for money.

He shifts.

DOUKAS

That would be disrespectful.

Lights out for Spiro. The room is finally quiet.

Doukas assesses Spiro and Junior. Both of them are motionless--dead or seconds away from it.

Doukas squats. Considers. He pokes one of the wads of cash.

Doukas springs into motion. He stuffs the money in his pockets. He tosses it down his shirt. A greedy, desperate grab.

He pulls the last wad from out of Spiro's hand.

Time to get out of here. To the door he goes.

Wait. Don't leave the gun behind. Doukas turns back.

He stoops down and tries to peel Spiro's fingers from the weapon.

Doukas glances at Spiro's face. His eyes are open.

Spiro raises the gun with a trembling hand and fires it pointblank into Doukas's neck.

A vicious wound. Doukas wobbles to his feet, takes a few steps, slips on a pool of blood. Down he goes.

It does not take long for him to die.

Spiro grunts and crawls toward Doukas.

Barely clinging to life, Spiro snatches the cash out of Doukas's pocket.

Money in hand, Spiro relents, takes his last breath amid pools of blood.

He's the last guy holding the cash. The winner.

FADE OUT: