# MULTI-TASKER

by

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#### EXT. SIDEWALK, MAIL DROP OFF - DAY

A BRIEFCASE. Unowned. Sitting upright on the sidewalk beside a mail drop off. A SHEET OF PAPER taped on the side: "Directions on other side. Call for emergency: 626 - 589 - 6857".

A car pulls up. A man steps out. Grabs the briefcase. Leaves.

## EXT. STREET, ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY

Heat radiates off the blazing asphalt. In the distance, mirage-like: 95' HONDA ACCORD drives down the road.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

Boss, I can't open the goddamn briefcase.

BOSS (V.O.)

(from phone)

You don't have to, shithead.

## INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY

On the passenger seat: The SHEET OF PAPER. Now turned over to show a list of "DIRECTIONS".

ADRIAN (O.S.)

Then why do I have it?

A hand SNATCHES the paper out of frame.

BOSS (V.O.)

(from phone)

For show, Adrian. It's for show. Bring it with you. Don't call me unless the job is done.

ADRIAN (25), an overweight burn-out, on the phone. Brings the directions closer to his face.

**ADRIAN** 

(to phone)

Alright, Boss -- .

The line dies. Adrian shuts the phone. Puts it away. CURSES incoherently under his breath. He looks at the directions. Squints. Closely examines each passing house. Lost. Until --

His eyes suddenly widen. He SLAMS on the brakes.

#### EXT. STREET, APARTMENTS - DAY

The car reverses. Stops.

## INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY

The number on the apartment building reads: "318".

Adrian glances at the directions: "318". This is the place.

## EXT. STREET, ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY

Adrian parallel parks a block away from his destination.

#### INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - DAY

Adrian kills the engine. SIGHS. Tries to relax. He pulls a photograph from his jacket pocket. Studies the face: DANIEL (30), long, greasy hair, laughs hysterically into the camera.

Adrian puts the picture away. Leans over. Opens the glove compartment: A 9MM BERETTA rests inside. He grips the handle. Familiarizes himself with the weapon. COCKS it. Tucks it in the back of his pants. He grabs the briefcase. A final SIGH. It's game time.

## EXT. APARTMENTS - SIDEWALK - DAY

Adrian passes numerous apartments. Stops. Finally: Apartment "5". The number hangs upside down.

Adrian approaches. Nervous. Hesitant. He adjusts himself. Fails to get comfortable. He reluctantly KNOCKS.

FOOTSTEPS. Inside the house.

The porch window blinds crack open -- beady, alarmed eyes stare at Adrian.

Adrian startled. He stares back. Awkwardly waves -- the blinds close -- eyes vanish. No one answers the door.

Adrian prepares for another knock -- the door cracks open -- Daniel peaks outside. Studies Adrian head-to-toe.

Adrian reeling.

**ADRIAN** 

D-D-Daniel?

Daniel remains quiet. Observant.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Daniel Gibbs -- ?

DANIEL

Take off your shirt.

Adrian automatically begins to undo his jacket. Pauses. Realizes the obscure request:

**ADRIAN** 

Wait. What?

Daniel opens the door. Peaks his head out, peering down both ends of the walkway -- no one around.

Daniel raises a PISTOL to Adrian's head.

DANIEL

Come on -- let's see some chest, sweetheart.

ADRIAN

Whoa, whoa -- I'm not wearing a wire -- !

DANIEL

Five seconds to strip -- show me them tits --!

Pause. Is he serious?

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Wasting time here -- Four!

Adrian reacts -- tries to take his shirt off -- quickly.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Three. I don't see tits, man. Let's go. <u>Two</u>.

Adrian struggles -- too nervous -- jittery.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Time's up!

ADRIAN

What happened to one?

DANIEL

You just said it for me.

Daniel COCKS the gun -- Adrian shuts his eyes.

Silence. No shots fired.

Adrian opens his eyes: Daniel grinning. Gun lowered.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What'd you think? Be brutal.

Adrian silent. Speechless. Confused. Recovering.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I've been taking acting classes again. Needed an outsider's opinion. We're you scared? Did you buy it?

Adrian shocked. In awe.

**ADRIAN** 

Um...

Daniel smiles. Proud.

DANIEL

You say so much without saying a word. I like your style. I'll buy your dope. We can do business.

Daniel steps aside. Allows him to enter.

Adrian hesitates, but enters. Daniel scans the neighborhood before following him inside.

## INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Partially clean. Obscene amounts of empty Budweiser bottles scatter the tables. Plastic shrouds the two opposing sofas. Posters of half naked women fill the walls. Daniel comes up behind Adrian.

DANIEL

(pointing at the sofa)

Sit.

Adrian sits on the brown leather love-seat.

Daniel heads upstairs. KNOCK. KNOCK.

DANIEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Paul, get up. We got company.

No answer.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

DANIEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Paul!

PAUL (O.S.)

Fuck off, man.

DANIEL (O.S.)

Fuck yourself. It's the <u>dealer</u>. Shift your ass.

Long pause.

PAUL (O.S.)

Kay.

Daniel returns. Sits across from Adrian. The coffee table separates the two.

ADRIAN

Someone else is here?

DANIEL

Older brother.

ADRIAN

I assumed you lived alone.

DANIEL

We just met. You make a lot of assumptions. What do you care?

ADRIAN

I don't... I don't.

(begins to rise)

I have to run back to the car, do you mind -- ?

Daniel aims the gun at him.

DANIEL

I mind. Stay put.

Adrian slowly sits back down.

Daniel stares. Measures him.

Silence. Adrian awkwardly scans the room. Daniel continues observing him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Do you masturbate?

Adrian's eyes lock on his. Surprised by the question.

**ADRIAN** 

Uh-W-W-What?

Masturbate. Jerk-off. Ejaculate.
Do you do it?

ADRIAN

Are you serious?

Daniel waits: "Yes".

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Um... Sure.

DANIEL

How often?

**ADRIAN** 

I-I don't know -- .

DANIEL

Come on. A lot -- a little -- what?

**ADRIAN** 

I can't say. I really don't know!

DANIEL

I don't believe you.

Daniel raises the gun. Adrian tenses.

ADRIAN

M-Maybe three times a week.

Daniel continues to aim. Waiting. COCKS the gun.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Okay... twice a day. Five days a week.

Daniel smiles. Lowers the gun.

DANIEL

Not bad. Another question. More of a concern, actually. I unload three times. Everyday. Seven days a week. No bullshit. Do you watch the news?

**ADRIAN** 

Is that your question?

DANIEL

The news. Do you watch it?

ADRIAN

Um. Yeah, sure.

Stop saying sure. Yes or no.

ADRIAN

Yes.

DANIEL

Awesome. Recently?

ADRIAN

Not since yesterday.

DANIEL

Big mistake. You missed out on vital news. Are you ready for this?

Daniel waits. Adrian catches on.

ADRIAN

Oh. Sur -- yes.

DANIEL

Stay with me here: If I take a shit, read the LA Times, talk on the phone and chug Vodka. Simultaneously. Everyday. I will, one day, have the intelligence of a wall.

(beat)

Did you hear what I said? Fuck the economic recession. We have bigger problems. Multi-tasking directly results in a lower IQ.

ADRIAN

The news said that?

DANIEL

The news said that.

ADRIAN

And you believe'd that?

DANIEL

Well, yeah... Fox news, man.

PAUL (30) sluggishly comes downstairs, wearing a pair of slippers. His face shadowed.

Adrian tenses -- knuckles pale white -- eyes constantly moving between Daniel and Paul -- heart-rate quickening.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Paul, hurry. Our friend here, apparently, has other shit to do.

Paul enters, revealing himself. Muscular. Well-built. Intimidating.

PAUL

Let's see what's in the briefcase.

Perspiration has noticeably developed on Adrian's forehead. He stands.

ADRIAN

(loud, panicked)

Can I use the bathroom?

DANIEL

Wait until you get home to wackoff.

ADRIAN

(desperate)

Please.

Daniel and Paul glance at each other. Shrug.

PAUL

(indicating towards the hallway)

Make it quick.

Adrian jumps off the seat. Briefcase in hand. Bolts upstairs.

## INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Adrian shuts the door. Drops the briefcase. He takes out his cell phone. Takes out the directions from earlier. Turns it on the phone number side. He dials the number. It RINGS but goes to a voice-mail.

**ADRIAN** 

(into phone)

Boss, I can't do this. You never said shit about two of them. He has a brother.

Adrian pauses. Sits on the toilet seat.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm a lot of things but I'm not a killer. I know I fucked up. I know I owe you but I can't do this. I swear to God, I'll pay you back but not like this. We'll talk when I see you. Call me when you get this message.

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Please.

Adrian waits. No one calls. He puts the phone away. Removes the pistol tucked in his pants. COCKS it. Here we go...

# INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Adrian at the foot of the stairs. He peaks around the wall: Daniel is the only one visible.

Adrian leans against the wall. Glances at the gun in his hand. GULP.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adrian coming down the stairs. The gun trained on Daniel.

Daniel watches. Paul's gone.

**ADRIAN** 

Where is he?

DANIEL

Who?

ADRIAN

I won't shoot. I'm just going to leave and that will be it. Tell him to come out.

DANIEL

Or what?

Adrian bolts for the front door -- reaches for the knob -- BOOM -- the door slams against Adrian's head -- he fumbles back -- the gun escapes his grip.

Paul enters from outside. Furious.

Adrian looks up -- Paul pushes Adrian onto the sofa.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Was there any mail?

Paul picks up the pistol. Approaches Adrian.

PAUL

No.

(shoving the gun into Adrian's face)

You motherfuck -- .

Paul, remember the classes! Try again.

Paul SIGHS.

PAUL

That was <u>very</u> rude. We weren't finished talking to you yet.

DANIEL

Much better.

PAUL

Thank you.

DANIEL

(to Adrian)

Give me the case.

ADRIAN

Please, let me go.

PAUL

Give it, shithead.

ADRIAN

I-I don't know the combination.

Silence. They know. Adrian hands it to Paul, which he tosses to Daniel.

Daniel fiddles with it. The briefcase opens.

PAUL

Do you know how I know you're not a killer?

Beat. Paul aims.

**ADRIAN** 

Wait, wait!

Paul presses the trigger. CLICK.

Adrian eases.

PAUL

A killer leaves the safety off.

Paul sits next to Daniel. Hands him Adrian's gun.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where'd you leave off, Danny?

Multi-tasking kills.

PAUL

Right.

(clears throat)
If I take a shit, read the LA
Times -- .

DANIEL

Did that part.

PAUL

Fucking asshole...

DANIEL

(dead pan)

Boo-fuckin'-hoo.

PAUL

(to Adrian)

Anyway, my brother and I heard the news. Multi-tasking lowers your intelligence level. We freaked. Do you know why?

Daniel counts cash in the briefcase.

ADRIAN

No...

PAUL

Masturbating is multi-tasking.

DANIEL

Amen.

PAUL

Think about it. You're chokin' the dolphin, shaking hands with the devil -- blah blah blah. Making sure no one can hear or see you -- God forbid. You're using your imagination. Excessively. Or you're trying to keep your eyes on the tube. Making sure the volume is at just the right level.

Daniel reveals another weapon. From the briefcase. He applies a silencer to the barrel.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What the news suggested this afternoon was the worst news for people like <u>us</u>.

(MORE)

01/17/09 GK revs. (green) 12.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Masturbating makes you dumber. Now... how often do you do it?

Daniel hands Paul the gun.

DANIEL

Twice a day. Five days a week.

PAUL

I want him to answer.

DANIEL

He already did.

PAUL

Again. How often, Adrian?

**ADRIAN** 

You know my name...

PAUL

How often?

Paul COCKS the gun.

ADRIAN

Five days a week. Twice a day.

PAUL

Daniel, is the money all there?

Daniel closes the briefcase. Stares at Adrian.

DANIEL

All of it.

Paul FIRES. The shot tears through Adrian's gut. Adrian GASPS. Gazes, wide-eyed, as blood seeps through his shirt.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

We ask you this because you've proven our theory. Masturbating is multi-tasking. Jerking off does, in fact, make you dumber.

PAUL

Your boss, whom you fucked over, told you to kill someone. <u>Us</u>, which you've never done.

DANIEL

Then told you to pick up a briefcase, which you couldn't open for shit.

Adrian preoccupied with his wound. Breathing heavily. Disbelieving.

PAUL

Do you see our point yet? Adrian, we're doing you a favor. Better we kill you now then allow you to jerk yourself completely retarded.

DANIEL

He's being harsh. Nothing against you, Adrian. This is our business. We kill people... in our home.

Adrian dazed. He scans the room. Realizes the tarp's purpose. The reason for the plastic on the couch.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Just business.

Paul FIRES several times. The shots rip through Adrian's body. Kills him instantly.

Silence. Daniel and Paul stare for a bit. Take it all in.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Nice kid.

PAUL

Sure.

Awkward pause.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You hungry?

DANIEL

Fuck yeah.

Daniel and Paul stand.

PAUL

Grab his keys. We'll dump his body after some Wendy's.

Daniel grabs Adrian's car keys from his pocket. They exit the apartment, leaving Adrian's dead body, rotting.