

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. Laura 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 a single word:

JUNIOR

Soap.

SPIRO

What? You got words?

Spiro flops forward and pushes himself along the floor with his feet.

SPIRO

I ain't listenin'. Ain't listenin' to your soup.

He winces in pain.

SPIRO

You want good soup, motherfucker? Order the Fasolada.

Labored breaths.

SPIRO

Artopolis Restaurant. Fasolada. From Uncle Peter. Jack hole.

Blood drips from his fingers.

SPIRO

And he says shut up--shut ups, boy: You talk like a sausage.

Grunts.

SPIRO  
A sausage.

Louder.

SPIRO  
You talk like a sausage.

Shakes his head.

SPIRO  
Burn down uncle Peter's garage.  
Call me a sausage no more.

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

SPIRO  
Gonna die. On that pile.

Grunt. Drag. Push.

SPIRO  
Like-a king.

The money is just four feet away.

SPIRO  
I win. Not yours. Mine.

Spiro spots a cell phone next to the cash.

SPIRO  
Gonna call...

Junior's voice booms. Close by. Surprisingly.

JUNIOR  
You ain't gettin' there, billy  
goat. Too far away: a fuckin'  
furlong.

Spiro's eyes widen. Junior stands directly over him.

SPIRO  
How? You're dead.

JUNIOR  
Yeah. Ding.

SPIRO  
Then how?

JUNIOR  
Your head's all screwy.

Junior stoops down, looks Spiro in the eye.

JUNIOR  
Science books. Never heard of 'em?  
Your skull's fulla neurons and  
centrons.

Spiro reaches for the cash.

JUNIOR  
Yours is popping one atta time.  
Three, two. Pop. Pop. Champagne  
corks, bro. That's the sound.

Junior smiles.

JUNIOR  
Sucks. Yeah?

Claps hands together.

JUNIOR  
Swirly Shirley? Poop. Gone.  
Fasolada? Sucked your last bowl.  
Uncle Pete. Talk like a sausage?  
Not no more.

Sneers.

JUNIOR  
Your last fuckin' brain centron is  
the one storin' me.

Junior points in Spiro's face.

JUNIOR  
So I'm gettin' the last word. Me.  
Not you. Spiro.

Spiro struggles, twitches, gasps.

JUNIOR  
Couldn't even die right...

Spiro stares. About to check out.

JUNIOR  
Could ya?

Junior dances a little jig and blurts...

JUNIOR

Here it comes. All at once. Tilt-a-whirl.

Spins.

JUNIOR

You wanna doggie bag with that?  
Center-cut chop, boy. Zobot. Robot.

His voice becomes an echo...

JUNIOR

Uh-oh. Hell no. Artopolis. Put some  
ice in my glass, why don't ya. Shut  
up, Junior. Shut ups.

Last gasp.

JUNIOR

Enough already. Just piss on it.

Silence. Two dead men in the room--Junior and Spiro.

LATER

A door swings. 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

Aw, hell.

A long, stunned examination. His eyes finally focus on the  
cash.

He scoops one wad and stuffs it in his pocket.

More. All of it. He shoves it in his shirt until he looks  
like a padded Santa Claus from the mall.

On his way out, he slips on some blood and nearly goes down.

DOUKAS

Whoa.

One last glance at the scene.

DOUKAS

Whoa.

FADE OUT: