

SWITCHEROO

By

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

WALLY STIRRUP (30's) moves along at a steady pace on a treadmill in the living room.

He looks at his watch, takes a few more steps on the treadmill, and presses a button on the control panel.

The treadmill halts to a stop and he steps off.

He grabs a towel and bottle of water from a nearby coffee table, towels his face off and takes a drink.

As he swigs from the bottle, there's a knock at the door. He turns his gaze with a cocked eyebrow and looks at his watch once more.

He walks to the door and answers it to find a PIZZA MAN (40's). He holds a pizza box and reads off the receipt on top of it.

PIZZA MAN

Hey. Large sausage, extra cheese? That's eighteen eighty.

WALLY

You must have the wrong place. I didn't order a pizza.

PIZZA MAN

Isn't this twelve twenty south Adams?

WALLY

Yeah, the whole building is.

The Pizza Man points at the number on the door.

PIZZA MAN

Two B?

WALLY

Yeah.

PIZZA MAN

Wally Stirrup?

WALLY

Correct again.

PIZZA MAN

Then I'm in the right place. Eighteen eighty.

WALLY
Listen, buddy. I think somebody's
been playing a joke, cause I didn't
order a pizza. Sorry.

Wally goes to close the door, but the Pizza Man blocks it
with his foot.

Wally looks down at the foot, then back to the Pizza Man.

WALLY
Hey, I don't know what your game
is, but I'd appreciate it if you'd
move your foot.

The Pizza Man smiles.

PIZZA MAN
Gladly.

The Pizza Man pushes on the door and forces his way into the
apartment.

Wally falls backward onto the arm of his sofa. He looks up
at the Pizza Man in wonder.

The Pizza Man closes the door and locks the deadbolt.

WALLY
It's no use robbing me. I don't
have any money here.

PIZZA MAN
I'm not here for money.

WALLY
Then what do you want?

PIZZA MAN
I think you know why I'm here.

Wally glances to a business card on a table near the door.

The Pizza Man shifts his glance down to it as well. He
looks back to Wally.

PIZZA MAN
Precisely.

Wally gets up from his seat on the couch and walks toward
the Pizza Man.

WALLY

Oh no, there's been a mistake. I called and--

The Pizza Man pushes Wally to the ground.

PIZZA MAN

Sit the fuck down, Mister Stirrup. There's no mistake.

Wally sits on the ground, frozen and wide-eyed.

PIZZA MAN

I take it you remember your agreement with Goldfarb Extermination Services, correct?

WALLY

Yes, but that's what I'm getting at. I called Mister Goldfarb and canceled...uh--

PIZZA MAN

Services?

WALLY

Yeah.

PIZZA MAN

I'm sorry, Mister Stirrup, but that's not possible.

WALLY

What do you mean? I just spoke to Mister Goldfarb about half an hour ago.

The Pizza Man motions to the dining room table at the far side of the room.

PIZZA MAN

Go have a seat.

Wally gets up and takes a seat at the dining room table.

The Pizza Man follows suit and sets his pizza box down on the table.

PIZZA MAN

Hands flat on the table please.

WALLY

What are you going to do?

PIZZA MAN

Nothing. I just want your hands
where I can see them.

Wally places his hands flat on the table.

The Pizza Man reaches into his shirt pocket and removes a
small plastic bag that contains four pills.

He removes the pills from the bag and places them on the
table in front of him, four across.

Wally looks at the pills.

WALLY

What's with the pills?

PIZZA MAN

They're for you, Mister Stirrup.

WALLY

For me?

PIZZA MAN

Yeah. You take these pills, and I
assure you your death will be quite
peaceful. You'll drift off to
sleep and never wake up.

WALLY

But I don't want to drift off to
sleep and never wake up. That's
what I've been trying to tell you.

The Pizza Man stares at Wally for a moment, then nods at the
pills.

PIZZA MAN

Take the pills, Mister Stirrup.

Wally sits back in his chair and folds his arms across his
chest.

WALLY

And if I don't?

PIZZA MAN

Then I'll be forced to use...other
methods.

WALLY

What?

PIZZA MAN

Other methods, Mister Stirrup.

The Pizza Man opens his pizza box to reveal a hammer, straight razor, taser gun, hatchet, and a twelve inch lead pipe.

All are perfectly situated in a foam separator.

Wally stares at the case. He licks his lips and slowly places his hands back on the table.

PIZZA MAN

As you can see, the alternative is none too pleasant.

WALLY

I suppose not.

PIZZA MAN

Make it easy on yourself. Take the pills.

Wally leans forward.

WALLY

You're a reasonable man, right?

PIZZA MAN

Within reason.

WALLY

Well I really need you to listen to reason here. I've changed my mind. I don't want to die anymore.

PIZZA MAN

You know, if I had a nickel for every time one of our clients said that, I'd--

WALLY

Be able to retire?

The Pizza Man gets up and slams his hands down on the table. Wally quickly jumps back.

PIZZA MAN

No! I'd have about fifteen cents! Do you know why?

Wally rapidly shakes his head.

PIZZA MAN
Because when people hire Goldfarb
Extermination Services, they
normally don't pussy out! Do you
see where I'm going with this?

Wally nods rapidly.

The Pizza Man regains his composure and sits down.

PIZZA MAN
Now, are you ready to cooperate?

WALLY
Please, just call Mister
Goldfarb. He'll straighten
everything out and we can get on
with our lives.

The Pizza Man sighs in frustration.

PIZZA MAN
You're just not going to go easily,
are you?

WALLY
Listen to me. I hired you, and
that makes me the customer. Isn't
the customer always right?

The Pizza Man laughs.

PIZZA MAN
This isn't the neighborhood grocery
store. It's contract killing.

WALLY
Just...call him.

The Pizza Man sighs in frustration.

PIZZA MAN
Fine, but I'll let you know now
that by doing this, you forfeit all
rights to a peaceful killing.

Wally just stares as the Pizza Man gets up from the table
and retrieves a cell phone from his pants pocket.

He dials a number, and a moment later a cell phone rings in
the other room.

The Pizza Man turns his attention to the sound of the ring.

Wally quickly grabs the taser and shocks the Pizza Man, who falls to the ground in convulsions.

Wally stands frozen. He stares at the Pizza Man on the ground while the taser still buzzes.

MISTER GOLDFARB (60's) quickly enters from the other room. He beelines toward the Pizza Man and kicks him square in the gut.

He looks to Wally.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Help me get this spastic piece of
shit up.

Wally doesn't move. Mister Goldfarb whacks him on the arm.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Help me get him up!

WALLY
Did I kill him?

MISTER GOLDFARB
No. He's just stunned. Now c'mon.

Wally sets the taser down and helps Mister Goldfarb put the Pizza Man back in his chair.

The Pizza Man stops his convulsions. Mister Goldfarb points at the table.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Put your hands on the table.

PIZZA MAN
What?

MISTER GOLDFARB
Your hands on the table,
motherfucker!

The Pizza Man places his hands flat on the table.

Mister Goldfarb grabs the hammer from the box and whacks the Pizza Man's right hand.

The Pizza Man screams in pain and brings the hand up close to his chest.

Mister Goldfarb points at the table again.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Put it back!

The Pizza Man slowly puts his hand back on the table, and Mister Goldfarb whacks it once again.

The pills on the table bounce in the air.

The Pizza Man screams in agony. Tears well in his eyes.

Mister Goldfarb throws the hammer to the ground in anger.

MISTER GOLDFARB
You see that? You see how
efficient that was?

The Pizza Man clutches his hand to his chest and rapidly nods.

PIZZA MAN
Yes!

Mister Goldfarb calms down and takes a seat in the chair next to the Pizza Man.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Then what's your problem, son? Is
this job that complicated?

The Pizza Man shakes his head.

Mister Goldfarb looks to Wally.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Was it as bad as it sounded in the
other room?

Wally shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.

WALLY
I...I guess.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Pathetic. Well, I suppose there's
no alternative.

Mister Goldfarb gets up. The Pizza Man stares in fear.

PIZZA MAN
What are you doing? What are you
gonna do?

MISTER GOLDFARB
Are you scared?

The Pizza Man nods. Mister Goldfarb laughs.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Good, cause you're on Scare
Tactics.

Mister Goldfarb breaks out into a full on laugh. Wally stares in wonder.

The Pizza Man looks back and forth between the two men. He shifts uncomfortably at first, but soon joins in on the laughter.

Mister Goldfarb pats him on the back.

MISTER GOLDFARB
You stupid bastard. We really had
you.

Mister Goldfarb and the Pizza Man enjoy a hearty laugh. Wally emits an uncomfortable chuckle.

PIZZA MAN
Well you did break my fucking hand.

MISTER GOLDFARB
I know!

The Pizza Man looks to the sky with a hearty laugh.

Mister Goldfarb reaches into the pizza box, grabs the lead pipe, and with a rage filled scream strikes the Pizza Man over the head with it.

Wally turns away in disgust as Mister Goldfarb ferociously beats the Pizza Man.

Each blow causes a mixture of blood and brain to fly back in his face.

The Pizza Man's body shakes wildly in shock.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Never listen to the client's
bullshit! Never...ever...ever! There
are no changes of heart! There are
no switcheroos!

Mister Goldfarb bashes away with the lead pipe until Wally grabs him by the shoulders and stops him.

WALLY
Mister Goldfarb! Mister Goldfarb!

Mister Goldfarb stops his strikes.

WALLY
He's dead.

Mister Goldfarb looks at the blood and brain on the lead pipe and on himself. He throws the pipe down in disgust.

MISTER GOLDFARB
Fucking douchebag.

Wally looks at the mess on the floor.

WALLY
Did he deserve that?

MISTER GOLDFARB
You're fucking A right he deserved it. What if you had been a real client?

WALLY
I'm not a real client?

MISTER GOLDFARB
You stopped being a client once we made our agreement. Which you should be counting your blessings over.

WALLY
I am. I do appreciate it.

MISTER GOLDFARB
If it wasn't for this piece of shit, that'd be you there right now.

Mister Goldfarb points at the Pizza Man's lifeless body. Wally shudders.

WALLY
I see.

MISTER GOLDFARB
What? You see?

WALLY
Yeah. I understand what you're saying.

MISTER GOLDFARB

Well, considering how well you seemed to understand my no cancellation policy, that don't mean shit.

Wally nods.

MISTER GOLDFARB

But, I'd much rather let somebody slip through the cracks than have a piece of shit like this working for me. Just remember, if you ever decide to off yourself again, don't call me.

WALLY

Oh, don't worry, I won't.

Mister Goldfarb stares at the Pizza Man. He sighs in disgust.

MISTER GOLDFARB

I still can't believe this shit. Slipping off the clock like that to make a phone call and he opens himself up for all kinds of problems.

WALLY

Like the taser.

MISTER GOLDFARB

Fucking A right like the taser. Some desperate asshole, like you, shocks him and stuns him just long enough to run away, and then what do we have?

WALLY

Problems?

MISTER GOLDFARB

Fucking A right we got problems. Next thing you know, desperate asshole's out on the street, and he's saying things. Things we don't need people knowing. Discretion is key in this business.

WALLY

Right.

MISTER GOLDFARB

And don't even get me started on the pizza man bit. Who dresses up like a fucking pizza man?

Wally shrugs.

WALLY

An asshole?

MISTER GOLDFARB

Fucking A right an asshole. One day it's a pizza man, the next it's a black suit and talking about hamburgers and shit from the seventies.

Wally nods in agreement.

MISTER GOLDFARB

The whole gimmick is fucked. They take the pills. If they don't take the pills, you shoot them. Plain and simple. No need to bring the fucking weapons from Clue into the picture.

WALLY

Yeah, but you gotta admit that "Mister Goldfarb, in the dining room, with the lead pipe" has a nice ring to it.

Mister Goldfarb stares at Wally, who slightly chuckles, but goes silent after a moment of Mister Goldfarb's deadpan look.

Mister Goldfarb breaks into a full on laugh.

MISTER GOLDFARB

You fucking ball buster.

Mister Goldfarb takes out his cell phone.

WALLY

You calling somebody to get the body?

Mister Goldfarb shakes his head.

MISTER GOLDFARB

Later. Right now, I've got a
strange craving for a pizza.

The two stand in silence momentarily before breaking out
into full on laughter.

THE END