

Back From Retirement

By

David Copper

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

GEORGE enters the half-empty bar.

He's a grizzled man, unhappy, exhausted. A guy who's lived a rough life.

He looks at his watch, then takes a glance around, sits at the bar.

MONTAGE - We see a series of snippets from conversations that George patiently endures from the people who sit next to him at the bar:

VELMA

... so Jester's problem -- apart from that third testicle thing -- stems from not having a father in his life. But what was I supposed to do, marry that prick? Good luck with that!

NATE

I don't know. Me and my sister never did get along too well. She's been such a bitch ever since I got drunk at her wedding and punched that guy in the throat.

JENN

So the main thing I'm working on is my pectorals. I figure if I can strengthen those I'm off to a good start. Then maybe I can...

George's attention drifts away, across the bar...

He locks on to ANDREW, a snotty young yuppy seated alone at a table.

CUT TO:

LATER

George listens intently to Andrew.

ANDREW

Her name was Jimi. J-I-M-I. Never met a girl with that name. But then I'd never seen eyes like that. Or legs that long. Or hair that soft and blond.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
Sounds like quite a package.

ANDREW
The works. She was perfection.

Andrew smirks.

ANDREW
But not for me. I tried every
come-on, every angle. Nothing.

Awkward pause as Andrew's face curls into an angry twist.

ANDREW
Now don't get me wrong. I'm a
gentleman, always have been.
Holding doors, taking off hats, no
means no. I was raised that way.
Raised to respect the ladies.

GEORGE
But?

ANDREW
But...

Andrew takes a deep sigh.

ANDREW
We're there together after work.
Alone in the building. And as she
takes a trip to the bathroom and
steps away from her diet Pepsi... I
remember something I got in my
pocket. Doctor gave it to me when I
broke my wrist. I remember the way
it knocked me out like a newborn.

They share a smirk.

ANDREW
I mean, look, I'm not proud of it.
It is what it is. But Jesus God,
for one night, those legs and those
eyes and those lips were mine.

George isn't smiling.

Andrew leans in.

ANDREW

Is there something wrong with me?

Stern look from George.

GEORGE

Yeah. You're drunk.

The tension is broken as they share a laugh.

George prepares to leave.

GEORGE

I should be taking off. Got something to take care of. You need a lift home?

ANDREW

Sure, thanks. I'm Andrew, by the way.

They shake.

GEORGE

George.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The two men walk to George's modest car.

ANDREW

So what your story, George?

GEORGE

My story?

ANDREW

I feel like you owe me one after I spilled my guts.

They get in the car and sit.

George ponders this as he starts the car and takes off.

GEORGE

You want a confession of past misdeeds? I got a million of them. I've lived that kind of life.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW
Lived? Past tense?

GEORGE
(sigh)
Yeah, past tense. Twelve years in
the joint set me straight.

Silence as George drives.

GEORGE
Of course, you'll always have those
moments when somebody taps on your
shoulder, wants you to slip back
into the old clothes for a while.

More silent driving.

GEORGE
Met this guy not long ago. Jeffery
Simonson. Got in touch me with me
cause he found out what I used to
do.

There is an awkward moment.

ANDREW
And what did you used to do?

GEORGE
I was a thug for hire. Took care of
things most people didn't want to
do themselves.

Andrew stares uncomfortable out the window.

GEORGE
So this simonson guy wants me to
resolve this little problem of his.

Andrew notices something about the direction the car is
going.

GEORGE
Comes to me with this sob story.
Thinks he's gonna' get me back from
retirement for one last job.

Panic in Andrew's eyes as he watches the path the car is
taking.

ANDREW

Um... I don't think we're going the
right way to get on I-94...

GEORGE

Seems some guy took advantage of
his only daughter. His daughter
Jimi.

Andrew is agast.

GEORGE

J-I-M-I.

The car slows up and pulls into an abandoned parking lot.

Andrew fantically yanks on the door's handle.

Cut TO BLACK.

We hear a gun shot.

CREDITS.