

DOWN AND OUT

Written by

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INT. WAREHOUSE - ASSEMBLY FLOOR - DAY

Fifteen minutes before noon on a Friday, two robotic arms reach toward a cardboard box and places a packing label on the front and back. A few suits smile and shake hands. WILLIE, 30's slightly over weight, removes his hard hat and safety glasses and places them down on his cart.

WILLIE

Finally, lunch time, been waiting to attack this loaf of meat all day.

CO-WORKER #1 (O.S.)

Most people just call it meat loaf!

WILLIE

Ah yes, meatloaf.

Willie walks out of his work area, proceeds towards the break-room, LENNY 50's, supervisor, stops Willie for a quick talk.

LENNY

Willie before you wash up for lunch, I need to see you in my office.

WILLIE

I swear, I didn't put paper towels in the toilet.

Willie sticks out his arms, places a label on the supervisor's forehead, imitating the robots.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I know better, I've blown up a few toilets in my day.

LENNY

No, Willie, that's not it.

The supervisor places his right hand on Willies back and they walk into his office.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Willie and Lenny stand on the illuminated motorized walkway, glide into the office and sit.

LENNY

As you have noticed, the company is moving in a new direction.

WILLIE

Oh, what kind of direction?

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Traffic is already a mofo as it is.
At least thats what my phone says.

Lenny opens up his top draw, takes a sip of whiskey, and lowers his shoulders.

LENNY

Man, that's good stuff. Willie
you're being replaced by machines,
clean out your area, and clock out.

Willie's eyes enlarge as he pushes buttons on his phone.

WILLIE

How long is the drive home from
work?

PHONE ASSISTANT

Since, you're unemployed, there
will be no traffic on the way home.

LENNY

Smart phone.

The Supervisor chuckles and SLAMS his hand on the desk.

LENNY (CONT'D)

See ya around, Willie.

Willie's motorized chair slightly rises, sets itself on the motorized walkway and glides out the office.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BREAK-ROOM - DAY

Willie walks into the breakroom where a dozen co-workers are eating lunch. He opens up the fridge and grabs his meatloaf, stopping to speak with, DERRICK, 40's, co-worker.

WILLIE

Hey, how's it going Derrick?

DERRICK

It's Friday, I can't complain.
Looks like you about to chow down
on some meatloaf again.

Derrick leans over and gazes at the thick chunk of meat on Willie's plate.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
I swear, you got my left eye
twitching with all that meat.

He walks over to the microwave, places the meatloaf in and heats it up.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Got me over here crying because of
them onions. He love him some
meats.

A dozen co-workers laugh.

WILLIE
But there all ready cut, why are
you crying?

DERRICK
If we ever get attacked by
vampires, I know who I'm hiding
with.

Willie opens the microwave grabs a piece of onion, takes a bite and closes the microwave door to resume heating.

WILLIE
Isn't that suppose to be garlic?

DERRICK
Yeah, something like that. Hey
didn't you win two hundred dollars
on that scratch off ticket last
week?

WILLIE
Yup, I sure did.

DERRICK
What you spend it on? You got kids?

WILLIE
Nope, not yet. I gave it all to my
girlfriend.

The co-workers threw up their hands and laughed and CLAPPED

DERRICK
Man she got you by the sac my meat
loving friend.

DING. DING. DING. The alarm on the microwave goes off. Willie
opens the door, drooling over the plate.

WILLIE
No, it's not like that at all. She
knows the best way to a man's heart
is through his stomach.

DERRICK
And that's why you love meat so
much.

Derrick squints and points his left index finger at Willie.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
You know I've heard that women are
the same way towards men. They love
a good home cooked meal.

WILLIE
Really? I never thought about it
like that.

DERRICK
But why meatloaf?

WILLIE
I like the bread crumbs.

Everyone laughs in the breakroom. Willie grabs his lunch and
scurries out.

DERRICK
He gone cry in the car.

Laughter erupts in the breakroom.

EXT./INT. WILLIE'S CAR - DAY

Four huge strips of bacon glisten on Willie's windshield
shade of his teal green Toyota Corolla. He pulls his phone
out to call his girlfriend. The phone rings four times.

WILLIE
Hey Barbra Bae, how's my sweetie?

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

BARBARA, girlfriend, mid 20's, slim, attractive, curly blond hair lays on her bed next to a real four foot, brown, black knotted hair miniature pony and a short fur, light brown eyes, black monkey, BLASTING UP-BEAT MUSIC, turns it down,

BARBARA

Didn't I tell you, I hate when you call me that.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You on your lunch break? How's work going?

EXT./INT. WILLIE'S CAR - DAY

Willie's stomach rumbles, he opens up his lunch box and takes a big bite of grilled onions and meatloaf.

WILLIE

Work is going just fine, Barbra Bae.

Willie pulls down his sun-visor, a spoon falls in his lap. He scoops up a big spoon full of meatloaf, shoves it in his mouth, and smiles. He lowers the phone.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Maybe I will tell her about what happened later. I will finish my lunch and go home.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Willie. Willie, are you there?

Willie raises the phone back up to his mouth.

WILLIE

Yes, I'm here.

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A tall muscular man helps Barbara pour banana lotion on herself, from head to toe. Another man sprinkles patches of grass on her.

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)

Do we cue the music, am I still recording?

BARBARA
Quiet, no speaking.

WILLIE (O.S.)
What did you say?

BARBARA
I said, I got more meat hun.

EXT./INT. WILLIE'S CAR - DAY

Willie's violent chewing ceased for a second.

WILLIE
Everything okay, Barb?

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jake, 20's, camera guy, grabs a brush and the pony by the collar and begins stroking the pony's hair.

BARBARA
Everything is peachy hun. Or should I say, bananas?

BARBARA (CONT'D)
I'm watching a reality cooking show about different meats.

Camera guy laughs (O.S.)

EXT./INT. WILLIE'S CAR - DAY

WILLIE
Oh okay. Can you record it for me babe? I can't wait to watch it.

BARBARA (O.S.)
Hun, can you stop and pick up another lottery scratch off ticket? It might be your lucky day again.

WILLIE
Anything for you.

BARBARA
Thank you, now I'm going get back to my meat show.

WILLIE
Okay. Love you, hun.

BARBARA

Love you.

Willie scarfs down the last of the meatloaf and cranks the car up. He reaches over to the radio and turns it on.

RADIO COMMERCIAL

Tonight on your local news, a man was arrested for apparently selling a miniature pony and monkey to a unknown person of interest. Now tonight authorities are searching for those animals.

Willie shakes his head, laughs, and changes the station.

WILLIE

Maybe some Daft Punk will get my lunch rocking.

Willie rocks his head back and forth and drives off to the store.

INT. EASY SEVEN CORNER STORE - REGISTER - DAY

Willie walks into the store rocking his head. Spicy and smokey incense wattered up Willies eye's. Soft oriental music PLAY behind the counter. ROY, mid 50's store owner, short, with long arms, approaches the counter.

ROY

Hello, my friend.

WILLIE

Can I get one of your weekly grand scratch off tickets?

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I won two hundred dollars last time.

The cashier smiles and walks over to the rolls of lottery tickets.

ROY

Big money, big money, you win big money last time huh? What did you spend it on, you go out on the town?

WILLIE

No, I gave it all to my girlfriend.

ROY

Oh, she got you by the sac, man.

Willie shrugs his shoulders

WILLIE

Why does everybody say that?

ROY

Maybe, because it's true.

Roy laughs.

WILLIE

She knows the way to my heart

ROY

Yeah, yeah, I know my friend. You have meat sauce on your face every day, and you smell like grilled onions.

WILLIE

How can you smell that over the incense?

ROY

When you get to be my age, you learn a thing or two.

Willie pays for the ticket and waves good-bye to Roy. He gets back into his car and pulls out the scratch ticket.

EXT./INT. WILLIE'S CAR - DAY

Willie reaches into the console for a quarter. He methodically scratches the ticket.

WILLIE

Well, here goes nothing.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I got one thousand dollar symbol, two thousand dollar symbols...

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Damn it, I only have one more box left.

Willie scratches the last box to reveal a third thousand dollar symbol. His eyes brighten, he SCREAMS, banging on his steering wheel.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
I just won one thousand dollars! I
have to rush home right now and
tell Barbara the great news.

Willie starts the car up, BLAST some UPBEAT TECHNO music, and
SCREECH's the tires as he takes off.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
We are going to stock up on so much
meat, I can taste the sausage
already.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

As Willie reaches the house, his eyes squint at a truck with
a trailer attached to the back, and a big black van with no
windows, with a huge sign in gold letters that read BEASLEY'S
BAREBACK JUNGLE JAM, parked in the drive way.

WILLIE
What the fuck is all of this?

Willie walks to the front door, sticks his key in to open the
door and walks in.

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WILLIE
Cooking show my ass.

Upstairs a horse SNORTS and LOUD UPBEAT music PLAYS.
Sweating, Willie creeps up each step, stands in front of
Barbara's bedroom door and swings the door open.

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

WILLIE
Are you out of your mind, what is
going on?

CAMERA GUY
Cut!

Barbara SCREAMS, the monkey pulls the bed sheets over their
banana lotion covered bodies.

BARBARA
What the hell are you doing here so
soon?

With both hands, Willie grabs his head, and stumbles backwards. The music fades out, and Willie walks back towards the doorway.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Did you get my scratch off at
least?

Willie blankly watches the fiasco, and leaves back down the stairs.

BARBARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Willie, where you going? I'm making
meatloaf tonight.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Willie sits on the front porch, pulls out his lottery ticket and scratches his head.

WILLIE
That's the last time you ever get
to hold my sac!

Willie stands up, walks off the porch and enters his car.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Lost my job, and my girl, but at
least I still have this winning
ticket. I need a strong drink to
figure this out, but I sure could
go for some meatloaf.

Willie places the scratch off back in his pocket and drives off.