

FASTEST WAY TO EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

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EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Empty parking lot of a Grocery store.

DREW, late teens, skinny, wearing store employee uniform with nametag, pulls in the last of the shopping carts to the shopping cart placeholder.

Drew looks at the parking lot.

He sighs.

Parking lot lights come on. One nearest to the door flickers. Drew watches it with a frown.

Drew turns away and walks in the grocery store behind him.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Typical grocery store.

Drew walks to register 1. He opens the register and takes it. He goes to the back of the grocery store to a small room.

INT. GROCERY STORE CASH OFFICE - NIGHT

Small room filled with registers, he places the register on a table, and takes the money out and counts it.

The door opens. In comes, THOMPSON, mid-40s, wearing a manager badge.

THOMPSON

Thank you for covering the closing shift, I know you teens have better things to do than this.

DREW

Don't sweat it...
(whispers)
Even though you do this all the fucking time...

THOMPSON

What?

DREW

Nothing boss...

THOMPSON

It's getting dark out there, did you put the carts away?

DREW

Yeah...hey when are we going to get that one light fixed, I'm tired of seeing it like that.

THOMPSON

What do you mean?

DREW

I mean, it keeps flickering, why can't you get someone to replace the bulb before it goes out.

THOMPSON

You scared or something?

DREW

Ha...no.

THOMPSON

Anyway, you done? let's get out of here already.

Thompson turns toward the door. Drew glares at him and slams the money back in the register.

DREW

(murmuring)

I need a fucking raise with how much shit you make me fucking do you fucking inconsiderate-

THOMPSON

Hm? You say something?

DREW

No boss. I'm done, lets close it down.

Thompson nods. Drew puts the Register away. They both walk out of the office.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson twirls the store keys as they walk through aisle five.

Drew glances at him.

DREW

So...I've been wondering...do You have a person picked for the raise award of employee of the month?

THOMPSON
Oh...yeah! I do actually.

DREW
Yeah, 'cause I have been here since the beginning of high school, and I-

THOMPSON
Its Daniel.

DREW
Daniel?

THOMPSON
Yeah, he's been doing good for his first year here! I think so!

DREW
Wait you said Daniel right?

THOMPSON
Yep.

DREW
Not Drew?

THOMPSON
...Nope.

DREW
You sure?

THOMPSON
Yeah.

DREW
You sure its DAH-NEE-UL, not, DAH-ROOH?

INT. FRONT OF GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson stops and stares straight ahead.

THOMPSON
Do you...

DREW
Daniel? The one who secretly sleeps in the storage room and wipes his boogers on his pants?

THOMPSON
Do you see that?

Thompson points to the front of the door. Drew turns to the door.

JACK, late thirties, wearing a mask, stands in the dark under the flickering parking lot light.

Thompson sighs.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
God dammit, there's always that one customer.

Thompson goes to the door.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
HEY BUDDY!

Thompson points to the sign on the door.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
WE ARE CLOSED. SORRY.

Thompson frowns. Jack does not move.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Ha, what a weirdo.

DREW
Hey, may be we should call the cops, I mean didn't you hear the news.

Thompson turns to Drew.

THOMPSON
What? What news? Teens watch the news these days?

DREW
And adults don't?

Beat.

DREW (CONT'D)
Anyway, haven't you heard of the Masked? They are like a killer couple that goes town to town just to kill one individual.

THOMPSON
Haha, what is this a movie or comic you read?

DREW

I told you, it's on the news! They pick ONE victim from ONE town and target and gut them to death, just for fun, like its some sort of game or sport.

THOMPSON

Fake news.

Drew sighs. Thompson looks back outside. The man is gone. Thompson scoffs.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

See? Nothing to worry about, just some weirdo who is looking to do late night shopping. Who do they think we are? Walmart?

Thompson opens the door.

THWACK.

A knife hits Thompson in the shoulder. Thompson falls down. Drew runs to help him.

DREW

Mr. THOMPSON! OH MY GOD!

Blood gushes from Thompsons shoulder. Thompson groans. Drew looks up frantically to see Jack, standing in the open door.

Drew screams.

Jack, holding a machete, points at Drew.

JACK

Babe...you can take this scrawny boy.

JEN (O.S.)

Oh! We have two tonight!

JACK

How lucky are we.

JEN, mid twenties, also wearing a mask, comes inside from the side also holding a machete.

Jen leans down.

JEN

Hi little one, how about we play a game?

Drew scurries away.

Jen walks closer.

JEN (CONT'D)
 Since we usually go after one person how about this? I'll give you guys ten seconds to hide, the first person my husband and I find, dies, and the other lives to tell the story.

JACK
 That sounds great, babe!

Drew and thompson look at each other.

JEN
 1...2...3....

Drew stands up. He drags Thompson to his feet. They limp away.

INT. BACK OF GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson slumps to the floor dragging Drew with him.

THOMPSON
 Oh fuck, you were right about those lunatics!

DREW
 Shhh!!

JEN (O.S.)
 6...7...

THOMPSON
 Fuck, I don't think I can move anymore!

DREW
 Are you fucking kidding me? You only got stabbed in the shoulder and now your legs don't work? How does that make any sense!?

THOMPSON
 It fucking hurts!

JEN (O.S.)
 10...ready or not, here we come!

Drew looks around.

He looks up at the aisle board. The aisle says "Cutlery".
Drew grabs a big knife on display.

Drew pats his back pant pockets. He pulls out his phone
located in one of his pockets. He dials 911.

THOMPSON

You have your phone out? I thought
I told all employees that they have
to put their phone away during w-

DREW

You fucking kidding me, that's what
you are worried about?

911 OPERATOR answers.

DREW (CONT'D)

Yes, hello. We are the Grocery
store on 5th Ave. I think the
Masked Killers are here trying to
kill us!

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hello? Are you or anyone you know
hurt?

DREW

Yes, my Manager is with me, and he
is hurt. He got stabbed in the
shoulder. He is crying like a
little bitch.

THOMPSON

You try getting stabbed!

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Can you stay on the line? Are they
any where near you?

JEN (O.S.)

HELLO? I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING!

DREW

Fuck! I have to hang up. Send cops.
Reinforcement, anything. PLEASE.

Drew puts his phone away.

DREW (CONT'D)

I...

THOMPSON
Don't leave me...

DREW
I wish your fucking legs weren't
crippled!

THOMPSON
They aren't cripp-

DREW
Exactly! Wait...ok...I Will...I
Will go out there

JACK (O.S.)
Ready or not...we Hear you!

DREW
I'm going to draw them away.

THOMPSON
No! Why would you do that for me?

DREW
Its not for y- anyhow, someone's
gotta waste some time before the
police come, may be I wont die

THOMPSON
You will die.

DREW
Not if I'm careful...

Drew leaves.

THOMPSON
Wait! Oh my gosh, that boy...

Beat.

Thompson sheds one tear.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
That boy is a hero.

INT. FRONT OF GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Drew creeps around.

Beat.

JACK (O.S.)

Found you.

Drew turns around.

SWIPE.

The machete grazes his chest as he moves back.

Drew places a hand on his bleeding chest. Jack swings his machete again. Drew dodges but slips. He hits a counter full of flour.

Drew grabs one of the flour bags and rips it open.

Jack raises his hand with the machete. He brings it down.

Drew throws flour on him.

Jack gets blinded and stumbles.

Drew stands up.

DREW

I have to deal with my bastard of a manager and minimum wage and now I have to deal with a fucking killer. No way bitch! I don't get paid enough for this shit!

Drew swipes his knife at Jack. Jack groans.

JACK

Fucking kid! I'll kill you!

Jen runs up behind Drew.

Drew notices.

Jen swings her machete at him while screaming.

Drew moves out of the way and falls on his back. Jen's machete hits Jack in the neck.

JEN

Babe! Babe! Babe no! No!

Jack falls to the ground. Jen tries to cover the wound. Jack stops breathing. Jen shrieks.

JEN (CONT'D)

No! No! No! No!

Drew's shaking with the knife in his hand.

Jen turns her body towards him.

There is Police sirens.

Jen stands.

JEN (CONT'D)

There is no fucking way, we are
beat by a fucking kid. I'm going to
gut you before the police can even
infiltrate this place!

Jen Lifts up her machete about to strike.

Drew closes his eyes.

SHINK.

Jen face turns to shock.

Drew opens his eyes.

Jen falls on her side. There is a knife sticking out of her
back. Thompson is standing in her place holding his shoulder.

Police lights illuminate Thompsons face.

Drew stands up.

DREW

Holy shit...

Beat.

I see your legs aren't crippled.

THOMPSON

You try getting stabbed! It makes
your whole body inoperable!

Drew slings Thompson's arm around his shoulder.

They walk toward the door with their hands up.

DREW

Can I be the employee of the month
now?

THOMPSON

Of the month? How about the entire
year! Best employee I have ever
had!

DREW

And it only took two fucking serial
killers for you to realize that...