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INT. JACKSON'S ROOM - DAY

A radio alarm goes off.

DJ DELICIOUS (V.O)
Ey yo what up it's your boy DJ Delicious
comin at you in the late afternoon to
say, U up? Cause if you ain't by now,
boy you sleepin.

Jackson opens his eyes. He is in bed in his grungy basement apartment. He wipes the drool off his face.

DJ DELICIOUS (CONT.)
Course your broke boy ass probably don't
even have a job, but if you do... dawg,
GO TO WORK! Alright alright, here's some
fresh jams the DJ cooked up for ya here
on 97.3 The CHEF.

Hip-hop beats start playing on the radio. In a panic, Jackson looks at he clock: 3 PM.

JACKSON
Fuck my ass!

Jackson throws off the covers and rolls out of bed. He is already in his work uniform: a red polo emblazoned with the words "Steve's Sandwiches". He notices there is a large vomit stain on the front.

JACKSON
Fuck my ASS!

Jackson opens his closet which is filled with identical red polos. He grabs one and runs out the door.

TITLE CARD - BIG MEAT TORPEDO

INT. FRONT OF THE STORE - DAY

Steve's Sandwiches is a small, run-down Deli in Denver, Colorado.

Despite the exterior's disrepair, the interior is well-maintained. The grout is scrubbed white and there is a back-lit sign advertising "Big Meat Torpedo, only 6\$!"

The manager, JOE, finishing layering some prosciutto on a submarine sandwich. He wraps it and goes to the register to ring up an old man, MR. BENSON.

JOE
Would you like any chips, drinks, or
cookies to complete your deluxe dining
experience, Mr. Benson?

MR. BENSON

You guys got any more macaroni salad?

JOE

Sorry, sir. We just ran out.

MR. BENSON

Well, that's alright.

He hands Joe exact change as Joe hands him a sandwich.

JOE

You enjoy your meal, sir.

MR. BENSON

See you tomorrow!

Mr. Benson exits out the front door as Jackson enters through the side.

JOE

(under his breath)

Asshole.

JACKSON

Joe Joe Joe!

JOE

Dawg you late as hell.

JACKSON

I ain't that late.

JOE

Shit, it's 3:30. Half an hour!

JACKSON

You gonna give me that promotion?

JOE

You gonna do your job?

JACKSON

You gonna fire me?

JOE

Hell naw! Drew still ain't here and he was supposed to start before you.

Jackson reaches over the counter to grab a soda cup, which he goes to fill up at the fountain.

JACKSON

You gonna fire Drew?

JOE

Hell naw, that kid's wack as fuck. He'd probably shoot us up if we fired him.

JACKSON
He on that gang banger shit?

JOE
You outta see, I think he finna dye his hair blond to pull some Slim Shady shit like a dingus.

JACKSON
If he's late again he owes me a reach around.

JOE
A good old fashioned smirk-and-jerk?

JACKSON
That smirkin gherkin.

Jackson reaches over the counter to clock himself into work. He grabs a rag and begins to wipe down tables.

JOE
You down to do drive-bys and rob liquor stores tonight?

JACKSON
Nah man I'm still fucked up from last night.

JOE
Wack. Also since Drew's not here you gotta do his prep.

Joe throws a tomato corer to Jackson.

INT. BACK OF STORE - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) An old boombox playing Tupac. It has a note written on it: "ABSOLUTELY NO EMINEM (SLIM ANUS)".

B) A calendar with days marked that employees requested off. The date 4/20 is crossed out with the note "DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT"

C) A water-heater with a picture of Taylor Swift with a Hitler mustache taped to it.

Jackson throws open the employee door and enters the back kitchen. This is his zone. He grabs a box of tomatoes out of the fridge, sits on the prep table next to a boombox, and gets to work.

With one hand he removes the core, which he throws across the room into a trashcan. With his other hand he arranges the tomatoes into a penis shape. Every time he puts a tomato down it rocks the table, making the music coming out of the boombox skip.

JACKSON

Joe, spit some shit!

JOE

I ain't got any liquor in me.

JACKSON

Then run next door and grab some!

JOE

I can't buy shit man, I'm on probation.

JACKSON

What the fuck happened?

FLASHBACK - MOVIE THEATER

Joe stumbles out of a movie theater with his girlfriend, BEVERLY. He's holding a crushed tall boy of Natty Ice. It's clear he's had a bit too much. The marquee reads "Special Showing: Enter the Dragon".

JOE

You see that shit babe, you see that shit?

BEVERLY

I saw it baby, I saw it.

JOE

When that Asian mutherfucka did that kung-fu kick! That's some G-shit.
HYAAAAA!

Joe kicks what he assumes to be a cardboard cutout of a person. It is not, it is a real person. The man falls to his ground and his friend turns to Joe.

MAN

Jesus man, what was that?

BEVERLY

Kick his ass Joe!

BACK TO SCENE

JOE

Just some dumb shit.

Jackson walks over to the sink to wash his hands. On the way

over he slips on a puddle that's forming under the trashcan.

JACKSON

Fuck that's nasty! Joe! When're we getting a new trashcan? This ones leakier than a loose asshole.

JOE

Never. That shit's like 100 dollars. We order a new one and there goes our bonus.

JACKSON

We never get a bonus anyways.

JOE

You never get a bonus. Besides, the owner's coming in later.

JACKSON

Oh shit, Steve!? For real?

JOE

Yeah, dropping off some new product and makin sure we up to snuff, so don't go fuckin around.

JACKSON

When're we ever fucking around?

Behind Jackson, a cardboard cutout of Justin Bieber is nailed to the wall.

A bell rings as a customer enters the front door. Joe quickly shuts off the music and runs to the front of the store.

JOE (O.S.)

Welcome To Steven's sensational soups, salads and sandwiches. What delicious taste creation can I satisfy you with today?

Jackson shakes his head as he finishes with the tomatoes. He puts them all in a box and stashes it in the walk in fridge under an old Chinese food container.

He grabs a box of bell peppers and puts them on the prep table. He hear's a voice.

DREW (O.S)

Jackson.

Jackson looks around. He shakes his head and starts to seed the peppers.

DREW (O.S)

Jackson.

Jackson puts down the peppers and starts to check around the back area.

JACKSON

Hello?

DREW (O.S)

Fuck me, Jackson!

Jackson looks under the prep table and sees DREW (16) hiding and giggling to himself.

JACKSON

Drew!

DREW

I told you to call me "Lil' Drewseph".

JACKSON

Shut up. How long were you under there?

DREW

Like an hour.

JACKSON

I did your prep!

DREW

Thanks.

JACKSON

You cocksucker!

Jackson kicks the table making a loud bang. Drew yelps in surprise like a scared dog. The customer up front gives Joe a questioning look.

JOE

One moment please.

Joe runs into the back.

JOE (CONT.)

Yo we got a customer so stop fuckin around.

JACKSON

Drew's been hiding under the prep table this whole time.

DREW (O.S)

Lil' Drewseph!

JOE

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I know, shit's hilarious.

Joe goes back to the customer.

Drew gets out from under the table. He's sipping on a tallboy of Natty Ice.

DREW
Were you scared?

JACKSON
No. You get your fake yet?

DREW
Yeah, yesterday.

Drew pulls out his fake and gives it to Jackson. The name on the I.D. says "Jose Queervo"

Jackson gives it back and takes some money out of his pocket.

JACKSON
Make yourself useful and go buy us a bottle of something.

DREW
What kinda something?

JACKSON
Something cheap like Nelson's or something.

DREW
What's in it for me?

JACKSON
I'll tickle your nipples.

DREW
Gross.

JACKSON
Do it.

Drew exits out the backdoor just as the customer exits the front. Joe comes into the back and puts the music back on.

Outside the store a ragged man with a small child comes and taps on the window. He holds up a sign that says "WILL WORK FOR FOOD". Joe and Jackson look at him.

JOE
Yo that guy's a straight up crackhead.

JACKSON
Dawg you always thinkin people are on

crack.

The man turns the sign around. The other side says "OR CRACK.
THAT'S ALSO GOOD".

JACKSON (CONT.)

Wack.

Joe threateningly holds up a spatula and shoos the man away.

JOE

Crack epidemic is crazy man, the
government got us all kinds of fucked
up.

JACKSON

Government ain't gettin people hooked on
rock.

JOE

How else you explain all these
crack-heads in the street? This ain't
some slum man, it's Denver. Whitesville
USA. No drugs out here.

JACKSON

Didn't you used to do heroin?

JOE

Yeah but I never mess with the rock. You
remember ODB.

Jackson bows his head in respect.

JOE (CONT.)

You keep takin bigger 'n' bigger hits,
eventually you gonna need a ten-ton pipe
to fit it all. It's inconvenient.

The front bell RINGS

JOE (CONT.)

Hol' up.

INT. FRONT OF THE STORE - DAY

Joe gets up to the counter as a DIRTY KID walks in. He tanned
from living outside in the sun and has a crazy look in his eye.
He looks at Joe.

JOE

What's good kid, you gonna buy
something?

The kid mimes drinking something.

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JOE (CONT.)
What, you thirsty?

The kid nods.

JOE (CONT.)
Here's a water cup, little man.

Joe throws the kid a small, clear cup. The kid catches it and walks up to the soda fountain. He fills the cup with Dr. Pepper.

JOE (CONT.)
Yo that cups for water, you gotta pay
for soda.

The kid stares at Joe. Without breaking eye contact, the kid dumps out the soda and fills it with water.

JOE (CONT.)
There ya go kid.

The kid dumps the water on the floor and fills his cup back with Dr. Pepper. He walks out of the store. Joe, mouth agape, stares at Jackson.

JOE (CONT.)
You see that shit!

JACKSON
Nah, what?

JOE
That kid just... he fuckin... aw hell
no.

Joe jumps over the front counter and runs out the door, slipping a little bit on the water the kid dumped out.

JOE (CONT.)
I'm gonna thug life that shit so hard!

JACKSON
Shit Joe, it ain't worth that!

Joe's already gone.

JACKSON (CONT.)
Fuck my ass.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The kid walks through the parking lot sipping on his soda. Joe runs out the door and chases after him. He grabs the soda out of the kids hand, knocks the kid down, and punts the soda across the parking lot.

JOE
Thug life that shit!

The kid calmly stands up and brushes himself off. He look at Joe and snaps his fingers.

Slowly, dozens of homeless children begin to emerge from the parking lot. They crawl out from under cars, outside of trash cans, from down back alleys, etc. They stare at Joe with cold eyes.

JOE (CONT.)
You think I'm scared of a buncha punk kids?

All the kids pull out switch blades. Joe stares at them for a moment and then takes off running with the kids in hot pursuit.

INT. FRONT OF THE STORE - DAY

TERRANCE (40), a classic stern-faced Dad type, talks to Jackson as he makes a sandwich.

TERRANCE
I'm telling you, kid, never trust the government. 9/11, the moonlanding, none of it. It's all aliens.

INT. FRONT OF THE STORE - DAY

SIDNEY (24), dressed for a rave, does the same.

SIDNEY
Do you listen to The Chainsmokers? I love them. It's like, I chain-smoke so I hear them and I go "hey, that's me!"

INT. FRONT OF THE STORE - DAY

ROBERT (18), a doofus, stands in silence trying to decide what to order.

ROBERT
Umm...

INTERCUT BETWEEN TERRANCE, SIDNEY, AND ROBERT

TERRANCE
Aliens did it all kid. I saw it on National Geographic. And then 1000 years ago they had sex with monkeys and that's where humans come from.

SIDNEY
And then they have that song where they talk about Boulder and I'm from Boulder

so it's like, "hey, that's also me!"

ROBERT

Hmmm...

TERRANCE

That's why there's war, we're all just a bunch of stupid alien-monkeys. The worst part is there's nothing we can do.

JACKSON

Do you vote?

TERRANCE

No. There's no time.

SIDNEY

My friend is a DJ and he does a remix of that song where the lyrics are just "Boulder Boulder Boulder Boulder Boulder Boulder Boulder." Do you want his Soundcloud?

Robert takes out a can of whipped cream and does a huge whippit.

ROBERT

You got any macaroni salad?

JACKSON

We're out.

Their conversation is interrupted by a TIRE SCREECH.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A black Cadillac with silver racing stripes tears into the parking lot. It has a vanity license plate that reads "STEVE".

It comes to a stop in the fire lane. Out steps STEVE (50), a man in the midst of the worlds most successful mid-life crisis.

STEVE lights a cigarette, takes a single drag, then throws it on the ground. He enters the store.

INT. BACK OF THE STORE - DAY

Jackson frantically cleans a pile of dirty dishes that have accumulated. LOUD HIP-HOP music plays off the boombox. The door opens and in walks Steve carrying a small box.

He takes a look at the boombox that's right next to him. He turns to Jackson.

STEVE

Turn that off.

Jackson walks across the kitchen to turn off the boombox.

STEVE

Thanks, daddy-O. How's it looking today?

JACKSON

Been steady.

STEVE

Where's everybody else?

JACKSON

Joe ran across the street to buy some
smokes. He should be back in the minute.

STEVE

And Drew?

JACKSON

Haven't seen him.

STEVE

Classic Drew. Love that kid.

Steve looks down and see's the puddle forming around the
trashcan.

STEVE

You gonna get that fixed?

JACKSON

Isn't that the owners job?

STEVE

Nah kid, that's why I pay you.

Jackson bristles at being called a kid.

JACKSON

Right.

STEVE

I brought some more Macaroni Salad for
tonight.

He opens up the box he brought. There's around a pint of loose
Macaroni Salad in there.

JACKSON

Thanks.

STEVE

You need anything else?

Jackson considers saying something snide but decides against it.

JACKSON

No, sir.

STEVE

That's what I like to hear.

Steve looks Jackson up and down. He sees his frizzed hair and tired look.

STEVE

Why you so stressed kid?

JACKSON

Working hard.

STEVE

It's a deli. Don't.

Steve lights another cigarette, takes one drag, and throws it on the floor of the restaurant.

STEVE

Peace, kid. Stay outta trouble.

JACKSON

No trouble here sir.

STEVE

Don't lie.

Steve leaves out the side door. His tires SCREECH once more as he drives away.

Jackson eye's the macaroni salad then takes it to the dumpster and throws it away. The front door RINGS so he goes to the counter.

INT. FRONT OF THE STORE - DAY

In walks a jumpy, gangly CRACKHEAD. Jackson composes himself and walks over to help the customer.

JACKSON (CONT.)

Welcome to Steven's Sensational
Sandwiches-

The crackhead pulls out a gun and points it at Jackson.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Drew aimlessly wanders down the aisles of a cheap liquor store. He passes by a bowl of single-shot bottles and stashes a few in his pocket. He approaches the rum shelf and sees a bottle of Admiral Nelson's Spiced Rum.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Something cheap like Nelson's or something.

Drew grabs the bottle. He hesitates.

JACKSON (V.O.)
You cocksucker!

Drew puts the bottle down and frowns. He goes off to look for something else to drink. Eventually he stumbles upon upon the flavored vodkas. He passes over the peppermint and fruit flavors until his eyes settle on the Chocolate Whipped Cream Vodka.

DREAM SEQUENCE - BACK OF STORE - NIGHT

Joe and Drew are sipping vodka in the back of the sandwich store. They are both dressed in tuxedos with monocles and nice hats. Jackson is sitting on the floor next to them tied up with duct tape over his mouth.

JOE
Drew, this Chocolate Whipped Cream Vodka is truly exquisite. The subtle hints of dairy really bring out the distilled grain flavor.

DREW
I knew you'd like it, Joe.

JOE
You're the best employee ever, and you have amazing taste in alcohol. I won't ever abandon you in a ditch like your parents did.

Jackson lets out a muffled shout.

JOE (CONT.)
Yo shut the fuck up Jackson! Drew's a million billion times cooler than you'll ever be, and tons more people love him besides just his Grandma.

Joe kicks Jackson until he cries while Drew looks on smiling.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Drew smiles and grabs the Vodka. He approaches the counter and makes eye contact with the CLERK (60s)

DREW
I wanna buy this.

CLERK
You got ID?

Drew pulls out his wallet and starts looking for his fake ID. It identifies his name as "Jose Queervo". In the photo, Drew has a huge shit-eating grin.

Drew show's his ID to the clerk. The Clerk looks at Drew for a moment.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Drew looks inside the store as the Clerk cuts up his fake ID. He slowly walks away from the store. As he's walking he steps on a Chinese takeout menu that was blowing in the wind.

As he looks up he realizes that he is right in front of the restaurant the menu is from. It's one of those family operated Chinese restaurants you see all over suburban strip malls. He picks up the menu and reads it.

INSERT - CHINESE MENU

Happy Taipei Restaurant: Drink Specials from 4-6!

Drew looks at his watch. It's 5:30. He enters the restaurant.

INT. HAPPY TAIPEI RESTAURANT - EVENING

Drew walks up to the counter. Through the chintzy shades he can see the sun setting across the street over Steve's Sandwiches. The crackhead who robs Jackson is walking in.

The cashier, EMILY(25), walks out and see's Drew. Emily is a health-nut who does a bunch of acid and looks the part.

EMILY

Oh bruh, it's Drew! You gettin some food dude?

DREW

You guys have drink specials?

EMILY

Yeah it's 2\$ tall-boys right now with the purchase of a meal.

Drew does math in his head for a moment, causing a DIAL-UP TONE SOUND EFFECT.

DREW

Can I get 6 tall boys and some Shrimp Lo-Mein?

EMILY

Ya. You know if you do too much acid it builds up in your spinal column and then you can get high by cracking your back?

DREW

Nah but that sounds real dope.

EMILY

It is. I think I'm at that point but I'm scared to check cause if it works I have a problem.

DREW

Nah you don't.

EMILY

Shit Drew, you always know what to say.

Emily hits some buttons on the register and takes the money from Drew. Emily hands him the change and cracks her back.

EMILY

Oh wow... that works real good.

Emily falls over on her side. Drew goes over to check on her.

DREW

You good?

EMILY

You're food'll be-out-in-a-bit.

DREW

Cool.

Drew takes a seat in a booth.

INT. FRONT OF THE STORE - EVENING

The Crackhead holds the gun up to Jackson's face. Jackson is shaky and sweating but still maintaining a controlled demeanor. He puts his hands up.

JACKSON

Ok, easy man. Let me go open the register.

CRACKHEAD

Hol' up. I want a sandwich. Ham.

Jackson takes a look at the Crackhead to make sure this isn't a joke. He decides it isn't.

JACKSON

Right away.

Jackson starts to make the sandwich.

CRACKHEAD

Not so fast. Take your time. Don't fuck

it up.

JACKSON

Ok.

Jackson begins to methodically make the sandwich. He is incredibly gentle with it, laying on meat and cheese like they're blankets tucking in a newborn baby.

The side door opens and a second crackhead, a woman, quickly darts in and goes through the employee door. Jackson looks over at the closing door. The Crackhead brandishes the gun.

CRACKHEAD

Focus up.

JACKSON

Do you want veggies?

CRACKHEAD

I want it toasted first.

JACKSON

Oh, right.

Jackson puts the sandwich in the toaster. There is an awkward pause as Jackson stands waiting for the toaster while the Crackhead points a gun at him. There are sounds of someone making a RUCKUS in the back of the store.

The woman darts back out of the employee door and out the side door. Her back is to Jackson and it is clear that she is trying to hide something large and cumbersome under her shirt. It's big enough that it makes her walk more of a waddle.

The toaster BEEPS and Jackson takes the sandwich out.

JACKSON

Any veggies?

CRACKHEAD

No. You guys got any macaroni salad?

JACKSON

We're out.

CRACKHEAD

Shame. Wrap it and bag it.

Jackson does so and hands it to the Crackhead.

CRACKHEAD (CONT.)

Thanks.

The Crackhead walks out. Jackson stands there for a moment soaking it all in. He runs into the back of the store.

INT. BACK OF STORE - EVENING

Jackson frantically looks around the back of the store for what was stolen. Everything seems to be in order until Jackson sees a clear circle in the pile of debris where the trashcan is supposed to be.

JACKSON

What?

Jackson sits on the prep table as he tries to figure out what happened. A realization slowly dawns on him.

JOE (V.O.)

You keep takin bigger 'n' bigger hits,
eventually you gonna need a ten-ton pipe
to fit it all. It's inconvenient.

Jackson's eyes widen as he realizes the crackheads stole his trashcan.

DREAM SEQUENCE - CRACK HOUSE

Dozens of crackheads are crowded together in a dank, dark room. In the center of the room is the stolen trashcan. It's filled to the brim with crack and has several tubes coming out of it which the crackheads are smoking out of.

They fight over who gets the tube as they smoke and fight. The dream fades away to the sound of coughing and cackling.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Jackson pulls out his phone to call Joe. It goes straight to voice mail.

JOE (V.O.)

(Clearly drunk)

Yo, what the fuck is up? This is your
boy Joe, aka Maniacal Diabolical, aka
the Sandwich Slasher, aka-

BEVERLY (V.O.)

Joe! You said you wouldn't do that.

JOE (V.O.)

Ahhhh shit right, sorry baby. I'll start
over. How do I-?

There is a TONE. He hangs up and tries again; still voicemail.

JACKSON

Where the fuck is he?

EXT. THE PARK - EVENING

Joe - sweaty and dirty with cuts on his arm and shirt - runs over a hill. As he dashes along, dozens of vicious homeless children follow in hot pursuit silhouetted against the mountain sunset.

DJ DELICIOUS (V.O)

Hello hello it's the mellow fellow DJ
Delicious comin' at you with your Mile
High sunset jams.

The kids chase Joe into the a nearby park. He runs into a mirror-maze to try and lose the children in the maze.

DJ DELICIOUS (CONT.)

But maybe you ain't in it for a mellow
fellow, you know what I'm sayin? Shit,
it's Saturday night baby. Wherever you
are tonight, just remember; stay fresh,
my friends.

In the center of the circle of mirrors, Joe comes face to face with a knife-wielding kid. He takes a swing and end up punching a mirror.

Scared, he runs off and climbs the massive jungle-gym in the middle of the park. At the top of the structure he looks down at the kids who are climbing after him.

JOE

Alright, I'm giving you kids one last
shot. If you leave now, I'll let you go.
But if you stay and try and bust me up.

Joe takes off his work shirt, revealing a wife-beater.

JOE (CONT.)

You're gonna get beat by a ghetto-ass
superman.

One of the kids has made it to the top of the structure. He pulls out a yo-yo and starts wielding it like a mace.

Joe tears off his wife beater. FIRE BEATS start playing.

JOE

Let's kick it.

One of the kids runs up and jumps at Joe. Joe takes the kid out with a single punch to the jaw that sends the kid flying. A second kid grabs on to Joe's arm and starts stabbing his shoulder. Joe shakes the kid off and kicks him in the chest.

Joe looks around; A few kids have ran away. 12 are left; too many kids for him to take on cornered. More kids start climbing the structure.

Joe stomps on the fingers of kids climbing up the front of the set, sending them tumbling to the ground. One of them starts crying.

JOE

Don't fuck with me if you ain't gonna
play it out ya little soda-stealin
bitches!

A tiny hand grabs onto the back of Joe's shirt and pulls him off the jungle-gym. He falls to the ground and lands on his back, knocking the wind off of him.

Kids begin to tackle him, covering him in a dog-pile of angry children. One of them takes out a knife and cuts off Joe's goatee. He holds it in the air like a trophy.

Sensing his facial hair disturbed, Joe's eyes snap open. With a burst of energy, Joe stands up sending kids flying in every direction. He whips off his belt and snaps it.

JOE

Indiana Jones in this shit!

Joe begins to beat on approaching kids with his belt, hitting them with a satisfying smack. Joe fights with a combination of moves he learned from endless kung-fu movies and his childhood growing up in Las Vegas, Nevada. He fights dirty.

Three kids remain. One of them charges Joe, who uses his belt like a lasso to grab the kids ankle. Joe yanks on the belt, knocking the kid over. Joe pulls the kid over and picks him up. He throws the kid at the second homeless kid, knocking them both out.

The last kid standing is the one who stole the soda. He stares Joe down. Joe goes into a Crane Kick pose like in "Karate Kid."

DIRTY KID

Te matare.

JOE

No Hablo Espana, bitch.

The kid charges Joe. Joe jumps up and kicks the kid in the face, knocking him out. Joe stands and surveys the wreckage he's made. Several by-standers watching the fight start CLAPPING.

JOE (CONT.)

Yo shut the FUCK up! Y'all go back to
your shitty lives.

The crowd disperses. Somebody mutters about calling 911. Joe walks over to the kid who stole the soda. He roots around in the kid's pockets and finds a \$5 bill.

JOE (CONT.)

Son of a bitch coulda paid!

Realizing how late it is, Joe pulls out his phone.

INSERT - PHONE

22 MISSED CALLS

JOE (CONT.)

Shit!

Joe dials Jackson's number.

JOE (CONT.)

Jackson what's up.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Crackheads came in and stole our trashcan.

JOE

What does that mean?

JACKSON (V.O.)

Crackheads held the store up at gunpoint and stole our trashcan from the back. I don't know how else to put it.

JOE

I'll be right up.

Joe hangs up the phone. He goes over to another kid and starts looting the pockets.

JOE (CONT.)

Shit, there's like \$3.75 in here!

Joe goes from body to body looking for spare change.

INT. BACK OF STORE -NIGHT

The back office of the store is where all the junk that has no other place goes. There's a computer monitor on a desk surrounded by discarded job applications, crushed beer cans and empty plastic squeeze bottles.

Jackson and Drew are sitting on chairs while Joe sits on the desk. They have a beat tape playing on the boom box.

JOE

Straight Outta Steve's, stupid motherfucker named Drew/ Tryna kick it with the Sandwich Crew, he's got/ Slim Shady Hair and a grubby goatee he's

a/
 Young dog, no tricks, got nothing to do
 I'm/
 Not gonna fire him, and he won't quit
 while he/
 Skates by on his work half-assin shit
 while he/
 Kisses ass, takes my boot to lick it
 like I'm/
 Willy Wonka with the golden ticket/
 Oompa loompa doopity doo/
 Suck my cock, lick my ass, fuck you
 Drew.

Jackson breaks off into applause. Drew mopes.

JACKSON
 That shit's hilarious! He roasted the
 shit outta you!

DREW
 It's kinda mean.

JOE
 Quit bein such a dumbass and we'll be
 nicer.

DREW
 You're drinking my beer.

JOE
 True.

Joe fist bumps Drew. It's the happiest day of Drew's life. The monitor BEEPS and security footage pops up.

JACKSON (CONT.)
 It's playing!

The monitor plays footage from the security camera. It shows a woman smuggling a massive trashcan under her shirt and sneaking out the side door.

JACKSON (CONT.)
 I just don't get it.

JOE
 Y'all ever see Breaking Bad?

JACKSON
 Yeah.

JOE
 They probably shot somebody and they're
 gonna melt the body in that trashcan
 Walter White Style. We'll have to get a

new one.

DREW
That's fucked up.

JACKSON
That's ridiculous, they ain't murderers.
They were pointing a gun at me and
didn't do a thing.

DREW
They stole a sandwich.

JACKSON
We steal sandwiches all the time.

Joe pulls out the shrimp lo-mein Drew ordered and starts to eat it, using two straws as chopsticks.

JOE
This is gonna fuck up my bonus. My day's
been shit enough.

DREW
Yeah, who fucked you up?

JOE
Man, some hood-ass mutherfuckers jumped
outta truck and started beatin on me.

JACKSON
No shit? When?

JOE
Right after I ran out earlier. I
thug-lifed that kid and then I was off
to get myself a Kickstart, cause I was
parched you know?

DREW
Yeah, I know.

Drew goes for a high five from Joe, who turns him down.

JOE
Drew, shut the fuck up. Anyways, all of
the sudden, this truck full of
gangbangers pulls up and like 6
full-grown dudes hop out with chains and
pipes and shit. But y'all know I'm a
ghetto-ass Superman so I kicked the shit
outta one of them and the rest went
running.

DREW
Dude!

JACKSON

Yo man that's sick! I wanna see that
shit!

JOE

Yo it went like this.

Joe arranges Jackson and Drew so he can act out this fight.
They're all a little drunk by this point.

JOE (CONT.)

Jackson, you be the big ol' bitch who
was tryna take me out.

Jackson gets into character.

JACKSON

Yo Joseph, baby why don't you come and
spoon me baby.

JOE

What's this gay shit?

JACKSON

Nah that's the guy sayin it cause he's a
little bitch.

DREW

What should I be doing?

JOE

You just stand there lookin like a
dumbass.

DREW

Cool.

JOE

So I come up to this guy and give him
the kung-fu KICK!

Joe does a kung-fu kick and accidentally hits Jackson in the
face.

JACKSON

Fuck!

JOE

Oh shit!

DREW

Ha!

JACKSON

Jesus Joe, what the fuck?

JOE

Shit I'm sorry man, I didn't mean- Haha!
Ah shit that's funny.

Jackson cradles his face. He's upset but laughs it off. They're all pretty drunk. Joe and Jackson are holding themselves together well but Drew is slurring his words and stumbling a bit.

DREW

That's-a bad ass kick maaaaan.

JOE

Get off my dick.

Joe picks at the Lo-Mein

JOE (CONT.)

There's not enough shrimp in this
lo-mein.

JACKSON

Shit's cheap man, they got it on
special.

JOE

I like shrimp, man.

JACKSON

Whatchyoo doin tryna eat shrimp in
Colo-fuckin-rado?

JOE

I like shrimp man, is there a problem
with that?

JACKSON

Nah it's just like, a desert man.

DREW

Guy'sss I ain't feeeeeelin great.

JOE

You drink yourself under the table again
Drew?

JACKSON

You've only had like, 6 beers man. You
going soft on us?

JOE

Gettin white-girl-wasted like at
Sophie's funeral?

DREW

Nah it's just I wanted to get suuuper

drunk and a long time ago my dad told me
rubbin alcohol is like 70% booze so I
put some in my beer but I think it was a
mistake.

JACKSON

You what?

JOE

That's funny as hell.

JACKSON

No it ain't! That shit'll make you go
blind.

DREW

I-don't-feel-good.

Drew runs over to where the trashcan is supposed to be.

JACKSON

The sink Drew! Throw up in the sink!

Drew throws up. It spreads all over the floor. Drew burps and
passes out, laying face first in his own beer vomit. Jackson and
Joe run over. Joe is still eating lo-mein. Jackson is very
distressed, but Joe has an icy calm; he's in manager mode.

JACKSON (CONT.)

Fuck my ass! That's nasty.

JOE

Kid couldn't hold his liquor.

JACKSON

Should we like, call somebody or
something?

JOE

Call who, his parents? What're we gonna
say, "You're dumbass son's laying in a
pool of his vomit in the back of my
store?"

JACKSON

Yes! That's exactly what we should say!

JOE

You wanna get fired man? Cause that's
how we both get fired. Steve will be all
over my ass if he hears about this.

Joe leans down and starts looking through Drew's pockets. He
finds his keys.

JOE (CONT.)

I'm gonna take him home.

JACKSON
You can't drive, you're drunk!

JOE
No I ain't cause I'm not a fuckin
dumbass who blacks out at work like
y'all do. I can't get fired, I got rent
to pay.

JACKSON
I got bills!

JOE
Your mommy pays for your gas. I need you
to close up shop tonight.

JACKSON
That's your job! I don't know how to do
it.

JOE
Figure it out.

Joe picks up Drew fireman style. He opens his eyes a little.

DREW
(mumbling)
I'm-fine-guys-really.

JOE
It's ok kid.

Joe looks over and see's Jackson reading the store's "Do Before
Closing" list. It's long.

JACKSON
How do I close the register?

JOE
There's some papers on my desk that say
how.

JACKSON
I can take Drew home.

JOE
No you can't, you're drunk. You been
wanting a raise, right? Consider it a
promotion.

JACKSON
Oh... um. Ok.

JOE

Here's the key.

Joe throws Jackson the store key. Jackson catches it. This is the greatest moment of his life.

JACKSON

Thanks uh... boss.

JOE

Don't call me that. I'll see you tomorrow night.

JACKSON

See you then.

Joe carries Drew out the backdoor, leaving Jackson alone. Jackson puts the key in his pocket as he goes to grab a mop. He stops to turn on the boombox.

Music plays while Jackson mops up vomit and we...

FADE TO BLACK: END OF EPISODE