

MY DADDY WILL KILL YOU ALL

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FADE IN:

INT. GEPPETTO'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

GEPPETTO (50) has his back turned to the camera, he is sitting in the poorly-lit room at his desk, tapping on his computer keyboard. There are several monitors in front of him.

Superimposed on our screen is an conversation going on via instant messenger between PINOCCHIO and GEPPETTO.

GEPPETTO

Take a look at the target and tell me the price.

PINOCCHIO

Sorry, Sly. I ain't in that game no more.

GEPPETTO

Ha ha! Call me when you've come up with a price.

PINOCCHIO

I'm serious.

GEPPETTO

You know the rules, baby. You don't just leave this line of work.

PINOCCHIO

You lost count, Sly. I met my quota a long time ago.

GEPPETTO

Your problem is you're too good.

PINOCCHIO

So?

Geppetto stops tapping for a second.

GEPPETTO

Sorry, baby. No gold watch for you.

No message. Geppetto waits.

PINOCCHIO

You better start looking over your shoulder.

Geppetto types rapidly.

GEPPETTO
Hey, hey, hey! I'm just the
messenger. I'm just doing my job.

PINOCCHIO
Get me out of this and I'll forget
what you said just now.

There are no messages for a few seconds.

GEPPETTO
Screw you! This job is gonna set
you up for retirement.

PINOCCHIO
You don't get it Sly, I don't need
another job, it's the retirement I
want.

GEPPETTO
It's you who doesn't get it,
asshole. This is your only offer.
Take it or leave it.

No reply.

PINOCCHIO
I'll take it.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

BALDO (35), a professional hitman, is sitting on a bench in
the park reading a book.

OZI (60) comes up to the bench pushing a stroller.

Ozi stops the stroller in front of the bench and sits down.

BALDO
It's taken.

OZI
Shut up and listen. We don't have
much time.

BALDO
Sorry?

OZI
I'm your last job.

Baldo takes a sideways glance at Ozi and then looks at the
baby.

The baby smiles at Baldo.

BALDO
You're talking to the wrong guy.

Ozi looks at his watch.

OZI
In three minutes the poison I've
taken will stop my heart and then
I'll be together with my wife and
daughter again.

Ozi takes an envelope from his pocket and gives it to Baldo.

Baldo takes the envelope and looks suspiciously at it.

OZI (CONT'D)
Don't wave it around, idiot!

Baldo puts the envelope in his pocket. Baldo looks around.

BALDO
Is this Candid Camera?

Ozi clutches his chest.

BALDO (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

OZI
Of course I'm not all right.

Ozi inhales deeply.

OZI (CONT'D)
I'm dying. This beauty in the
stroller is my granddaughter.

Baldo raises his voice.

BALDO
This joke is really in bad taste,
you don't know who you're messing
with, sir.

The baby starts to cry.

OZI
Pick her up, she'll stop.

BALDO
Are you crazy?

OZI

I've got two minutes left to live,
and I don't want my granddaughter
crying to be the last thing I see.

Baldo reluctantly takes the baby in his arms. The baby stops crying.

Ozi's breathing becomes labored and he is struggling to speak clearly.

OZI (CONT'D)

My daughter and son-in-law were
majority owners of a big New York
IT company. Three days ago they
were killed in a road accident -
except it wasn't an accident.

Baldo rocks the baby in his arms.

OZI (CONT'D)

All of Christina's papers are in
the envelope.

BALDO

Who is Christina?

OZI

The little angel you are holding in
your arms.

Baldo looks at the baby; she smiles at him.

OZI (CONT'D)

The envelope also contains power of
attorney over her trust fund. It's
made out in your name; there is
also a provision for your monthly
wage.

BALDO

Fund?

OZI

Twenty-five million dollars. Only
you can access that money until she
turns 21.

BALDO

Sir, you really have got this all
wrong. I'm in a completely
different line of work.

Ozi looks at his watch.

OZI
My attorney... You will only
communicate with that son-of-a-
bitch through an encrypted email
service.

Ozi is having trouble breathing now.

OZI (CONT'D)
I suggest you get out of the park
as quickly as possible. They are
probably hard on my trail by now.

Baldo looks around. Ozi's head falls.

BALDO
Who is on your trail?

Ozi does not respond.

Frantically, Baldo puts the baby back in the stroller and
feels Ozi's neck for a pulse.

BALDO (CONT'D)
Shit.

The baby starts crying. Baldo puts a finger to his lips.

BALDO (CONT'D)
Shhhhh...

The baby won't stop crying. Baldo angrily takes the baby in
his arms.

BALDO (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, I can't wait to wake
up from this.

Baldo looks at the dead Ozi and then glances around, stands
up with the baby in his arms and heads for the park entrance.

I/E STREET NEXT TO PARK/TAXI - CONTINUES

Baldo gets in a taxi with the baby.

Baldo looks out of the taxi window back at the bench on which
he left Ozi.

Two MEN in suits run up to Ozi.

MAN #1 feels Ozi's pulse, while MAN #2 looks in the stroller.
Then both begin to look around the park.

MAN #1 says something into a microphone in his sleeve.

The taxi sets off down the street. Baldo turns back from looking at the park and looks down at the baby lying on the seat next to him, smiling at him.

BALDO
Retirement, my ass!