

A Day's Work
by
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SHOOTING DRAFT
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FADE IN

1 EXT. UHAUL PARKING LOT - EARLY AFTERNOON

A busy city street. ENRIQUE, 19, watches the cars pass intently, standing together with a group of 15 other Latino men, ranging from young men just barely past their teens to men in their 50's, lined up against a wall next to the parking lot entrance.

Behind Enrique we see a white couple loading up their SUV with moving boxes.

LUIS and RODRIGO stand off to the side with a few other men. Luis is sullen and quiet, watching the cars as well, while Rodrigo talks animatedly beside him, relating a joke. Luis has a BACKPACK slung over his shoulder.

The SUV pulls up from inside the parking lot; inside sit the white couple in their early 40's, KATHERINE, in the passenger seat, and MARCUS, driving. Marcus opens his driver side window and holds up two fingers...

Enrique BOLTS, like a sprinter for the finish line.

The line of men ERUPT as each runs headlong for the car, YELLING and JOSTLING for attention. Enrique arrives first, only to be surrounded by other men; Marcus and Katherine shrink, not expecting the mad rush.

Enrique pushes against the glass - I WAS HERE FIRST!

Marcus points to LUIS, 33, muscular, who pulls RODRIGO, 30, with him. Enrique looks on in frustration. He sees Katherine lean over to Marcus.

Marcus nods, then points to Enrique. Katherine looks at him, skeptical, but she nods; Enrique immediately pushes past into the backseat. He slams the door shut, breathing heavily.

TITLE OVER BLACK: A DAY'S WORK

MARCUS

Hi. We need help carrying out our furniture, from our... house, casa...

LUIS

Leave house, moving, yes?

KATHERINE

How much... do you want..?

LUIS

Seven dolares por hora...

KATHERINE
We'll give you four.

RODRIGO
Cuatro? No no... !

KATHERINE
I'm sorry, but that's what we're offering.

Luis wants to argue, and he looks annoyed. He looks over to Rodrigo, and they share a knowing look: it's one of "those" employers.

ENRIQUE
(Spanish)
What are they saying?

LUIS
(Spanish, to Rodrigo and Enrique quietly)
That they want to pay us four. We could make more at the factory downtown.

MARCUS
(quietly)
Four is a little low, isn't it? We should at least...

RODRIGO
(Spanish)
Too bad you're so bad at sewing.

KATHERINE
(quietly)
The whole point is to not pay very much.

LUIS
(Spanish)
Be serious Rodrigo, we can't take four, that's just...

MARCUS
I know, but Kathy, four isn't even minimum wage...

MARCUS
(cutting off Kathy's response)
We'll give you five, ok?

Kathy looks at her husband, clearly annoyed. Luis doesn't seem very happy himself, but he nods.

LUIS
Ok, Cinco. Paid in cash, no checks.

Marcus and Katherine nod. The car pulls out of the lot.

2 INT. CAR - EARLY AFTERNOON

Well kept lawns of a middle class suburban neighborhood pass outside. Luis, Enrique and Rodrigo sit in the back of the car. Enrique stares out the window nervously.

Luis cleanly slices an apple, then hands a piece to Rodrigo. He cuts a piece and gives it to Enrique as well.

LUIS
(Spanish)
What's your name?

ENRIQUE
Enrique.

LUIS
(Spanish)
I'm Luis, this is my cousin
Rodrigo. Five dollars, can you
believe that?

Enrique shakes his head.

RODRIGO
(Spanish)
Look at these houses, and they
won't pay two more dollars!?

LUIS
(Spanish, slightly bitter)
The nicer the house, the less they
want to pay. Or they'll try and rip
you off, give you a bad check,
something like that.
(to Enrique)
I'm sure they live in a very nice
house. Be careful, ok?

ENRIQUE
(Spanish)
I will. Thank you.

Holding the red peach pit in his hands, Luis wipes the wet blade on his pants. Enrique looks out the window as they approach a large beautiful house.

3 INT/EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Luis and Rodrigo hold a couch, managing finally to get it halfway through the front door...

LUIS
(Spanish)
It's almost there... there we
go!

MARCUS
You've almost got it... !

And its stuck again! Enrique, Katherine and Marcus stand to the side, trying to help.

LUIS
(Spanish)
Ok, ok, now turn it right.

KATHERINE
I think your stuck on the
left side. Turn it right.

RODRIGO
(Spanish)
I can't, its stuck.

She makes a right turning motion. Luis and Rodrigo push, to no avail.

KATHERINE
How did we even get it in
here in the first place?

ENRIQUE
(Spanish)
Maybe... maybe, just try...

MARCUS
Maybe if I take the legs off,
I have a screwdriver... wait,
you almost have it...
just...!

LUIS
(Spanish)
Rodrigo, just turn it..!
There, like that... hold on,
almost... there!

The couch is still stuck... it loosens... and ITS OUT!
Everyone grins, laughing, just happy to have got it out.

Enrique is about to follow when Katherine indicates to Enrique to follow her inside up the stairs.

4 INT. ZACK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Katherine opens a door, Enrique following behind. Boxes are strewn about the room... they are "packed" but many items are still out, and posters still adorn the walls. More boxes lay unassembled on the floor. Katherine sighs and indicates the boxes.

5 EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Luis, Rodrigo and Marcus are carrying the couch into the truck. None of them see...

ZACK, 15, approach the house, ipod headphones trailing over nice, hip clothing. Cool and upper-middle class. .

6 INT. ZACK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Enrique is bent down pulling items from under the bed and putting them into a cardboard box. He pulls out a shoebox. He opens it to find...

a MARIJUANA PIPE... Enrique picks it up, unsure what it is... he realizes... as Zack walks in the door. Zack stops, staring at him.

ZACK
Hey! What are you...?

They hear APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, Zack flashes him a warning look. Enrique hurriedly shuts the shoebox.

Katherine comes in the door holding a roll of packing tape.

KATHERINE
Zack! Good, your finally home, I was getting...

Katherine looks back and forth between them - she can tell they are hiding something.

KATHERINE
Something wrong?

ZACK
(shakes his head)
No.

KATHERINE
Ok, well, help...
(she stops, and points to Enrique)

ENRIQUE
Enrique.

KATHERINE
...Enrique here finish packing your room.

Katherine hands the tape to Zack. He leans in to her.

ZACK
(lowering voice)
Mom, I don't really need help.

KATHERINE
Clearly you do. We're leaving today, this all has to come down and be packed by 6.

MARCUS (O.S.)
(from downstairs)
Kathy!

ZACK
I'll get it done.

KATHERINE
I'm sure you both will. Start to bring down boxes when your closer.

She gives him a quick kiss on the cheek and walks out. Zack looks back at Enrique uncomfortably then walks over and takes the shoebox from Enrique.

ZACK
(indicating the shoebox)
Thank you.

ENRIQUE
De nada.

7 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Katherine comes down the stairs. Marcus is in the kitchen, looking around.

MARCUS
Hey, you haven't seen my wallet,
have you?

KATHERINE
No, but didn't you have it when you
came back from the ATM?

MARCUS
Yeah, No... I thought I did. But
I've looked all over the place,
and...

KATHERINE
Marcus...
(trying not to be mean,
but frustrated)

MARCUS
I know, alright?
(a tense beat)
Do you mind checking the car? I'll
keep looking in the house...

KATHERINE
Fine. Why don't you ask the workers
too, maybe they've seen something.

Katherine walks out. Marcus watches her go.

8 INT. ZACK'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Zack and Enrique pack up the room. Enrique looks around the room. Leaning against a wall is a SNOWBOARD.

ENRIQUE

(Spanish)

This is for mountains, snow, yes?
(he makes a skiing motion)

ZACK

(Spanish)

Yes. Mountains. We go skiing.
Esquiar...

Enrique nods: A beat - Enrique has never been able to go skiing, obviously, but the idea sound exciting. They pack in silence for several moments.

ENRIQUE

(Spanish)

Your house is really nice. Where
are you going?

ZACK

(Spanish)

We're moving to a smaller house.
This one's too big for my father
and mother and me.

(beat)

You do this everyday?

ENRIQUE

(Spanish)

More or less. I'm small, I don't
get picked very often.

ZACK

That sucks.

ENRIQUE

(doesn't understand for a
second, then realizes.
Spanish)

No no, I work enough, but I'm lucky
to have this job.

(pause, then a shy
admission)

When I have a little more I'll
bring my little brother over, from
Mexico.

ZACK

(Spanish)

How long since you saw him?

ENRIQUE
 (Spanish)
 A year.

A year is a long time - Zack takes it in.

ZACK
 (Spanish)
 My dad lost his job. That's why
 we're leaving, we can't afford this
 house anymore.

ENRIQUE
 (Spanish)
 I'm sorry.

9 INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Luis walks from the living room carrying a box.

MARCUS
 Umm... excuse me...

Luis stops and turns to him.

MARCUS
 You haven't seen a... wallet, have
 you?

LUIS
 Cartera? No.

MARCUS
 Listen, I know you guys are almost
 done, and you've done a great job,
 really. I wanted to ask, is it ok
 if I pay you with a check?

LUIS
 Cheque?

MARCUS
 I can't find my wallet, I probably
 just left it in the car or
 something, but...

LUIS
 Dije, cash only.

MARCUS
 No, I know, its just all my cash
 was in my wallet...

Luis is shaking his head, anger building...

LUIS
You don't have money?

MARCU
(taken aback)
No no, of course not. I just.. all
I have are checks, but they are
perfectly good...

LUIS
(cutting him off)
I don't care how the checks are, I
said CASH ONLY.

MARCUS
I know you did, but I, I... I mean,
I just don't have it...

LUIS
You don't have it? Your not going
to PAY US? Is that what you are
saying??!

MARCUS
No, of course not...!

Rodrigo comes in the front door to find Luis shouting.

RODRIGO
Luis?! Que...

LUIS
(interrupting, Spanish,
fast and furious)
He tried to get me to take a check
with some bullshit story about his
lost wallet... he keeps saying all
the money was in there...

RODRIGO
(Spanish)
Maybe he really just lost it, are
you sure...??!

LUIS
(Spanish)
NO! HE IS LYING, RODRIGO, do you
really believe he "just lost it"?
NO! YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WILL
HAPPEN IF WE CASH THAT CHECK...

Luis, his emotion running wild, SLAMS THE BOX TO THE
GROUND... WE HEAR GLASS SHATTER INSIDE. Marcus backs up,
suddenly realizing the danger he is.

MARCUS

I think you need to leave.

LUIS

Bullshit I'm leaving, you still
have to pay me!!

MARCUS

If... if you don't leave I'm going
to call the police...

Marcus starts dialing - Luis has had enough... Marcus is all those who have ever taken advantage of him, all those rich, white Americans who don't want to pay FIVE LOUSY DOLLARS an HOUR...

... and Luis FIGHTS BACK, SHOVING Marcus so he goes reeling into a WALL - RODRIGO jumps in, trying to get LUIS OFF MARCUS - Marcus STUMBLES as Luis and he grapple, until Marcus kicks Luis in the knee - Luis cries out - Marcus pulls out his CELL PHONE - desperately dialing - he dials a 9, then a 1 - but Luis TACKLES him, SHOVING RODRIGO ASIDE, the phone skidding away into the kitchen. They grapple again like wrestlers - Marcus scratches Luis's face - Luis THROWS him against a set of DRAWERS, Marcus falls to the ground and scrambles toward the kitchen.

LUIS

Stop.

Marcus looks over and freezes - in Luis's hand is a KNIFE, the same we saw him cutting fruit with earlier. Rodrigo stares at it too, horrified.

Luis is breathing heavily, his eyes darting back and forth like a caged animal, bright red welts shining on his cheek.

10 INT. ZACK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Enrique indicates that he's going to start to take boxes down. He picks up one of the boxes.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

He is clutching the knife for dear life... suddenly, the door opens - Katherine comes in. She sees Marcus crouching on the floor, dishevelled and bleeding.

KATHERINE

Marcus?! Are you alr...?

MARCUS

Watch out!

Luis SLAMS the door behind them - He grabs Katherine, clapping his hand over her cut off shout.

MARCUS
NOOO...!!

Marcus jumps up toward them. Luis shoves Katherine toward Marcus, and they fall together against the far wall.

KATHERINE
Marcus... !

LUIS
SHUT UP!
(Spanish)
Rodrigo get her phone.

Rodrigo looks at him, frozen and terrified.

LUIS
(Spanish)
GET HER PHONE, Goddammit Rodrigo
BEFORE SHE CALLS THE POLICE!!

Rodrigo looks at him in PANIC, then abruptly turns to Katherine.

RODRIGO
(terrified)
Phone.
(she looks up at him,
terrified as well)
PHONE!!!

Rodrigo grabs her. Marcus tries to stop him, but Luis approaches and brandishes the knife.

Enrique comes down the stairs holding a box. He stops, horrified at the scene before him.

ENRIQUE
(Spanish)
Oh God...

Luis turns - MARCUS SEES HIS CHANCE! - he surges forward, attempting to wrest the knife from Luis. Katherine shouts - Rodrigo tries to restrain Marcus. Enrique stands horrified watching the scene unfold.

MARCUS
Katherine, run! Call the
police... I...

LUIS
(Spanish)
Rodrigo, stop her before
she...

Luis and Marcus grapple with the knife - it swings left, swings right - Rodrigo grabs Katherine as she tries to run for the kitchen - MARCUS SHOUTS IN PAIN.

KATHERINE

MARCUS!!

Marcus stumbles backward, a blood stain spreading on his shirt. He collapses. Luis looks at him, shocked, the bloody knife still in his hand.

Katherine is crying, restrained by Rodrigo who looks horrified.

KATHERINE

(barely understandable
through her tears)

Marcus!

Katherine pulls out of Rodrigo's grasp and runs to her husband. Enrique and Rodrigo both look at Luis, the bloody knife still clutched in his hand.

Enrique looks up towards Zack's room, but Luis motions him to come down. Enrique comes down the stairs.

12 INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Zack creeps down the hallway and looks down through the bars.

11A INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

ENRIQUE

(Spanish, horrified)

What is going on?!

LUIS

(Spanish, fast and
vehement)

They tried to give me a check, to
to...he claimed he had lost his
wallet with all the cash to pay us,
motherfuckers...

(Enrique shakes his head,
not understanding)

Don't you see, they were trying to
rip us off, they didn't want to pay
us!

RODRIGO

(Spanish)

That's no reason to pull a knife!!
What are we supposed to do now,
huh? He's fucking bleeding????!!

Katherine looks up from Marcus to Enrique, tears streaming down her face.

13A INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Zack looks at the front door - it is right next to Luis - he can't make it. He sees his dad, bloody and bleeding... he has to do something.

13 He slips back along the corridor, trying not to make noise. In the master bedroom he finds a phone, but when he picks it up there is no dial tone.

He goes to the WINDOW and opens it. There is another house, but it is some distance away. He looks down, seeing if there was some way to climb down - no, its too far, there's nothing. He remembers something.

11B INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Marcus is shaking, gritting his teeth against the pain.

KATHERINE

Please...

ENRIQUE

(Spanish)

We have to call for an ambulance.

LUIS

(Spanish)

We're not calling for any ambulance.

ENRIQUE

(Spanish)

But he's losing blood! If we don't...

LUIS

(Spanish)

If the police come we get arrested and then deported, you understand?!

RODRIGO

(Spanish, pleading)

Then we call an ambulance and leave, lets just get out of here!

14 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Several boxes are strewn about the room. Zack opens one and starts rifling through it. He doesn't find what he needs. He moves to the next box and opens it.

He finds what he wants... a metal box with a combination on it. He starts fiddling with the combination. In the other box some of the items he had shifted fall, making a crashing noise. He looks up sharply.

15 INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

... Everyone perks up. Luis looks quickly at Enrique, who looks upstairs with fear and realization.

LUIS
(Spanish)
Was there someone else upstairs?!

Katherine looks at Enrique with a pleading look.

ENRIQUE
(Spanish)
No, I was alone.

Luis looks at Katherine. She shakes her head.

LUIS
Someone upstairs?

KATHERINE
No. But the house is... drafty...
sometimes...

ENRIQUE
(Spanish)
I'll go look upstairs, just to make
sure.

LUIS
(at first reluctant, then
nods, Spanish)
Ok... fine, but, Rodrigo, go with
him.

Enrique and Rodrigo go up the stairs - Enrique looks at Katherine. She looks back, pleading with her eyes.

16 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Rodrigo and Enrique come up the stairs. Enrique speaks to him quietly and urgently once they are out of view.

ENRIQUE
(Spanish)
What are we doing, this is crazy?

RODRIGO
 (Spanish)
 It's too late! I don't... Luis will
 figure something...

ENRIQUE
 (Spanish)
 Let's just go, leave these people
 alone!!

Rodrigo looks at him... he wants to agree... he can't...

RODRIGO
 (Spanish)
 No! Just do what your told! Go
 check the far rooms, I'll check
 these.

Enrique looks at him helplessly, and nods. He slips along the hallway and looks into Zack's room.

ENRIQUE
 (whispering)
 Zack?

16A Enrique enters the master bedroom and sees the window open. He goes to it and looks outside; he can't see any way Zack could have climbed down.

He turns around. Zack is standing to the side of the door, a HANDGUN in his hand. He is trembling with a combination of betrayed anger and terror. Enrique stares back - what can he say? Enrique shakes his head - I'm so sorry...

Rodrigo comes out of one of the rooms. He sees Enrique standing by himself.

RODRIGO
 (Spanish)
 Find anything?

Enrique looks at Zack. Tears are coming down Zack's face. Enrique shakes his head.

ENRIQUE
 (Spanish)
 No.

Enrique walks past Zack into the hallway.

17 INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rodrigo and Enrique come down the stairs. Marcus and Katherine both look up, fearing the worst.

RODRIGO

(Spanish)

It's nothing. Luis, lets just go, I don't want to be here anymore.

Luis shakes his head. Enrique watches them both, follows their conversation, hoping to find an answer.

LUIS

(Spanish)

They know who we are. They'll find us. You know that, don't you.

RODRIGO

(Spanish, incredulous)

Luis...??

LUIS

(Spanish)

We can't just leave, Rodrigo! We have to...

Enrique makes a decision, he can't let this continue - he LUNGES, slamming into Luis. The knife falls from his hand, skidding across the floor. All three of them scramble for it, but Enrique is fastest. He grabs it, brandishing it. He is breathing heavily, absolutely terrified; Luis stares at him with daggers in his eyes.

ENRIQUE

(Spanish)

We're all leaving. We're leaving these people alone...

ZACK (O.S.)

DON'T MOVE. drop... drop the knife...!!

Zack is on the stairs. The gun is out in front of him. He jerks back and forth between them, terrified. Enrique looks at him, pleading. Zack points the gun at him.

LUIS

(Spanish, fast and hysterical)

GODDAMIT, I thought you looked upstairs...!

ZACK

Just... stay... stay there...

RODRIGO

(spanish)

We DID look upstairs, Luis... !

Enrique drops the knife. Everyone ERUPTS, and starts talking to Zack at once.

ENRIQUE
(spanish)
Please... please, I was
trying to help...!

KATHERINE
Zack, its going to be ok...!

RODRIGO
Everything ok, listen to her,
put
it down... !!

ZACK
I don't.... I don't....!!

Tears are running down Zack's face he is so scared - he doesn't know what to do. The gun is trembling in his hands as he swings it back and forth, pointing it at everyone.

When the gun swings away, Luis DIVES forward, going for the gun - but Enrique sees him and tries to stop him. Zack panics, the gun swinging wildly...

BANG.

A moment. All talking ceases, silenced. Everyone looks around. Blood begins forming on RODRIGO'S chest - he COLLAPSES.

Luis rushes to his side, horrified and wailing. He tears his shirt and tries to stem the bleeding, while Rodrigo goes into shock and terror.

LUIS
(Spanish)
RODRIGO!! NO! It's going to be ok.
It's going to be ok...

Zack lowers the gun slowly, looking at Enrique. Luis looks up at them both, tears in his eyes. He takes Katherine's phone from Rodrigo's pocket and slides it to Katherine.

LUIS
Please. Ambulance.

Katherine dials 911. Zack looks at Enrique.

ENRIQUE
(Spanish)
I'm sorry.

ZACK
(mixed emotion, half
angry, half appreciative)
Go. Leave.

A look of understanding passes between them, at what would happen if Enrique stays. Enrique nods.

Enrique looks around the room; he shares a look with Katherine, who knows he did all he could. He looks one last time at Luis, who desperately keeps pressure on Rodrigo's wound. He looks back at Zack.

Enrique goes to the door and walks out.

18 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

He passes out onto the lawn and arrives at the street, as the sounds of Luis's wailing die away. He looks one way, and then the other, not knowing where to go.

He sets off at a run, disappearing into the rapidly fading light.

FADE OUT