Zip’s Last Day

Author

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Tag Line

One Man’s Sensitive Nature and Passive-Aggressive Fury Leads to Misery, Horror and Murder.

Synopsis

A corrupt FBI agent arrives in Boston to solve what looks like a murder mystery. As he tracks down clues, the case evolves into something much more bizarre.

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SCENE I (THE CAB RIDE TO BOSTON)

John’s been in this cab for a while. He was picked up at Logan Airport, and is now on Storrow Drive, heading west, towards Brighton. He’s looking at photos of murder victims.

CAPTION

Springtime in Boston, a few minutes before 4:00 pm on a Friday.

**Flashback:** Conversation between JOHN CARROLL and SHAUN WALSH, his supervisor in the NYC branch office of the FBI

Shaun WALSH

Why would I let you transfer back to Boston? New York can’t be that bad.

John Carroll

The Summer Hill Gang is an Irish mob in New England. Summer Hill’s run by “Whitey” Sullivan, who I’ve known from childhood. I can get him to tell us about the Italian crime families --

Shaun WALSH

I like where you’re going with this.

Gathering that much evidence could take years. And since your informant can’t inform us without incriminating himself, we’d have to give him immunity.

Tell you what … work on this murder case in Allston while I’m thinking about it.

John Carroll

Murder? Shouldn’t the local cops handle —

Shaun WALSH

Look at the pictures. This sicko is working from state to state. No connection between the victims, no witnesses. I want my best available man on this.

John Carroll

But I hate Allston, almost as much as I hate the Yankees.

Shaun WALSH

This is the deal, take it or leave it. I’d rather use you – someone I trust – that those wackjobs Molder & Sully. You’ll be working with the Brighton Police Department. I believe the lieutenant’s an old friend of yours. In the meantime …

**Current Time:** JOHN CARROLL loves everything about the commute … the shitty traffic, the poor signage, the bad driving. Even the smells of downtown are bringing back good memories. An axle-splitting pothole nearly wreaks the cab, but makes our hero smile.

The cab gets off Storrow Drive to Kenmore, goes up Commonweatlh Ave., through Boston University. John’s hating the stench of rich international students, but likes looking at the coeds. Yes, coeds, that outdated term from a simpler time.

John Carroll (Thinking)

“… I’ll see what I can do about that transfer.” Thanks, old man. Log in a few hours on Walsh’s murder case, then I’m back in Southie! This is too good to be --

Cab Driver

(Sees John looking at girls on Comm Ave):

Ain’t “Summer Dress Day” wonderful?

John Carroll

What did you – Holy Christ! Did the B.U. girls get even more hot since I lived here?

Cab Driver

Like the man used to say: “Don’t let me see that naked on payday!” When did you leave Boston?

At this point, the cab passes **Village Fruit** in Allston.

Scene II (Village Fruit, Part 1):

While cab passes store, employee RONNY GODBOLT is on the phone, talking to his girlfriend. He’s supposed to be working, but thinks it’s too slow to worry about it. To build a more “over-heard” feeling, we only hear RONNY GODBOLT’S side of the conversation.

Ronny GODBOLT

I can’t believe it either, Anne! They’re awesome seats. The Orphiem’s got great acoustics. So, you coming or not?

Anne Tate (Not heard)

My, how romantic. Besides, I thought you were working tonight.

Ronny GODBOLT

Yeah, but Chris’ll cover for me.

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

You sure about this? You know what happened the last time you blew off work for a date.

Ronny GODBOLT

Tayter-doll, Chris Perkins is a martyr, a regular saint. Covering for my lame ass is the Christian thing to do. You’re not still mad at me for what you think I said at Linda’s party, are you?

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

Jesus, that was ages ago! Alright, even though this is short notice, I’ll go. What time are you picking me up?

Ronny

Fantastic! Well, I gotta go home for a quick change and shower. Can you be ready by … 5:30? That should give us enough time to park and eat before the show.

Anne TAYTE (Not heard)

That should be enough time. How should I dress?

Ronny GODBOLT

Wear a berka. I don’t want other men checking you out.

Anne TAYTE

Ha-haa! Yeah you do, perv.

Ronny

Okay, so I DO wanna show you off. How about that cut-off “Speed Racer” tee shirt, with that retro skirt I like?

Anne TAYTE

You got it. Don’t be late. Or early.

Ronny GODBOLT

Right. I’ll be there in 90 minutes!

RONNY GODBOLT hangs up the phone as CHRIS PERKINS walks in.

Chris PERKINS

Yo, Ronny. Sorry I’m a little late –

Ronny GODBOLT

-- Chris, uhh, I won’t be here tonight.

Chris PERKINS

WHAT?!!

RONNY GOLDBOLT

Chill, dude. Something came up.

Chris PERKINS

It’s inventory night! I’m NOT counting all this shit alone!

RONNY GOLDBOLT

Look, it’s gotta get done or we BOTH get fired. Do what you will!

RONNY GODBOLT walks off in a huff.

Scene III (Brighton Police Station 14):

LIEUTENANT DECARLO’S office of Brighton Police Station 14

Lieutenant DeCarlo

“Zip” Carroll! Check out the big-shot FBI agent! He-haaaa!

John Carroll

And you, still looking like a rookie! Heard about your promotion. My boss sent me to talk the locals out of making this huge mistake!

Lieutenant DeCarlo

Watch that mouth, you dumb mick! I can still kick your ass! But before I do, let’s catch us a killer.

Both get up to leave the office, walking town a hallway to another room.

John Carroll

Sounds good to me, tough guy. We can catch up later.

What time do we hit The Shamrock?

Lieutenant DeCarlo

God, they tore down that rat-trap years ago! Later on, I’ll show you the new watering hole.

They arrive at a large room with patrolmen sitting behind long desks. Delarlo and Carroll enter through a door at the front, near a podium and American flag. LIEUTENANT DECARLO addresses the troops.

Lieutenant DeCarlo

Attention, troops. It seems our Allston Slasher has crossed state lines. This is FBI Agent John Carroll, he’s here to help. Let’s all cooperate and get this killer off the streets. Agent Carroll?

John Carroll

Thank you, Lieutenant. As you might know, there isn’t a clear connection between any of the victims. According to our profilers, the killer’s male, between the ages of 25 to 45 years old, most likely comes from a broken family. The lab boys have him between 5 feet, 6 inches tall to 6 feet, one inch tall.

Two patrolmen in the back, whispering:

Cop A

Thanks for narrowing it down.

Cop B

If your information is that weak, why bother even opening your fucking mouth?

John Carroll

Since nobody in the other cities remembers an outsider, we can reasonably assume our killer is sophisticated enough to blend into any social environment.

Cop A

Does Elliot Ness know we’ve already gone over the crime scene? We could just fax the paperwork to New York. Why the fuck is he here?

Cop B

Don’t know. Maybe he’s gonna plant some evidence on Tom Brady.

Scene IV (Next Morning, 7:30 am, an alley near The Orpheum Theatre)

It’s raining. Police are standing over a new corpse. It’s RONNY GODBOLT, who’s been ripped from shred to shred. Body parts and blood are everywhere.

(Detail: poster for the Mass Moves production at the Wang Center.)

Caption

Saturday, 7:30 am, an alley near The Orpheum Theatre.

Isolated comments from patrolmen, detectives,   
ambulance staff and reporters

Poor kid.

Found his wallet.

He’s Ronald Godbolt, 22 years old.

I think this is his other arm.

Ripped open like a birthday present.

Who could do such a thing?

This makes number six, two in Boston.

Can we blame this on drugs?

Detective (kneeling over the corpse)

Check out his chest cavity. What could’ve made a hole that big?

John Carroll (also kneeling over the corpse)

Looks consistent with the others, only more … brutal.

Detective

His girlfriend – an Anne Tayte -- says this happened right after a show at The Orpheum. Guess this seemed like the perfect spot for a Mickey Rourke moment. Looks like this was done in under a minute. She’s a witness. Why didn’t he kill her too?

(John’s Vision: Anne getting into a brick wall.)

John Connolly

He’s sure we can’t catch him. He’s free to work with reckless abandon.

Detective

He sure wanted this Godbolt kid dead.

John Connolly

Our killer was way too focused on him to even think about the girl.

PATROLMAN

It’ll be a while before she can tell us anything. We’re questioning couple of homeless people who might’ve been awake.

Detective

In the meantime, we’ll talk to his family, friends and coworkers.

Detective

Her’s, too. This might be the work of some pissed off ex-boyfriend.

PATROLMAN

Coming back to the station with us, John?

John Connolly

I would, but since the rain’s letting up, I’m gonna see what I can learn from the Allston crime scene. I’ll catch up with you guys later.

Scene V (Allston, Village Fruit Store):

Same day, now 10:00 am. JOHN CONNOLLY is walking around Allston aimlessly, daydreaming. He’s trying that subconscious stuff, clearing his head, letting the neighborhood talk to him about the first killing. No solid clues come. Something about the crime scene triggers a boyhood memory.

Caption

Almost an hour later, Allston crime scene

Caption

“Hey, you on that bike …”

**Flashback:** 1982. JOHN CONNOLLY is 12 years old, alone in Brighton Center. While he stopped inside a grocery store, his new bicycle was stolen. Frantically looking, he sees a kid riding his bike.

(Detail: Rita Moreno Life magazine.)

12-year old John Connolly

… Yeah, you! That’s my bike! Now give it back!

Rusty

Aaaak!

Eddie

Some kid’s hassling Rusty!

Eddie (holding john’s arms back)

That’s Rusty’s bike now, punk!

WALLY hits John’s right temple with a stick. JOHN CONNOLLY’S knocked to the ground. WALLY’S about to do more damage.

Wally

Try hurting MY little brother –

Suddenly, Whitey Sullivan grabs Wally from behind by the throat, shoving him to the ground

Wally (running)

That’s Whitey Sullivan. That kid’s a psycho!

Eddie (running with Wally)

I’m outta here!

WHITEY SULLIVAN picks JOHN CONNOLLY up from the sidewalk. JOHN’S bleeding badly from his right temple, but looks more angry and scared or relieved.

whitey

It’s okay, Johnny …

**End of Flashback.** John’s still staring at the crime scene.

John Connolly (Thinking)

“… we Southie kids gotta stick together.”

Coming here was stupid. Why am I even trying to crack this? Just document the progress, fill out the --

By this time, a suddenly at-ease JOHN CONNOLLY realizes he’s hungry. He leaves the ally, walking towards the sidewalk, across the street from VILLAGE FRUIT. Just then, his phone rings.

SFX: Cellphone ring

BRRRING!

(He cellphone goes off. It’s his wife. Do I want to take this? Not really, but I better. Why does she always call when I’m in a good mood?)

John Connolly

Trish, darling. What’s up?

Patricia Connolly

Well, I’m holding this phone with an unbandaged hand.

John Connolly

That’s terrific!! Does it feel normal?

Patricia Connolly

It’s still sore, but not like last week. It looks pretty good, too.

John Connolly

No more doctors pulling dead skin off your hand every couple of days.

Patricia Connolly

Looks like they were right about me not needing a skin graft after all. But enough about me. How’s the case? When are we going to see you again?

John Connolly

Whoa, one question at a time. No new leads … on the case.

While pacing the sidewalk, looking agitated, JOHN CONNOLLY makes eye contact with MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA, who’s working in the fruit store.

John Connolly

I’m hoping to wrap up our part in a few days. You know, dot every “I”, cross every “T” and hand-off to the next guy.

INES smiles back at him with a practiced “come hither” lip-bite.

John Connolly

I should be home by next Friday, depending on how much I get done today. I’m at the old crime scene now. Can I get back to you later?

John enters the fruit store. While Ines works the register, John goes to the back of the store.

Patricia Connolly

Sure. Give me a call tonight.

John Connolly

Right, ri – Wait! I’m drinking with Ajay tonight.

Patricia Connolly

DeCarlo?

John Connolly

Yeah, the old guy looks great!

JOHN looks at Ines, who’s ringing up customers. The line is getting shorter.

Patricia Connolly

Sigh. Tell him I said hello. Love you.

John (Trying to keep the conversation quite, anxious to hang up.)

Love you too, but I’ve GOT to go. Later!

JOHN hangs up, turns cell phone off. He looks around the place quickly, seeking any conversation tool. The line’s still a little too long, and he is hungry. He gets a few bananas, some water and chips. After a few false starts, John steps up to the register. He’s the only one in line, so it’s now or never.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

Glad you came in. You seemed a bit lost.

John Connolly

Nah, it only looks that way when I’m trying to eat healthy for a change.

Especially when enticed by such a pretty smile.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

In the sunlight, you reminded me of someone.

Someone I really liked, a long time ago.

That’ll be $3.69.

John Connolly (Giving Ines a five-dollar bill)

Right. Here you go. You’ve got a beautiful way of moving. Graceful-like. You a dancer or something?

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

Not anymore. Blew out my knee at ballet camp.

That’s how I got this heavy.

(She laughs, giving back John’s change.)

John Connolly

I don’t see heavy. I think you’re all right.

(They pause. John spots the Mass Moves poster, and remembers he has a friend working at the Wang Center that owes him a favor.)

John Connolly

So, you going Mass Moves tonight?

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

Oh, please! If I had THAT kind of money, I wouldn’t be working here! Do you have tickets?

John Connolly (Reaching for his phone)

Not yet.

John Connolly (talking to someone on the phone)

Al, it’s me.

AL

Yeah, what’s up?

John Connolly

Listen, I need two for tonight. What’ve you got?

AL

Let me see. Here’s something, a pair up close, center orchestra, 8:00 show.

John Connolly (to Al)

Hold on.

John Connolly (to Ines)

“Center Orchestra” okay, for the 8:00 show?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA looking shocked and happy, nods yes.

John Connolly

I think those’ll work. We’ll be there 15 minutes before showtime.

AL

Will do, dude. This mean all debts are settled? Normally these are $90 apiece.

John Connolly (looking over a happy Ines)

Yeah, I’d say paid in full. Out.

John Connolly (to Ines)

What time do you get out of work?

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

I don’t believe … This is all so fast, I don’t know …

4:30. I’ll have to go home to change into something nice.

John Connolly

The Wang is downtown, right? I’ll pick you up here at 4:30. We’ll stop at Macy’s on the way to dinner.

Maria Ines Ortiz-Padilla

You sure move fast, Mister. Don’t be late.

Overhearing this entire conversation is CHRIS PERKINS, who’s still bitter about being abandoned last night. He’s in the back of the store, sharing his pain with best friend, coworker ERIC.

ERIC

Hey, Chris. Earth to Chris? You still helping us with the leaflets tonight?

CHRIS PERKINS

Sure …

What else have I got to do?

(This word balloon becomes a continued caption on the first panel of the next scene.)

Scene VI (Brighton Motel 8, approx 4:00 pm):

JOHN COLLOLLY in his hotel room, alone. He’s just showered, and is almost completely dressed for his date with Ines. The room is a wreck. Clothes and luggage are everywhere. The bed is still made, but – in addition to ties and socks – photos and reports of the case are thrown all over the bed. His hand-written notes are messy, with huge portions crossed off and “arrowed”. At one moment, just before getting the keys off the dresser, he stares at the bed.

John Connolly (Thinking)

Nothing. Oh, there’s a lot of data. But no answers. I can’t shake this feeling … that the answers are buried under a ton of alibis. What did Walsh mean I’m “one of his best agents?” I’m no good at this detective stuff. I’m more of a schmoozer, an organizer.

(JOHN COLLOLLY stares at the mirror while putting on his tie.)

So, why’d the old man give this one to you?

Calm down, Conspiracy boy. I don’t have to solve this. Gather up what’s known, document the facts…

… pass it off to the next guy.

(This last bit becomes a continued caption on the first panel of the next scene.)

Scene VII (Sunday morning, 2:30 am, Ines bedroom):

JOHN and INES just made love, and are in the middle of pillow talk in her apartment. She has roommates, so her bedroom is crowded with photos, television and stereo equipment. The floor is covered with discarded clothes, magazines, stuffed animals, condom wrappers and John’s handcuffs. They’ve been at it for over ninety minutes, and are sweaty, exhausted and happy.

Before this, their date went wonderfully. He picked her up, when straight to Macy’s to buy her a new dress and shoes. They ate at a nice restaurant; saw a great show at The Wang Center. After that, they walked over to The Roxy for dancing.

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Something I picked up on the way, just like my first Boston boyfriend.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Still can’t believe you stuck with him so long. Speaking of long, how ‘bout one more round?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Wow, you’re already hard again. Shit! I’ve got to open the store this morning! What time is it now?

(Her digital clock reads 2:36 am)

Fuck! Then again, Chris’ll be there.

JOHN CONNOLLY

You mean the fat kid that looks like Charlie Brown in heat?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

You pig! Still, it’s getting tougher to come up with excuses not to go out with him.

JOHN CONNOLLY

I don’t know. If he’s THAT persistent …

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Right, like I’m letting him masturbate in MY body!

JOHN CONNOLLY

And I’M the pig?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Looks, he’s really a sweet kid and all. But he’s been in a weird mood lately. He knew two of those people who were killed by that slasher.

JOHN CONNOLLY

You don’t say?

Scene VIII (Sunday morning, John’s Hotel Room, a little after 8:00 am)

After dropping INES off to the store, JOHN CONNOLLY uses his laptop to cross-reference Chris Perkins against all of the victims. To his surprise, Perkins’ name appears in a lot of the victim’s files. John stares at the screen and smiles.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Gotcha!

Scene IX (Sunday morning, Village Fruit Store, a little after 8:00 am):s

Ines is in the bragging mood. She tells her best friend Joan about her amazing night.

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Simply wonderful. It was like, why have I been wasting time with those little boys!

JOAN CARLSON

Mucho macho, eh?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Hell yeah! Sometimes, a girl really wants to know she’s been fucked. Know what I mean?

JOAN CARLSON

And a class act, too? How long’s he in town?

MARIA INES ORTIZ-PADILLA

Who cares? Did I tell you he bought me a dress? Tra-la-la!

Scene X (In a separate part of the store, Chris is using Eric for more free therapy):

Chris fumes over last night. They’re both supposed to move heavy produce boxes to the back of the store. At this point, Eric’s doing all the work, and is getting annoyed at Chris’ self-absorption.

CHRIS PERKINS

Tell me this isn’t real. While I spent last night passing anti-war leaflets to drunken college students, Ines puts out for some old dude she just met!

ERIC

Chris, how long’s this crush been? Five months?

CHRIS PERKINS

Six and a half.

ERIC

Whatever. You gotta move on, dude. You can start by moving some boxes.

Scene XI(Sunday morning, 10:30 am, Lieutenant Dan DeCarlo’s home)

John is now in a diner across the street from Village Fruit, calling Dan with his mobile phone. This is an interruption for Dan, who is trying to get his wife and grandkids ready for church. John apologizes, but wants to arrest Chris Perkins. When we join the scene, the conversation in already in progress.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Monosian was his dentist. Goldbolt’s a coworker.

Lieutenant DeCarlo

That takes care of the locals, but what about Morales?

JOHN CONNOLLY

Ex-roomate.

Lieutenant DeCarlo

Smithers?

JOHN CONNOLLY

Landlord.

Lieutenant DeCarlo

This is still too shaky for an arrest warrant, John.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Yeah, I know, Perkins doesn’t have any priors. Can we at least get a search warrant and haul him in for questioning?

Lieutenant DeCarlo

Yes, but not for another few hours.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Fine. I’ll tail him for a while.

Lieutenant DeCarlo

Unofficially, John. You’re not blessed yet.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Right, I’ll keep you posted.

(John watches Chris leave the store.)

He’s leaving, I gotta go.

Scene XII (An abandoned building near the store):

Chris walks to a nearby, abandoned building. His angry mood prevents him from knowing he’s being followed. John’s about two blocks behind. When we join this scene, Chris is already in the building, throwing heavy objects into walls and cursing. There are some floor drawings underneath the rubble.

CHRIS PERKINS

Fucking Christ! I hope to shit you do exist, God.

Because when I die, you’re in for one Hell of an ass-whipping! Did I ask to be a goody-do-goody who breaks his back doing favors for the ungrateful? Do I want people to piss all over me while I smile and say “oh, that’s okay”? FUCK NO!Up until four a.m. in the goddamn morning! Fucking inventory …

(John has caught up with Chris, and is watching this through a semi-boarded window.)

JOHN CONNOLLY (thinking)

Wow. I suppose there are LESS healthy ways of dealing with aggression.

CHRIS PERKINS

(He’s getting angrier and less aware of his environment)

New landlord still won’t fix the toilet. Fucking dentist guarantees I’ll be in debt for the rest of my life, and then some. Funny how they both died, but fuck it! They deserved it! And Ines lets some Irish cop fuck her! Send the Christ-brat again, God. This time, I’ll make sure the job’s done right …

(Behind Chris, some boxes appear to smoke.)

… no fucking cross this time, dude. I’ll hit him with a car, pour Drano in his wine, shove a jackhammer up his ass, whatever it takes!

(The smoke forms a 7-foot demon, right behind Chris. The demon looks hungry.)

JOHN CONNOLLY (Still thinking, looking more shocked.)

Holy Fuck! He doesn’t even know that creature is back there. Those claws … that’s what killed all those people!

JOHN CONNOLLY (shouts)

CHRIS!

CHRIS PERKINS

(John’s shout breaks Chris’ concentration. This makes the demon disappear.)

Whu?

Scene XIII (Same place, after John and Chris compare notes):

Chris is still confused, but begins to understand. His reaction is very much like a student who didn’t do the homework, but the answers come to him during the surprise class-time exam. Chris is sitting on a shipping box, while John is standing.

CHRIS PERKINS

Let me get this straight. There’s this demon from Hell.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Right.

CHRIS PERKINS

He kills whoever I’m pissed off at.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Yup.

CHRIS PERKINS

And, as far as we can tell, he’s completely obedient to my will.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Check.

CHRIS PERKINS

And you’ll never be able to prove any of this in a court of law.

(Chris now wears an evil smile.)

JOHN CONNOLLY

Uhh …

(Chris now intentionally wills the demon into this world. The demon steps closer to John.)

Caption

THE END

The first in a series of stories featuring FLAUROS and his pet boy PERKINS.