

HIT AND MISS

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FADE IN

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A ratty, urban, business neighborhood.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
We all do stupid things. Some by
accident. Some on purpose.

JUNIOR (20's, slight build, more handsome than he knows)
nervously fidgets near the large window of a donut shop.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
What's the stupidest thing you've
done to impress a girl?

Junior looks up and down the street then at his cell phone.
An early-model Chevy is parked in front of a donut shop.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Think about it. Then multiply it by
a hundred. I still have you beat.

Junior warily goes to the Chevy. He peers in the window.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(New York accent)
You looking for somebody?

Startled, Junior flinches and almost drops his cell phone.

JUNIOR
Jesus Christ!

Junior turns to see CHARLIE ROMA (mid-30's, Italian), donut
bag in one hand, a soda in the other. He dresses to the beat
of his own drummer. His mp3 ear buds disappear into his inner
pocket.

CHARLIE
Not quite. Though there are a lot
of people who want to see me nailed
to a cross.

JUNIOR
Are you Charlie? Charlie Roma? I'm

-

Charlie holds up his hand.

CHARLIE
You haven't earned a name yet. For
now you're Junior.

Charlie motions to the car door behind Junior.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

Puzzled, Junior steps aside. Charlie gets in the passenger's seat. He rolls down the window.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(from inside)
Well?

Confused, Junior quickly goes around the hood and gets into the driver's seat.

INT. CAR

JUNIOR
Where are we going? Charlie hands
him a single car key.

CHARLIE
Orientation.

EXT. STREET

Junior pulls away from the curb. He drives aimlessly through the neighborhood.

INT. CAR

They ride in silence for a few blocks. Charlie munches on his donuts. He bobs his head to his silent mp3 tunes.

CHARLIE
So no room for advancement at Tech
Shack? Can't be that bad. All the
remote-control helicopters you can
steal. Chicks looking for the
latest cell accessories. 'Excuse
me, kind sir, but do you have this
in pink?'

Junior feigns cool. He keeps his eyes glued to the road.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You must think we have better
perks. You're wrong. I can't think
of a better perk than hoochies
hanging on my every word, begging
me to throw in free text messaging.

Junior glances uneasily at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Take a right, Junior.

EXT. ALLEY

Junior turns down an alley. They pass garbage bins and the
assorted homeless person lying against the wall.

INT. CAR

Charlie holds up his hand. Junior stops the car.

Charlie pulls out a donut and looks it over. The he looks
towards a pile of cardboard fashioned into a homeless
domicile.

A bum's leg sticks out of the pile.

CHARLIE
Hey!

The bum lifts his head in the direction of Charlie's voice.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(waves the donut)
I ain't got all day, man!

The bum hurries to the car.

Charlie pulls his gun (with silencer) from his jacket. He
fires two MUFFLED shots into the bum who topples back into
his cardboard home.

Charlie bites into the donut then slides the gun back into
its shoulder holster.

Junior stares at Charlie, mouth agape. He composes himself,
turns back to the wheel.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Well?

Junior turns the key, grinds the starter: the engine is already running. He nervously puts it in gear then drives off.

They drive a few blocks in silence while Charlie finishes his breakfast. Finally -

JUNIOR

So that was a test, right? To see if I could stomach it?

CHARLIE

I'm doing my part to keep our streets safe and clean. It was either this or pick up trash on a Saturday morning. I ain't fucking waking up on a Saturday morning to pick up after people who ain't got enough sense to pick up after themselves.

Junior uneasily keeps his eyes on the road.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

'Was that my test'? Fucking kids today. It's all about you.

Charlie looks at the time on his mp3.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Take the next left, then a right at the Korean restaurant.

EXT. STREET

They pass the Korean restaurant. Charlie takes his ear buds out. He motions for Junior to slow down.

EXT. BUS STOP VESTIBULE

TWO MEN dressed in white short-sleeved shirts, black ties and pants talk with the only person there, a middle-aged African-American lady.

INT. CAR

Charlie stares intently at the two men.

CHARLIE

Here we go, Junior. Slow down.

EXT. BUS STOP VESTIBULE

The lady, agitated, shakes her head at the two men. The men gesture passionately at the lady who clutches her bag.

INT. CAR

Charlie slips his gun out of its holster. He steadies it against the car door.

CHARLIE

Slower, Junior. Don't chase 'em off. (BEAT) Right on schedule.

EXT. BUS STOP VESTIBULE

The two men walk away from the lady, shake their heads. They grab their bicycles from against the bus stop vestibule then take off down the street.

INT. CAR

CHARLIE

Shit, they got wheels. Move it, Junior!

JUNIOR

What happened? Did they grab her purse?

CHARLIE

Shut the fuck up and drive!

EXT. STREET

Junior swerves in-between cars, tries to follow the men on the bikes through traffic.

INT. CAR

JUNIOR

I didn't see anything. What the hell happened?

EXT. STREET

Junior and Charlie follow two car-lengths behind the men on bikes.

INT. CAR

CHARLIE
Right there. Keep this distance.

JUNIOR
(squints)
I don't see a purse. You sure they
robbed her?

CHARLIE
I didn't say they robbed her.

JUNIOR
So what'd they do? I didn't see -
Charlie, who the fuck are they?

Charlie rolls the window down far enough to slide the tip of his gun through. He rests it next to the side-view mirror and takes aim.

CHARLIE
(squints)
Mormons.

JUNIOR
What?

CHARLIE
Or Jehovah Witnesses. Which are the
one's with The Watchtower?

JUNIOR
Wait, they didn't do anything to
the lady?

Charlie cocks the hammer back on his gun.

CHARLIE
(focuses on Mormons)
You mean aside from harassing her
with that horseshit?

Junior yanks the wheel and cuts the car into the middle lane.

PFFFFFF!

Charlie gets off a MUFFLED shot.

EXT. STREET

The bullet hits the back tire of Mormon #1 and flattens it. Out of control, he slides towards Mormon #2.

INT. CAR

CHARLIE
Aw, what the fuck you do that for?
Look at what you...

Charlie watches the Mormons collide into each other.

EXT. STREET

The Mormons fall over each other, out of the bike lane and into traffic.

A truck in the right lane SCREECHES as they tumble into its path. Mormon #1 looks up.

MORMON #1
Jesus fucking Christ!

The truck plows into the Mormons.

SCREAMS fill the street as people on the sidewalk take in the horror.

Charlie's maniacal laugh fills the air as they drive past.

INT. CAR

CHARLIE
Oh, whattaya know? Problem solved.
Pull over.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Junior pulls into a deserted parking lot and parks.

Charlie gets out and walks to the driver's side. He opens the door then flicks his thumb out. Junior gets out.

CHARLIE
We'll call you.

Charlie gets in and slams the door.

JUNIOR
What? What's that mean? Did I pass
or not? What the fuck does that
mean?

Charlie rolls down the window.

CHARLIE
I gotta tell ya, kid. It doesn't
look good.

JUNIOR
Just because I wouldn't let you
shoot the Mormons?

CHARLIE
Are you a Mormon?

JUNIOR
No. What the fuck does that got to
do with anything?

CHARLIE
(shakes head)
Too bad. If you were, I might've
given you a pass because Mormons
are usually uptight about doing
their own kind. Not that there's
many Mormons in our business.
Except for Mormon Mikey. Or was it
Mikey the Muslim? I forget. Uh,
we'll call you.

JUNIOR
Wait! You're just going to leave me
here? How am I supposed to -

Charlie SQUEALS the tires as he pulls out of the parking lot.

Junior stares in disbelief as Charlie drives off. Then -

Charlie SCREECHES to a stop. He reverses all the way back
into the parking lot. He SCREECHES to a halt next to Junior.

CHARLIE
Uh, I don't have to tell you to
forget today, right?

Junior looks incredulously at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
We'll call you.

Charlie speeds off again.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
We'll call you. I should have that
tattooed on my palm.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In front of a house, Junior is parked at the curb with his DATE (blonde, early 20's).

DATE #1
So...I'll call you.

Junior goes in for the kiss but the date abruptly leaves. She SLAMS the door, leaving Junior's kiss hanging in mid-air.

INT. APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Junior stands in the hallway outside the door of another DATE (#2 brunette, early 20's). On the other side of the door -

DATE #2
I'll call you.

She SLAMS the door in Junior's face.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DUSK

Junior pulls up to the curb in front of the house of his date.

He looks out towards the house. Then his cell RINGS.

DATE #3
(on the cell)
I'll call you.

Dejected Junior closes the cell.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
And when I finally got that call
and it was time for that magical
second date...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Junior and his date (#4 Asian, early 20's) at a table. She takes the last bite of her dessert.

DATE #4
I've had a wonderful time, really.
And you're such a great guy -

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Junior and his date (#5, African-American, early 20's) leave the movie theater.

DATE #5

- A really, really wonderful guy.
But it's not you -

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Junior and his date (#6, Emo-chick, early 20's) lay on the bed, post-sex. She puffs a cigarette, stares up at the ceiling, nonplussed.

DATE #6

- It's me.

She looks at her cell.

DATE #6 (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

She hurriedly gets off the bed and throws her clothes on.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

I was beginning to get the
impression that it was not them, it
was me.

Before she leaves -

DATE #6

Uh, I'll call you.

Dejected, Junior pulls up the covers over his head.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

But exactly what was it?

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Junior continues his walk home from the parking lot that Charlie left him at.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

I have a pretty decent job. My
wardrobe fits the basic
requirements I've seen on the
commercials.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've never been put on any
terrorist or sexual predator list.
I know what most social networking
sites are. Well, some of them
anyway. Okay, two of 'em.

Junior stops. He looks up and sees a strip bar: HONEY'S PLACE. Muffled booty music can barely be heard from the sidewalk.

He sighs, then keeps walking.

The booty music gets louder.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Insert: TWO MONTHS AGO

INT. HONEY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Booty music BLARES throughout the strip club. Strippers spin on their poles and entice the patrons.

Junior sits in a secluded corner, a beer bottle in hand. He looks at the time on his cell phone. Then looks around the strip bar.

DJ (O.S.)
And now to the main stage...

Junior puts his beer down.

DJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...Nina, Lani and...

Junior perk up, stares at the main stage.

DJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...Rency!

RENCY (early 20's, staggering yet naturally sexy) walks with purpose to the stage. All eyes in the club are drawn to her.

But her eyes don't fall on a single patron. Rency mounts the short stairs, milks her entrance.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Wow. There she is. A majestic
dolphin in a sea of skank. Like a
five-car pile-up, she brings the
place to a halt.

Rency warms up with a few jaw-dropping sensual stretches.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
 Every eye is glued to her. But she
 could care less. She's miles away.
 Where? Who knows?

Rency pulls on the pole, bends over, continues her stretch.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
 See, in my head, she's doing this
 to pay her way through college.
 Maybe studying nursing. To help
 people. In third-world countries.

Rency spreads her legs and bends almost into a split.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
 And she's a virgin. Yeah, she is.

Junior takes the a swig of his beer.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
 In her spare time, she likes to
 kick back with a good book. But if
 they guys are over, she's down with
 watching football. Or even -

A WAITRESS blocks Junior's view of the stage.

WAITRESS
 Get you another one, hon?

Junior looks around the waitress towards the stage.

JUNIOR
 Yeah, sure. Whatever.

The waitress leaves, but Junior's eyes are locked on the main stage.

RONNIE (O.S.)
 Good luck, handsome.

Junior turns to see RONNIE (mid 20's, dressed more flamboyant than any straight man) leaning against the back wall holding a drink with an umbrella.

Ronnie slinks into the booth next to Junior.

JUNIOR
 Who said I -

RONNIE

She is one tough nut to crack.
 Many, many guys have tried.
 (sighs)
 And a few girls.

Junior's eyebrows raise in surprise.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Besides. What makes you think you
 got the goods? Doctors, lawyers,
 shit, even a few priests have
 fallen at her perfect feet. What
 makes you think you're cool enough?

JUNIOR

I'm not.

RONNIE

We're all cool in our own way.

Ronnie, a bit sad at that last remark, stares down at the
 drink in his hand.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

No matter what anyone else thinks.

Junior, notices this, takes his beer bottle and clinks a
 toast on Ronnie's drink.

JUNIOR

I wish that were true, brotha'.

Junior takes a swig of his beer. As his head is tilted
 backwards, he glances up at one of the many silent TV's
 around the bar. On the screen he sees -

A scene from PULP FICTION. Hit men Vincent Vega (John
 Travolta) and Jules Whinfield (Samuel L. Jackson) FIRE their
 automatics into a schmuck.

And look cool doing it.

Junior slowly lowers his beer bottle, his eyes riveted at the
 TV.

Then he refocuses back to the main stage.

Rency begins her dance, as if in a cool, far away trance. Her
 lips barely move, as she softly recites -

RENCY (V.O.)
 ...a primary dynamic of the phallic
 stage of Freudian development
 theory in which a girl resents...

END FLASHBACK

EXT. THE FUZZ FACTORY - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT

The Fuzz Factory, an adult superstore, sits in an industrial area.

INT. STORE - DOWNSTAIRS

Customers, mostly males, solitarily peruse aisles of adult DVD's, sex toys and paraphernalia.

INT. HALLWAY -UPSTAIRS

A long, dark hallway cuts between poorly sound-proofed rooms. MUFFLED sounds of sex leak through the doors.

ARSEN "THE ARM" BARKOV (mid 30's, Armenian, greasy suave) leads a group of DISTRIBUTION REPRESENTATIVES down the hall.

ARSEN
 (slight accent)
 As you can see, gentlemen, to keep costs low and give you more bang for your dollar, we do it all here: production, filming, hell, we even got a break room for fluid replenishment.

DISTRIBUTOR #1 lags behind to watch the action through a window on the door. He sees a film crew filming a couple having sex in a kiddie pool. A super-soaker is in use.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
 You name it, we film it. Threesomes DP, animals, Samoan Slap Dance...

DISTRIBUTOR #2 looks at Arsen, confused at the last remark.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
 ...S&M, BBW, FFD -name it, we film it. And if not, just let us know and we'll check with our attorneys if -

DISTRIBUTOR #2
 What about gay films?

Arsen stops in his tracks. Slowly he turns. Arsen fixes the distributor with a steely glare.

The group of distributors tense.

ARSEN
 (scowls)
 Gay sex? You like that? Is that
 what you like?!

A door opens as two female pornstars walk out half-naked, giggling and holding hands.

Distributor #2 looks at Arsen and gestures at the girls.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 Lesbians aren't gay sex. Lesbians
 are good people.

The distributors relax. Arsen resumes his tour.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
 The boy gay market - very hit and
 miss. Today they like this,
 tomorrow not so much. Indecisive.
 Like a woman.

At the end of the hall, Arsen sees his brother, Ronnie. Ronnie carries on a lively conversation with the receptionist.

Arsen abruptly steers the distributors down another hallway.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
 If you'll follow me, we have
 complimentary drinks, food and
 fluffing services for you.

DISTRIBUTOR #1
 Any chance we can visit one of your
 - training grounds?

ARSEN
 Ah, yes. Honey's Place has the
 freshest poon this side of college
 freshmen dorms.

Arsen looks over his shoulder at Ronnie.

ARSEN (CONT'D)

In fact, let's go there now.

Ronnie looks up. He watches Arsen lead the distributors away.

Ronnie, a slight look of disappointment in his eyes, continues chatting with the receptionist.

INT. JUNIOR'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Junior gets to his door. He leans his head dejectedly on the door. Then he inserts the key.

INT. APARTMENT

A lava lamp perched on the TV casts the only light in the living room.

Junior throws his keys onto the counter. He flicks the main light switch on to no avail. A VOICE from the shadows -

CHARLIE

About fucking time.

JUNIOR

What the fuck! (BEAT) Charlie?

Charlie's silhouette is barely visible against the window.

CHARLIE

This is the most important question of your life.

Junior stands frozen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Why was it wrong to nail the Jesus freaks?

JUNIOR

The Mormons?

Charlie loudly RATCHETS the slide on his gun.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(stammers)

They - they weren't a job.

CHARLIE

Neither was the bum.

JUNIOR

At first I thought the Mormons were a contract. You seemed to know where they were going to be at what time. Like you already staked them out.

CHARLIE

So why didn't you let me kill them?

JUNIOR

In the very short time that I've come to know you, I've realized that you're a sick fuck. But you're not stupid.

CHARLIE

You can't see it, but I'm blushing.

JUNIOR

When you did the bum, no one was around. We'd get away clean. But on the street - there were too many people. Too many variables.

CHARLIE

Go on.

JUNIOR

Both the bum and the Mormons were tests. Different tests.

CHARLIE

And what was I testing?

Charlie kills Junior with a long silence.

JUNIOR

I...I...

A loud CLICK of the hammer of Charlie's gun.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

I don't know!

CHARLIE

In our line of work decisions have to be made quickly and accurately. That was a lot of info you processed in a highly pressurized situation.

JUNIOR

That wasn't even your car, was it?

CHARLIE

Now why do you say that?

JUNIOR

Because if I made the wrong decision, and I let you plug the Mormons, we'd be marked in your personal vehicle. Plus you'd never let me drive anything that you bought and paid for.

Silence. Then a soft CLICK of the hammer being replaced.

CHARLIE

Class starts tomorrow. Bring a pencil.

Junior lets out a sigh of relief in the semi-darkness.

JUNIOR

Thank you so much. You don't know what this means to me. I - Charlie?

From the semi-darkness -

CHARLIE

Turn on a light, will ya? I can't find my fucking keys.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Junior and Charlie walk down a city street.

JUNIOR

We're going to a bar. At...
(looks at watch)
...three o'clock in the afternoon.

CHARLIE

He doesn't keep banker hours.

JUNIOR

Is he gonna teach me how to shoot?

CHARLIE

You're not gonna shoot.

JUNIOR

Ever?

CHARLIE

You don't get a name, what makes you qualified for a gun? Guns. Knives. A station wagon. All messy if not used right.

JUNIOR

I thought you said he was going to teach me to use something.

CHARLIE

Bullets aren't power.

INT. THE TAVERN

Junior and Charlie enter an empty, sparsely decorated bar. They stand near the entrance.

In the center of the bar on a high table sits - J.S. CULPEPPER (70's, white crew-cut, sturdy) with his arms crossed. He appears to be napping.

JUNIOR

(whispers)

Him? What am I gonna learn from that old fart? How not to pee in my pants until my diaper is on?

CHARLIE

Oh, you're gonna regret those words. And you better hope he didn't hear you.

Charlie walks towards J.S.

JUNIOR

(whispers)

I doubt he could hear his own bones creaking.

Charlie pulls out one of the bar stools. The noise of the stool awakens J.S. Charlie and Junior take a seat.

J.S.

(Texas drawl)

Rubber dog bone! Charlie!

CHARLIE

J.S. I'd like you to meet Junior.

J.S.
 Ah, a rookie.
 (to the bartender)
 Joe, ring that bell!

JOE THE BARTENDER CLANGS the bell mounted behind the bar.

JOE
 Next round is on J.S.!

J.S.
 Do I know when to buy the house a
 round or what?

Junior looks around the empty bar. Joe sets down J.S.'s tall,
 clear drink in front of him.

JOE
 Chocolate martini, Charlie?

Charlie nods.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Junior?

JUNIOR
 How'd you know my name?
 (looks at J.S.'s drink)
 I'll have what he's having.

J.S.
 You don't want to do that, son.

JUNIOR
 I think I can handle a large 7-Up.

J.S. holds up his hands in mock surrender.

J.S.
 I'm assuming he's here for a
 lesson.

CHARLIE
 Our little friend here needs some
 perspective and focus.

Joe puts down the tall drink in front of Junior. Junior
 promptly takes a large gulp from it. His eye's bulge as he
 chokes on it. He coughs heartily.

JUNIOR
 What the hell is this?

J.S.
 Double-Sapphire tonic Seven. Easy
 on the tonic Seven.

JUNIOR
 (raspy)
 Tasty.

CHARLIE
 (to Junior)
 Oh, by the way. We don't leave til
 he does.
 (points to J.S.)

J.S. grins but appears on the verge of a nap again.

JUNIOR
 No problem. I got twenty minutes to
 spare.

LATER

Junior is hammered. J.S. and Charlie are relatively sober.
 J.S. is deep in story mode.

J.S.
 None. Not one girl.

CHARLIE
 I can't believe they never had
 girls at Texas A&M back in the day.

J.S.
 No pussy. No distractions. Got my
 engineering and mathematics degrees
 in no time.

CHARLIE
 (to Junior)
 We're in the company of a
 certifiable genius.

Junior drunkenly attempts to salute J.S.

JUNIOR
 (slurs)
 So what does J.S. stand for?

J.S.
 Jack Shit. Which is exactly what
 you'll get when you ask for my
 name.

JUNIOR

Fair enough. So, so far, at your certifiably brilliant feet, I have learned that once upon a time, A&M only had dudes. I learned the safe way to fuck a chicken so his claws won't cut you as he's flapping all over the place...

J.S. mimes holding a chicken by the legs in front of him.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

...but most importantly, I have learned never to go drink for drink with you. When does the real lesson begin?

(leans closer to J.S.)

Know what I mean?

Junior mimes shooting a gun with his fingers. Junior falls off his stool.

J.S., quick as a cat, grabs Junior's arm and gently puts him back in his seat.

J.S.

I don't think you're in any shape for a real lesson.

JUNIOR

No, no, no. It's all - I'm all good. See...

Junior stands but wobbles.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Wait. I know. I'll be back. Just gotta unload. Know what I mean? Hehehe. B-R-B, Big Kahuna.

Junior stumbles off to the restroom. J.S. and Charlie watch as Junior attempts to make his way through the crowd.

CHARLIE

Was I this much of a pansy?

J.S.

I love this part.

Almost to the bathroom, Junior stumbles into a DIMINUTIVE GUY. Junior spills his drink onto the guy's shirt.

DIMINUTIVE GUY
Watch where you're going, ya prick!

JUNIOR
Dude. Dude. Dude. You got a short
fuse, dontcha? Get it?

Junior turns to walk away. He comes face to face with the
diminutive guy's HOT GIRLFRIEND.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Whoa.

HOT GIRLFRIEND
Apologize to my man.

JUNIOR
Him? Your - seriously?

Junior laughs uncontrollably.

HOT GIRLFRIEND
That's not nice.

Hot girlfriend punches Junior who staggers, surprised.

JUNIOR
Hey, hey, hey. There's no need -

Hot girlfriend hits Junior again.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Son of a -

Hot girlfriend roundhouse kicks Junior who goes sprawling to
the ground.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

In the chain-coffee shop section of a bookstore chain, Rency
and a few of her classmates sit in oversized chairs
surrounding a tiny table. Their drinks crowd the little
table.

MEI-LING (early 20's, Chinese girl from the Valley) holds a
pen up to her chin.

MEI-LING
No. There's no way in hell
Professor Fuller is going to buy
that.

CHAD (early 20's, dorky red-head) studies his tablet.

CHAD

All we've heard is his bragging about the breakthroughs they made during the Sixties, blah, blah, blah. He likes to talk so now it's time to walk. The, uh, walk.

RENCY

I really don't think he's going to let us conduct experiments on his wife to prove Alzheimer's.

LENNY (early 20's, hot Jew), who hasn't taken his eyes off Rency -

LENNY

Nah, she's right. Plus, Mrs. Fuller smells like peanut butter and I can't spend more than five minutes around her without wanting a snack.

The group laugh.

MEI-LING

We're never going to pass this lab.

CHAD

Well, you guys just keep shooting down my brilliant ideas.

RENCY

Most of your brilliant ideas involve Professor Fuller's wife. (BEAT) I got it. A psychological breakdown on Chad's G-MILF complex.

MEI-LING

I'm gonna hurl.

CHAD

It's going to have to wait. The number fifty two isn't going to wait for us.

Lenny, Chad and Mei-Ling quickly gather their books and bags.

RENCY

One of you guys really have to get a car.

LENNY

Or you could just move closer to us instead of living in...?

RENCY

Nice try.

LENNY

What? Purely platonically speaking.

CHAD

Whatevs.

LENNY

Hey, she may need us to rescue her from, um, uh, wild midgets or something.

RENCY

That's a bit offensive. And I think I could take them.

Mei-Ling and Chad are already heading towards the door. Lenny lingers.

MEI-LING

(shouts)

Say goodbye, Lenny.

LENNY

See you in class.

Lenny runs off to catch up with Mei-Ling and Chad.

Rency smiles to herself at Lenny's clumsy advances.

She gets up and clears her friend's empty cups from the table. As she dumps the cups in the trash, she notices an OLDER PERVERT watching her from behind a bookshelf.

She looks towards the front door but her friends are nowhere in sight.

Now self-conscious, she goes back to her oversized chair. She takes out a book and attempts to lose herself in it.

Unable to concentrate, she looks back over her shoulder - the older pervert continues to watch her.

She watches as the coffee shop manager goes into the kitchen.

Rency looks around - no one else is in the coffee shop area.

She quickly gathers up her books and stuffs them in her bag. Without looking towards the bookshelf, she gets up and heads towards the door.

Right before she reaches the front door, she quickly glances back - the older pervert is gone from the book area.

EXT. BOOKSTORE PARKING LOT

Rency briskly walks to her car, clutching her bag with both hands.

As she nears her car, she reaches into her bag and pulls out her keys. Then drops them next to her car. As she bends down and reaches for them -

A HAND snatches up her car keys.

Rency stands up to see the older pervert, dangling her keys in front of her.

OLDER PERVERT

I know you.

RENCY

No. No, you don't.

Rency attempts to grab her keys but the older pervert clutches them in his hands.

RENCY (CONT'D)

(softly)

And if you did, this would be the last time you would see me. The bouncers would break you in half before you could whip out a dollar bill.

The older pervert considers this. Then opens his hand for her to take her keys.

Rency gingerly takes it from his hand then quickly gets into her car. She guns the engine, backs up then screeches down the lane. She looks back in her rearview mirror.

The older pervert watches her leave: a grin on his face and both hands in his pockets.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

A car is parked in a high school parking lot.

INT. CAR

Junior, bruised and slightly bloody, is passed out in the front seat.

The driver's side opens then SLAMS shut. Junior is startled awake as Charlie grins at him from the driver's seat.

JUNIOR

Ow.

CHARLIE

Good morning, Starshine. The Earth says you're a pussy.

JUNIOR

(groans)

Don't...please...

Charlie starts the engine, the radio BLARES music.

CHARLIE

By a girl. I mean, yeah, she's a hitter too, but still.

Junior groans, lost in his own pain. Then -

JUNIOR

Wait. What? She's a -

CHARLIE

Hit man. Girl. Hit woman. Well, they all insist on being called hit men now.

JUNIOR

I - I don't believe...

CHARLIE

And it's not like she's even the most dangerous girl on the planet. She wasn't even the most dangerous girl in the bar. But still - a girl.

JUNIOR

You let me get sloshed!
Uncontrollable! Leaving me vulnerable -

CHARLIE

Whoa, cowboy. YOU let yourself lose control.

JUNIOR
She was a hit man?

CHARLIE
They all were. It's a Member's Only bar, knucklehead. Your future peers.

JUNIOR
Oh, my God...

CHARLIE
Not a good first impression. I'm embarrassed for you.

JUNIOR
Why didn't you tell me? What was that? Another test?

CHARLIE
Every situation is a test. A test of control. When you're about to end someone's life, you better fucking be in control.

JUNIOR
And because I couldn't control my liquor -

CHARLIE
The liquor was inconsequential.

JUNIOR
Is that why you drink those fu-fu drinks?

CHARLIE
Don't let the chocolatey presentation fool you. Those are pure, put-you-on-your-ass martinis, son. I was just born with an unusually high tolerance.

JUNIOR
And J.S.? I was going drink for drink with him. Or is he a super bad-ass too?

Charlie wickedly smiles. Junior looks perplexed.

CHARLIE
J.S. has Joe water his drink down little by little as the night goes on.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The later in the night, the drunker everyone is. Except for J.S. Control the situation.

JUNIOR

Shit.

CHARLIE

And he is super bad-ass. You don't get to be old in this business by being a fool. And you don't need Masters degrees in mathematics and engineering either. You just need this -

Charlie pokes Junior in his temple. Junior winces.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

- your deadliest weapon.

Charlie drives away. Junior looks back at the sign on the lawn in front of the school: ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

JUNIOR

What the fuck are we doing here?

CHARLIE

How else is she supposed to get to school?

Junior looks at Charlie, thoroughly confused.

INT. HONEY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Junior sits in his usual secluded booth. He holds a cold beer to his swollen jaw.

Rency plops down into his booth, fully clothed and holding her bag. Startled, Junior almost drops the beer.

RENCY

Wow. Bad day?

Junior stares at Rency in stunned silence.

RENCY (CONT'D)

I didn't want you to waste your time tonight. I just clocked out.

JUNIOR

(nervous)

Wha? I - I don't know what you're -

RENCY

And I don't mean that in a cocky way. But I notice things. I mean, at first I was offended. You're here like clockwork but you never go down there -

Rency points to the main stage.

RENCY (CONT'D)

- to Bald Head Row and visit me. As opposed to the usual cast of pocket-pumpers, perverts and pastors.

Junior's beer is suspended in mid-air. He is in awe at her rapid-fire delivery mixed with irrepressible sex appeal.

RENCY (CONT'D)

But those are the short-term pain in the asses as opposed to the long-term stalkers who watch from their secluded booths. Watching. Plotting.

JUNIOR

Wait a second, I'm not -

Rency leans in and studies Juniors eyes. Junior is frozen, caught in her piercing stare.

RENCY

Nope. You're not. (BEAT) I've seen enough of those. You're not one of them. Which begets the most important question: who are you?

Junior, still frozen, is at a loss for words.

RENCY (CONT'D)

(extends her hand)
I'm Rency.

JUNIOR

(gingerly shakes it)
I know. The DJ said so.

RENCY

No, it really is Rency. Not a stage name.

JUNIOR

Seriously? Sounds made-up.

RENCY

Reverse psychology. Gotta keep the stalkers at bay.

JUNIOR

The professional stalkers would eventually figure it out.

RENCY

True professionals think with the correct head.

JUNIOR

(smirks)

So you said you're done for the day.

RENCY

Yup. I have an early exam tomorrow. A girl's gotta stay focused.

Rency takes out flash index study cards while she rummages in her bag for her keys.

RENCY (CONT'D)

I took the first shift so I can study. I got an exam in the morn.

JUNIOR

You're - you're a college student?

RENCY

Very cliché, I know. Child Psychology. Ironically, to prevent girls from ending up there.

(points to stage)

It's a daddy-never-hugged-me thing - and now you're smiling.

JUNIOR

(shakes head)

You're not a virgin too, by any chance are you?

Rency looks wide-eyed at Junior.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

No! No, I didn't mean, it was a joke, I was just...

Rency studies Junior for a second.

RENCY
I really have to go and I'm still
waiting.

JUNIOR
I'm sorry?

RENCY
Your name?

JUNIOR
Oh, I'm - you can call me Junior.

RENCY
Nice to meet you, Junior. Now,
these flash cards aren't going to
study themselves, are they?

Rency picks up her bag and stands.

RENCY (CONT'D)
(looks around)
Seriously, how do you see anything
from back here?

Rency walks towards the door.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
The more information you get, the
closer you get to your mark.

Junior watches as Rency pauses at the door and looks back at
him.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
And the closer you get - BAM!

INT. LINGERIE STORE - DAY

Mannequins pose in sexy lingerie. Tables display thongs and
panties in many colors and styles.

Junior and Charlie walk down the bra aisle. Charlie peruses
the selection.

CHARLIE
But before the BAM, you need to get
to your target. Your training will
be fast. If you can't grasp it in a
truncated manner, you can't grasp
it at all. And you suck.

JUNIOR
Truncated?

CHARLIE
Would you believe I have a PhD in
Linguistical Science?

JUNIOR
Nope.

CHARLIE
Good. Only believe what you see.
Didn't see that guy walk on water,
so it didn't happen.

Charlie pulls a bra and garter set down from the rack and studies it. Brings it to his nose. Junior looks on in disbelief.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Eventually you'll have a whole
network of eyes and ears available.
But until then, you build up your
own world wide web. But unlike the
internet, we don't Twitter. I don't
even know what that silly shit is.

JUNIOR
So you never write anything down?

CHARLIE
Use a pen and/or pencil only to
puncture one's lungs and/or aortic
valve.

JUNIOR
What about fighting skills? When do
I get to...
(mimics karate chops)
...really fuck someone up.

Charlie stops and stares at Junior.

CHARLIE
I'll fuck you up if you don't cut
that shit out. Fucking
embarrassing.

Charlie walks off.

JUNIOR
Sorry. Just trying to show some
initiative here.

Charlie, bra and garter set in one hand, picks up a handful of thongs from a table. He shakes free the ones he doesn't want back onto the table.

Charlie and Junior stand in line at the cash register.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
I didn't know you had a girl.

CHARLIE
I never said I had a girl.

Junior looks at the lingerie in Charlie's hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What kind of stupid fucking question is that?

Junior looks up, thoroughly confused.

INT. MALL - LATER

Charlie (shopping bags in hand) and Junior stroll the mall.

CHARLIE
Now how do you find out about your target? There's only so much on Google. Nothing beats old school stalking. You shadow him. You get to know what he's going to do before he does it. You go full Ninja.

Charlie stops on a dime.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You don't have an ex-girlfriend we can practice on, do you?

JUNIOR
No. I'm alone.

They walk.

CHARLIE
Come on, you can tell me. That's who you're training for, aren't you.

JUNIOR
No! No, I don't -

CHARLIE

You're gonna hit her as her
replacement stud plows her from
behind on the hood of his Hyundai.

JUNIOR

My parents. The guy who killed my
parents. He's my target.

CHARLIE

Oh. Maybe you have a cousin you
don't care for...

JUNIOR

How the hell are you my mentor -
anyone's mentor for that reason?
You're one fucking sick...

Junior turns. He realizes he's walking alone.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Charlie? Charlie?

Junior spins around, looks for Charlie. No Charlie anywhere.

Junior's cell phone RINGS.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(into cell)

Hello?

CHARLIE (O.S.)

(on cell)

Sick fuck, yes. But you're the one
who was just talking to himself.

Junior looks left, right, up at the concourse for Charlie.
Still no Charlie.

JUNIOR

(into cell)

What? Charlie? How'd you get my
number?

Junior slowly walks towards the stairs leading up to the
second floor.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Not to mention getting your ass
handed to you by a girl.

Junior peers cautiously up the stairs for Charlie.

JUNIOR
(into cell)
That's not fair. She's a pro.

CHARLIE
(from behind)
And you're a wannabe.

Startled, Junior jumps. His cell phone goes flying. Charlie swiftly catches his cell in mid-air.

JUNIOR
Son of a bitch!

CHARLIE
If this was Animal Planet, your gazelle ass would be lion lunch. You're distracted too easy. That crack about your parents threw you off-track. Made you lose your focus. Emotion is a liability in our business. You wanna be emotional go work for Hallmark.

JUNIOR
So the thing, back there, the whole 'picking out the panties, even though you're single' thing. That was to distract me too, right?

CHARLIE
Kid, I have no idea what you're talking about.
(walks off)
Now, gathering intel on your mark?

JUNIOR
Full ninja.

EXT. HONEY'S PLACE - NIGHT

The neon sign of Honey's Place turns off, leaving the street a little darker.

From across the street, Junior leans against the building.

JUNIOR
I'm a ninja. I'm a ninja.

A bouncer stands outside of the side door in the alley. The door next to him opens -

Across the street Junior stiffens.

A few strippers, now fully dressed, exit into the alley, laughing.

Junior relaxes.

The door opens again. This time, Rency glides out and into the alley.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
I'm a ninja. Full ninja.

Junior steels himself. Takes a few deep breaths. Then takes a step towards Honey's Place.

NINA (O.S.)
Rence! Girl, wait up!

NINA (Asian stripper) runs after Rency, her stripper heels CLICKING in the late night air. Rency stops and turns.

Junior freezes in his tracks.

NINA (CONT'D)
I told you I'd walk you to your car.

RENCY
Yeah, I know but I got that test tomor -

NINA
Which you won't get to if one of those pervs is out here waiting for you.

Defeated, Junior slinks back into the shadows.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

A row of houses in a suburban neighborhood. A tiny bell is barely audible in the distance. A Mexican ice-cream vendor pushes his cart down the sidewalk.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Charlie, sprawled out on his bed, snores. The bell's DING is soft in the distance. Charlie stirs.

EXT. SIDEWALK

As the vendor gets closer, the bell gets louder. He stops directly in front of Charlie's house.

Children rush out to him. The bell, played on a mini-loud speaker, is loud and non-stop - directly in front of Charlie's house.

DING, DING! DING, DING!

INT. BEDROOM

Frustrated, Charlie covers his head with the pillow.

DING, DING! DING, DING!

Charlie gets off his bed in a huff.

CHARLIE
Fuckin', ice-cream, fucker...

Charlie goes to his dresser. He grabs a silencer from the coin dish. He searches for then finds a gun from inside a shoe on the chair.

DING, DING! DING, DING!

Charlie goes to the window, spins the silencer on his gun. Pulls the slide to chamber a round. Charlie cracks the window open a little.

DING, DING!

Charlie takes aim at the vendor as kids surround the cart.

CHARLIE
(to himself)
Get outta there, you little shits.

Charlie squints and steadies the gun. He puts a little pressure on the trigger. And then - Charlie's cell RINGS.

PFFT!

Charlie gets off a shot and hits the speaker. The dinging stops as the speaker breaks in half from the bullet. Charlie flips open his cell.

CHARLIE

What?!

(listens)

Oh. Yeah, we're on schedule.

CHARLIE (CONT) (CONT'D)

(listens)

Skilled? Well, he's no prodigy.

(listens)

Yeah, prodigy. What do you mean,

protégée? Prodigy. Never mind.

Look, he'll be able to do what he

needs to do. That's the assignment.

And that's it.

Charlie closes the cell and gets back into bed. Just as he's comfortable -

The doorbell RINGS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fucker!

At the front door, Charlie peers through the peephole.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Two Mormon males, white shirt and black ties, big grins, hold briefcases and pamphlets.

INT. FRONT DOOR

With his eye glued to the peephole, Charlie holds up his gun. He cocks the hammer back.

INT. BARKOV HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -DAY

Arsen walks into the living room and throws his cell onto the couch. He slumps down next to it.

Across from him sits his father, MIKHAIL BARKOV (late 60's, frail), reading a paper.

Ronnie prances in, carries an overnight bag.

RONNIE

Okay, daddy I'm off. I'll be down
in Chula Vista getting all Mardi
Gras'ed.

Mikhail, displeased, doesn't take his eyes off the paper.

Uncomfortable, Arsen dusts off his pant leg.

Ronnie feigns obliviousness.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Anywho. Don't worry. I won't gross
you out with all the gory details.

Ronnie starts out the door, a slight sadness in his eyes.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I'll bring you some beads, Arsen.

ARSEN

Uh...yeah. Sure, Ronnie.

The front door SLAMS.

Mikhail slowly lowers the newspaper. He looks at the door.
Then he looks at Arsen. Arsen nods. Mikhail goes back to
reading his paper.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two street blocks are closed off for Mardi Gras. Party-goers
are packed shoulder to shoulder. Assorted food, beverage and
bead vendors line the sidewalks. Bands rock stages set up at
each side of the festivities.

Charlie (bedecked with a plethora of beads) and Junior snake
through the crowd.

CHARLIE

As important as the hit itself is
the E and E.

Junior looks confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Evade and Escape. You ever play
hide and seek? Same thing but you
can't call 'time' or touch the elk
tree by Mrs. Coughlin's house and
be saved. You get caught, you're
done.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 The biggest 'You Suck' begins with
 'You have the right to remain
 silent'.

Junior spots a group of TEENAGED HOOCHIE MAMAS about to cross
 their path. Junior steers Charlie towards them.

JUNIOR
 Cat or mouse?

CHARLIE
 Tonight, I'm the Big Pussy...

Charlie sees the Hoochie Mamas. He leers at one.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 ...and you're the mouse. You think
 you can get -

Charlie turns. Junior is gone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 - lost.
 (impressed)
 Nice.

Charlie scans the area. No Junior. Charlie looks back to the
 Hoochie Mama and walks towards her. As Charlie is about to
 say something to her, his cell RINGS. He flips it open.

JUNIOR (O.S.)
 So if you can't find me in, say,
 the next fifteen minutes, do I get
 a gun?

CHARLIE
 (into the cell)
 Only fifteen minutes? I guess
 you're the Big Pussy.

EXT. BEER BOOTH

Junior hides near a beer booth.

JUNIOR
 (into his ear bud)
 To cloak myself in a crowd this
 thick, I'd need only half as long
 to get away from the hit. That's
 the 'escape' part, by the way.

BACK TO CHARLIE

Charlie looks around. The Hoochie Mama is gone.

CHARLIE
(into cell)
Wise ass.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTIES

Junior hides near the port-a-potties.

JUNIOR
(into earbud)
I'm learning from the best.

BACK TO CHARLIE

Charlie approaches the Port-a-Potties. He stalks a GUY who appears to be Junior.

CHARLIE
(into the cell)
You're not as useless as I thought.
But you are - a-ha!

Charlie spins the GUY (Asian, early 20's) around.

EXT. KETTLE CORN BOOTH

Charlie hides near the kettle corn booth, sips on a drink.

JUNIOR
(into the cell)
I'm what? Korean? I'm starting to
question your skills, Charlie.

Junior clicks off his cell. As he does, a HAND touches him on the shoulder. Startled, Junior jumps. He turns to see -

RENCY
Sorry. You weren't stalking
somebody, were you?

JUNIOR
Hey! No, I was just, um, no, why
would you say -

RENCY
Totally joking.

JUNIOR
A friend. Just looking for a
friend.

RENCY
Oh. Gotcha.

JUNIOR
Boy friend. I mean, not a girl
friend, a guy...

Junior nervously scans the crowd for Charlie.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
...what, uh, what are you doing
here?

RENCY
Same thing - looking for my
friends. A couple of girls from the
club. They're surprisingly less
willing to flash their boobs for
beads.

Junior continues to scan the crowd.

JUNIOR
(distracted)
Yeah. Me too.

RENCY
Um, are you okay?

JUNIOR
Uh huh. Yeah.

Junior sees Charlie in the crowd. He pulls a confused Rency
behind the booth.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
(nervous)
Sorry. Too noisy. I should really -
my friend, he's a bit of a prick
when he's lost. And I know you need
to go find your strip - your co-
worker, uh, type, friends.

Charlie stalks closer to the kettle corn booth.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
(quickly)
But I was wondering, I mean if
you'd like...

Junior sees Charlie about to turn towards them -

Junior abruptly kisses Rency and turns his back just as -

Charlie looks in their direction. Charlie looks at the couple. He squints, unable to discern who they are. Then he walks off.

Junior turns a bit, peeks to look for Charlie. Satisfied the coast is clear, he stops kissing Rency.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
(nonchalant)
...like to go to a movie with me?

RENCY
I - I - I like movies. But -

JUNIOR
But it's not me, it's you.

RENCY
Yes. No! I mean, I don't go out with customers.

JUNIOR
I'm a customer.

RENCY
Well, yes. No. I mean, you haven't been in a couple of, um, but I know you - from up there. And you're, from down there.

Junior folds his arms in mock offense.

RENCY (CONT'D)
That's not what I mean.

She touches her lips, the kiss still warm.

RENCY (CONT'D)
I have to, um. My friends, they're...

Rency turns, walks away.

Junior's head starts to lower in defeat.

Suddenly, Rency stops, spins towards Junior.

RENCY (CONT'D)
Now that I think about it...

Junior looks up.

RENCY (CONT'D)
I do have to pick up some school
things.

She turns and walks a little bit.

RENCY (CONT'D)
Tomorrow.

Walks a little bit more.

RENCY (CONT'D)
At Pencil Max.

Walks a little more.

RENCY (CONT'D)
About noon.

At this point she's far enough that Junior scrunches his face
in confusion.

RENCY (CONT'D)
(louder)
I said about noon.

Junior smiles as Rency is finally out of sight.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Never underestimate the distracting
power of the punanny.

Startled, Junior flinches. Charlie walks in front of Junior
to look at what's got his attention.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I win.

JUNIOR
Yeah.
(continues to grin)
I guess you do.

Charlie cranes his neck, searching in the direction that
Rency left.

CHARLIE
Now, if you don't mind, let's do
this again. I forgot to TiVo The
Daily Show.

Charlie turns back. Junior is already gone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (smiles proudly)
 Yeah. Not entirely useless.

Charlie takes out his cell and punches a number.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (into cell)
 Yo, Apollo. You really gotta change
 that message of yours. You must be
 working. Call me.

EXT. STREET CORNER - SAME NIGHT

A PIMP stands near a dark alley in the seedy part of town. He looks at his cell then puts it back in his pocket.

PIMP
 Stupid bitch. I ain't got all
 fuckin' night. I'm gonna miss The
 Daily Sho -

TWO HANDS dart from the dark alley behind him.

One covers the pimp's mouth the other wraps around his throat. The pimp is dragged into the alley, only his shaking high-tops visible. Then all of a sudden, his feet go limp.

EXT. ALLEY

In the darkness, a cell phone opens, the glow from it the only thing visible.

INSERT:

CELL SCREEN
 One missed call: SICK FUCK. One
 voicemail.

The cell closes. The alley is dark again.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charlie sits on the couch. He eats a Hot Pocket while he watches Grey's Anatomy.

CHARLIE
 (to the TV)
 Come on, Denny, you're killing me
 here. Just die already.

Charlie's cell RINGS on the coffee table in front of him. His mouth full, Charlie looks at the cell then answers it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (into cell)
 'Bout fucking time, Apollo. You
 clock out yet?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM

APOLLO LUCCHESI (mid 30's, dashing Italian) washes his hands in the sink. A semi-bloody towel is on the sink, a cell phone lies flipped open next to it. The speaker is on.

APOLLO
 (at the cell)
 Some of us have jobs, ya know.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 (over the speaker)
 Blow jobs don't count. I need the
 low down on someone.

Apollo grabs the towel and dries his hands.

APOLLO
 The shebang or just the Facebook
 profile?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 Facebook? What are you: fifty?

APOLLO
 Yes, Facebook. MySpace is for teeny
 boppers. Oh, wait. So are you.
 (BEAT) What's the name?

Apollo picks up the cell and turns off the speaker.

APOLLO (CONT'D)
 (into cell)
 Again. I was in a tunnel.
 (listens)
 Uh huh. Seriously? I didn't realize
 they still named their kids that.

Apollo starts to hang up but then -

APOLLO (CONT'D)
 (into the cell)
 Oh, Charlie. I still got those
 connections at ABC.
 (MORE)

APOLLO (CONT'D)
Denny is really a figment of
Izzie's imagination. See ya.

As Apollo hangs up, Charlie curses loudly on the other end.

INT. PENCIL MAX - DAY

A large warehouse-type office supply store.

Rency strolls the aisle, shopping basket in hand.

She stops by the Post-It note section.

A FIGURE watches her from the row behind her.

Rency runs her hand across the multi-colored selection. She stops at hot pink. Then picks up regular yellow and drops it into her basket. Self conscious, she turns and looks over her shoulder.

There's no one in the row behind her.

She turns back around to the Post-it notes.

Junior stands there, holding the hot pink packet.

JUNIOR
I was wrong. Totally wrong.

RENCY
I'm a girl, so I'm supposed to have pink? Or is hot pink a stripper color?

JUNIOR
Because there is nothing ordinary about hot pink. It is fiery, unique. It stands out in a crowd and makes you take notice.

Rency smiles, bordering on a smirk. She takes the Post-it from him and puts it back on the shelf.

RENCY
I needed yellow.

Rency starts to walk away.

Junior sighs, unable to catch a break. Then -

RENCY (CONT'D)
I'm fully stocked on hot pink at home.

Finding new life, Junior smiles and catches up to her.

JUNIOR

So this 'No Customer' policy, are you afraid of getting fired? 'Cause I don't need to -

RENCY

There are many scientific studies on the types of guys who go to strip clubs. Most guys are single. Young. They're thrill seekers. They have sex about four times a week. More likely to cheat on their significant other. Some other studies would even suggest it's healthy, lowering Cortisol which causes stress, increases testosterone and Oxycotin. Customers want to get as close to sex as possible without going through with it. And there's just as much people going to watch us take off our clothes at any given time as there are people watching Pavarotti at the Met. They're likely to be a college graduate - and have an STD.

She looks straight at him.

JUNIOR

I'm clean, I never -

She continues to stroll.

RENCY

But none of that matters to me. At some point or another a dollar bill is slid into my garter because I've shown a guy my ass. It doesn't seem like a great beginning to an everlasting love.

JUNIOR

I've never given you a dollar.

RENCY

True. But you have seen my ass.

JUNIOR

Would you believe me if I told you I never looked?

RENCY

Lies are no way to start a relationship either.

JUNIOR

I totally looked at your ass.

RENCY

I'd be offended. If it wasn't a job requirement.

She looks down at Junior's hand.

RENCY (CONT'D)

What've you got there?

JUNIOR

Did you know they have a whole discounted DVD section in here? Why would they have -

Rency takes the DVD from his hand: PULP FICTION.

Junior holds his breath.

RENCY

I love this movie! I know, doesn't fit the yellow Post-it note profile. In fact, a friend of mine hurled during the hillbilly rape scene. But Vincent Vega - very cool.

Junior tries not to smile.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A makeshift indoor, shooting range. Egg cartons soundproof the walls. Assorted targets line the far wall.

Charlie lounges on a couch, reads a comic book.

Junior painstakingly cleans the pieces of a disassembled .45 automatic at the table. Junior sighs audibly.

CHARLIE

You need to know your gun better than you know your balls. Because not knowing your gun, like not knowing your balls, will not only get you into a lot of trouble, it will kill you.

Junior looks up, confused. He resumes cleaning the gun. Finished, he ceremoniously puts down the brush.

JUNIOR
Done.

CHARLIE
Next.

Junior picks up the pieces and assembles the gun.

JUNIOR
Done!

Charlie glances over the top of his comic.

CHARLIE
Now give me fifty, soldier!

Junior, sighs, then begins to disassemble the gun.

LATER

Junior assembles the gun a little quicker.

Charlie is still stretched on the couch.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So the one on HANNAH MONTANA...

Junior concentrates on assembling the gun.

JUNIOR
Miley Cyrus.

CHARLIE
And the "Baby Baby Baby" chick?

JUNIOR
Justin Bieber.

CHARLIE
Different people? Unbelievable...

Junior finishes the gun.

JUNIOR
Done! Sixteen.

Junior disassembles the gun.

LATER

Junior reassembles the gun, quicker.

CHARLIE

So in conclusion, we're ruthless,
cold-blooded sociopathic killers.
But we're RESPONSIBLE ruthless,
sociopathic killers.

Junior finishes the gun.

JUNIOR

Thirty one.

CHARLIE

That's the difference between us
and O.J.

Junior disassembles the gun.

LATER

Junior assembles the gun, quicker still.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...this ain't the first time I got
stuck doing the mentoring bullshit.
This is just the first time I'm
doing it against my will.

Junior's concentration is fierce, his hands fly to assemble
the pieces.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I mean you sleep with the wrong
assassin's daughter then you owe
him for life. What's that about?

JUNIOR

Fifty! Done and done!

Charlie gets up off the couch. He inspects the gun.

CHARLIE

Good.

Charlie places a single bullet on the table next to the
assembled gun.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is a bullet. Do you know what
this is for?

JUNIOR

To shut you up?

CHARLIE

This tiny, little piece of metal
and powder. It changes lives.

Charlie puts a full clip next to the gun.

JUNIOR

Now that's what I'm talking about!

Junior exuberantly takes the clip and loudly SLAMS it into the clip. He loudly RATCHETS the slide to chamber a round.

CHARLIE

Great. Now you've just announced
'Hey, you might wanna duck behind
the sofa, I'm about to kill you.'

Charlie walks close to the overly-excited Junior.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(soft)

Control. You've had a long day.
You've tracked him. Stayed hidden
for hours. You're tired.

Junior stares at the paper target in the distance, breathes heavily.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But now that the gun is in your
hand and the target in sight...

Junior's chest rises quickly up and down. Junior wipes the sweat from his brow and squints. The target is a bit blurry in the distance.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...you're hard. Wired. You wanna
explode.

Junior squeezes his eyes shut then opens then. He shakes his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Control. Breathe. Sight the target.
Acquire the target with your gun.
Then fire. Sight. Acquire. Fire.
Sight/Acquire/Fire.

Junior slows his breath. The target is clear.

Junior raises the gun.

Then holds it side-ways, gangsta style.

Charlie drops his head in disgust.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Turn it the right way before I
shoot you myself.

Junior smirks. He turns the gun the proper way then -
BAM!

INT. THE FUZZ FACTORY - ARSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Arsen lounges behind his desk. His head leans back, a half-blissful smile on his face, eyes closed.

Just then, the door flies open -

RONNIE
Holy shit, Arsen, you'll never
guess who I just saw going into the
booths!

Arsen jerks out of his repose. As he does a loud BANG comes from under the desk.

ARSEN
Shit!

A hot OFFICE SLUT (mini-skirt, high heels, smeared lipstick) gets off her knees from under the desk. She rubs the top of her head.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
What the fuck you doing, Ronnie!?

RONNIE
Oh, sorry.

Ronnie stifles a giggle.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Didn't realize you were in a
meeting.

ARSEN
I wasn't in a meeting, you fuck, I
was about to -

OFFICE SLUT
Oh, you're almost done. I can -

Office Slut starts to go back under the desk.

Arsen shoves her out of the way.

ARSEN
No, you can't! Stupid - go file something!

Office Slut sheepishly slinks away, adjusting her skirt on her way out.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
What the fuck did you want?

RONNIE
Chill out, brother, I just -

Arsen gets up abruptly.

Ronnie flinches.

ARSEN
Don't call me -

Arsen zips his pants, buckles his belt. Then walks over to his mini-bar in the corner.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
What do you want?

RONNIE
Nothing. I just, I just thought you might want to hear about -

Arsen stands with his drink in hand, annoyed.

As Arsen's other hand goes to his hip, his jacket is moved to the side, Ronnie sees Arsen's gun in its shoulder holster.

ARSEN
About what? What was so fucking important that you had to prance in here and interrupt me?

RONNIE
Nothing. Sorry to interrupt you -

Ronnie turns to leave. As he's almost out the door -

RONNIE (CONT'D)
- brother.

Arsen fumes. Then downs his drink.

INT. MALL - DAY

Junior and Charlie stroll the mall.

CHARLIE
So when you do the guy -

JUNIOR
The guy?

CHARLIE
Your guy.

JUNIOR
Oh, yeah. My guy.

CHARLIE
That'll be your first and last
Heart Hit.

JUNIOR
Heart hit?

CHARLIE
A hit motivated by pure emotion. I
got no idea why you got into this.
Don't care. A lot of us got into
this for revenge of some sort and
that's a You thing. But from here
on out be professional. Only jobs.
It lessens the chances of us
getting the chair.

JUNIOR
Us? As in - I'm one of you now?

CHARLIE
Congratulations, Junior.

JUNIOR
(feigns cool)
Very cool. (BEAT) So why'd you get
into this?

CHARLIE
Me? When I was twelve, my family
and I were coming out of a movie
theater. THE GOONIES. On our way to
the car, a bum jumped us in the
alley. My dad tried to fight back.
The bum shot them both.

JUNIOR
Wow.

CHARLIE

I know.

JUNIOR

All this time, I was being trained by Batman.

CHARLIE

Bet your ass you were. (BEAT) I had you going.

JUNIOR

No, you didn't.

CHARLIE

No, I didn't. Still a cool story.

A young, GOTH COUPLE, pierced and tattooed, push a baby stroller pass Charlie and Junior.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(to the couple)

Hey, Marilyn Manson! You got a kid. Time to conform. Lose the piercings and enjoy your mini-van.

The Goth couple flip Charlie off in unison.

JUNIOR

You never asked me how I felt about, you know.

CHARLIE

Do I look like Dr. Phil?

JUNIOR

I meant, how'd you know I wouldn't wig out?

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

No idea what that means. Look, everyone, at one point in their lives, believes someone has to go. A nagging boss. A cheating spouse. We are part of a rare breed that screams 'I wanna do it! Pay me to do it!' The others just sit in their cubicle and dream about it.

LATER

Junior and Charlie sit on a bench outside The Gap. Junior sips on a drink. Charlie munches on a mall pretzel.

CHARLIE
So. You think you're ready?

JUNIOR
(sips)
Who is it? Which one?

CHARLIE
What makes you think -

JUNIOR
It's either the Hannah Montana
jailbait we followed when she left
Wet Seal for nine minutes...

Junior points his drink towards The Gap.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
...or it's the slightly, swarthy
fellow that we've been tailing for
the past 37 minutes.

Charlie stares, impressed at Junior.

CHARLIE
His name is Arsen the Armenian.

JUNIOR
Armenian?

CHARLIE
Yeah. They don't have Armenians
where you're from?

Junior shakes his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
If a Russian chick had a three-way
with a Turk and an Iranian, nine
months later she'd have an
Armenian.

Junior scrunches his brow, still confused.

JUNIOR
What the hell does that look like?

CHARLIE
(frustrated)
I dunno, Guamanian. Look, he's a
porno salesman and your employer
says it's time for the money shot.

From the bench, they watch as Arsen picks a PURPLE JACKET off the rack and examines it.

JUNIOR
(sarcastically)
Nice taste.

CHARLIE
No one ever said Armenians were on
the cutting edge of fashion.
(stands to leave)
Go with God, my son.

Junior stares at Arsen in the store, sips on his drink.

From inside the store, Arsen looks up.

The bench is empty.

INT. HONEY'S PLACE - NIGHT

From at the bar, Junior hunches over his drink, a worried look on his face. He looks toward his usual booth. He lets out a sigh, downs his drink then gets up to go home.

As he navigates his way through the crowd, he bumps into a fully clothed Rency.

RENCY
Hey!

JUNIOR
Hey!

He looks her up and down.

RENCY
Yeah, I know, I don't normally work
tonight. Wait a second. You know
that.

JUNIOR
I was just - I just needed a drink.

RENCY
Everything alright?

JUNIOR
I - I start a new job tomorrow. I'm
kind of nervous.

RENCY

Oh, congratulations! I never did ask you what you do. Or rather, going to do.

JUNIOR

If it goes good, maybe I'll tell you.

RENCY

What're you talking about, you're going to knock 'em dead!

Rency gently caresses his arm.

JUNIOR

Yeah. Yeah, that's the goal.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

A row of trendy outdoor café's and restaurants.

Junior sits at a table outside of CAF-FIEND, a trendy coffee shop. Junior's shades and coffee cup are on the table. His cell sits conspicuously in the middle of the table.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Don't look at it. Don't look at the time. You're on time. Be cool.

Junior nods at a guy walking a couple of mini-dogs.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

He'll be here. He's here, every morning. Craig's Bakery. Two dozen lady fingers. Don't look at it. Sip your coffee.

Junior picks up the coffee cup.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Seven dollars for coffee. This is why I don't drink coffee.

(sips)

No choice. The orange juice was eight dollars. I should shoot that fucker on principal. Seven dollars. For coffee.

A mail delivery truck SCREECHES to a halt behind Junior. Junior twitches but regains his composure.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
He's late. Well, later than usual.

Junior's eyes start to move towards the cell - instead grabs the coffee again.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Happy thoughts. Control. Happy thoughts. I can't wait to tell her.

Junior stretches and slyly looks up and down the street. He watches as the delivery truck pulls away.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Should I tell her? I mean - what's the worse that could -

A Mercedes pulls up to the curb behind Junior.

Junior adjusts his shades on the table to spot the car in the reflection of the lens.

The back door opens.

Junior picks up his coffee cup. Simultaneously, his other hand feels for the gun in his outside jacket pocket.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Safety - off.

The car door SLAMS shut. The PASSENGER (in a purple jacket) passes Junior. His purple hood covers his head.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Morning, Arsen. You soon-to-be-dead bastard. Killed in that ugly jacket.

Junior swiftly gets up and puts on his shades. He leaves his coffee cup on the table. Junior follows Arsen up the sidewalk.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
You got a bit more of a bounce in your step today.

Junior unzips his jacket.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Breathe. Control.

Junior sticks both hands inside his jacket pockets. Junior gets closer to Arsen.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Site. Acquire. Breathe. Site.
Acquire. (BEAT) Fire.

Suddenly, Junior spins on his heel.

His jacket flies open. Junior fires two MUFFLED shots through a hole from the inside of his jacket.

The bullets hit the back of Arsen who pitches forward.

Junior continues his spin towards his table. Junior deftly grabs his coffee off the table then keeps walking past the Mercedes.

The DRIVER of the Mercedes cautiously steps out of the car. Confused, he looks at Arsen, laying face-down on the sidewalk.

DRIVER
What's - Oh, shit!

The driver takes off towards the unmoving Arsen.

Junior disappears around the corner.

The driver kneels down to the body sprawled on the pavement. The driver takes out his gun, wildly fans it around him, looks for the shooter.

Nothing.

Then he looks back in Junior's direction. The driver takes out his cell.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(into the cell)
He's been shot!

EXT. HILLTOP

From across the way, Junior leans against a tree on a hilltop overlooking the bakery.

He watches as the driver picks up the body and hurriedly carries it back to the car. Junior beams.

He watches the driver reach the car. The driver struggles to hold the body and open the back door.

Junior pulls out his cell. He turns and walks down the path.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MORNING

A car is parked at the back-end of an empty baseball field.

INT. CAR

A cell phone RINGS in the front seat of an apparently empty car. The cell RINGS again.

An arm reaches from the backseat, wildly grasps for the phone.

Charlie, sweaty and breathing hard, pops his head from the backseat to look for the cell. He finds it and flips it open.

CHARLIE
(into cell)
What?!

EXT. HILLTOP

Junior strolls assuredly down the path towards his car, his cell to his ear.

JUNIOR
(into cell)
So is this the part where I adjust
my tassel then throw my cap in the
air?

BACK TO CAR

CHARLIE
Hey, you popped your cherry! Are
you clean?

BACK TO HILLTOP

JUNIOR
(looks around)
Cleaner than Martha Stewart's
kitchen.

BACK TO CAR

A female leg with white knee-high socks raises alongside Charlie's head. The leg seductively rubs Charlie's cheek.

CHARLIE
(into cell)
You sound surprised.

BACK TO HILLTOP

JUNIOR
(into cell)
It's not that. I just - thanks,
Charlie.

BACK TO CAR

CHARLIE
(into cell)
Yeah, I do deserve the credit,
don't I?

The car back door opens.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(into cell)
I mean, am I a great fucking role
model or what?

Charlie looks out of the car at a HOT CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRL who just got out of the backseat. Her hair is slightly tousled and her top is unbuttoned.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to the girl)
Your...

Charlie points at her skirt that's on backwards. She adjusts the skirt.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(into cell)
Seriously, kid, good job.

Charlie hangs up the cell. He sits for a moment, a slightly regretful look on his face.

HOT CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRL
(sing-songy)
Chaaarlie. I'm gonna be late.

CHARLIE
Huh? Oh, sorry.

Charlie hands her a schoolbag.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Tell Father Gomes I said 'Hi'.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

Junior beams as he struts up the walkway to Rency's first floor apartment.

JUNIOR
(mutters)
'Hi. Dinner. You. Me. Then -
dessert.' 'So I was thinking, how's
about dessert? Just dessert.'
(shakes his head)
Douchebag!

He knocks on her door.

Rency opens it. In tears, she dives into Junior's arms.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
What's wrong? Rency, what's going
on?

RENCY
They killed him! He's dead!

INT. RENCY'S APARTMENT

Junior takes her in and shuts the door.

JUNIOR
Shh, calm down. Who's dead?

RENCY
My cousin! Ronnie. They shot him!

JUNIOR
Who shot him?

RENCY
He's the sweetest guy. Why would
they kill him?

Junior guides Rency to the couch, kneels down beside her.

JUNIOR
It's okay, it's okay. I'll help
you. I can help you now. Who killed
him?

RENCY
 You can't help. You probably
 wouldn't get a chance.

JUNIOR
 Well, I don't know about -

RENCY
 Arsen will find him first.

Junior looks up.

JUNIOR
 Arsen?

RENCY
 His brother. Ronnie's brother,
 Arsen.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. RONNIE'S BEDROOM - EARLIER

Ronnie's on his bed listening to his iPod.

Arsen comes to his door holding the purple jacket.

RONNIE
 (takes off headphones)
 Hey big brother.

ARSEN
 Hey, uh. You busy?

RONNIE
 Not for you. What's up?

ARSEN
 I got this the other day, but it's
 kinda snug. Too lazy to take it
 back and I saw you eyeing up. Do
 you...?

RONNIE
 Hells to the yeah, I'll take it!

ARSEN
 One condition. I'm got an early
 meeting I gotta...

RONNIE
And you want me to go pick up your
Lady Fingers.

Ronnie bounds off the bed and grabs the jacket from Arsen.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Two dozen, right? I'll be right
back.

Ronnie takes off down the hall.

Arsen smirks.

ARSEN
(yells down the hall)
Hey! My driver'll take you!

RENCY (V.O.)
Arsen's never cared for Ronnie.
None of them did.

END FLASHBACK

INT. RENCY'S APARTMENT

JUNIOR
None of who?

RENCY
My whole fucked up family. They're
stuck in the old world. Ronnie was
always an embarrassment to them.
Regardless what Uncle Mikhail
thinks, Arsen has an obligation.

JUNIOR
Uncle Mikhail? What do you - an
obligation?

RENCY
You can't just kill a hitman's
brother and get away clean.

Junior goes pale, uneasily stands.

JUNIOR
(in a haze)
A hitman's brother. Arsen. Your
cousin. He's a hitman. Arsen.

Rency pulls away from Junior.

RENCY

I didn't want to tell you. It's not enough...dating a stripper. But my family, they own the club.

Junior finally looks at Rency, the blood drained from his face.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. HILLTOP - EARLIER

Junior flips open the cell.

RENCY (V.O.)

My father was killed in some power struggle. They never told me the details.

Down on the street, Arsen's driver struggles to open the door while holding the body.

RENCY (V.O.)

They took me in when I was a teenager. The strip club - I guess it's their way of taking care of me.

Junior turns to walk away.

The driver gets the door open. As he adjusts the body in his arms, the hood comes off as Ronnie's head falls back into view.

Junior strolls down the path, none the wiser.

RENCY (V.O.)

I grew up in that house. I know what they are capable of.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO RENCY'S APARTMENT

RENCY

And that's why I want to get far away from them. I just wish Ronnie could've -

She starts to cry again.

RENCY (CONT'D)
 Arsen will get him. It's about the
 only thing that bastard's good at.

JUNIOR
 Great. That's great. (BEAT) I'm so -
 I'm sorry.

RENCY
 What's wrong?

JUNIOR
 For your, your loss, your cousin.
 I'm so sorry. I have to...

Junior starts to leave.

RENCY
 (wipes tears)
 Wait!

Junior stops at the door.

RENCY (CONT'D)
 I almost forgot. How was your first
 day on the job?

Junior drops his head on the door. He slowly turns to her.

JUNIOR
 Not as cool as I thought.

INT. BARKOV MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Arsen goes ballistic in the living room, throws stuff against
 the wall, kicks chairs.

Other mob goons stand around, wary to get in his way.

Mikhail Barkov sits stoically in his chair, watches Arsen.

ARSEN
 I'm going to rip his testicles off
 and feed it to his mother!
 (to a goon)
 Find him! Why are you just standing
 around?

The goons uneasily look to Mikhail.

MIKAHAIL
 (flatly)
 Yes.
 (MORE)

MIKAHAIL (CONT'D)

This - travesty, must be corrected.
(to Arsen)
Go get vengeance.

Arsen nods to the door. The goons all head out. When Arsen and his father are alone, his demeanor softens, fixes his hair.

ARSEN

(to his father)
Well, that was a lot of work.

Mikhail picks up the remote. He nonchalantly turns on the TV.

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

Junior, in a state of panic, dials his cell phone. On the other line -

CELL VOICE MESSAGE:

CHARLIE (V.O.)

You've reached me. Beep, bitch.

JUNIOR

Shit!

Junior hangs up and tries again.

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM

Charlie sits on his couch in his boxers. His cell vibrates on the coffee table in front of him. He stares at it.

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

JUNIOR

Come on, come on!

CHARLIE (MESSAGE)

You've reached me. Beep, bitch.

JUNIOR

(into cell)

It's me! I don't know if you're working. Or not. Call me. Just call me!

BACK TO CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM

Charlie stares at the cell. It stops vibrating. He continues to stare at it. He picks it up and reads the screen:

INSERT

CELL SCREEN
One Missed Call. One Voicemail.

Charlie shakes his head in frustration. He throws the cell next to him on the couch.

EXT. BARKOV MANSION - DRIVEWAY

Arsen's goons pile into their cars.

ARSEN
(to the goons)
Beat the bushes! Get this fucker!

GOON #1 opens the door to Arsen's car.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
(to Goon #1)
No, you go with them.

Goon #1 jumps into another car. The drive-way empties. Arsen pulls out his cell and dials.

BACK TO CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM

Charlie's cell vibrates on the couch next to him.

Reluctantly, Charlie looks down at it. But it's a new number.

CHARLIE
What the fuck?

Charlie takes out the battery on his cell, throws it across the room.

EXT. SUPERSTORE -PARKING LOT - MORNING

Junior's car is parked at the far end of the lot away from the store.

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

Junior dozes slouched in the backseat. Empty energy drink cans are scattered around him.

CRASH!

Junior bolts up, his gun at the ready.

Outside he sees a clerk collecting and SLAMMING shopping carts together.

Bleary-eyed and panicky, Junior rubs his eyes while he scans the parking lot. Junior picks up his cell. The screen is black. Dead battery.

JUNIOR
Son of a bitch!

Junior checks to see if the coast is clear.

He climbs into the front seat. He pulls out the charger, plugs it into the cigarette lighter. As soon as Junior starts the car, his cell voice-message alert RINGS. Junior dials his voicemail.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(on voice-message)
Hey kid. I don't know if this is too late. I heard what happened. That's a - well, that really sucks. Next time, maybe, I'm just saying, you look at their face before - you get my point.

Junior shakes his head.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(on voice-message)
Look, I can't - I mean, this ain't the Sopranos - I ain't responsible for you, but still. I can't really help you. And even if I could, The Arm is a real prick. But you got - I know you got skill. Use it. That's all I can tell ya, kid.

Junior stares at the cell in disbelief. He drops his head against the head-rest, bangs it in frustration. Then he dials the cell.

RENCY (O.S.)
 (on cell)
 Hello?

JUNIOR
 (into cell)
 Hey. It's me.

INT. RENCY'S APARTMENT

Rency, lays on her couch, bolts up at the sound of Junior's voice.

RENCY
 (into the cell)
 Where are you? The way you took off, with everything that's been happening - I was worried. I've been trying to -

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR/RENCY'S APARTMENT

JUNIOR
 Rency, I can't talk for too long. Work - stuff. I just want to say, I'm - are you okay? With the whole Ronnie thing.

RENCY
 The shock is over but I'm dealing with it. This family, my family. There's a reason why I keep away from them. Except for Ronnie. And now - now I have to rely on them to make this right. Ronnie deserves to - he's always deserved...

JUNIOR
 I wish I could make this all go away. Make it right.

RENCY
 Me, too. But you're not like them. I'm so glad you're not like them.

INT. THE FUZZ FACTORY - ARSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Arsen, behind his desk, leafs through a file. He picks up a photo of Junior.

Various Armenian goons sit around the room.

Arsen abruptly stands up.

ARSEN

I want all of your feelers feeling around.

(holds up photo)

A rookie with professional training. Judging by his handiwork, not too good at it. Where there's fire, there's a lot of smoke.

The goons look at each other, confused at Arsen's misuse of a basic cliché.

ARSEN (CONT'D)

Now, what we need -

KELLI (O.S.)

(over speaker phone)

Mr. Barkov, we need your signature so we can begin the Holey Double Penetration shoot.

ARSEN

Not now, Kelli!

KELLI (O.S.)

But sir, Sister Benedict is only free until -

ARSEN

I said not now, Kelli!

GOON #1

You use real nuns?

ARSEN

It's smut but it's authentic smut. Besides, the clergy works for cheap. (BEAT) That's all. Go get this fucking rookie.

INT. BATHROOM

Arsen walks in. He checks his teeth in the mirror then goes to the urinal.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I'm not giving you the kid.

Arsen looks up from his crotch.

ARSEN

Charlie?

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Keep pissing.

ARSEN

We had a deal, Charlie. A contract.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Yeah, we did. Set the table. That's it. I don't do silver platter.

ARSEN

What are you - silver what?

Arsen starts to turn around.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Uh-uh. You'll turn. You'll look under the stalls. You won't see anything. By the time you choose the right stall, it'll be too late.

ARSEN

Come on, Charlie -

CHARLIE (O.S.)

No, you come on. We had terms. Then you call me? I thought The Arm was a professional?

ARSEN

I am. But my father wants this wrapped-up -

CHARLIE (O.S.)

So wrap it up. I'm out of it.

ARSEN

Are you? You sound - shit. Don't tell me - you like this kid, Charlie. (BEAT) Charlie?

Still at the urinal, Arsen looks around. He looks up at the vent above the stalls. He turns back to the urinal.

ARSEN (CONT'D)

Heh. Who's the professional now? Doesn't matter. I don't need you. I'm flying in a real heavy.

INT. VENT

In the dark, ventilation system, Charlie shakes his head and curses under his breath.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT

Planes land in Los Angeles' main airport.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM

THE PAINTER (30's, swarthy Armenian) stands by the baggage carousel.

A Hannah Montana suitcase turns the corner on the carousel.

An ELDERLY LADY next to him looks confused when the Painter picks it up. He blows her a kiss. She turns away in revulsion.

ELDERLY LADY

Prick.

EXT. CURB-SIDE PICK-UP

The Painter waits outside baggage claim.

Arsen's driver pulls up to the curb. The Painter gets into the backseat. They drive away.

INT. CAR

DRIVER

You The Painter?

THE PAINTER

It would suck if I weren't,
wouldn't it.

DRIVER

Why do they call you 'The Painter'?

THE PAINTER

My great-uncle is Pablo Picasso.

DRIVER

Get the fuck outta here. I thought
he was Italian.

THE PAINTER

He is. I'm not.
(to himself)
They never believe me.

INT. HONEY'S PLACE - NIGHT

On stage, Rency, distracted, moves half-heartedly.

At the edge of the stage TWO PERVS sit in front of Rency, dollar bills at the ready.

YOUNG PERV

She doesn't seem into it tonight.

OLD PERV

When is she ever? It's not like we engage her in deep conversations about her hopes and dreams.

Rency abruptly stops. She walks offstage and back to the dressing room.

The DJ looks confused. The two pervs look at the DJ who shrugs.

DJ

(on speaker)

That was Rency. She'll, uh, she'll be right back, young men. In the mean time, all Blow-Jobs are half-priced. That's the shot. Not the happy ending.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Rency slumps into a chair, sad and distracted. She rubs her eyes then puts her sweater on. The other strippers leave the room to go on-stage.

JUNIOR (O.S.)

I guess they haven't found him yet.

Startled, Rency flinches. Junior steps out from the shadows. Rency runs into his arms. Then she hits him on the chest.

RENCY

Where the hell have you been? I can't study, I can't dance -

JUNIOR

You don't really dance up there.
You just kind of sway all sexy -
like.

RENCY

Jokes? I don't know where you are,
what's going on, and all of a
sudden you're Dane Cook?

JUNIOR

Well, he doesn't really have jokes
either.

RENCY

(hits him again)
Stop that! I'm going out of my mind
here! First Ronnie. Then you
disappear...

Junior takes Rency into his arms in a consoling embrace.

MAIN ROOM

Arsen walks into the club. He goes to the bartender who gives
him his regular drink.

DRESSING ROOM

JUNIOR

Look, I can't explain, where I've
been. Even if I could, I'm not sure
you'd -

RENCY

Of course I'd understand. My
family's a walking Cops episode.

JUNIOR

It's not that. I know you'd
understand. I'm just not sure that,
that you'd...

RENCY

What? Are you in trouble, too?

MAIN ROOM

Arsen goes to the DJ booth. He gestures to the main stage.
The DJ shrugs then points to the dressing rooms.

BACK TO DRESSING ROOM

JUNIOR

Our intentions, no matter how good they are, our intentions, sometimes aren't enough.

RENCY

What are you trying to say?

HALLWAY

Arsen walks down the hallway to the dressing rooms.

BACK TO DRESSING ROOM

JUNIOR

Just know one thing. Okay, two things. That I, uh, like you. Very, very, very fucking much.

Rency gushes.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

And I'm going to make this right for you. No matter how wrong it may seem.

Junior kisses her then steps back into the shadows.

The door opens.

Rency turns to see -

ARSEN

Why aren't you out there?
(stares at her eyes)
What's the matter?

RENCY

(rubs eyes)
What the fuck do you want?

ARSEN

I was just checking - I wanted to see if you were okay.

RENCY

Sure you were. (BEAT) I'm fine.

ARSEN

No, you're not. Look, you never liked me. But I'll find the fuck who did this to him.

RENCY

To Ronnie. Ronnie. You can't even say his name, can you?

ARSEN

Fuck you. This is what I get for trying to help.

Arsen starts out the door.

RENCY

Wait! (BEAT) I do need...
(reluctant)
There is something you can help me with. My frie - my boyfriend...

ARSEN

I don't have time for domestic -

RENCY

...Junior.

Arsen stops. He walks back in the room.

ARSEN

How can I help? Cousin.

INT. THE FUZZ FACTORY - OFFICE -LATER

Arsen sits behind his desk. The Painter walks in.

ARSEN

You'll never guess who my little cousin is fucking.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie goes up his walkway. MP3 earbuds on, he holds a fast food bag in one hand while he sips on a large drink.

CHARLIE

(sings)
'Jump on it, jump on it, jump on it...'

Charlie opens the door and goes inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Charlie throws his keys on the counter.

He pauses.

Charlie looks at the back of his recliner.

Sipping on the straw, in one motion (with the hand he holds the fast food bag in) he reaches into his jacket, pulls out his gun. He points the gun and fast food bag at the back of the recliner then kicks the recliner to face him.

The recliner is empty.

CLICK!

JUNIOR (O.S.)
Those cheeseburgers will kill you.

Junior stands behind Charlie, his gun aimed at Charlie's head.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Drop it.

Charlie drops the fast food bag.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
The gun, wise-ass.

Charlie drops the gun. Junior picks it up.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Sit.

Charlie sits in the recliner.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
(looks around)
Nice place.

CHARLIE
You should see my other place in Florida. Oops. I mean Wisconsin.
(BEAT) Put that thing away, you're making me nervous.

JUNIOR
Seriously?

CHARLIE

You have a habit of shooting the wrong guy.

Junior keeps the gun aimed at Charlie.

JUNIOR

How'd you - why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me that my first job would be another hitman? A fucking hit man! You lied to me!

CHARLIE

What - we're married or something?

JUNIOR

Like that'd make you honest.

CHARLIE

You mistake honesty with loyalty. And you're the patron saint of the truth, huh? Is that how Pam and Lloyd raised you in...
(mispronounces)
...Groton, Connecticut?

A brief look of surprise gives Junior away.

JUNIOR

(recovers)

That's Groton, you dick.

CHARLIE

Nice yard by the way. What is it? Bahia? Zoysia? Which must be hard to keep up seeing as though they're both dead and all.

Junior backs up a bit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now why don't you tell me why you're really here.

Junior regains his composure, steadies his gun.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Kid, if you were on my list, you'd be done.

JUNIOR

Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe you taught me better than you thought. I got the drop on you, didn't I?

Charlie slowly removes his earbuds.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Don't...!

Charlie slowly takes his MP3 player from his pocket.

CHARLIE
Here. Listen.

JUNIOR
I ain't got time for Justin Bieber
or whatever other fucking -

CHARLIE
Just listen.

Carefully, Junior takes the MP3 player, never wavering his gun from Charlie. Junior puts the earbud in.

JUNIOR
What? It's broken. I don't hear -.

Charlie leans over to the lamp.

CHARLIE
What about now?

A FEEDBACK SQUEAL BLARES from the earbud.

JUNIOR
(yanks the earbud out)
Jesus!

CHARLIE
(smiles)
Five dozen microphones and monitors
stashed around here. And this...
(points at MP3)
...almost never plays music.

Junior nods his head, impressed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I knew you were here while I was
still sitting in the drive-thru.

Charlie picks up the fast-food bag and munches on a French Fry.

JUNIOR
So why - why didn't you take me
out?

CHARLIE

For one thing, you're not a job.
And you lying to me wasn't enough
for me to put you down. Not yet,
anyway.

Junior looks confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Once you become one of us, you
don't lie. You bullshit about how
big your dick is, stupid shit like
that. But during crunch time - we
got rules. Standards.

JUNIOR

I blew it. I'm not one of you.

CHARLIE

This one time, you get a pass. Use
it wisely.

Junior contemplates this.

JUNIOR

You're gonna laugh. Or worse - be
so pissed that you'll have to put
me down.

Charlie crosses his legs and relaxes back into the recliner.
Munches on another French Fry.

CHARLIE

Try me.

JUNIOR

A girl. It's all for a girl. You
ever do anything stupid to impress
a girl?

CHARLIE

I once stood in line for nine hours
to buy a chick New Kids on the
Block tickets.

JUNIOR

See, I knew you wouldn't -

CHARLIE

You mistook my mocking for
misunderstanding. You think you're
the first hitter to do this to be
cool for a broad?

JUNIOR
Well...yeah.

CHARLIE
History is littered with corpses,
the direct result of the pursuit of
pussy.

Junior scrunches his face in confusion.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What's his name who shot Reagan?
All so that Jodie Foster would
notice him. He's only a douchebag
because - Jodie Foster? I mean,
come on. Salma Hayek, yeah...

JUNIOR
Hinckley was a hitman?

CHARLIE
Nope. Application was rejected
because, well, he was a nutjob.
Intentions had nothing to do with
it.

JUNIOR
So if you knew the real reason why
I wanted to do this -

CHARLIE
It would've made no difference.

JUNIOR
So you don't live by some noble
code, the immoral balance to an
amoral world?

CHARLIE
Noble? You want noble, go adopt fly-
infested kids from Zimbabwe. We
don't do it because it's noble. We
do it because it's necessary.

Junior contemplates this.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So...?

Junior looks up at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You gonna tell me about this broad
or what?

INT. BUS - LATER

Junior rides the bus back home. He's in deep concentration.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Now, knowing Arsen, he's gonna
bring in a tourist to assist.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
An out-of-towner?

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Yeah. Probably the Painter.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Why do they call him the Painter?

Junior stretches then nonchalantly scans the back of the bus
for a threat.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
He's related to Picasso.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Get the fuck out.

EXT. STREET

A car follows the bus Junior is on. In the driver's seat is
the Painter.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Yeah. No one ever believes him.

INT. BUS

CHARLIE (V.O.)
But full of shit or no, the Painter
is pretty bad-assed. He could be
anyone.

Junior notices an elderly PICASSO LOOK-ALIKE watching him
from the handicap seats in the bus.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Anyway, if that's the case, you're
in luck. That means' he's here to
FedEx you to Arsen instead of doing
you himself.

The Picasso look-alike continues to watch Junior.

Junior nervously gets up and stands by the door, tries not to look at him.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
And that's a good thing because...

CHARLIE (V.O.)
He'll play for the snatch and grab first. Better than a bullet in your ass.

Junior pulls the chord to request a stop.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
You said, 'Knowing Arsen'. Is he a friend of yours?

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -EARLIER

Charlie, still in the recliner lectures Junior, perched on the windowsill.

CHARLIE
Friends? In this business? (BEAT)
Don't call me again, kid.

Junior nods before going out the window.

INT. BACK TO THE BUS

Junior watches the old man as he steps off the bus.

EXT. STREET

Junior watches the bus drive away.

He walks down the street.

The Painter follows Junior cautiously a block behind him.

Junior turns the corner. As he walks down the street, the buildings go from dark and run-down to better kept.

The Painter goes through the intersection then doubles back.

The street Junior walks down gets livelier with each passing store and shop.

BACK TO THE PAINTER'S CAR

The Painter stretches his neck to see where Junior is headed.

THE PAINTER
Is that...? Oh, fuck no.

Junior walks up to BURRITO QUEEN, an outdoor, gay-themed, all-night Mexican food stand.

The Painter, headlights off, parks half a block down.

EXT. BURRITO QUEEN

Junior waits in line.

A fabulously gay, gentleman in front of him turns and eyes Junior up and down.

Junior nervously smiles then goes up to order.

In the window is a screamingly, gay BURRITO QUEEN CASHIER.

BURRITO QUEEN CASHIER
Welcome, to you! (BEAT) Wait a
minute. We don't serve your kind.

The patrons at Burrito Queen hush.

Junior freezes.

BURRITO QUEEN CASHIER (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding, sweetie. We don't
get much lilly-lickers out here at
this time of night.

JUNIOR
How'd you...?

BURRITO QUEEN CASHIER
(leans in and whispers)
Those shoes...

Junior looks down at his own shoes.

Burrito Queen Cashier shakes his head in disapproval.

BACK TO THE PAINTER'S CAR

The Painter watches Junior take his meal to a bench and start eating.

THE PAINTER
Way to blend in, kid.

The Painter watches Junior finish his meal then dump his food in the garbage can.

Junior disappears down the alley next to Burrito Queen.

The Painter gets out and follows Junior on foot.

EXT. ALLEY

The Painter swiftly yet surreptitiously follows Junior down the alley.

Junior stops all of a sudden. He looks back.

He sees a semi-dark alley. Confident he's alone, he continues on.

EXT. STREET

Junior walks out of the alley and crosses the street. He enters what looks like an old, abandoned theater.

The Painter follows.

INT. THEATER

The Painter carefully enters the theater, wary of a trap. He sees the double doors leading to the screening room close.

The Painter carefully opens the door.

INT. THE SCREENING ROOM

The darkness of the old theater lobby gives way to blaring House music and a throng of sweaty clubbers. Homosexual clubbers.

The Painter's jaw drops in revulsion.

THE PAINTER
(to himself)
Arsen you motherfucker.

The Painter scans the room.

Finally he sees Junior pass the bar area, headed towards the bathroom.

The Painter reluctantly but carefully follows Junior through the sweaty, male-filled dance floor.

HALLWAY

The Painter turns the corner and stops dead in his tracks. Clubbers line the wall in "conversation". He goes towards the bathrooms.

The Painter stops when he sees two bathroom doors: One door is marked MEN. The other door has WOMEN crossed out and MORE MEN painted over it in fluorescent pink.

The Painter reluctantly ponders his choices.

INT. BATHROOM

The Painter enters the bathroom marked MEN.

He cautiously pokes into each stall. He gets increasingly frustrated with each s

tall: Gay men in various stages of coupling are in each. The Painter opens the last stall.

TWO GAY MEN, in an embrace, turn to The Painter.

GAY MAN #1
(to the Painter)
Hmmm...come on in.

Disgusted, the Painter leaves in a huff, swearing in Armenian.

As the door closes, the two gay men look up at the open vent above them.

Junior winks at them from inside.

They wave back at him.

INT. THE FUZZ FACTORY - OFFICE - LATER

Arsen sits behind his desk. He holds his cell up to his ear but at a distance.

His goons watch, mouths agape.

Arsen flinches at the audible SHOUTS coming from the cell. He covers the cell slightly.

ARSEN
 (to the goons)
Time for Plan B.
 (into the cell)
I'm sor -I already said...

The shouts continue from the cell. Arsen stands up and gently lays the cell on the desk. He walks out with his gang.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Junior stealthily navigates the shadows of the parking garage.

From the shadows he looks at his car. He scans to make sure no one followed him or lies in wait for him.

Confident he's clean, he gets in and drives off.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Junior's car drives away from the parking garage.

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

Junior rubs his eyes. He slaps his face to wake up. He looks at the fuel gauge: Almost empty.

EXT. GAS STATION

Junior pulls into a gas station. With the gas nozzle in his tank, Junior leans on the hood, deep in thought. He thinks about -

MONTAGE

-Rency across from him at the table in the club the first time they spoke.

-Rency in Pencil Max.

-Ronnie in the arms of the driver.

END MONTAGE

Junior shakes his head, distraught.

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

In a haze, Junior stares at the steering wheel.

Junior's cell RINGS. He looks at it. He reluctantly answers.

JUNIOR
(into cell)
Hey.

INT. RENCY'S APARTMENT

Rency paces in front of her couch.

RENCY
(into cell)
There you are! I'm so glad -

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

JUNIOR
(into cell)
Yeah, here I am.

RENCY'S APARTMENT/JUNIOR'S CAR

RENCY
I have to see you! Like, now!

JUNIOR
Whoa, slow down. What's wrong?

RENCY
They got him! I mean not yet, but
that's why I called you!

JUNIOR
What are you - what's going on?

RENCY
They know who killed Ronnie!

JUNIOR
I'm sorry? Are, are you sure?

RENCY
Yes! That's why I called you. Arsen
told me that they -

JUNIOR
Arsen! Your hitman cousin Arsen
told you...

RENCY
(into the cell)
Yeah!

Rency turns to face -

Arsen, sitting on her couch, a huge shit-eating grin on his
face.

RENCY (CONT'D)
(into the cell)
He heard what a great job you did
on your first day. I mean I don't
even know what you do -

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

Junior SCREECHES to a halt near the sidewalk.

JUNIOR
(into the cell)
Oh, shit. Where are you?

BACK TO RENCY'S APARTMENT

RENCY
Home. We're both here. He was
asking for your assistance. I'm not
sure how you can -

BACK TO JUNIOR'S CAR

Junior goes pale.

JUNIOR
(soft)
You're both...

BACK TO RENCY'S APARTMENT

Arsen gets up. One of his goons hands him a file.

RENCY
Yeah, in fact he was just going to
show me the bastard's face.

BACK TO JUNIOR'S CAR

JUNIOR
(into the cell)
No! Rency - get outta there! Now!

BACK TO RENCY'S APARTMENT

RENCY
(into the cell)
Baby, what -

Arsen opens up the file in front of Rency. Her eyes go wide when she sees -

In the folder: Junior's picture.

Rency looks up, confused, at Arsen.

RENCY (CONT'D)
Arsen? What the hell is this?

Arsen grins malevolently.

BACK TO JUNIOR'S CAR

JUNIOR
(into the cell)
Get the fuck outta there! Get the -

BACK TO RENCY'S APARTMENT

Arsen takes the cell from Rency and hands her the folder.

ARSEN
(into the cell)
See you soon, honey.

BACK TO JUNIOR'S CAR

JUNIOR
Fuck! Arsen! No! You better not -!

BACK TO RENCY'S APARTMENT

ARSEN
(into cell)
Or what? You'll try to kill me?
(MORE)

ARSEN (CONT'D)

Again?
(closes cell)

Rency stares at the file then looks up at Arsen.

RENCY

No. This is some kind of mistake.
There's no way - why would he -

ARSEN

Who knows? Maybe he hates fags.

Rency slaps Arsen. She grabs her car keys and starts to leave.

Two of Arsen's goons block the door.

Rency turns back to Arsen.

Arsen sits on the couch and pats the cushion next to him.

ARSEN (CONT'D)

We never get to spend time
together. Cousin.

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

Junior stares at the cell. His head falls back onto the seat.

INT. THE TAVERN - LATER

Junior wearily walks into The Tavern.

The other hit men in the place watch him slowly make his way towards the center table. Then they all clear out.

Junior watches as the last hitman scurries out the front door. J.S. Culpepper sits alone in the now empty bar at his table.

J.S.

You're not their problem, unless
they stay. (BEAT) Have a seat.

Junior takes a seat as Joe walks up.

JOE

Junior?

JUNIOR

Nothing for me.

JOE

You sure? It's on the house.

JUNIOR

That's not a good sign now is it.

Joe walks away.

J.S.

Heard you had one helluva first day. All for a girl.

JUNIOR

Not anymore. He's got her.

J.S.

Used his own cousin as bait. Now I've killed more people than religion but that's cold.

JUNIOR

(surprised)

You know, for a secret society, hit men sure are chatty.

J.S.

Who said we're a secret? Illegal yes. But how many secret societies do you know with their own bar?

J.S. studies Junior.

J.S. (CONT'D)

I also heard you out-moused The Painter. And if you can give him the slip, shit, you can stay gone for a while. Guam, maybe.

JUNIOR

And Rency? Who knows what he'd do to her?

J.S.

I do. And so do you. And this would all be for nothing.

JUNIOR

Maybe one day, one day, I could come back...rescue her.

J.S.

Assuming she's still around to rescue.

(MORE)

J.S. (CONT'D)

And I'm also assuming she doesn't know you killed her favorite cousin...

JUNIOR

I don't know what she believes at this point.

J.S.

Mistake or not, that's still a pretty hard pill to swallow. But as reigning Old Fart of our thing, I have but one concern. You didn't finish the job. Finish the job. You get your name. You get the girl. I believe that's what cubicle dwellers call a 'Win Win'.

Junior sighs. He pulls an envelope from his jacket and puts it in the middle of the table.

He wearily stands up. Junior starts to walk away, stops then turns back to J.S.

JUNIOR

You ever do anything stupid - just for a girl?

J.S.

Is there another reason?

EXT. RENCY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -NIGHT

A two-story, mid-income apartment building.

EXT. ALLEY

Across the street from Rency's apartment building, Junior watches her apartment door. He scans the neighborhood.

Sure the coast is clear, he navigates the shadows until he's in the bushes in front of her window.

Junior takes out his cell and dials her home phone. Junior listens from the bushes as her phone rings. He watches her window for any movement.

Slowly, Junior jimmys her window open. Taking a deep breath, Junior slips in.

INT. RENCY'S APARTMENT

Wired, Junior hits the floor and wildly aims his gun around the room. His eyes scan the darkened apartment.

It's empty.

Sweat on his brow, Junior tries to catch his breath.

He slowly creeps to the bedroom.

It's empty.

Junior leans back against the wall. Frustrated, he bangs his head against the wall.

Junior walks back into the living room and flips the living room light on. On the coffee table he sees -

Rency's stripper stiletto heel. Taped to it is a flyer. Junior reads it.

INSERT:

FLYER

DVD's: Buy Four Get One Free. This
Weekend Only.

(circled in lipstick)

The Fuzz Factory.

Junior crumples the flyer.

Junior picks up the stiletto heel. He lovingly looks at it and shakes his head. He puts it down and heads to the door.

DOOR

Junior opens the front door.

The Painter, just about to knock, looks up.

Junior and the Painter go wild eye as they see each other.

Junior panics and slams the door.

He takes out his gun and ducks behind the counter. Junior breathes heavily as he holds up his gun at the ready.

Silence.

Junior looks across the room at the window and aims his gun at it. There's nothing there.

Carefully he peers around the corner at the door. He scrunches his eyes.

Junior looks at the window. Still nothing.

Again he carefully peers around the corner at the door. Now he looks confused.

Silence.

Slowly, his gun trained on the door, Junior creeps towards the door.

Junior spins around to the window. Nothing.

He turns back to the door. Very carefully, Junior peaks thru the peephole. He sees nothing but the street.

Junior carefully grabs the doorknob, his breathing increases. His gun is at the ready.

In one motion he opens the door and aims outwards. Left, right, he scans for the Painter. Then he looks down.

The Painter is sprawled on the ground, unconscious with a bloody nose.

Junior looks at blood-stained imprint near the peephole on the door.

Junior carefully steps over the Painter's body, his gun aimed at the knocked-out assassin, until he's safely away.

INT. THE FUZZ FACTORY - ARSEN'S OFFICE

Arsen's goons are scattered around the office. His Driver sits on one of the couch arms.

Rency sits on the couch, clearly pissed.

Arsen sits on the other couch arm. He leans close to her, his arm above her head.

ARSEN

So...you going to break up with him?

Rency fidgets at Arsen being inappropriately close.

ARSEN (CONT'D)

That's usually what girls do when their boyfriend shoots their favorite cousin.

RENCY

What would you know what girlfriends do or don't do? And he's not by boyfriend. (BEAT) You don't know him, he'd never -

ARSEN

Neither do you. And he did.

RENCY

He's nothing like you.

ARSEN

Ha! Damn right. I would have hit the right guy. You should break up with him. We don't want his kind in our family.

RENCY

(defiant)

Yeah? What other kinds don't you want in your family?

In a rage, Arsen abruptly stands. Rency flinches.

Then - he soothes.

ARSEN

That's it. Let it out.

He gently runs his gun up Rency's bare leg.

She moves from him.

RENCY

(soft)

It wasn't him.

ARSEN

(turns to his Driver)

Is that right?

DRIVER

It was him. I was there.

RENCY

(to the Driver)

And you did nothing? You let -

(to Arsen)

You piece of shit.

Arsen grins sarcastically.

INT. THE TAVERN

Charlie sits with J.S. at his table. Charlie stares at his drink.

CHARLIE
He's not that bad, ya know.

J.S.
The kid?

CHARLIE
He's young, but he has skill.

J.S.
He shot the wrong guy. On his first day.

CHARLIE
Maybe he did.

J.S.
Look, I took a bit of a liking to the kid, myself, but we have standards. Rules. Very specific rules.

Charlie looks up. J.S. takes out an envelope from his back pocket, the same envelope Junior gave him. J.S. slides it to Charlie.

J.S. (CONT'D)
And a contract is a contract.

Charlie picks up the envelope. His eyes dart suspiciously to J.S.

INT. THE FUZZ FACTORY - DOWNSTAIRS STORE AREA

Arsen's goons patrol the floor. TWO GOONS linger by the vibrator display.

GOON #1
Keep your eyes on. Boss, says to be on toes.

Goon #2 nods and walks down the next aisle towards the back. Goon #1 sees two giggling college girls in the vibrator aisle. He leers at them.

They turn and walk away in revulsion.

Goon #1 sneers then turns.

WHAP!

Goon #1 collapses to the floor.

A FIGURE stands over him and drops a huge dildo on his chest.

NEXT AISLE

Goon #2 scans up one aisle.

He stands near the entrance leading to the back of the store. He cranes his neck, looks over to the DVD area.

When he turns back, in the middle of the aisle, he sees -

An enormous butt plug.

Goon #2 looks left and right in confusion. He starts to carefully walk towards it. As he's about to pick it up -

It vibrates.

Goon #2 flinches.

Then music plays from it - "Dancing Queen" by Abba.

Goon #2 scrunches his face in disgust.

The Figure ducks behind a distracted Goon #2 and goes through the entrance to the back area.

BACK AREA

The Figure (Junior), slides up against the wall in the low-lighted area.

Junior sees two doors in front of him. Junior checks to make sure the coast is clear. The he slips through one door.

HALLWAY

In another low-lighted hallway, Junior sees a succession of doors.

Faint sounds of sex emanate from most of the rooms.

Carefully, Junior picks a door. Quickly he opens it, his gun trained at the figure inside the door.

BOOTH

A BUSINESS MAN sits on a small chair in front of a video monitor. His pants are down around his ankles.

The business man holds up his hands in surrender, a Kleenex in one hand, frozen at the sight of Junior's gun.

A woman and a horse are on the video monitor in front of him.

JUNIOR
(to the man)
Sorry. Uh...continue.

Junior closes the door.

He sheepishly goes back to the previous hallway. Junior chooses the other door this time.

STAIRWELL

Once inside the stairwell, Junior scans up the landings. At the top, Junior sees one of Arsen's goons guarding the door.

Junior leans back, closes his eyes and controls his breathing. He holds his gun (with silencer) up to his forehead, as if he's praying with it.

Then in one motion, he swivels from the staircase, aims and shoots the guard at the top.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

Junior slowly cracks the door. He sees another goon right inside another dimly lit hallway. He takes this one out with one shot.

HALLWAY

GOON #3 from the end of the hall sees his fallen comrade. He runs down the hallway towards him.

GOON #3
What the -

BAM!

The stairwell door opens hard and smashes Goon #3 in the face, knocking him out.

Swiftly, Junior's arm and head appear from behind the door.

Using it as a shield, Junior shoots the other two goons at the end of the hall before they have a chance to take their guns out of their shoulder holsters.

The darkened hallway is silent, except for the muffled sounds of sex coming from the production rooms.

Junior creeps up the hallway, gun at the ready.

A door opens, light floods the hallway.

Junior freezes, his gun up and aimed.

A PORN STARLET, clad only in a towel around her waist, walks out. She distractedly wipes her mouth and eyes with a towel.

PORN STARLET
Fucking rookies. What part of
'watch the eyes' don't they
understand?

Porn starlet stubs her toe on something. She looks down, sees the two dead goons then SCREAMS.

Doors open, more light in the hallway. Heads stick out. More SCREAMS.

Pandemonium erupts in the hallway.

Porn film workers in different states of dress and undress panic and run out of their mini-studios into the hall.

Arsen's goons also pour into the hallway.

Calmly, Junior picks through the commotion and guns down each of the goons.

The dust settles. The hallway is quiet. All the goons lie dead on the floor.

A solitary PORN STAR (male, in a robe), clearly spent, trudges through the mess towards Junior.

PORN STAR
(to Junior)
Excuse me.

JUNIOR
Huh? Oh.

Junior, who was blocking the door, moves to the side to let the porn star through.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Sorry.

PORN STAR

(nonchalant)

No prob.

ARSEN'S OFFICE

The door flies open as Junior kicks it in. Junior stands poised, his gun up and ready.

Arsen sits behind his desk in his chair. Rency is captive on his lap, squirming. His gun roughly up under her chin.

The Driver stands next to Arsen's desk, his gun pointed at Junior.

ARSEN

(gleeful)

There his is! Here for The Big Rescue! So romantic.

RENCY

Eat me, you pig.

JUNIOR

Don't move, Rency.

ARSEN

Oh, what to do, what to do? At that range, even a skilled, hitman, such as myself, would have trouble with that shot.

Junior braces himself, grips his gun tighter, not wanting to give ground.

ARSEN (CONT'D)

I assume Charlie taught you how many pounds of pressure a Glock needs to get off?

JUNIOR

How do you know about Charlie?

ARSEN

I know many things. Like how much of a fuck up you are. How you were supposed to kill me, killing my brother instead. My innocent brother.

Rency stares at Junior, pleading with her eyes for this not to be true.

JUNIOR

I - it was an accident. He had your jacket. That -

RENCY

(soft)

No.

JUNIOR

- ugly, purple jacket. And he... you...you were supposed to be at the bakery! Not him.

RENCY

No, no, no!

JUNIOR

You're at that bakery every day!

ARSEN

Apparently not. You assumed. And what do they say, when you assume, your ass...I make a...you make me ...nevermind.

RENCY

(to Junior)

How could you?

JUNIOR

I didn't - I'm sorry, I -

RENCY

You're sorry?

JUNIOR

You don't understand.

ARSEN

Actually, I don't understand. She's just a whore who shakes her tits for a couple of bucks.

RENCY

(struggles)

Fuck you! Both of you!

Arsen digs his gun deeper into her jaw.

ARSEN

Yes, yes. Fight it.

JUNIOR
Don't! Don't you -

Junior tries to get a bead on Arsen, but can't focus.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
I never meant - Rency, you have to
give me a chance to explain -

CLICK!

The Painter stands behind Junior, his gun aimed at the base of Junior's skull.

The Painter's swollen nose has dried blood around it.

Junior shuts his eyes in frustration. He holds up one hand in surrender, the gun dangles from his other hand by his finger.

The Painter grabs Junior's gun. He keeps his gun trained at the back of Junior's head.

ARSEN
Game over!

Arsen releases his grip on Rency.

She gets up and spits in his face.

Arsen gets up, slowly wipes his face. Then he backhands Rency. She goes sprawling to the ground.

Junior flinches to help her.

THE PAINTER
Uh-uh, funny boy.

The Painter brings Junior's gun up so both are aimed at Junior's head.

Arsen looms over Rency.

ARSEN
Who do you think I am?! Ronnie was
the sissy-boy pushover, not me! Not
me!

Rency tries to get up but is still dazed.

ARSEN (CONT'D)
Your precious, little Ronnie. That
disgrace! He couldn't just stay in
the closet where he belonged.
(MORE)

ARSEN (CONT'D)

He had to prance out and embarrass us. But thanks to your boyfriend here, well, problem fixed.

RENCY

The both of you can go to hell.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Nah, hell wouldn't take this dopey fucker.

They all look up to see - Charlie. He strolls into the room, sucking on a fast-food drink, cool as can be.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Which is good. Overcrowding and all. (BEAT) Hey, Arsen.

ARSEN

(confused)

Uh, hey, Charlie.

Charlie slumps into the couch and crosses his legs. Then he uncrosses them and bends down to Rency.

CHARLIE

Oh, sorry. I'm Charlie.

RENCY

Pleased to meet you. But if you're one of them, go fuck yourself.

CHARLIE

Oh.

Charlie sits back up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And you - you're the Painter?

THE PAINTER

(nods)

And you're the one who taught this one?

ARSEN

Uh, Charlie. We're kind of in the middle of -

CHARLIE

That's a loaded question. In light of his recent fuck up. But yes, I taught Junior. I taught him many things.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

At first, he seemed to pick it up quick. Really quick. Then he went and shot your cousin...

(looks down at Rency)

Boy, did I not look like Teacher of the Year after that. But then again - he made it this far. But now, I dunno.

(to Junior)

You learn anything, kid?

Charlie stares at Junior who holds his gaze.

JUNIOR

More than you realize.

A knowing look passes between them.

CHARLIE

That's what I thought.

ARSEN

Seriously, Charlie, we need to wrap this -

CHARLIE

(to the Painter)

Seriously. You're not really related to Picasso are you? Pablo fucking Picasso.

THE PAINTER

(confused)

Why - why would you say -

CHARLIE

I mean, if I was gonna lie, I'd go hog wild. What, da Vinci wasn't cool enough for you to be related to?

THE PAINTER

I'm not lying. He is...I mean I'm his grand-nephew -

CHARLIE

And even then, even if he was your...

(makes air quotes)

...'cousin'. I mean who cares?

THE PAINTER

What the fuck...?

CHARLIE

After all, everyone knows...
 (stares at the Painter)
 ...Picasso was a fag. Loved them
 little boys.

THE PAINTER

You fucking...

Distracted, The Painter aims one of the guns in Charlie's direction.

Junior swiftly leans back and drives The Painter into the wall, The Painter's two gun hands on either side of Junior's head.

In one motion, Junior grabs the guns that are still in The Painter's hands.

With one he shoots the Driver. With the other, he blows away Arsen, emptying the clip.

Arsen flies back onto the desk in a bloody mess.

Junior stands.

The Painter, unconscious, slumps to the ground.

Junior pries the guns from The Painter's hands. He ejects the clip from one, and swiftly dismantles it. He throws the pieces onto The Painter.

Junior goes over to Rency to help her up. She violently pulls out of his grasp.

RENCY

Don't you touch me.

JUNIOR

You don't have to like me right now, but we have to get out of here. Right now!

RENCY

I'm not going anywhere with you!

Junior looks helplessly at Charlie, still lounging on the couch, cool as can be.

CHARLIE

(shrugs)
 I dunno what to tell you. Broads.
 (to Rency)
 But he's right. Get out of here.

Rency leaves the room in a huff. Junior starts to follow her. He stops at the door and turns to Charlie.

JUNIOR
Charlie, I -

CHARLIE
I thought something was hinky when
I got a contract to...

Charlie pulls out a paper from his inside pocket and reads it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
...show up and 'be myself'.

JUNIOR
You did say not to call you
anymore.

CHARLIE
Get outta here, kid.

Junior rushes out the office door. Charlie calmly sips his drink on the couch.

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

Junior and Rency ride in silence. He nervously looks over at her. She maintains her stare out the window. Finally -

JUNIOR
I fulfilled my contract. And I'm
done. I'm done for good.

RENCY
I don't care.

Junior silently keeps driving.

INT. PUBLIC PARKING GARAGE

Junior pulls into a parking garage. He drives up to the third floor and pulls into a stall.

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR

JUNIOR
Can I explain?

RENCY

Explain what? I was paying attention! I know I'm just a dumb whore who shows her tits for a few bucks -

JUNIOR

I've never thought of you like that.

RENCY

Please! You sat back there, in your booth, waiting to make your move, planning, plotting, no better than all those other son-of-a-bitches! I'm pretty sure I have the whole story.

VOICE (O.S.)

You SO don't have the whole story.

The back door opens then shuts. Rency turns to the backseat to see -

RENCY

Ronnie!

Ronnie and Rency scream and hug each other from across the seats.

RENCY (CONT'D)

(wipes eyes)

But I thought he - I thought you were...

RONNIE

He did. But I'm not.

Rency looks at Junior, confused. A slightly mischievous grin spreads across Junior's face.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Your boyfriend here is quite the hitman. Very talented.

RENCY

He's not my boy -

RONNIE

Yes, he sat in his booth and planned and plotted.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HONEY'S PLACE - NIGHT

(Pick up from Flashback on page 14)

Ronnie watches Junior stare at Rency. He smiles then leans in closer to Junior.

Ronnie whispers to Junior. Junior points up at the TV. Ronnie smiles.

END FLASHBACK

RONNIE

When he told me what he wanted to do, I thought it was so romantic. Head over heels doesn't even begin to describe him.

RENCY

Romantic? Seriously?

RONNIE

In our family? Der.

RENCY

But why, why did he have to shoot you? Couldn't you just leave?

RONNIE

Honey, there was no way, daddy was ever going to be cool with me as I am. And, well, I still love the old bastard. Even if he doesn't - anyway. And getting away with it was easy when you could count on daddy not coming to I.D. my body at the morgue.

JUNIOR

What a dick.

RONNIE

That's why loverboy's plan was genius. Everybody got what they wanted. Well, except for Arsen.

RENCY

I still don't...

RONNIE

(to Junior)

Book-smart. Not too street-smart.

JUNIOR
She's still pretty cool.

RONNIE
He wasn't trying to impress you as
a hit man. But what would impress
you more - than giving your
favorite cousin a new life?

Rency looks at Junior with a new understanding.

RENCY
So you're not really - you never
really wanted to be a hitman.

JUNIOR
I only wanted one thing.

RONNIE
(fans his eyes)
Absolutely romantic. Well, I'll let
you crazy kids go. I have a flight
to Mykonos. I'm going to find me a
Big Fat Greek Di -

RENCY
Ronnie! We get it.

Ronnie leans forward.

RONNIE
(to Junior)
Now, you take care of this one for
me. She's the best.

Ronnie holds up his cheek. Junior kisses it.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
(to Rency)
And you...just be happy.

Rency kisses him.

RENCY
You too.

RONNIE
I will now. Later tater!

Ronnie leaves the car. Rency gazes at Junior.

RENCY
I'm waiting.

JUNIOR

For...?

RENCY

You completed your contract. You
get your name, don't you?

JUNIOR

That's what they say.

RENCY

Well, what is it?

JUNIOR

Brandon.

Rency scrunches her face.

RENCY

I think I like 'Junior' better.

Junior smiles and starts up the car.

FADE OUT