

DEATH LIVES!

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EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A pudgy man in his late twenties wearing a black hooded robe, and white tennis shoes is walking through a park pathway. He is carrying a gardening sickle and also listening to music with through a headset. This is Death.

As he is walking past a three ruffians who are drinking in the playground, one of the ruffians takes notice of Death and draws attention to him.

VITO

Hey guys, take a look at this
freak.

RITCHIE

What a douchebag.

Ritchie launches a half full beer can and hits Death on the side of the head with it.

DEATH

What the?

All three ruffians laugh hysterically.

CARLO

Did you see that thing knock him in
the side of the head?

VITO

Good shot!

Carlo and Vito give Ritchie a high fives.

RITCHIE

It ain't nothing.

DEATH

Oh, you're too modest!

VITO

Shut up douchebag!

DEATH

What the fuck is wrong with you guys?

RITCHIE

Wrong with us? Whatsa madder, you ain't got mirrors at home?

DEATH

You guys are losers, you know that?

RITCHIE

Losers, hey buddy, we're not the ones walking around in the middle of the night wearing black robes and carrying uh. . . one of those bush trimming things. I don't know what it's called.

DEATH

No you're just drinking in a playground with no women and throwing half full beer cans at people. Asshole!

VITO

Hey, why don't you just get the fuck out of here before we start throwing fists instead.

The three ruffians stare Death down and he backs off and begins to walk away.

RITCHIE

Hey wait, turn around.

VITO

Let em go Ritchie, he's not worth it.

RITCHIE

No, I know this guy.

CARLO

Yeah, he looks familiar.

RITCHIE
Hey faggot! I said turn around.

Death turns around and Ritchie steps forward to take a closer look at him.

RITCHIE
I knew it was you.

DEATH
That's right, I'm Death.

RITCHIE
No you're not, your a fucking landscaper!

DEATH
No I'm not.

RITCHIE
Well you used to be. I know that for sure cause you ripped off my old man!

CARLO
This guy ripped off your old man?

RITCHIE
Yeah, he used cut lawns around here. A couple of years ago my old man paid him a hundred bucks in advance to cut our lawn all summer. He showed up once and never came back!

CARLO
Yeah, yeah, I remember this guy. He used to live down on Eagle Court Bend.

DEATH
I think you guys have me mistaken for somebody else.

RITCHIE
Oh yeah? A case of mistaken identity huh?

Ritchie punches Death in the face and he falls to the ground.

DEATH
Owe, my fucking eye! I'm a photographer.

RITCHIE
A photographer huh?

Ritchie kicks death in the ribs.

RITCHIE
You're gonna be a dead photographer
if you don't give me a hundred
bucks right now faggot!

VITO
Yeah like Andy Fucking Warhol.

DEATH
I can't breathe.

CARLO
Andy Warhol was a painter dumbass.

VITO
No he wasn't, he was a
photographer.

RITCHIE
Actually, wasn't he a film
director? He made those gay Dracula
and Frankenstein movies.

VITO
Gay Dracula? What the fuck kinda
movies you watching? He's the guy
who painted those soup cans.

RITCHIE
I just heard about them. I never
watched them.

DEATH
If you're talking about Blood for
Dracula, that wasn't directed by
Andy Warhol, he just produced it.
Paul Morrissey actually directed it.
Alot of people get confused about
that.

Ritchie steps on Deaths hand.

RITCHIE
I don't give a shit about that,
just shut the fuck up and give me
my money!

DEATH

Okay, get off my hand and I'll give it to you.

Ritchie takes his foot of Deaths hand and lets him stand up.

Death takes the money out and hands it to Ritchie.

DEATH

I'm only giving you ninety, cause I cut your grass once. I'm refunding you for nine cuts.

Ritchie firmly stares Death down and Death pulls out a twenty.

DEATH

Okay, take the twenty and just give me back that ten I gave you.

Instead of the ten dollar bill, Ritchie gives Death a backhanded slap to the face.

CARLO

That's right bitch!

Vito kicks Death in the rear.

VITO

Now get the fuck out of hear!

CARLO

Yeah, go home and watch your gay Dracula movies.

Death runs off into the night.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT

In a crowded steak restaurant, we see men with their belt buckles undone sitting in front of half eaten steaks and gigantic plates of pasta. We also see women burping their crying children and first date type couples pleasantly arguing over who will pay the bill.

The restaurant is filled with the sound of Roy Orbison songs being performed acoustically by a live Roy Orbison impersonator sitting atop a tiny stage next to the washroom entrances. This is Roy.

Death is sitting at a table with a man dressed up in a cheaply made Bat costume. This is Bat Man. They are both eating French fries and hamburgers.

With a mouth full of food, Death is describing to Bat Man the beating he took in the park earlier.

DEATH

So his two friends were holding me down and he took all my money.

BAT MAN

Why didn't you use the touch of death?

DEATH

I don't have the touch of Death.

BAT MAN

What do you mean? You're Death aren't you?

DEATH

No, the Touch of Death is a martial arts move or something like that. I don't kill anyone. I'm sort of like a soul courier.

BAT MAN

Oh.

DEATH

So let me finish the story.

BAT MAN

Go ahead, sorry.

DEATH

So then he gave me a kick in the ribs. . .

BAT MAN

Steel toe?

DEATH

Sure as hell felt like it.

BAT MAN

Cock-sucker.

DEATH

Can I finish the story?

BAT MAN

Sorry.

DEATH

There will be time for questions
after I'm done okay.

BAT MAN

Okay man! You don't have to get all
pissy you know?

DEATH

Just let me finish!

BAT MAN

Sorry.

DEATH

So he kicked me in the ribs and
spat on my face. After that they
all ran off into the night just
like the sons of whores they are.

BAT MAN

Why would the sons of whores run
off into the night? What is that
supposed to mean?

DEATH

It's a saying. Translated from
Italian.

BAT MAN

Oh I see. Obviously something got
Lost in translation.

The restaurant manager walks over to their table.

MANAGER

Sorry guys but I'm going to have to
ask you to keep it down.

BAT MAN

Keep what down?

MANAGER

The wonderful conversation you guys
are having. I can hear you from all
the way across the room.

DEATH

It is a crime to speak loudly or
something?

MANAGER

No it isn't a crime but it is in poor taste to sit there and yell about steel-toed kicks to the ribs of sons of whores or whatever the hell you guys are talking about. Just please keep in mind people, families, members of clergy, etcetera are trying to enjoy their meals.

BAT MAN

My good man we were trying to enjoy our meals too. That is until you so rudely interrupted.

DEATH

Exactly!

MANAGER

Meals? What meals? You guys are eating French fries and hamburgers.

DEATH

So that's not a meal?

MANAGER

This is one of the finest Steak houses in Toronto. You guys ordered from the kid's menu. In fact I don't even know how the hell you got in here wearing those ridiculous outfits.

BAT MAN

We happen to be very close friends with this evening's musical talent.

MANAGER

Musical talent? Who? That fat fuck on stage singing Roy Orbison tunes?

Bat Man stands up

BAT MAN

What is you're problem man?

MANAGER

Do yourself a favour and sit down sir!

BAT MAN
I'll sit down when I'm good and ready.

MANAGER
Look, I don't want to create a scene. Here's the deal, you're hamburgers and french fries are on the house, just don't come back here ever again.

The Manager opens his coat jacket and reveals his shiny chromed handgun.

BAT MAN
Okay, take it easy.

Bat Man sits back down.

MAGAGER
Sir, we don't fuck around in here, understood?

BAT MAN
Understood.

MAGAGER
Good, now finish up your hamburgers and French fries and get the hell out of hear fast.

BAT MAN
Only on one condition.

MANAGER
What?

BAT MAN
Call it a meal.

MANAGER
Are you fucking insane?

BAT MAN
Call it a meal.

DEATH
Just forget about it sir. Just pay no attention to him. We don't want any trouble.

BAT MAN
No, call it a meal.

The Manager reaches for his handgun under his jacket but doesn't pull it out.

MANAGER

It's not a meal, it's hamburgers and french fries asshole. Now shut up, eat your childish food and leave this place.

The Manager walks away.

DEATH

You stupid asshole, you could have gotten us killed.

BAT MAN

He was bluffing man. Fucking pussy with a gun. If he didn't have that piece I would have kicked his teeth in.

DEATH

Whatever man.

BAT MAN

So tell me the rest of your story.

DEATH

That was pretty much it.

BAT MAN

I wish I could have been there. It would have been a whole different story. Let me tell you.

DEATH

They may have returned to the park. They could be there now.

BAT MAN

Yeah that's quite possible. They sound dumb enough to return to the scene of a crime.

DEATH

We could both go back there and kick some serious ass.

BAT MAN

Yeah we could.

DEATH

Okay then, let's go!

BAT MAN

Um... Tonight's not good.

DEATH

What are you talking about, right now sounds perfect to me?

BAT MAN

It's just that there are rumors of a bomb threat floating around I kind of want to keep my schedule. You know what I'm saying G-Dog?

DEATH

I see. The Penguin?

BAT MAN

No not The Penguin? That's Batman's enemy not mine?

DEATH

I'm sorry, The Pigeon?

BAT MAN

Yes The Pigeon.

Roy finishes another song and begins to talk to the audience.

One person claps.

ROY

Well it's about that time ladies and gentlemen. I'm pretty much done for tonight. You've been such a wonderful audience. Give yourself a hand.

One person claps.

ROY

You know what? Since you guys are such a wonderful crowd I'm going to do something I don't normally do and end the night off by taking a request from you the audience. Is there anything anyone would like to hear?

An old man sitting at a table with his wife yells out with a chunk of steak in his mouth.

OLD MAN

Always On My Mind.

ROY
Sorry sir that's an Elvis song.

OLD MAN
What's the fucking difference?

ROY
I don't do Elvis. I do Roy. Anybody
else have a request?

OLD MAN
Always On My Mind.

ROY
Anybody?

OLD MAN
Blue Suede Shoes.

ROY
You're a very funny man sir.

OLD MAN
Just sing it fat ass.

ROY
That's not very nice.

OLD MAN
My wife here loves Elvis. Just sing
an Elvis song for her.

BAT MAN
Turn your damn hearing aid up you
dinosaur. He doesn't do Elvis.

OLD MAN
Are you talking to me?

BAT MAN
Yeah I'm talking to you.

OLD MAN
Well nobody was talking to you so
just mind your own damn business
Superman.

Bat Man jumps up from his table.

BAT MAN

What do you think, cause you're a hundred and fifty two I won't come over there and kick the liver spots off your face?

The Old Man stands up.

OLD MAN'S WIFE

Herbert please just sit down!

OLD MAN

No!

OLD MAN'S WIFE

Sit down.

OLD MAN

I'm a man dammit! I'm not gonna take that kind of talk from a freak like him.

BAT MAN

You better listen to your bitch, old timer.

The old man slowly walks over to Bat Man. As he begins to walk over we see he's dragging an oxygen tank behind him. He stops in front of Bat Man and takes a breath of oxygen.

OLD MAN

What did you call my wife?

DEATH

You know what? This is getting out of hand now.

OLD MAN

Nobody's talking to you choir boy.

BAT MAN

I called her a bitch.

OLD MAN

Oh yeah.

BAT MAN

Yeah.

The Old Man then swings and punches BAT MAN and sends him crashing to the ground.

Roy runs over to the old man and tries to bear hug him but the old man breaks free and hit's Roy in the face with his oxygen tank sending him too crashing to the ground.

OLD MAN

Get up you punks! Come on I ain't done with you. I'm gonna send you back to Palookaville.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Death, Bat Man, and Roy are silently sitting at a coffee shop table.

Each of them have a black eye.

A waitress comes over to their table.

WAITRESS

Can I get you fellas anything else?

BAT MAN

No thank you.

WAITRESS

So what happened to you guys anyway?

BAT MAN

What do you mean?

WAITRESS

All three of you look like hell.

ROY

You mean the black eyes?

WAITRESS

Oh yeah, you guys have black eyes too. I didn't notice that. What happened?

DEATH

Nothing. It's apart of our act.

WAITRESS

You guys with the circus or something?

BAT MAN

Yeah right, we wish. Those guy's
are like the elite of the elite.
Someday maybe.

WAITRESS

Well it's good to have dreams.

ROY

Can you just bring us the bill.

WAITRESS

Sure thing.

ROY

Thanks.

The waitress walks away.

DEATH

I don't know about you guys but I
think I've had enough excitement
for tonight. I'm going home. Can
you guys cover my coffee?

BAT MAN

Sure. Take it easy.

ROY

See ya.

DEATH

You guy's up for some tennis
tomorrow?

ROY

Sure.

BAT MAN

Sure.

DEATH

I'll give you guys a call.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY.

Death is walking down the hallway to get to his apartment
door. As he passes one door he picks newspaper up off the
floor.

He takes a few steps down the hall when a door swings open.

CALVETTI
Hey freak! What the hell do you
think you're doing? Death turns
around.

DEATH
Who me?

CALVETTI
No the guy behind you.

DEATH
What's you're problem?

CALVETTI
Who's newspaper is that?

DEATH
I don't know.

Calvetti tears the newspaper out of Deaths hands.

CALVETTI
What exactly do you think this
hallway is huh? A newsstand?

DEATH
I just figured you didn't want it.

CALVETTI
Did I tell you that?

DEATH
No

CALVETTI
Then what would make you think
that?

DEATH
It's two in the morning and you
haven't picked it up all day.

CALVETTI
Do you know why I didn't read this
paper?

DEATH
I don't really care.

CALVETTI
I work for a living. I don't mooch
off the government.
(MORE)

CALVETTI (cont'd)

I'm out the door by five a.m. I'm digging holes before the paper even gets here. When I get home it's all old news to me pal.

DEATH

Why do you even subscribe to a newspaper if you don't have time to read it?

CALVETTI

Because I can.

DEATH

It doesn't make any sense. I think the truth is that you're on a free trial subscription and your going to unsubscribe when it's no longer free. You're the moocher. Not me.

Death walks over to his door and begins to unlock it when another door across the hall opens.

OLD LADY PATTERSON

What's all this racket? I'm trying to sleep.

DEATH

It's nothing Mrs. Patterson. Go back inside. I'm sorry we woke you.

OLD LADY PATTERSON

Nothing? How could it be nothing? It must me something if it was loud enough to wake me up from my sleep.

CALVETTI

It seems douche-bag over here was trying to steal my newspaper.

DEATH

No I wasn't Mrs. Paterson. Don't listen to him he's drunk.

OLD LADY PATTERSON

That's funny cause just last week somebody stole my welcome mat.

CALVETTI

Oh yeah huh?

DEATH
I didn't steal you're welcome mat
Mrs. Patterson.

CALVETTI
Sure there buddy.

DEATH
Shut the frig up Calvetti.

OLD LADY PATTERSON
My, such language. You should be
ashamed.

Death walks into his apartment and slams his door shut.

INT. DEATH'S APARTMENT

We barely hear his neighbors still in the hallway conversing.

OLD LADY PATTERSON
What a world we are living in now.
We have to keep our welcome mats
inside our doors out of a fear of
them being stolen. It's just not
right.

CALVETTI
That's right. I guess you can say
nobody's welcome anymore.

OLD LADY PATTERSON
No, especially not that son of a
bitch bastard.

INT. DEATHS BATHROOM - NIGHT

In this scene death is soaking in his bathtub and smoking a
cigarette.

His bathroom is dimly lit by a few distant candles due to the
light bulb being burnt out.

Death is also pointing a flashlight towards the ceiling and
making shadow puppets.

A spider is crawling on the ceiling and walks onto Death's
shadow puppet stage.

DEATH

Excuse me sir, you seem to have wandered onto my stage. Would you mind taking your seat?

Death then picks up a bar of soap and hurls it at the ceiling. He just barely misses the spider.

DEATH

Get the out of here!

The spider is still there

DEATH

You got some set of balls. Today I let you live but If I see you again tomorrow you die. You hear me? Your dead meat punk!

Death then stands up and gets out of the bathtub.

He drops his flashlight on the ground and the light from the flashlight reveals his feet standing on a welcome mat.

He dries himself off with a towel and then puts on a robe.

He blows out all the candles he walks towards the bathroom doorway.

At the doorway he turns his head and looks up at the ceiling over the bathtub.

DEATH

Remember If I see you again tomorrow your ass is mine.

INT. DEATHS KITCHEN - NIGHT

There is a radio sitting on top of a window sill. The radio is tuned into a conspiracy talk show. As Death is making himself a sandwich we hear a talk radio program.

RADIO PERSONALITY

Our next and first time caller is Dave from Red Deer, Alberta. Dave you're live.

DAVE

Hello.

RADIO PERSONALITY

Go ahead Dave.

DAVE

How you doing?

RADIO PERSONALITY

Can the small talk and get to it
cause the clock is ticking.

DAVE

Okay, yeah I was listening to what
you were saying about extra
terrestrials secretly living among
humans.

RADIO PERSONALITY

Okay.

DAVE

I really believe that stuff is true
cause I was at the mall once and I
saw this guy. His head was shaped
kind of funny.

RADIO PERSONALITY

Funny how?

DAVE

His forehead was really big. When I
looked at him he looked back at me.
And it's funny cause he had this
paranoid look on his face. Sort of
like he knew that I knew he wasn't
human.

RADIO PERSONALITY

Interesting.

DAVE

Yeah it was pretty intense. I even
pointed him out to my buddy Phil,
hey Phil! And my buddy Phil looked
at him and thought the same thing.

RADIO PERSONALITY

What did you guys do? Did you
confront him?

DAVE

We tested him out. My buddy Phil
yelled and threw a corndog at him.
I think I threw a cookie at him.

(MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)

*It was either a cookie or a
cinnamon bun. I can't remember.*

RADIO PERSONALITY

How did this Alien respond?

DAVE

*This is the clincher right here so
Listen up man.*

RADIO PERSONALITY

I'm listening.

DAVE

*First of all his English was kind
of broken. He turns around and
asks, "What is this some kind of
cruel joke?" My buddy then asked
him "What planet are you from
douche bag?" A tear ran down the
Alien dudes face and he said, "I'm
from Ethiopia you stupid bastards!"
He actually let the name of his
planet slip out. After that Mall
Security came and forced us to
leave the mall. It's obvious that
they were protecting him for their
own interests.*

RADIO PERSONALITY

*I wouldn't be surprised. It's
pretty much a well-known fact that
Mall Security companies are under
the control of secret government
organizations.*

DAVE

No way!

RADIO PERSONALITY

You're a moron, bye.

*It's just past midnight, 19
degrees. I'm John Johansson and
you're listening to "The Hidden
Truth" on AM 740 home of the Raging
Beavers. We have some bills to pay
around here so we're gonna go to a
commercial break. More callers on
the way after the break.*

We then see Death reach over and turn off the radio. He then puts the top piece of toast bread on top of his sandwich.

He grabs a knife and cut's the sandwich in half then throws the knife into a dirty dish filled sink. He then pauses because he realizes he forgot something.

DEATH
Shit, pickles.

He reaches into his refrigerator, grabs a jar of pickles and opens it.

INT. PRINTING SHOP - DAY

We see the inside of a printing shop. There's an older European man sitting at a counter and reading a dirty magazine with a lit cigarette in his mouth.

Bat Man walks through the front door.

BAT MAN
How's it going?

PRINTER
Hey Mr. Batman!

BAT MAN
Reading anything good there? Let me see.

PRINTER
No you're too young too be looking at this stuff. You should be going out and finding some for yourself. Never mind looking at magazines.

BAT MAN
I do every night.

The Printer makes a gesture with his hands asking how big of a chest size.

PRINTER
Oh yeah? How was she last night?

Bat Man makes the same hand gesture but displaying a bigger chest size.

BAT MAN
That good.

PRINTER
By the look of your eye it looks like you weren't good at all. What happened?

BAT MAN
Oh this is nothing. I got into a
little fight.

PRINTER
No way!

BAT MAN
Yeah.

PRINTER
Well I hope he got worse.

BAT MAN
That he did. So do you have my
cards ready?

PRINTER
I sure do. Hold on a second.

The old man goes into a back room and then comes out with a
box and puts it on the counter.

Bat Man opens the box and pulls out one of the business
cards.

CAMERA ON BUSINESS CARD:

BATMAN, Professional Crime Fighter Tel: 416-555-8888

PRINTER
How do you like it?

BAT MAN
It's good but there's just one
problem.

PRINTER
What's that?

BAT MAN
You have my name as one word like
the comic book character.

PRINTER
It's two words?

BAT MAN
Yeah. I told you that yesterday.

PRINTER
I must have forgot. I'm sorry.

BAT MAN
It's okay. I'm used to it.

PRINTER
Can you still use them? I can give you a discount.

BAT MAN
I'll get sued.

PRINTER
I see. I'll have them reprinted for you tomorrow. Is that okay?

BAT MAN
Yeah that's alright. No rush. See you tomorrow.

Bat Man begins walking away.

PRINTER
I'm sorry.

BAT MAN
No worries.

Bat Man exits the printing shop.

PRINTER
Weirdo.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Bat Man serving a tennis ball into Deaths side of the court. The serve lands close to the top line of the serving box.

Off to the side Roy is sitting on a bench holding his racquet and smoking a cigarette.

DEATH
Fault!

BAT MAN
What, are you sure? That looked in to me.

DEATH
It was a fault man.

BAT MAN
Roy?

Roy spit's out his cigarette and crushes it with his foot.

ROY
It was too close to call.

DEATH
Re-serve?

BAT MAN
Okay but this is bullshit man. That
serve was in.

Death and Bat Man both get back into position for the serve.

Batman then serves the ball again this time obviously
faulting.

DEATH
Fault!

BAT MAN
I know it's a fault. You don't have
to call it when it's obvious okay.
I have eyes.

ROY
If you ask me, I always thought you
were as blind as a bat.

BAT MAN
Nobody was asking you. You better
shut up too cause you're next.

ROY
Somebody's taking this shit too
seriously.

DEATH
Really.

Death and Bat Man both get back into position for the serve.

BAT MAN
Here comes the greenish-yellow
train, bitch!

Bat Man serves the ball and it's a double fault.

DEATH
Double Fault! That's match bitch.

ROY
It's about time.

BAT MAN

What are you talking about match?
It was just deuce. Now it's you're
ad.

DEATH

No it's match. It was just my
advantage. You double faulted.
That's it man.

BAT MAN

I'm positive it's your ad.

ROY

That's match man.

BAT MAN

That's bullshit. If it was you're
ad do you think I'd would have
smashed that serve like that?

DEATH

Fuck off, I know what you're doing.
It's match.

BAT MAN

What do you mean you know what I'm
doing?

DEATH

You're just making it seem like you
weren't trying so I'll get pissed
and give you another chance. Plus
it can't be my ad. Look at what box
you were serving to. That right
there proves it's match.

BAT MAN

You think I need your pity or
something? I don't give a shit
about this game. This is a pussy
sport.

ROY

There you go, you're doing it
again. Just get the off the court
and let us play the championship
match.

Bat Man throws his racquet to the ground damaging it.

BAT MAN

Fuck this! I'm going home. Have your little pussy championship game.

DEATH

What a little baby. I even beat his ass with a puffy eye and a bruised rib.

ROY

That's the third racquet this summer.

BAT MAN

I don't give a shit. I'll go buy another one. I'm not broke ass like you guys.

DEATH

Don't be stupid.

ROY

Yeah you only have money in the first place cause you're dad handed you his business.

BAT MAN

Fuck off, at least my dad was a Private investigator and not some gay Elvis Impersonator.

Bat Man picks up his stuff and begins to leave.

ROY

Fuck you.

Bat Man just keeps walking away and does not respond. We see him walk off into the distance.

DEATH

What a sore loser.

ROY

Hey don't let the chain linked gate hit you on your ass on your way out!

DEATH

This happens every fucking time.

ROY

Screw him man. Let's do this.

DEATH

You know what? I don't feel like it anymore.

ROY

Are you kidding? You're kidding me right?

DEATH

We'll settle it next time.

ROY

Don't let that loser get to you. This is the championship game man!

DEATH

It's not him. There'll be other championship games. I'm just tired.

ROY

Yeah you look beat.

DEATH

So do you. I thought I told you to stop using my makeup.

ROY

I can't help it I wanna look like a beat down whore.

DEATH

Are you calling me a whore?

ROY

Yes.

DEATH

Cool.

ROY

It's good to laugh about stuff.

DEATH

Yes it is, are you up for a movie tonight?

ROY

Yeah, give me a call. Give Bat Man a call too.

DEATH

Will do. Later man.

ROY
Take it easy.

Death and Roy part ways.

Roy is twirling his racquet whistling a Mettalica tune.

Death stops to pick up his sickle and then continues to walk away.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Death is walking down the sidewalk of a busy street.

As he approaches the front of a video store he notices his shoelace is untied.

As he crouches down to tie his shoelace he sees a squirrel on a leash coming towards him.

He looks up and sees a beautiful woman is the owner of the squirrel. This beautiful woman is also his ex-girlfriend Janet.

DEATH
Oh shit.

JANET
Well, well.

DEATH
Hey how are you doing?

JANET
What?!

DEATH
How ya doing?

JANET
You have the balls to ask me how I'm doing?

Death stands up.

DEATH
Look I'm just trying to be polite, okay.

JANET
Oh how big of you.

DEATH

You know I'm really having trouble understanding this hostility you have towards me.

JANET

Where should I start explaining then? Should I start with my mother's Fabridgee egg collection?

DEATH

It was fourth quarter, fourth down and 20 seconds left man. I had to go deep.

JANET

I leave you guys alone in my living room for ten minutes and you guys start playing football tackle.

DEATH

It's tackle football and I told you I'm sorry about that.

JANET

Or how about my dyslexic little sisters spelling bee certificate.

DEATH

We were all out of zags, it was just sitting on the table there.

JANET

You're a prick.

DEATH

We were all drunk and out of zags. You're telling me it would have been better if Bat Man drove to the convenience store drunk? Besides, you smoked it too man.

JANET

You're a fucking moron.

Janet walks away.

DEATH

I'm a moron? Me? Look at you. Your walking around with a fucking squirrel on a leash. That's not even legal. I hope you get a fine. Squirrels were meant to roam free
(MORE)

DEATH (cont'd)
like eagles and polar bears and
shit.

INT - VIDEO STORE - DAY

Death is walking down an isle browsing for a video to rent.

A video store clerk walks up to Death.

CLERK
Need any help finding anything?

DEATH
Um yeah. Do you guys have a foreign
section?

CLERK
We sure do.

DEATH
Cool. Where is it?

CLERK
Follow me.

The store clerk walks away and Death follows him through the store until they reach the foreign section. When they get to the foreign section there are very few choices.

CLERK
All our foreign films are right
here.

DEATH
This whole shelf unit?

CLERK
Actually no. Just this one shelf
here.

The "foreign" films that are on the shelf are: Captain Corelli's Mandolin, Moonstruck, National Lampoon's European Vacation, American Ninja 5, Italian for Beginners, Man Bites Dog, and I Vitelloni.

DEATH
Thanks.

CLERK
You're very welcome.

The clerk as he literally skips away from Death and goes behind the counter.

When the clerk is behind the counter he carefully looks around and then takes a pill bottle out of his pocket. He then opens the pill bottle, pops two pills in his mouth, takes a sip from his water bottle and puts the pills back in his pocket. He pauses, looks around again and then does the exact same thing. Death takes notice of this and is staring at the store clerk.

CLERK

What?

DEATH

Nothing.

Death then walks away and continues to look around the store as if nothing just happened.

60's rock music begins playing in the background.

A large set man in a cheap suit walks through the door in slow motion. He looks from left to right and then straight ahead at the clerk.

CLERK

Hey Boyd!

BOYD

What's going on kid?

CLERK

Nothing much, Chief.

BOYD

Is the head honcho in?

CLERK

Yeah he's in the back room. Go ahead man.

Boyd Pulls out a loonie and throws it at the kid.

BOYD

You're a good kid.

CLERK

Thanks man.

The camera follows Boyd as he heads to the back room door and walks through it. When the door shuts the music stops.

CLERK

That music was awesome.

The clerk then hums the music that was playing over the front door sequence. Death walks over to the counter with his pick of movie to rent.

DEATH
That sounds familiar. What is that you're humming?

CLERK
I don't know it was playing when that dude walked through the door.

DEATH
Huh?

CLERK
You didn't hear it?

DEATH
I didn't hear anything.

CLERK
Oh. Anyway.

The Clerk takes the video out of Deaths hand and scans it. Death then hands him his membership card and the Clerk scans that too.

CLERK
Uh oh!

DEATH
What?

CLERK
Late fees.

DEATH
Really?

CLERK
Yeah, you owe us \$4.78.

DEATH
I don't remember bringing anything back late.

CLERK
Well you did.

DEATH
What was it?

CLERK
I'm just fooling with you man.

DEATH
Hilarious!

CLERK
Had you fooled man.

The clerk then begins laughing hysterically for a lengthy period.

CLERK
You should have seen the look on
your face man!

DEATH
Yeah, it was really funny.

CLERK
You know what's a funny movie man?

DEATH
No what?

CLERK
Requiem For a Dream, I've seen it a
hundred and forty two times.

DEATH
Look, can I just pay for my movie
and leave?

CLERK
Did you ever see Requiem for a
Dream?

Death pauses pensively.

DEATH
No.

CLERK
Oh you gotta see it man! Let me
break the story down for you.

DEATH
Fuck.

INT. VIDEO STORE STOCK ROOM

This scene is a conversation taking place the video store stockroom between Boyd, the video store owner and the store owners wife.

BOYD

. . . So let's talk about the future. Let's talk about what microwave popcorn means to this industry George. Let's talk about how one of us, not all of us but one of us will profit.

GEORGE

Don't you mean, not one of us but all of us?

BOYD

What did I say?

GEORGE

'One of us, not all of us.'

BOYD

Did I? Shit sorry man. Anyway I've been in this business for twenty five years now, I've been pushing popcorn from hear to North Bay since you were a little boy.

GEORGE

I know your history, Boyd.

WIFE

No ones doubting your credentials Boyd.

BOYD

Then why the resistance? This industry is gonna be turned upside down soon enough.

GEORGE

What resistance? You haven't told us anything yet.

BOYD

Then why not be prepared?

GEORGE

Prepared for what? What the hell are you talking about?

BOYD
My throat is a bit soar could I
trouble you for glass of water?

George looks at his wife suggestively but his wife looks back at him in anger. George then gets up and walks over to a little refrigerator, takes a bottle of water out, hands it to Boyd and then sits back down. Boyd struggles to open the top of the bottle for a bit but finally does and takes a sip.

BOYD
Thank you.

GEORGE
No problem.

BOYD
Where was I?

WIFE
You were about to try and sell us
something.

BOYD
Ah yes. Thank you sweetie. Anyway,
we're launching new lines of
popcorn in the fall. We're gonna
have all kinds of new flavours.

GEORGE
Like what?

BOYD
Now get this, meal flavours.

GEORGE
What are you talking about?

BOYD
I'm talking about steak and mashed
potatoes. I'm talking about
Fettuccini Alfredo. I'm talking
about fillet mignon. Fried chicken
George. Fried fucking chicken.

GEORGE
Nobody's gonna want popcorn that
tastes like fried chicken Boyd.
That's disgusting. Your wasting my
time man. I got a video store to
run here.

BOYD

That's right George, you're the one with the power here. The microwave popcorn revolution is upon us and your role is critical.

GEORGE

Look you come into my video store, tell me about this and that -- tell me about the future, tell me about - fettuccini fucking Alfredo popcorn and all that - well let me tell you something now: I will never put that crap in my store. Not even under consignment. Period.

BOYD

Wait a minute, George. I'm not a complicated man. I like popcorn. In particular I like plain ol buttered popcorn. I don't want to gross people out and I'm not trying to re-invent the wheel. I enjoy simple pleasures like butter in my popcorn and lollipops in my mouth.

WIFE

This is just like that movie.

BOYD

Look one thing I wanna do in this life is make a dollar and a cent in this business. I'm not trying to hurt you. I'm trying to help you stay one step ahead of the game.

WIFE

Boyd didn't you try to push us this meal flavoured popcorn bullshit a few months ago?

GEORGE

Get out of my office Boyd.

BOYD

Come on George I got a fucking warehouse full of this shit. I'm...

GEORGE

Get out.

BOYD
I'm not well George. I think I
need help.

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

We return to Death standing at the cash counter listening to the store clerk ramble on about Requiem For a Dream.

CLERK
And then it ends with him laying in
a bed with his arm amputated.

DEATH
Yeah that sounds like a very
uplifting film.

CLERK
We have it here. I mean if you'd
like to rent it.

DEATH
Why would I want to watch it now?
You just told me the whole fucking
story. I'm ruined with that movie
now.

CLERK
Yeah but. . .

DEATH
Yeah but what? Just let me take my
movie and go okay.

INT. DEATHS BEDROOM - DAY

Death is laying naked under the covers in his bed as a woman is getting dressed.

PROSTITUTE
Did you see my socks?

DEATH
Check under the bed.

The Prostitute looks under the bed and finds the sock.

PROSTITUTE
Here it is.

DEATH
So when can I see you again?

PROSTITUTE

I don't know. The next time you got a hundred and fifty bucks I guess. Speaking of which.

DEATH

Oh yeah.

Death grabs his wallet from the top of his night table and pulls out cash. He begins to count it.

DEATH

Do you have a ten?

The Prostitute opens her purse, walks over to Death and hands him the ten dollar bill. Death hands the Prostitute the wad of cash.

PROSTITUTE

Thanks sweetie.

DEATH

Hey, do you wanna stick around and watch a movie?

PROSTITUTE

Is it another Italian movie?

DEATH

Yeah, I just picked up another Fellini flick a today.

PROSTITUTE

I don't know. I should get going.

DEATH

I see, another customer?

PROSTITUTE

I only serve two a day. You know that.

DEATH

Sorry I forgot. Who did you serve before me today?

PROSTITUTE

Some guy with warts on his dick.

DEATH

Funny. You have a good sense of humor. I like that.

PROSTITUTE
I'm glad you do.

DEATH
So what's got you in such a hurry?

PROSTITUTE
Just a bunch of little things I've
been holding off.

DEATH
If you've held off this long why
not some more?

PROSTITUTE
Which movie?

DEATH
I Vitelloni.

PROSTITUTE
I've never seen that one.

DEATH
Of course you haven't, you're just
a dumb hooker. What the hell do you
know about Italian cinema?

PROSTITUTE
What?

DEATH
Kidding.

PROSTITUTE
Very funny.

DEATH
It's one of Fellini's earlier ones.
It's great. You can't say no to
early Fellini. You hungry?

PROSTITUTE
I'm starving.

DEATH
Then stay. I'll order a pizza and
we'll watch a movie.

PROSTITUTE
I don't know.

DEATH

Come on, pizza and Fellini. How can you say no to that? It's like I'm offering you a free trip to Italy. Just think of how many cocks you'd have to suck to save up for a trip to Italy.

PROSTITUTE

Okay, enough with the humor.

DEATH

Sorry. Just stay.

PROSTITUTE

Well my shower is broken at home. If I stay can I take a shower first?

DEATH

Sure. Be my guest. The bathroom is over there.

Prostitute walks over to Deaths bathroom and flicks the light switch a few times.

PROSTITUTE

Your bathroom light is broken.

DEATH

I know, I ran out of light bulbs. There are some candles and matches in there.

PROSTITUTE

I see them. Cool.

INT. DEATHS LIVING ROOM

Death and The Prostitute are sitting watching a movie.

PROSTITUTE

Why do they keep playing that music? I think it kind ruins it. Every time a character shows some emotion that fucking music comes on.

DEATH

I love it, Nino Rota is awesome.

PROSTITUTE

Are you listening to me? It's not the song itself but the fact that they keep playing it.

DEATH

Yeah I guess it is a bit too much. It's a beautiful score.

PROSTITUTE

Yeah. What's his name again?

DEATH

Nino Rota.

PROSTITUTE

What else has he done?

DEATH

He's done a shitload of scores. He's most famous for "The Godfather" theme though.

PROSTITUTE

Really? He did that one?

DEATH

Yeah. It's funny how. . .

Buzzer rings and Death gets up to answer it.

DEATH

Yeah.

PIZZA DELIVER GUY [INTERCOM]

*I've got a pizza delivery for . . .
[static from the intercom and a
name is not revealed.]*

DEATH

Yeah bring it up.

Death presses the buzzer to let the pizza guy in and then sits back down on the couch.

DEATH

What was I saying?

PROSTITUTE

It's funny how. . .

DEATH

Yeah it's funny how that's like one of the most popular scores of all time and probably millions of people whistle it or hum it every day but I bet you 80% of them don't even know the composers name.

PROSTITUTE

That's interesting. Sad too.

DEATH

I guess so. I'm sure he made a shitload of cash off the song though. That's gotta count for something right?

PROSTITUTE

Probably. Money isn't everything though.

DEATH

No it isn't. It can't buy love.

PROSTITUTE

No it can't.

DEATH

Yes.

PROSTITUTE

But if you give me the right amount it'll buy you one hell of a blowjob huh?

DEATH

Are we letting humor work itself back into the conversation now?

PROSTITUTE

I guess so cause this movie sucks.

DEATH

What? You're crazy. This movie kicks ass.

There is a Knock on the door Death get's up from the couch to answer the door. He looks through the peephole first and we see a pizza delivery guy picking his nose. Death then opens the door.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Hello.

DEATH

How much do I owe you?

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

That's eighteen eighty five.

Death pulls out his wallet hands him a twenty-dollar bill and the Pizza Delivery Guy hands Death the pizza.

DEATH

Keep the change.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Thanks. Can I use your bathroom? I gotta take a wicked piss.

Death opens the pizza box.

DEATH

Where's the free creamy garlic dipping sauce?

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

It's no longer free. You have to pay for it. I really gotta take a piss.

Death slams the door shut in the Pizza Delivery Guy's face.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Asshole! You're lucky I don't piss on your door. You cock smoker.

PROSTITUTE

Did he ask to use the bathroom?

DEATH

Yeah.

PROSTITUTE

That's just too much.

DEATH

No shit.

There is a knock on the door.

DEATH

I'm gonna knock this clown out.

PROSTITUTE

Don't bother, it's not worth it.

Death walks over to the door and opens it

DEATH
Look you can't . . .

ROY
I can't what?

DEATH
Oh hey.

ROY
I can't what?

DEATH
You're early man.

ROY
Yeah, I was gonna call but my cell
is acting up again.

DEATH
Shit.

ROY
Did I come at a bad time?

DEATH
Well kinda.

PROSTITUTE
Hey that voice sounds familiar.

ROY
Oh shit, Sorry man. I didn't know
you had company.

Prostitute walks over to the door

PROSTITUTE
Roy, I thought that was you!

ROY
Oh shit! What's going on girl?

DEATH
You two know each other?

ROY
Shit yeah. I'm her Friday ten
o'clock.

Roy walks into Deaths apartment

DEATH

You told me you call bingo numbers
for the elderly on Friday nights?

PROSTITUTE

You two know each other?

ROY

Well I just walked into his
apartment so I guess we do know
each other you dumb twat!

PROSTITUTE

Good old Roy.

DEATH

Yeah we know each other.

ROY

What a small world huh?

Death closes the door.

DEATH

Yup, it's a small, small world.
Where's a nuke when you need it?

ROY

Oh great, pizza. I'm so hungry I
could eat her.

INT. DEATHS KITCHEN

Death, Roy and The Prostitute are sitting at Deaths kitchen
table conversing. They have just finished eating.

PROSTITUTE

You know what used to bother me?

DEATH

What?

PROSTITUTE

When I was a kid I'd see Oreo
commercials and the Oreo box would
be made out of cardboard. But when
you went and actually bought Oreo's
they came in that like plasticky
paper bag.

ROY

Shit yeah! That's true.

DEATH

I think it's cause those were American commercials. I think in the U.S. Oreo's came in a cardboard box.

PROSTITUTE

Really?

DEATH

Yeah. All those commercials we used to see back then were American.

ROY

Remember Cookie Crisp?

DEATH

The cereal?

ROY

No the feminine hygiene product. Yeah, the breakfast cereal.

PROSTITUTE

What about it?

ROY

Did you ever eat it as a kid?

DEATH

No.

PROSTITUTE

No. I don't think so.

ROY

Yeah that's because we never had it here. But we did have the commercials.

DEATH

Yeah I remember. They were cartoon commercials with that cop and that guy who would always yell "cookie crisp."

ROY

That was such a slap in the face. I used to see those commercials every Saturday morning when I was a kid. I would beg my Mom to buy it when she went grocery shopping.

(MORE)

ROY (cont'd)

Of course she would always come home and say that the store didn't have it. I always thought she was lying to me and I would get so pissed off at her. It wasn't till years later I found out that we didn't have cookie crisp in Canada. I felt so bad when someone told me that.

PROSTITUTE

You know what? I remember getting pissed at my mom for the same thing when I was a kid.

ROY

The people at Cookie Crisp owe a big apology to Canadian mothers.

PROSTITUTE

That's right they do.

DEATH

Well it wasn't a problem for my mother cause I liked Frosted Flakes.

PROSTITUTE

I loved Trix.

ROY

See that's why you grew up to be a prostitute.

DEATH

Man shut the fuck up!

ROY

Sorry I couldn't pass that one up. It's like God handed that one to me.

PROSTITUTE

I think it's already been established that I can take a joke. It's all good in the hizouse. I'm comfortable with who I am just as you guys are.

DEATH

What do you mean as we are?

ROY

It's all good in the hizouse?

PROSTITUTE

You guys don't lead such normal
lives yourselves.

DEATH

What do you mean?

PROSTITUTE

You walk around dressed like the
Grim Reaper and he dresses up like
Elvis.

ROY

Elvis? Nuh huh honey I'm Roy
Orbison.

PROSTITUTE

Sorry, you think your Roy Orbison.

ROY

I am Roy Orbison.

PROSTITUTE

He's dead.

DEATH

No he isn't. Trust me I would know.

ROY

I'm still alive baby and I still
got it. [Singing] Pretty Woman
walking down the street. Pretty
woman the kind I'd like to meet.

PROSTITUTE

He's joking right? You don't
actually think you're Death do you?

DEATH

You don't actually think you're a
prostitute do you?

PROSTITUTE

You know what? I have to get
going. I'm way to tired to have
this discussion.

DEATH

Okay.

Death stands up.

PROSTITUTE
No don't worry I'll let myself out.

DEATH
Sure.

ROY
I'll see you Friday?

PROSTITUTE
Um, Yeah. Bye.

Prostitute exits the scene.

DEATH
Wow. What a small world huh?

ROY
No shit. No shit.

DEATH
Kind awkward huh?

ROY
What that last bit of conversation?
I know, fuck her man.

DEATH
No not that, the other thing.

ROY
What other thing?

DEATH
We share the same, well you know.

ROY
Awkward? No not really, we both
just have good taste in whores.

DEATH
So I guess one of us should stop
seeing her.

ROY
No why?

DEATH
Isn't it a little weird that we
both, well you know?

ROY

Doesn't bother me. I was gonna ask you if you wanted to tag team her on Friday night. Maybe we'll get a discount.

DEATH

No I couldn't do that.

ROY

Cool, I understand. It's a place some men fear to go.

DEATH

I'm gonna stop seeing her.

ROY

Why?

DEATH

It's too weird for me.

ROY

What's the big deal? We both go to the same dentist.

DEATH

That's not the same.

ROY

Sure it is. We each leave some our bodily fluids there too. No difference. Bat Man doesn't have a problem with it.

DEATH

Bat Man doesn't go to Dr. Rosebaum.

ROY

I wasn't talking about him getting checked for cavities. I was talking about him filling cavities.

DEATH

What? Him too?

ROY

Yeah, I gave him her number.

DEATH

This is unbelievable. How come you never told me about her?

ROY

To be honest with you up until tonight I always thought you were gay.

DEATH

Well this just keeps getting better. I'm not gay man.

ROY

Now I know for sure your not. I just thought you were. It doesn't make a difference to me though.

DEATH

I gotta take a shower.

ROY

That's not an invite is it?

DEATH

Fuck off.

Death exits the scene.

ROY

Hey man! Where you going? We gotta pick a movie. Do you have a newspaper?

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

We see a cat on top a dumpster staring at a Beautiful lady walking down the alley. The lady is holding grocery bags and has a mandolin strapped to her back. The cat jumps at her feet and startles her.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Oh shit!

She looks around and then smiles and keeps walking. A mugger wearing ARMY fatigues enters the alley and walks up to her.

MUGGER

Hey beautiful, got something for me?

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Leave me alone. Get out of my way creep.

She after he blocks her path for a bit he lets her by but pulls on her hair and pulls her back.

MUGGER

I asked you a question whore!

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Let go of my hair asshole!

She takes off her purse and hands it to him.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Just take it!

The Mugger rips the purse out of her hand.

MUGGER

The violin too!

BEAUTIFUL LADY

First of all it's a mandolin.
Secondly no, It's a family
heirloom. You'll have to kill me.

MUGGER

So be it.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

No please, no!

The Mugger pulls out a knife and the lady hands him the mandolin. Bat Man enters the alley.

BAT MAN

Hey turd eater! The Mugger turns
around.

MUGGER

Get out of here before you get hurt
too.

BAT MAN

I seriously doubt that.

MUGGER

This ain't none of your business.
Now scram!

BAT MAN

Give the lady her violin.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

It's a mandolin!

MUGGER

Fuck off.

The Mugger begins to run away and Bat Man pulls out a sling shot. He quickly fires off a marble hitting the escaping Mugger in the buttocks throwing him off balance and sending him crashing head first into the side of a dumpster.

MUGGER

My fucking ass. My fucking head.
Owe!

Bat Man then begins slowly jogging over to the Mugger. He stops, catches his breath for a second and then continues to jog over to the Mugger. The Mugger then gets back on his feet and lunges at Bat Man with a knife. Bat Man evades the knife and knocks the Mugger out with an open hand slap. When the Mugger is passed out on the ground Bat Man drags and cuffs him to a pipe sticking out of the wall.

BAT MAN

Are you okay?

BEAUTIFUL LADY

I'm fine. Thank you so much.

BAT MAN

No problem.

Bat Man walks over to the lady, put's out his hand and the lady shakes hands with Bat Man.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

What's your name?

Bat Man begins picking up her grocery bags.

BAT MAN

Bat Man.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Batman?

BAT MAN

No, Bat Man. Two words. Bat Man
hands her her bags.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Well I don't know what to say.
Thank you so much. I owe you one
Bat Man.

BAT MAN

You hungry?

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Not really. I mean, I just had quite a scare.

BAT MAN

Well how about you let me take you out for dinner some time besides right now?

BEAUTIFUL LADY

You don't waste any time do you?

BAT MAN

Never.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Well I do owe you one but it'll have to be something besides a date.

BAT MAN

I see. You have a man.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

No actually I have a lady.

BAT MAN

Oh I see. You're a dyke! Well if you ask me that's just a complete waste.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Okay, considering you may have just saved my life I'll let that go.

BAT MAN

I'm just trying to pay you a compliment. You're very beautiful.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Uhm, thank you?

BAT MAN

You're very welcome.

BEAUTIFUL LADY

Good, Well nice meeting you Bat Man. I have to go now. Thanks so much.

The Beautiful Lady then walks off into the distance as Bat Man just stares.

BAT MAN
Carpet muncher.

Bat Man turns around and walks over to the Mugger.

BAT MAN
She's gone.

The Mugger opens his eyes.

MUGGER
Did you get her number?

BAT MAN
No, she's a lesbo man.

Bat Man frees the mugger from the handcuffs.

MUGGER
What a fucking waste!

BAT MAN
I know, I can usually tell too.

MUGGER
Fuck it, we'll try again tomorrow.
You got a smoke?

BAT MAN
Dude I only got two left.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY

Death and Roy are standing in a movie theater lobby waiting on Bat Man. The lobby is full of loud teenagers.

DEATH
This guy is always fashionably
late.

ROY
Maybe he got caught up chasing a
mugger or something.

DEATH
Has he ever even stopped a crime?

ROY
Don't start that.

DEATH
Don't start what?

ROY

Questioning your friends. I don't
wanna hear it. We don't question
you.

A teenage girl wearing a cowboy hat walks by.

ROY

Hey where's you're horse?

TEENAGE GIRL

What?

ROY

Where's your horse?

TEENAGE GIRL

What do you mean where's my horse?

ROY

I like your hat.

TEENAGE GIRL

Oh I get it. Yeah that's real
funny. It's nice to see you have
time to make up jokes with such a
busy pie eating contest schedule.

ROY

You know, I wasn't trying to be
rude. I really like your hat. I'm
sure there's lots of room in there
to hide your dildo too.

TEENAGE GIRL

Whatever weirdo. Teenage girl walks
away.

DEATH

What the fuck is the matter with
you?

ROY

What?

DEATH

She's like seventeen or eighteen at
the most. You shouldn't be saying
things like that to a girl that
age.

ROY

Hey man when I was seventeen I said things ten times worse to girls.

DEATH

Yeah but you're not seventeen anymore. She is and you're an adult.

ROY

Fuck that man, she's a little slut. She deserved it.

DEATH

You're a moron.

ROY

I wasn't even trying to be rude in the first place. I really liked her hat. I guess the cowgirl thing is in now. I like it.

DEATH

You know just cause you saw one stupid girl wearing a cowboy hat doesn't mean it's in.

ROY

Well it should be. It's cool.

DEATH

I think it's stupid.

ROY

You have no sense of fashion man.

DEATH

Me?

ROY

Yeah you. Always wearing that black robe.

DEATH

I'm Death.

ROY

So what, Just because you're Death doesn't mean you can't accessorize a bit.

DEATH

Yeah okay. Tomorrow I'll go pick up a fedora with a feather in it and some bling.

ROY

See what I mean. No sense of fashion. The pimp look has been out for so long.

DEATH

Maybe I'll revive it okay. Where is this guy already?

ROY

Relax man. He'll come eventually.

DEATH

What are we gonna see?

ROY

Don't rush man. We'll all decide when he gets here.

DEATH

I don't wanna see any action flicks okay.

ROY

Why not?

DEATH

I hate action flicks.

ROY

What about horror flicks? Is a horror flick alright?

DEATH

I hate those too. They're just like action flicks. Over exaggerated to the point where it becomes annoying.

DEATH

How can you hate horror flicks?

DEATH

I just told you why.

ROY

No I mean how can 'you' hate horror flicks?

DEATH

I just do.

ROY

Okay. There he is. Bat Man enters the scene.

BAT MAN

What's up homies?

DEATH

You're late.

BAT MAN

Sorry, I had to take a serious crap.

ROY

That's as good of an excuse as any.

BAT MAN

You should have seen this log man.

DEATH

How many flushes?

BAT MAN

Three bitch!

ROY

Shit!

Teenage girl walks by.

BAT MAN

Hey where's your horse?

TEENAGE GIRL

Fuck off weirdo.

BAT MAN

Okay.

DEATH

So what are we going to see?

BAT MAN

Um, how about Canadian Samurai 3? I saw the trailer for it online today. It looks pretty cool. "You dishonor my family, eh?"

DEATH

I'm not really in the mood for action.

BAT MAN

No shit. From what Roy told me on the phone you had enough action today.

DEATH

You told him?

ROY

What's the big deal man?

BAT MAN

Yeah what's the big deal?

ROY

He thinks it's weird that all three of us share the same prostitute.

BAT MAN

Weird? Shit I was going to suggest all three of us get together one night for a group rate.

DEATH

Can we just choose a movie?

Theater Manager enters scene

THEATRE MANAGER

Excuse me sir.

DEATH

Yes.

THEATRE MANAGER

I'm sorry but you can't come in here with that.

DEATH

With what?

THEATRE MANAGER

That gardening tool thing.

ROY

What, his sickle?

THEATRE MANAGER

Yes.

DEATH

Why not?

THEATRE MANAGER

It's a weapon sir.

DEATH

A weapon? Are you kidding me?

THEATRE MANAGER

No I'm not effing kidding you. I have to ask you to please leave sir.

DEATH

That's bullshit.

BAT MAN

Let's just go put it in my car and come back.

THEATRE MANAGER

Please do that. I'm sorry for any inconvenience.

DEATH

This is a weapon? That's something new. I guess to you just anything could be considered a weapon then huh?

THEATRE MANAGER

No not just anything, but a long sharp blade on the end of a stick yes. Now if you don't go put it away I'll be forced to contact the authorities.

ROY

He's right man. Let's just go put it in his car.

BAT MAN

The guy's just doing his job.

DEATH

This is so stupid.

THEATRE MANAGER

I'm sorry but it's the rules. Now could you please go put it away?

DEATH

Okay. This is against everything I stand for, but okay I'll put it away.

THEATRE MANAGER

Thank you.

INT - MOVIE THEATRE

On the screen there is a Man dressed up like a fisherman, Kind of like Captain Highliner. He's reaching for some back bacon that is sitting on a table. All of a sudden a Katana chops one of his fingers off. Blood is gushing everywhere and the fisherman drops to the floor screaming in pain. Then we see The Canadian Samurai. He's dressed like a Samurai only he's wearing a Winnipeg Jets toque.

CANADIAN SAMURAI

That's my back bacon eh.

FISHERMAN

You bastard! You're the one who drank all my Molson Golden eh!

The fisherman drops to the floor and passes out from a loss of blood.

CANADIAN SAMURAI

Molson Golden? Something is rotten in Nova Scotia eh!

A man is laughing in a dark corner of the room and then speaks out of the darkness.

CANADIAN SAMURAI

Who's there eh? Show you're face coward!

The man walks out of the darkness and into the light. It's Brian Malroney and he has a gun.

CANADIAN SAMURAI

Brian Malroney? I should have figured. Only a coward like you would do such things eh.

BRIAN MALRONEY

That's right I'm the one who took this fools Molson Golden.

CANADIAN SAMURAI

Why eh?

BRIAN MALRONEY
I wanted to share it with my
American friends.

CANADIAN SAMURAI
You're a bastard eh.

Brian Malroney then cocks his gun and points it at the
Canadian Samurai.

BRIAN MALRONEY
And you my friend are a dead man.

Canadian Samurai then throws a Ninja star at Brian Mulroney.
It gets him in the heart and he drops to the ground.

CANADIAN SAMURAI
He shoots, he scores.

BRIAN MALRONEY
A ninja star? You killed me with a
ninja star? What the shit is that
eh? Samurai's don't carry ninja
stars. What the shit is that?

CANADIAN SAMURAI
It's harsh shit eh. A treasonous
pig like you doesn't deserve to die
by the sword of a Samurai eh.

A lady runs into the scene.

LADY
Oh Canadian Samurai thank God your
still alive.

CANADIAN SAMURAI
I would never let anything get
between us eh.

LADY
I love you Canadian Samurai.

CANADIAN SAMURAI
Whatever bitch, lets' go we still
got time to catch the third period
of the Jets game eh.

LADY
No wait, there's something I have
to tell you.

CANADIAN SAMURAI
Hurry up and spill it eh.

LADY
Well, while you were frozen in that
glacier all those years . . . I
don't know how to tell you this.

CANADIAN SAMURAI
Come on already! I gotta take a
leak eh!

LADY
Winnipeg doesn't have an NHL team
anymore.

Canadian Samurai draws his sword

LADY
Oh my.

CANADIAN SAMURAI
Not if I have anything to say about
it eh.

The words "To be continued" appear on the screen followed by music and film credits.

As the camera pulls away from the movie screen we hear giggling. When then see that Death is asleep in his seat. Bat Man is applying lipstick to Deaths face and Roy is applying blush to his cheeks.

When they are done they give return the make-up to the lady sitting behind them.

BAT MAN
Thanks.

LADY
That's hilarious. You guys
are evil.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Death, Roy and Bat Man are walking to the car. The parking lot is pretty much empty except for a few drunk teens chasing each other around. Death does not know he has makeup applied to his face. Bat Man picks up an orange construction pylon.

BAT MAN

You Dishonor my family eh. Now you die.

Roy picks up an orange construction pylon.

ROY

I'll see you in hell.

Roy and Bat Man begin sword fighting with the pylons and making Samurai combat sounds.

DEATH

Will you fucking retards stop it already?

Bat Man knocks the pylon out of Roy's hand and Roy drops down to his knees.

BAT MAN

Now you must do the only honorable thing.

Bat Man pulls out a movie program from his pocket, rolls it up to pretend it's a knife, hands it to Roy and Roy takes it.

ROY

Before I take this knife into my gut I have but one demand.

BAT MAN

Anything. I must obey your dying wishes eh!

ROY

Good. Tell your mom she was great last night.

Roy then stabs himself in the gut with the movie program and pretends to die.

DEATH

You guys are fags.

BAT MAN

We're fags, have you looked in the mirror lately?

DEATH

What is that supposed to mean? Do I look gay or something? Is that what you're trying to say? Roy and Bat Man both giggle.

BAT MAN
It means what it means.

ROY
Man I'm hungry.

BAT MAN
How can you be hungry? You just
ate two boxes of Raisinette's.

ROY
Raisinette's aren't food man.

BAT MAN
What are they then?

ROY
Raisinette's, fuck face.

DEATH
Man shut the fuck up about
Raisinette's okay?

ROY
What you got a problem with
Raisinette's now?

DEATH
No I don't have a problem with
Raisinette's. I have a problem with
people who interrupt other people's
conversations. If you don't mind,
me and The Dark Knight over here
were talking about something.

BAT MAN
Did he just call me Dark Knight?

ROY
I believe he did.

BAT MAN
I'm going to let that one go. Dude
just look in the mirror. End of
story.

ROY
Yeah you should look in the mirror
man.

DEATH
I'm not a fag okay. I know you guys
thought I was but I'm not.

BAT MAN

I have a mirror in my car. Come on.

DEATH

Fuck you guys okay! Fuck you! I don't need to look in the mirror. I know exactly who the fuck I am.

ROY

He isn't getting it man. We know you're not gay. You should just look in the mirror.

BAT MAN

Now we know for sure. Hey so are you guys up for the group thing Friday night?

ROY

I'm up for it.

DEATH

Shut up about that okay.

ROY

What is your problem tonight man?

BAT MAN

Wait up. Hold on a second here. You like her don't you?

DEATH

Fuck off.

Roy jumps up from the ground.

ROY

Holy shit! You know what? He does. I can't believe I didn't see that.

BAT MAN

Man it's scary thing seeing a fat man jump up from the ground real fast.

ROY

Shut up

BAT MAN

She's a dirty hooker man.

DEATH

I don't like her.

ROY
Bullshit! You do. Why else would
you ask her to stay for dinner?

DEATH
It wasn't dinner it was just pizza.

ROY
No it was dinner.

DEATH
It was just pizza.

ROY
Pizza isn't pizza man. Pizza is
food. Pizza is a meal. Sitting down
at a table and eating pizza in the
late afternoon is dinner man.

DEATH
Maybe I should have given her some
fucking Raisinette's instead. Would
that have been okay?

ROY
You guys watched a movie too.

BAT MAN
A movie too? That's a date man.
Sorry.

DEATH
I was gonna watch the movie with or
without her okay. I asked her if
she wanted to stay and she said
yes.

ROY
It was a date.

DEATH
How could it have been a date? You
were there too. You ate too.

ROY
Yeah but I didn't watch the movie
with you guys.

BAT MAN
He didn't give you a blow job
either. At least I hope not.

DEATH

You guys are so stupid. I'm so sick of all this.

BAT MAN

Alright we'll just drop the whole conversation because you can't explain yourself.

DEATH

I can perfectly explain myself. It's you two I'm sick of. It's always like an episode of Seinfeld when you two are around.

BAT MAN

Seinfeld?

ROY

He said Seinfeld.

DEATH

Yeah I said Seinfeld.

BAT MAN

You know what I let the Dark Knight comment pass but Seinfeld is gonna be a tough one to let go. You know what Roy?

ROY

What?

BAT MAN

This is getting out of hand. I think our buddy here really should just shut the fuck up and look in the mirror.

DEATH

Fuck you guys.

Death then turns his back on Roy and Bat Man and begins walking away.

BAT MAN

Do you believe this guy?

ROY

Where are you going man? Come back, we were only joking around.

BAT MAN
Let him go man.

ROY
We can't let him walk around like
that.

BAT MAN
Seinfeld.

ROY
Yeah, let him go.

BAT MAN
I knew you'd see it my way.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Death is walking down the street at night.

There is a man on the sidewalk playing the flute. As death is walking by the flutist a homeless man sitting down on the sidewalk across the street wakes up his wife.

HOMELESS WOMAN
What is it? What?

The homeless man points across the street at Death.

HOMELESS MAN
Look at that.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Look at what?

HOMELESS MAN
Over there across the street.

HOMELESS WOMAN
What about him?

HOMELESS MAN
Isn't that so surreal?

HOMELESS WOMAN
It's just some cross dressing
weirdo.

HOMELESS MAN
I know that, it's just the way he's
walking by that guy playing the
flute and stuff.

HOMELESS WOMAN
You woke me up for that?

HOMELESS MAN
Yeah.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Do you even know what surreal means?

HOMELESS MAN
I think so. Doesn't it mean dreamlike or something?

HOMELESS WOMAN
Funny cause I was just in the middle of a beautiful dream where I was at one of those fancy Masquerades. People were wearing these beautiful masks and costumes. I was dancing with a count and he was whispering the most beautiful things any man had ever said to me. You woke me up from that to show me some fag walking by another fag playing the flute. Thanks so much. I'm going back to sleep now. Wake me when the soup kitchen opens.

HOMELESS MAN
I love you baby.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Love doesn't fill my empty stomach.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Death is walking down the street and he suddenly stops in front of his apartment building when he realizes he forgot his sickle in Bat Man's car.

DEATH
Dammit! My sickle.

Death then takes his cigarettes out of his pocket and as he is lighting up a cigarette a black Mercedes Benz stops beside him.

The guy driving the car rolls down his window.

GUY IN MERCEDES
Hi.

Death looks at the guy with a confused stare.

DEATH

Hello.

Death keeps continues walking as the guy in the car slowly drives beside him.

GUY IN MERCEDES

Nice night huh?

DEATH

Buddy can I help you with something?

GUY IN MERCEDES

Sorry, I'm not exactly sure how this works. This is my first time doing this and all. I'm new to the whole scene.

DEATH

What scene? What the fuck are you talking about? Are you looking for directions or something?

GUY IN MERCEDES

Directions ha! That's cute. I'm sorry maybe I started off on the wrong foot. It's kind of cold out. Would you like to get in the car?

DEATH

Get the fuck out of here!

GUY IN MERCEDES

What the hell is your problem man? I'm just wanna give you some business. What is it, the way I look? Am I not handsome enough for? Do I look dangerous? I assure you I'm very gentle.

DEATH

You think I'm a male prostitute?

GUY IN MERCEDES

Aren't you?

DEATH

What do you think asshole?

GUY IN MERCEDES

Now you're confusing me. Your out standing on a street corner in the middle of the night looking like that . . .

DEATH

Looking like what? I'm not a prostitute buddy. So just get the fuck out of here okay. Guy waves a wad of cash at Death.

GUY IN MERCEDES

Look I have money. I'm not a cop. I swear I'm not a cop.

DEATH

I am not a prostitute okay. Now get out of here you weirdo.

GUY IN MERCEDES

You dirty Whore!

The guy then drives away.

DEATH

What the fuck?

Death then takes a drag of his cigarette and as he pulls the cigarette away from his mouth he notices there is lipstick on the cigarette filter.

DEATH

Huh?

He then wipes his mouth with his hand and looks at his hand.

DEATH

Assholes.

Death then runs up his apartment building steps and unlocks the front door to go inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

We see death get out of the elevator and walk down the hallway. He looks up at the light bulb in the ceiling and then quietly grabs the blue recycling bin in front of Old Lady Patterson's door. He flips the blue box upside down and stands on it. He begins to unscrew the light bulb forgetting it's hot.

DEATH
Fucking shit.

He finishes unscrewing the light bulb, returns the blue box to it's original place and goes into his apartment.

INT. DEATHS BATHROOM

There is complete darkness and we hear Death fumbling around. A light switch flicks, the lights come on and we see that it's Death. He's in his bathroom. He tosses the old burnt out light bulb into the trash and looks at himself in the mirror over the sink.

DEATH
I'm gonna kill those bastards.

Death then turns the faucet on and splashes some water on his face. The makeup on his face is now all runny as he looks at himself in the mirror.

DEATH
I'm through with those two clowns.

INT. DEATHS BEDROOM - NIGHT

We hear mellow music in the background as Death is getting out of his robe and putting on his pajamas. After he is done changing he kneels down in front of his bed and silently prays. Once he is done praying he gets into bed and lays down.

DEATH
Damn it.

He gets back out of bed, walks over to the light switch and turns out the light.

INT. DEATHS BEDROOM - DAY

We see death asleep in his bed as an alarm clock that reads 2 P.M. goes off.

Death wakes up and presses the snooze button on the alarm clock.

He sits up in his bed, rubs his face and yawns.

The Telephone on his dresser rings and he gets out of bed to answer it.

DEATH

Hello.

BAT MAN

Hey douche-face you forgot your sickle in my car last night.

DEATH

I know I did.

BAT MAN

Should I come drop it off or are you still in a pissy mood?

DEATH

Yeah sure, come on by. Bring some Crisco too.

BAT MAN

Crisco?

DEATH

Yeah I'm gonna need to grease the sickle up. It'll make it easier when I stick it up your ass.

BAT MAN

Stop being such a dick man. We were only joking around. Death hangs up the phone.

DEATH

Prick.

Death then begins to get out of his pajamas when the phone rings again. Death reluctantly picks up the phone.

DEATH

Look I don't wanna talk to you okay! What do you think, you can just let me walk around looking like a whore without telling me and now I'm just supposed to forget about it?

VOICE

What?

DEATH

Who is this?

VOICE
It's your sister in law.

DEATH
Oh shit, Elena. I'm sorry.

ELENA
I don't even wanna know. How are you doing?

DEATH
Besides the whole whore thing I'm okay.

ELENA
I said I don't wanna know.

DEATH
Okay, how are you?

ELENA
Good. Good. Look I'm sure you're busy.

DEATH
No I'm not busy

ELENA
I'll keep it short anyway. Today's your dad's birthday.

DEATH
Yeah I know I haven't forgot.

ELENA
Good. Your brother told me to call and remind you that we're all going there for dinner tonight.

DEATH
Okay, sounds good. I'll be there.

ELENA
Did you want us to stop by and pick you up?

DEATH
Nah it's okay I'll manage.

ELENA
Good cause it's kind of out of the way. Just one thing though.

DEATH

Let me guess.

ELENA

We just don't wanna hear any arguments you know?

DEATH

It's who I am though. Why can't you guys understand that?

ELENA

I know, I kind of understand. It's just for the sake of family harmony. Also we don't want our kids to see you and your dad argue anymore. It's just bad for them to see that kind of stuff.

DEATH

I'm so tired of this shit.

ELENA

Please just don't.

DEATH

I gotta go. I'll see you tonight.

ELENA

Just don't.

DEATH

I gotta go, bye.

Death hangs up the phone.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

Death is coming out of his apartment and into the hallway. His landlord is standing under the empty light socket staring at it.

DEATH

Afternoon.

LANDLORD

Huh?

DEATH

What's going on?

LANDLORD
Somebody stole a light bulb.

DEATH
That was me. It was burnt out. I took it out last night and I wanted to change it but then I realized I had no more. I was gonna go buy some today.

LANDLORD
Who told you to touch it?

DEATH
Nobody. I was just trying to help.

LANDLORD
Why didn't you just call me?

DEATH
It's just a light bulb. No big deal.

LANDLORD
What you think I can't take care of my own place? Am I a bad landlord or something?

DEATH
No it's not that. I just didn't wanna bother you over something so insignificant.

LANDLORD
Well don't worry about it I'll change it.

DEATH
You're a good landlord.

LANDLORD
It make me happy to hear you say that. You know my parents back in the old country were simple farmers.

Music

DEATH
My Grandparents were too.

LANDLORD
They were very poor you see.

DEATH

How poor were they? Music Stops

LANDLORD

What kind of question is this?

DEATH

Sorry.

Music continues

LANDLORD

They were poor. That's all that matters. Anyway we used to live on a farm that was owned by this rich family. My parents would work all day like slaves. In return for their hard work they received a tiny share of the harvest and a roof to cover all of our heads. My father knew this was not a life he wanted for his children so instead of taking me out of school at a young age to help out with the farm work he forced me to get an education. Even though he needed my help he'd rather kill himself working so I could be a better man than him. One rainy day walking home from school my shoe broke. With my mother expecting another child we could not afford a new pair of shoes. That night my father went out into the woods and chopped down a small tree. With that tree he carved me a new shoe.

DEATH

That's a touching story.

LANDLORD

I'm not done.

DEATH

Sorry please continue.

LANDLORD

About a month later our landlord was passing through and saw that a tree had been chopped down. He was furious. When he had found out it was my father he had evicted my family from the farm.

(MORE)

LANDLORD (cont'd)

We were forced out onto the streets with no food, no money and a newborn baby. After that I was forced to leave school and find a job to help my dad support my family.

DEATH

That's horrible.

LANDLORD

You don't understand the story.

DEATH

Yes I do.

Music stops

LANDLORD

No you don't.

DEATH

What do you mean I don't understand?

LANDLORD

I know you took the light bulb. Please don't be scared to tell me the truth. I understand. Don't be ashamed.

DEATH

I just told you I took out the light bulb. It was burnt out. I was gonna replace it today.

LANDLORD

Your lies are like tiny daggers piercing my heart. I changed that same light bulb last week. It's impossible for it to have burned out already. I change the bulbs every month burnt out or not. Please don't fear me. Just tell the truth.

DEATH

I stole the light bulb. I'm sorry. I did really intend to replace it.

LANDLORD

Please no excuses. There's no need. I understand.

DEATH

I'm sorry.

LANDLORD

I forgive you.

DEATH

You really are a good landlord.

LANDLORD

Thank you. You have two months to pack your shit up and leave.

DEATH

What?

LANDLORD

You heard me.

DEATH

But that story you just told?

LANDLORD

I saw it in a movie.

DEATH

I don't believe this. You're kicking me out over a fucking light bulb?

LANDLORD

No it's not just the light bulb. I've been getting too many complaints about you from other tenants.

DEATH

You're a fucking bastard.

LANDLORD

I changed my mind, you have one month to leave. Have a nice day.

The Landlord then walks away from Death.

DEATH

At least tell me the name of the movie you prick.

Death opens his apartment door and walks back in.

INT. DEATHS LIVING ROOM

Death is sitting watching television. He is flipping thorough channels and can't find anything to watch. His telephone rings and he gets up to answer it.

DEATH

Hello.

ROY

Hey man.

DEATH

What do you want?

ROY

Sorry about last night man.

DEATH

You guys need to grow up man.
Enough with the stupid pranks.

ROY

I said I'm sorry man. We tried to tell you but you kept pissing and moaning.

DEATH

How the fuck did you guys try to tell me?

ROY

Shit we only told you to look in the mirror about 10 times.

DEATH

Fuck off.

ROY

Come on man. You know I'm your friend.

DEATH

What do you want anyway?

ROY

Nothing man. I just wanted to see what you're up to. What are you up to?

DEATH

Nothing, I'm just watching television.

ROY

What are you doing tonight?

DEATH

I have to go to my parent's place for dinner. It's my dad's birthday. After that I'm not doing anything I guess.

ROY

Wanna go out for a drink then?

DEATH

Yeah sure. I'll give you a call later on.

ROY

Cool. I'll call Bat Man and see if he wants to come too.

DEATH

Cool. Tell him to bring my sickle.

ROY

Will do, later.

Death hangs up the phone and walks away

INT. DEATHS BATHROOM

Death is looking into the mirror, smoking a cigarette and shaving his facial hair.

He sees the same spider that he had warned earlier crossing the wall and he punches the wall squishing the spider. He pulls his hand away from the wall revealing a stain from the squished spider.

DEATH

I told you but you didn't listen.
Now you're dead. And that's that.

Death takes some toilet paper, cleans the spider's remains from the wall and throws it in the toilet. Before his about to flush he attempts to give the spider a benediction.

DEATH

In il nome de il Padre, il Figlio e
Spi. . .

Telephone rings.

DEATH

God damn it!

Death runs out of the bathroom with shaving cream all over his face and into his living room to pick up the phone.

DEATH

Hello.

MOBSTER

Hello, is this Chad?

DEATH

No sorry you got the wrong number.

MOBSTER

This is 555-7909 isn't it?

DEATH

Yeah but there's nobody named Chad here.

MOBSTER

Bullshit.

DEATH

What?

MOBSTER

I said bullshit. I remember you're voice. I never forget a voice.

DEATH

My name isn't Chad. There's no Chad here.

MOBSTER

Do you even know who you're fucking with? You're protecting him. That's what you're doing right? What's your name?

DEATH

What's your name?

MOBSTER

Don't fuck with me Chad! You crossed a line. It was drawn in the sand and you crossed it. We live by our rules. You know that. Now you have to pay for what you've done. I'm gonna rip your spinal cord out and play it like a xylophone.

(MORE)

MOBSTER (cont'd)

*I'm gonna write music with your
spinal cord Chad. Then I'm gonna
play Bach's fucking 5th with a
hammer to your skull. Da da da da,
da da da da.*

Death takes the receiver of the phone and holds it against his chest as he debates on whether he should hang up. As he is doing this the Mobster on the other end is mouthing the notes to Beethoven's 5th. There's also shaving cream on the phone and it leaves a stain on his black robe. He then brakes from his pause and puts the receiver to his ear.

DEATH

Are you sure you have the right
area code?

MOBSTER

I'm not finished.

DEATH

Okay

The Mobster continues to mouth the rest of Beethoven's 5th but ends up failing to remember the rest of the notes.

DEATH

Are you done?

MOBSTER

*I forgot how the rest goes. What's
this about a code?*

DEATH

Area code, maybe you meant to dial

MOBSTER

Oh.

DEATH

Yeah.

MOBSTER

Then this is. . .

DEATH

MOBSTER

Oh fuck. I'm sorry man.

DEATH

It's alright, it happens. Only to me but it happens.

MOBSTER

Just forget this happened.

The Mobster hangs up.

DEATH

What the hell?

Death then hangs up the phone. He begins to walk away as it rings again.

DEATH

I can't believe this. Death picks up the phone.

DEATH

Hello?

MOBSTER

You don't have caller ID do you?

DEATH

MOBSTER

You're not gonna like tell the cops about this are you?

DEATH

Seeing as though I don't know who you are and I don't know who Chad is I see no reason to get involved. Plus I'm sure you're a member of some sort of organized crime family as is Chad and he has broken a rule. I understand. As far as I'm concerned this conversation never happened.

MOBSTER

Right on dude. Omerta. You're not a friend of ours are you?

DEATH

No I'm not but I am Italian and I do follow the code.

MOBSTER

Bravo. I'm glad you follow the code. I just hope you're not lying cause I have your number and I can find your address pretty easily.

DEATH

You need not worry about me. Though I would like to advise you to use star 67 next time you're decide to reach out and threaten someone.

MOBSTER

Star 67?

DEATH

Yeah you dial that number before you call someone and it blocks them from seeing your number.

MOBSTER

Even if they have caller ID?

DEATH

Yup.

MOBSTER

That's fucking beautiful.

DEATH

I guess.

MOBSTER

How much does it cost though?

DEATH

It's free.

MOBSTER

No way!

DEATH

Way!

MOBSTER

Well thank you sir. I'm sorry about that shit I said earlier. You're okay. It's funny how you can meet some of the most helpful people under such weird circumstances.

DEATH

Yeah, it's a gas.

MOBSTER

Well I'm gonna let you get back to whatever it was you were doing. Take it easy there champ. I owe you one. Listen, if you ever need anything just call me. You got my number.

DEATH

I'll keep that in mind. Take it easy.

MOBSTER

You too.

Death hangs up the phone and looks at the shaving cream stains on his robe.

DEATH

Shit.

INT - DEATH'S DADS LIVING ROOM

We see a dining room full of family members sitting listening to opera music coming from an old record player. Death's Dad picks up his grandson and begins twirling around the room to the music with him.

ELENA

Dad don't he just had his latte.

DEATH'S DAD

Ma so what?

ELENA

He's gonna puke all over the place.

CHILD

No I'm not.

DEATH'S DAD

See. He's fine.

GIACAMO

Dad just please put him down.

DEATH'S DAD

You guy's are too scary.

CHILD

Yay!!

The doorbell rings.

ZIO PEPPE

Menomale.

Zio Peppe slowly starts getting up from the couch holding his back in pain.

GIACAMO

Zio Peppe, don't get up. I'll get the door.

Zio Peppe sits back down.

ZIO PEPPE

Fa bene.

Giacamo walks over to the door and opens it.

EXT. DOORSTEP

Death is standing at the door step. For the first time in the film we see him dressed in normal attire and not the black robe. He is also holding a bottle of Henessy and a plastic gift bag.

DEATH

Hey, Giacamo.

GIACAMO

What's going on shit head?

We see Death's Dad twirling around with the child in the background. The child then throws up all over Death's Dad. Giacamo turn's around and sees this happen.

GIACAMO

Dammit dad, we told you not to do that.

DEATH'S DAD

Ma, how much milk do you feed this kid?

ELENA

I'm gonna go get his spare clothes out of the car.

Elena begins walking out the front door and stops beside death.

ELENA

Hey.

DEATH
Hey.

ELENA
You look good.

DEATH
Thanks.

Elena Walks away outside and Death walks into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

DEATH
Hey dad, happy birthday. I brought
you a little something. Death holds
the bottle out.

DEATH'S DAD
Can't you see I'm covered in shit
here!

DEATH
Sorry pa.

Death puts the bottle down on a coffee table. And then
crouches down to talk to his nephew.

DEATH
Hey what happend to you? Did you
have an accident all over Nonno?

CHILD
Yes. I think Nonno is mad.

DEATH
Don't worry about it. I got you
something. Here.

Death hands the child the gift bag and the child sits on the
floor too open it.

GIACAMO
What's that?

DEATH
It's just a DVD.

CHILD
I have this one.

The child hands the DVD back to Death and he takes it.

DEATH

Oh.

GIACAMO

Thanks anyway.

DEATH

No problem.

Death's sister Alessandra and her boyfriend Louis enter the house. Louis is black.

LOUIS

Knock knock everyone!

DEATH'S DAD

Yeah. Knock knock.

Louis walks over to Death's dad with his hand out. Death's dad pretends to sneeze in his hands as an excuse not to shake.

LOUIS

Wow that's a pretty nasty cold you got there.

DEATH'S DAD

Yeah.

DEATH

Hey Louis, how the hell are you?

LOUIS

Not bad.

DEATH

How's that Rap cd coming along?

LOUIS

It's actually Baroque. It's coming along fine.

DEATH

Cool.

LOUIS

You working?

DEATH

No.

ALESSANDRA

What else is new?

DEATH'S DAD

Anyway, I was doing some work for this Jew lady and I saw she had some brand new plywood resting against the wall.

ZIO PEPPE

Nouvo?

DEATH'S DAD

Si nouvo.

ZIO PEPPE

Ma gundo costa una nouvo pezza di plywood?

DEATH'S DAD

Minimo, venti cinque, trenta pezza?

Zio Peppe coughs

ZIO PEPPE

Son o ma gun. Allora que si fatto?

DEATH'S DAD

Anyway she saw me looking at the plywood and she comes over to me to complain about it. Some contractor was supposed to come pick it up and take it away, this and that but he never did.

DEATH

Fascinating.

DEATH'S DAD

So she asks me if I need it and I tell her "No for what? I don't really need it." Then she starts complaining again "oh that son of a bitch contractor, he promised to take it away, it's blocking my driveway." So then she starts begging me to take it away. Talking about how she's a single mother and she has no man to move it for her.

Zio Peppe coughs.

ZIO PEPPE

Single mother?

DEATH'S DAD

Si.

Zio Peppe coughs.

ZIO PEPPE

Fuckenna lesbian.

DEATH'S DAD

So long story short, I keep refusing and finally she offers me twenty bucks to take it away.

Zio Peppe coughs.

ZIO PEPPE

You son o ma bitch!

LOUIS

Did you take the plywood?

DEATH'S DAD

You better fucking believe it. You think I'm gonna say no to free plywood and twenty bucks on top? You're fucking crazy.

ZIO PEPPE

No, you no say no to an offer like that. You son o ma bitch bastard! Tu sei fortunata.

LOUIS

You son of a bitch!

There is silence at the table.

LOUIS

Sorry.

DEATH'S DAD

It's okay.

DEATH

So what's next? The story about the time you swindled the Greek guy out of a half bucket of paint?

Giacomo punches death in the shoulder.

GIACAMO

Shut up man!

DEATH'S DAD

You laugh, but you don't understand
the story.

DEATH

I'm pretty sure I understand. You
got twenty bucks and some free
plywood.

DEATH'S DAD

No! The point is that I was smarter
than her.

DEATH

I see. Yeah, okay. Death stands up.

DEATH

I'm gonna go have a smoke.

Death walks away from the table and out of the scene.

Zio Peppe is coughing.

ZIO PEPPE

Fuma una per me.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

We see the front door open and Death walk outside of the house. He sits on the front porch steps, pulls out his cigarettes from his jacket pocket and lights up a smoke. As he is sitting there smoking a cigarette we see the three guys in scene one walking past his house. They stop to taunt Death.

VITO

Well lookie what we have here.

CARLO

I like your makeup.

GUY 3

Looks real pretty.

DEATH

Don't you guys have a Stevie B
concert you should be at right now
or something?

CARLO
Is he in town?

DEATH
Moron.

RITCHIE
You better watch your mouth.

Death stands up.

DEATH
Or what, you're gonna beat me up
again?

RITCHIE
Maybe.

DEATH
You think I fucking care? Come do
it?

Guy two walks over to Death and stares him down.

RITCHIE
What you looking at faggot?

DEATH
You walked over here and started
looking at me. I think you're the
faggot.

CARLO
Uh oh, what's that smell?

VITO
What smell? What doe's it smell
like?

CARLO
It smells like the shit is about to
hit the fan.

Vito looks around.

CARLO
What shit? There isn't even a fan
out here? What are you talking
about?

RITCHIE
Shut up you dicks!

DEATH

Look if you're gonna hit me, hit me!

As Ritchie clenches his fist an old lady in a car pulls up and honks the horn.

VITO

Oh shit Ritchie it's your mom. Hi Mrs. Ronello

RITCHIE

Shit.

RITCHIE'S MOM

Ritchie what are you doing?

RITCHIE

I ain't doing nothing ma, Go home!

RITCHIE'S MOM

Ritchie, leave that nice man alone.

RITCHIE

Fuck you ma! Okay. Stay out of my business for once.

VITO

Dude don't talk to your mom like that.

RITCHIE'S MOM

Ritchie you get in this car right now! The three of you!

CARLO

Dude we better go.

Ritchie looks back at Death.

RITCHIE

This isn't over. Tonight, midnight, the same park where I kicked your ass the first time. Be there.

DEATH

I'll be there.

RITCHIE

Bring friends.

Ritchie then turns around and walks away. All three of them get in the car.

Ritchie's mom slaps him.

RITCHIE'S MOM
 Fuck me huh? Fuck you! You wait
 till your father hears about this.

RITCHIE
 I'm sorry ma.

The car then pulls away and Death is still standing there smoking his cigarette.

He looks off to the right and sees the Janet with her pet squirrel on a leash standing there.

DEATH
 What are you looking at?

JANET
 You're gonna get fucked up tonight.
 I'm gonna enjoy watching it too.

DEATH
 Get out of here with your stupid
 rat on a leash.

Janet then walks away dragging her squirrel.

EXT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Ritchie is walking out of his house as his mother is yelling at him.

RITCHIE'S MOM
 Ritchie, where you going?

RITCHIE
 Out ma! I'm going out. Basta!

RITCHIE'S MOM
 Make sure you're home before ten.

Ritchie lights up a cigarette.

RITCHIE
 Fucking cunt.

A 1987 Chevy Corsica pulls into his driveway.

RITCHIE
Who the fuck is this?

A man all dressed in black with an acoustic guitar strapped around him steps out of the passenger side of the car. This is Johnny.

He gently strums an A minor on his guitar.

JOHNNY
Are you Ritchie Cabuto?

RITCHIE
Maybe.

He gently strums a C major on his guitar.

JOHNNY
We've been looking for you.

RITCHIE
For what?

He gently strums a F major on his guitar.

JOHNNY
Fear not. We just wanna talk.

He heavily strums a E Major on his guitar.

RITCHIE
About what?

JOHNNY
What chord should I play next?

A man wearing a plastic beek and a shirt with pigeon feathers glue to it struggles to roll down the driver side window. This man is The Pigeon.

THE PIGEON
Try a three in a row. G, F, and E.

He plays G, F, and E.

THE PIGEON
About the little rendezvous you have planned for tonight. We want to help you.

RITCHIE

I'm not talking to you guys about anything until you tell me who the hell you are.

THE PIGEON

I'm The Pigeon. You may have heard of me?

RITCHIE

Doesn't ring a bell.

JOHNNY

I'm Johnny Cash.

RITCHIE

Sure.

THE PIGEON

Good, now that we're all acquainted, get in the car. Lets talk.

RITCHIE

Are you crazy? I'm not getting in that car.

The Pigeon pulls out a sling shot and a marble and aims it at Ritchie.

THE PIGEON

Just get in the car. We didn't come here to hurt you but if we have to we will.

Johnny strikes a D major on his guitar.

JOHNNY

Shit that didn't sound right.

RITCHIE

Okay take it easy man. I'm getting in the car. Just put that thing away.

Ritchie slowly gets into back seat of the car.

RITCHIE

Get out of here before my mom comes outside.

The Pigeon hits the gas and the car goes forward.

Johnny strums an F sharp and then an F major.

JOHNNY
Put it in reverse.

THE PIGEON
Will you put that guitar away?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Death, Bat Man and Roy are sitting drinking coffee.

Death has just finished explaining the events that are to take place that evening.

ROY
I'm there. I got your back homey.

DEATH
Cool. I knew I could count on you.

ROY
How about you?

BAT MAN
Does it have to be tonight?

DEATH
Sorry I don't think I can reschedule.

BAT MAN
It's just that...

ROY
What the fuck is it now huh?
Another bomb threat?

BAT MAN
They're showing Raging Bull on Bravo. I was planning on heading in early.

DEATH
Are you shitting me?

ROY
You're such a pussy!

BAT MAN

I'm not a pussy. It's just that I've never been able to see it from beginning to end. I've only seen it in bits and pieces.

ROY

Pussy.

BAT MAN

I've been looking forward to this all week.

DEATH

Dude, I have it on DVD. I'll lend it to you okay.

BAT MAN

You fucking liar. You told me you didn't have it on DVD!

DEATH

At the time it was out of print. I didn't want to lend it to anyone.

BAT MAN

Not even me?

ROY

I wouldn't have.

BAT MAN

Why not?

DEATH

First of all, you take forever to bring my movies back. Secondly you always get your greasy fingerprints all over the playing side.

ROY

Yeah, you should really learn how to properly handle a disc.

BAT MAN

That is so not true.

ROY

Dude you fucking scratched my Hard Core Logo. I had to send it out for resurfacing.

DEATH

Yeah and you got chocolate on my Special Edition The Good, The Bad and The Ugly.

BAT MAN

I can't believe what I'm hearing now. You know that. You think people are your friends and they tell you bullshit like this.

DEATH

Well it's the truth.

Johnny walks into the coffee shop carrying a shoe box. All three of them stare at him as he walks over to their table.

Johnny gently strums an A Minor on his guitar.

JOHNNY

Are you Bat Man?

BAT MAN

Who want's to know?

ROY

Yeah, who the fuck are you?

Johnny gently strums an E major on his guitar.

JOHNNY

I'm Johnny Cash.

ROY

Nice strumming.

Roy puts out his hand but Johnny doesn't shake it.

BAT MAN

I'm Bat Man.

Johnny throws the shoe box onto the table.

JOHNNY

Then this is for you.

Johnny walks away and exits the scene playing his guitar.

Bat Man opens the shoe box and inside is a dead pigeon.

DEATH

What is it?

BAT MAN
It's a dead pigeon.

ROY
That's fucking disgusting.

BAT MAN
There's a note.

DEATH
What does it say?

Bat Man pulls out the note, unfolds it and reads it.

BAT MAN
It says "Ricardo Park. Midnight."

ROY
It must be from The Pigeon!

BAT MAN
I guess so.

DEATH
That doesn't make any sense.

BAT MAN
Makes perfect sense to me.

DEATH
If he's called "The Pigeon" why
would he send someone a dead
pigeon? It's like you sending
someone a dead bat.

BAT MAN
He's just that evil.

DEATH
Well it's pretty damn stupid if you
ask me.

ROY
Yeah it is kind of dumb when you
think about it.

Bat Man clenches the dead pigeon in his hand.

BAT MAN
You guys don't understand okay!
This is his brother James. I killed
him. The Pigeon wants his revenge!
(MORE)

BAT MAN (cont'd)
If I go there tonight it's going to
be a fight to the death.

Bat Man throws the dead pigeon against the wall.

ROY
Why did you kill a harmless pigeon?

BAT MAN
I didn't say I was proud of it.

DEATH
Yeah okay, but why did you kill it?

BAT MAN
It's a long story.

DEATH
Well, we have a couple of hours to
kill anyway.

BAT MAN
I don't wanna talk about it.

ROY
Dude just get it off you're chest.
You can tell us. Don't worry.

BAT MAN
No!

Bat Man get's up and runs out of the coffee shop.

DEATH
Hey come back! You didn't pay for
your coffee and pie!

ROY
What a fucking reject that guy is.

DEATH
I guess it's just me and you then.

ROY
I guess.

DEATH
Unless you want to go home and
watch Raging Bull too.

ROY
Nah dude, I hate Scorsese flicks.

DEATH

Really?

ROY

Yeah. He's overrated.

DEATH

Yeah, I can kind of see that. I guess.

The waitress walks over to them and sees the dead pigeon on the floor.

WAITRESS

What the hell is this?

INT/EXT. ROOFTOP PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

The Pigeon is feeding his pigeons.

Johnny walks into the coop.

THE PIGEON

Did you bring our little nocturnal friend his gift?

JOHNNY

I did.

THE PIGEON

How did he respond?

JOHNNY

I don't know.

THE PIGEON

What do you mean you don't know?

JOHNNY

I didn't know I was supposed to get a response from him.

THE PIGEON

Well it was an invitation. I was expecting a reply.

JOHNNY

Hey man you just told me to deliver the damn thing. You didn't tell me to make sure if he was coming or not. I didn't even know what was in the box.

THE PIGEON

It was a dead pigeon with a note attached to it. The note said "Ricardo Park, Midnight."

JOHNNY

I assumed I wasn't supposed to know what was inside.

THE PIGEON

You weren't in the least bit curious?

JOHNNY

No but now that I know there was a dead pigeon in there I'm pretty damn glad I wasn't curious.

THE PIGEON

Well this is just fucked up!

JOHNNY

Hey man, next time be more clear with your instructions. What the hell were you doing sending him a dead pigeon anyway? You're "The Pigeon." That's just odd man.

THE PIGEON

I'll have you know that dead pigeon was my brother James. Sweet James. That bastard killed him.

JOHNNY

Your brother James?

THE PIGEON

Yes my brother.

JOHNNY

How could your brother be a pigeon?

THE PIGEON

These are all my brothers. Each and everyone of them.

JOHNNY

Oh I see. I'm sorry to hear about your brother man. My condolence's.

THE PIGEON

Thank you.

JOHNNY

I still don't think this is such a big deal though. I'm pretty sure he's gonna show. Just be there. Even if he doesn't try and reschedule for another time.

THE PIGEON

You don't understand. They're showing Raging Bull tonight on television. If he said he wasn't going to show I was going to stay home and watch it. Now if I go there and he doesn't show I'll miss at least the first half-hour of it.

JOHNNY

Just set the timer on your VCR.

THE PIGEON

VCR? I wouldn't dare touch let alone own such primitive a device.

JOHNNY

People still use VCR's.

THE PIGEON

Oh yeah, and people still churn their own butter too.

JOHNNY

Well I still use my VCR and if you want I can tape it for you tonight.

THE PIGEON

Oh great, thank you. What the fuck will I play the cassette on?

JOHNNY

You can borrow my VCR.

THE PIGEON

Listen you Hillbilly, have you not been to my apartment? Have you not seen my state of the art home theater? What makes you think someone like me who is accustomed to perfect high definition picture quality, would want to watch a film recorded off of television with a piece of shit VHS tape recorder?

JOHNNY

I'm only trying to help okay!

THE PIGEON

You call that helping me?

JOHNNY

You know what? Fuck you, you're on your own tonight. I'm gonna go hang with some people who appreciate my generosity. I'm going to get me a hooker.

THE PIGEON

Good, go! Get out of hear you fucking hick! Amish country is across the boarder in Pennsylvania.

Johnny walks out the pigeon coop door.

THE PIGEON

Moron. Shit.

The Pigeon reaches for his cellular phone and decides to call Bat Man.

THE PIGEON

Yes hello, is this Bat Man?

BAT MAN

Whose calling?

THE PIGEON

This is The Pigeon.

BAT MAN

The Pigeon?

THE PIGEON

Yeah it's me.

BAT MAN

Where the hell did you get my number?

THE PIGEON

Funny thing actually, I got your number from your business card.

BAT MAN

My business card?

THE PIGEON
Yeah you left it under my
windshield wiper.

BAT MAN
Where?

THE PIGEON
Outside the Furry Beaver Saloon.

BAT MAN
Oh.

THE PIGEON
Pretty odd huh?

BAT MAN
So what do you want?

THE PIGEON
Did you get the package I sent you?

BAT MAN
Yes.

THE PIGEON
Great, so you'll be there at
midnight?

BAT MAN
*I don't know. It was kind of short
notice. '*

THE PIGEON
Yeah sorry about that.

BAT MAN
*Yeah I was planning to stay in
tonight. They're showing Raging
Bull on tv.*

THE PIGEON
That's so fucking odd because
that's the reason I'm calling. I
wanted to know if you were gonna
show or not, because if you weren't
I was gonna stay home and watch
Raging Bull too.

BAT MAN
*Really? Well enjoy the movie cause
I'm not gonna show.*

THE PIGEON

Okay, good.

BAT MAN

Great.

THE PIGEON

So did you want to reschedule for another night then?

BAT MAN

You know what? Look, I'm really sorry about what I did to your brother. I honestly wish the whole thing never happened. I understand your desire to fight me. I'd be pretty damn pissed too. But to be honest with you I'd much rather trade my apology for your forgiveness than trade blows with each other. I humbly and wholeheartedly apologize.

The Pigeon is crying.

THE PIGEON

You've spoken with such compassion that I can no longer hold this grudge. Consider it all water under the bridge my friend. I forgive you.

BAT MAN

Really?

THE PIGEON

But on one condition.

BAT MAN

Anything.

THE PIGEON

You must come over to my place and we must both sit and watch Raging Bull on my state of the art high definition and surround sound home theatre together. Just as brothers would do.

Bat Man is now crying too.

BAT MAN

*This invitation you have just given
me, I cannot refuse, brother.*

Both of them are now crying together.

Music fills the scene as the to accompany their crying.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Death and Roy are sitting on a curb pigging out on candy bars and slushies.

DEATH

This was a good idea.

ROY

We're gonna need the energy if just
the two of us are going be taking
on all those guys.

DEATH

Yeah we're gonna need the energy.

ROY

We're like ancient warriors
feasting before going into battle.
Just like Dougie Gilmour used to
eat steak and potatoes before each
93' playoff game. Or was it pasta
and steak? I can't remember if it
was pasta or potatoes. He sure as
hell ate steak though.

DEATH

It doesn't matter. I understand
what your'e saying.

ROY

Cool.

DEATH

Actually, this is interesting, I
remember reading once that Attila
The Hun's men used to smoke hash
before going into battle.

ROY

Really?

DEATH

Yeah, I'm pretty sure it was Attila
The Hun. Supposedly it made them
fearless.

ROY

Well I ain't afraid. I don't need
to smoke any hash to make me
fearless.

DEATH

Oh, neither do I. Though it would
be nice to score some really good
hash for once though.

ROY

Good luck with that. Pass me the
Raisinette's.

DEATH

No.

ROY

What do you mean no?

DEATH

Dude you ate your pack. This one is
mine. Have some Sour Balls.

ROY

I don't like Sour Balls.

DEATH

Then have a Beef Patty.

ROY

I need sugar, not beef. Just give
me a handful.

DEATH

No.

ROY

Come on man, just a handful.

DEATH

My handful or your handful?

ROY

My handful.

DEATH

Dude I can fit two packs in your hand. I'll give you a handful of my hand.

ROY

Whatever man, just give me some.

Death gives Roy a handful of Raisinette's. Roy takes them and shoves them all in his mouth at once and gags on them for a second.

DEATH

Dude, slow down. You're gonna choke yourself.

ROY

What?

DEATH

You just shoved a whole handful of Raisinette's in your mouth.

ROY

You've got small hands.

INT/EXT. ROOFTOP PIGEON COOP - NIGHT

Ritchie, Vito, and Carlo walk into The Pigeon's pigeon coop.

VITO

Hello, anybody here?

RITCHIE

Where the hell is this guy.

Carlo pokes his finger at a pigeon through a hole in a cage.

CARLO

Suck a dick, bird. Ha ha!

Vito finds a note half covered in Pigeon poop.

VITO

Hey there's a note here!

RITCHIE

Let me see that.

Ritchie grabs the note from Vito, realizes it's covered in poop, wipes his hand on Vito's jacket and then reads the note.

RITCHIE
Fights off. Raging Bull is on.

CARLO
What does this mean?

RITCHIE
What are you stupid? It means the pigeon is pussying out. He ain't gonna show. I fucking knew it man!

VITO
Raging Bull is on tonight?

RITCHIE
Yeah, that too.

VITO
Will if the Pigeon ain't showing
I'm gonna go home and watch Raging
Bull too.

CARLO
Can I come too?

VITO
Sure.

RITCHIE
Shut up! The both of you's ain't going nowhere. You're coming with me to fight this clown.

VITO
Why do you need us? It's only one guy.

RITCHIE
Cause he's bringing his friends too.

CARLO
Why's he bringing friends?

RITCHIE
Cause I told him to.

VITO
What did his friends do to you?

RITCHIE

Nothing.

CARLO

Wait, explain this to me again. I'm having trouble here.

VITO

Yeah me too.

RITCHIE

You know what? I don't need you two fags. Go, go home and watch your Raging Bull. Go!

CARLO

Alright.

VITO

Alright, we'll call you tomorrow.

CARLO

Take it easy.

Vito and Carlo leave Ritchie behind.

RITCHIE

Morons.

Ritchie reaches under his coat and pulls out a revolver.

RITCHIE

Lucky I brought this with me.

Ritchie's cellular phone rings and he answers it.

RITCHIE

Allo.

RITCHIE'S MOM

Ritchie where are you? It's almost midnight! Are you doing drugs?

RITCHIE

I'm out ma okay! Leave me alone.

RITCHIE'S MOM

Ritchie don't talk to me like that. I'm gonna tell your father!

RITCHIE

Go ahead and tell pa, I don't care!

Ritchie hands up his cellular phone.

RITCHIE
They just don't understand, I'm
doing this for them.

EXT. PARK CORNER - NIGHT

There is a thick fog covering the park.

The Mobster in is digging a whole in the ground while listening and humming along to classical music that is playing on his headset.

Beside the Mobster there is a full garbage bag.

ANGLE ON GARBAGE BAG.

On the garbage bag there is a name tag sticker that reads:
Hello, my name is CHAD.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK PATHWAY - NIGHT

Death and Roy are standing together in the park pathway.

DEATH
Do you see anybody coming?

ROY
No. I can't see shit with this fog.

DEATH
Great. I don't like this one bit.
These guys can come at us from any
direction.

ROY
Yeah plus my stomach is killing me.
I gotta take a shit so bad.

DEATH
See I fucking told you not to eat
all those Raisinettes's!

ROY
I can't help it. I like them. Plus
I think it was the beef patty that
did it.

DEATH
You only took one bite of the beef
patty.

ROY
Exactly, I told you I needed sugar,
not beef.

DEATH
Hold on, I see somebody coming.

Off in the distance Ritchie is making his way towards them.

ROY
I think it's one of them.

DEATH
Only one? They must all be coming
at us from different directions.
Let's stand back to back just in
case.

ROY
Good idea.

Death and Roy stand back to back.

DEATH
You see anybody.

ROY
No, do you smell anything?

DEATH
Do I smell anything?

ROY
Yeah?

Death catches a whiff of Roy's gas.

DEATH
Oh you bastard! Go home and wash
your ass.

RITCHIE
Who's there?

DEATH
It's me.

RITCHIE
So, you actually had the balls to
show up?

DEATH
You bet.

RITCHIE
Smells like one of you shit your
pants or something.

ROY
I farted.

RITCHIE
Smells like you had a beef patty or
something.

ROY
See I fucking told you!

DEATH
Dude shut up!

ROY
I told you.

DEATH
So where's your two buddies?

RITCHIE
At home watching Raging Bull.

DEATH
I see.

RITCHIE
Where's your bat friend?

DEATH
The same. Looks like it's just me
and you then.

RITCHIE
No wrong, You, me and my gun.

Ritchie pulls out his revolver.

ROY
Hello, you guys seem to be
forgetting someone.

RITCHIE
Shut up smelly ass.

Ritchie shoots Roy in the leg and he falls to the ground.

ROY
My fucking leg!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK CORNER - NIGHT

The Mobster is taking a break from digging. He is sitting on a tree stump sipping wine from a wine glass.

He was distracted by the gunshot and the yelling in the background.

DEATH
What the fuck is the matter with you?

RITCHIE
Shut up, you're next asshole.

DEATH
Don't do it man!

MOBSTER
(low) Ritchie?
(Loud) Hey Ritchie, is that you?!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK PATHWAY - NIGHT

Ritchie is aiming the gun at Death.

RITCHIE
Somebody just call me?

ROY
My fucking leg, call me an ambulance!

RITCHIE
Shut up already, I think somebody's calling me.

DEATH

I'm pretty sure I heard someone.
You should go check and see.

RITCHIE

Shut up, do I look stupid to you?

MOBSTER (IN THE FOG)

Is that you Ritchie?

RITCHIE

Oh shit.

The Mobster appears out of the fog holding his glass of wine and his shovel.

MOBSTER

Ritchie, ma what the fuck are you doing?

RITCHIE

Nothing pa. I'm just hanging with some friends that's all.

MOBSTER

At twelve o'clock at night you hang out? Is that my gun? Why's this guy lying on the floor bleeding?

ROY

I've been shot. Call me an ambulance.

MOBSTER

Ritchie, did you shoot him?

RITCHIE

No. We're just fooling around pa. That's ketchup.

MOBSTER

Don't fucking lie to me!

The Mobster grabs the gun and slaps Ritchie in the face.

RITCHIE

I'm sorry pa.

MOBSTER

You're sorry?

The Mobster kicks Ritchie in the ass.

RITCHIE
Stop, please.

MOBSTER
Go home. We'll talk later. Don't
you even tell your mother a single
word about this. Go home.

The Mobster kicks Ritchie in the ass again and Ritchie runs home.

DEATH
Wow that was a close one. Thank you
sir.

ROY
Can somebody call me a fucking
ambulance?

Death puts his hand out to The Mobster.

MOBSTER
Thank you for what?

DEATH
For saving our lives.

MOBSTER
Don't thank me for nothing cause
now I got's to kill the both of you
myself.

DEATH
Can't we just forget about all
this?

MOBSTER
Yeah sure, I let you two go and
tomorrow morning the cops show up
at my house? I can't have it.

The Mobster aims his gun at Deaths head.

ROY
Don't do it man!

As the Mobster is about to pull the trigger begins to hum
Beethoven's Fifth.

DEATH
Wait I know you're voice! It's
familiar.

MOBSTER

Good cause it's the last thing
you're about to hear.

DEATH

STAR 67! STAR 67!

MOBSTER

What did you say?

ROY

He said STAR 67!

MOBSTER

What's that supposed to mean?

DEATH

I'm that guy! The one you called by
accident earlier today. You were
looking for Chad remember?

MOBSTER

Oh yeah? Then what's my phone
number? Tell me quick cause you got
about three seconds. One.

DEATH

Shit, shit.

ROY

Come on.

MOBSTER

Two.

DEATH

I can't remember the number. I made
a point of forgetting it cause I
follow the code.

MOBSTER

Out of all the answers you could
have given me that was the only
right one.

The Mobster lowers his gun.

DEATH

Thank God.

MOBSTER

Don't thank God, thank me.

DEATH
Thank you sir.

ROY
Oh man, I shit my pants too.

MOBSTER
You're welcome. Now give me a hug.

DEATH
What?

The Mobster aims his gun at Death again.

MOBSTER
I said give me a fucking hug!

DEATH
Sure, sure, whatever.

Death and the Mobster hug.

MOBSTER
I'm so sorry.

DEATH
It's okay, I understand.

MOBSTER
I still owe you one.

DEATH
That's okay man. That's not necessary. I'm just glad to be alive.

MOBSTER
No, I do.

DEATH
Well my landlord did just give me a months notice.

MOBSTER
Consider it taken care of.

DEATH
Cool.

They stop hugging.

ROY

Great, can somebody now please call me an ambulance?

MOBSTER

You're friend here, does he follow the code too?

DEATH

Oh absolutely. I'll vouch for him.

MOBSTER

Good. Hang in there buddy. I can't take you to the hospital. Too many questions there. I know a vet who lives around the block. I'll take you there.

ROY

Fan-fucking-tastic.

MOBSTER

You guy's stay right here and hang tight. I just gotta finish up with something and we'll be on our way.

DEATH

Sure thing.

MOBSTER

Here, hold this for me.

The mobster hands Death the gun and Death takes it.

The Mobster walks away from them and into the fog to continue digging.

Death crouches down on the ground beside Roy.

DEATH

You're gonna be alright buddy. Don't worry about it.

ROY

I could use some toilet paper though.

DEATH

Can't help you there.

ROY

A wet nap or something?

DEATH

Sorry dude.

ROY

I don't wanna go to the doctor all shitty assed man.

DEATH

Don't worry about it. It's a vet. Hey, is it alright if I leave you with this guy?

ROY

What, why?

DEATH

There's just something I gotta do.

ROY

No you can't leave me here like this man. Especially not with that guy.

DEATH

Don't worry dude. You'll be fine. You're in good hands, trust me.

Death stands up.

ROY

Where the fuck are you going?

DEATH

I just gotta do something man. I'll call you tomorrow.

Death runs off into the night.

ROY

You fucking prick! Don't ever call me again!

EXT. NIGHT - STREET

Death is running up and down foggy streets.

The guy in a Mercedes sees him and drives beside him slowly.

GUY IN MERCEDES

Hey sexy, need a lift?

DEATH

Sure.

Death pulls out the gun and points the points it at him.

The guy in the Mercedes hit's the breaks.

GUY IN MERCEDES

Okay man, just take it easy. I
didn't know it was you.

DEATH

Get the fuck out of the car now! .

Death pulls him out of the car, get's inside and takes off.

INT. PROSTITUTES BEDROOM.

Johnny is laying on the bed in his underwear. He is holding
his guitar.

The Prostitute is standing at the front of the bed.

He strums an C chord.

JOHNNY

Take off your bra and then your
panties.

He strums a G Chord.

JOHNNY

Then...

PROSTITUTE

Look I told you already. I'm not
doing anything until you put that
guitar away.

He strums an E major.

JOHNNY

Somebody doesn't wanna get paid.

There is loud banging on the Prostitutes apartment door.

PROSTITUTE

Who the hell is this?

The Prostitute puts on her robe and goes to answer the door.

He strums an F major.

JOHNNY

This better not count against my
time.

INT. HALLWAY

Death is banging on the Prostitutes door.

The prostitute opens up her door.

DEATH

I need to talk to you.

PROSTITUTE

Come back in an hour or so.

DEATH

I need to talk to you now.

PROSTITUTE

I'm already with a customer.

DEATH

I'm not here for that. I'm here
cause I want to tell you something.

PROSTITUTE

Then hurry up and tell me.

DEATH

I love you.

PROSTITUTE

What?

DEATH

I said I love you.

PROSTITUTE

You're a madman.

DEATH

I'm perfectly fine. For the first
time in my life I feel alive and I
love you. I swear it's true.

PROSTITUTE

Get out of here now!

DEATH

Didn't you hear what I said?

PROSTITUTE

You're a weirdo. Get out of here
before I call the cops.

DEATH

I said I love you.

PROSTITUTE

Love me? You've never even bothered
to ask my name.

DEATH

What's your name then?

PROSTITUTE

I'm not telling you my name. Just
get out of here.

DEATH

Are you that cold that you can't
recognize true love when you see
it?

PROSTITUTE

Are you that lonely that you'd
convince yourself your in love with
a dirty hooker? Cause that's what I
am to you. You may not be willing
to admit it out loud but in your
mind that's what I am. You think by
telling a dirty hooker like me that
you love her she's going to cry
tears of joy and fall into your
arms. Like nobody's ever loved her
before, that's the reason why she's
a dirty hooker, right? You don't
love me. Your just looking for an
easy way to cure your loneliness.
Go get your fix someplace else,
please.

DEATH

I see.

PROSTITUTE

I'm glad you understand. Bye.

The Prostitute shuts her door and Death slowly walks down the
hallway towards the elevator.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Death is walking down the street with his head down.

As he turns a corner he see's and hears a man standing on the sidewalk across the street playing the flute.

Death crosses the street and watches him play for a minute or so.

Further down the street sits the Homeless Man and Woman.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Hey look, there's surreal boy.

HOMELESS MAN
Oh yeah.

HOMELESS WOMAN
He looked better with makeup.

HOMELESS MAN
Yeah he did. Goodnight.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Goodnight.

The both of them curl up together for warmth.

Death is still watching the Flutist play.

The Flutist tries to cheer up Death with some upbeat flute music but it has no effect on him.

FLUTIST
Do you have a home?

DEATH
Yeah.

FLUTIST
Then go home, eat something, take a nice shower and get some good sleep son. Maybe a change of clothes too. If it's women problems your having I'm pretty sure it's the damn clothes your wearing. Try a shirt and pants or something. Women like that kinda stuff.

DEATH
Sounds like good advice.

FLUTIST

Remember, tomorrow is always another day. They can't take that away from you. They can't change that no matter how hard they try. Actually well, unless they kill ya. Then there is no tomorrow. But if you're gonna be alive, tomorrow is always another day.

DEATH

I'm not exactly sure what that's supposed to mean but thanks.

FLUTIST

No problem. No problem, my man.

The Flutist continues to play.

Death throws some change into the Flutists hat laying on the ground and then walks off into the night.

THE END