

ANTAGONIST

By

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FADE IN:

INT. MICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside which looks to be a gangster's personal office. A Mexican standoff involving four men is in full motion: OLIVER, BARKS, MICKY DEE and RONNIE.

Oliver, late 20's, tall, well built with slicked back hair and a 'don't give a damn' attitude - His little brother: Barks, early 20's, short, kind of stocky but I wouldn't say fat.

Micky Dee, the head honcho of the mobsters that run the town. He is in his late 60's and very mercurial; Not a man to get on the wrong side of.

Ronnie, early 40's, Micky Dee's right hand man. Ronnie is your typical looking go-getter. He wears a suit and is as loyal as a dog. His hair is always in pristine condition.

Barks has his shotgun to Ronnie, Ronnie has his pistol pointing at Oliver, Oliver has his shotgun squared up on Micky Dee and Micky Dee has his pistol aimed up on Barks.

There is one dead body at the feet of Oliver.

MICKY DEE

You fuckers -

OLIVER

(to Micky)

- Your time for calling the shots has come to an end you psychopathic fuck, now where the fuck is Mr. Pellar? -

RONNIE

(to Oliver)

- Shut the fuck up -

BARKS

(to Ronnie)

You shut the fuck up!

Ronnie swings his gun in Barks' direction. Barks grips his shotgun tighter.

RONNIE

(to Barks)

No. You shut the fuck up.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE

All of you shut the fuck up.

(to Oliver and Barks)

You two cunts have just gone and done yourselves a great deal of shit. I'm going to have -

OLIVER

(to Micky)

- By the end of today you're not gonna be nothing but blood on my fucking boot.

RONNIE

You speak a big game with -

BARKS

- With what? Guns on us? Let's not forget the situation here bitches. You two have little guns. We have big fuckin' guns. Even if you do manage to get a shot off, you would have to make it count. Head shot, heart shot. You won't have time to get one more shot off before we take to you with shotgun pellets. One shot from these and you will be one with the wall behind you.

OLIVER

(to Ronnie)

How good is your aim, Ronnie?

Ronnie aims up on Oliver.

RONNIE

Let's find out frat boy.

OLIVER'S POV:

We are looking down the barrel of Ronnie's pistol.

Ronnie FIRES one at Oliver/Us.

FREEZE SHOT:

Back to all four men.

OLIVER (V.O.)

More often than not I don't lack self preservation. This was one of those 'not' moments. What you see here, ladies and gentleman, are the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER (V.O.) (cont'd)
results produced by a series of
hiccups that completely fucked
everything.

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An empty warehouse; piles of cardboard boxes filled with polyurethane and old newspapers stacked on big pallets decorate the well aged factory.

In the middle of the room is a little square stainless steel table that sits three men. Oliver, Barks and an elder male who goes by the name of MR. PELLAR.

Mr. Pellar: better side of 60's. Although he is a bit of a cranky pants he is always well dressed and respectful. But that doesn't hide the fact he has a receding hairline he desperately tries to cover up with a horrible wig. The boss/mentor/father figure to Oliver and Barks.

Oliver and Mr. Pellar are listening to Barks rant about someone in particular.

NOTE: They all smoke like coal trains.

BARKS
The guy is a fucking idiot.

OLIVER
Calm down.

BARKS
You know what this asshole did to
me one time?

MR. PELLAR
What was that?

BARKS
This degenerate swine, this
boycotting piece of shit, this
little -

OLIVER
What'd he do, Barks?

(CONTINUED)

BARKS

One day when I was at the shops, he got a little blank piece of paper sticker thing, you know those little blank stickers we got in..

(beat)

fucking -

OLIVER

- Yes, the little blank stickers for the logos, we know what the fuck you're talking about. Get on with it.

BARKS

He once got one of those stickers and drew a little cock on it.

MR. PELLAR

The fuck is so bad about that?

BARKS

Let me finish. He drew a little cock on this fucking sticker and stuck it on the back of my car when I was in the shops one day. Then when I was finished getting my fucking shit, I get in my car, completely oblivious to this little cock sticker on my back window and drive home. I got about -

MR. PELLAR

- Wait, wait, wait. He stuck this sticker on your back window and you didn't see it?

BARKS

No I didn't fucking see it. I didn't reverse home.

Oliver and Mr. Pellar laugh.

OLIVER

Don't you ever check your rear vision mirror? For, you know, people sitting up your ass and all?

BARKS

Of course I check my rear vision mirror. But I didn't see the fucking sticker.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR

How can you not see the sticker?

BARKS

I don't fucking know, he must of put it in a spot I couldn't see.

OLIVER

How the fuck can't you see it when you stick your head around to reverse out of somewhere?

BARKS

Are you two assholes gonna let me finish?

MR. PELLAR

Okay, okay, Go on.

BARKS

Fuck me, where was I?

OLIVER

You were driving home.

BARKS

Oh yeah, this fucking dick head put the sticker there for the whole world to see. I got about three blocks from home and a fucking cop pulls me over.

Oliver and Mr. Pellar laugh.

BARKS (cont'd)

I mean, I must have been the most unlucky mother fucker in the milky way. This bitch was full, down right and out, all about feminism. This fat cunt of a cop comes waddling up to my door and knocks on my window.

OLIVER

Oww shit.

BARKS

This bitch stood there for about six minutes, pissing and moaning, lecturing me about sexual assault.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR
Sexual assault?

BARKS
Yes, apparently having a picture of a dick on your car is offensive to some people. She went on for six minutes. I even fucking timed it. Have you ever sat there and had someone talk at you for six minutes? It may not seem like a long time but when you're sitting there, not giving a fuck about what some grotesque looking slut has to say, it can be very fucking unpleasant.

Mr. Pellar and Oliver laugh.

BARKS (cont'd)
So anyway. She starts writing me a ticket. And I said "whoa, I did not put that there, why the fuck am I getting a ticket?" and she said that she didn't believe me. And I said "Well why the fuck would I put a picture of a cock and balls on my own car?" in which she replied "I don't know what goes through the mind of you men sometimes". So I called her a lesbian -

OLIVER
- You called a feminist cop a lesbian?

Oliver and Mr. Pellar BURST into laughter.

BARKS
She was a growl munching, pussy eating, ham sandwich licking, fish burger admiring, dyke.

MR. PELLAR
What did she do next?

BARKS
Surprisingly enough, she just peeled the ticket off, gave it to me and duck walked back to her squad car and fucked off.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR

How much was the fine.

BARKS

Oh, fuck. About three hundred bucks.

OLIVER

You got off easy.

BARKS

But it wasn't the fine that pissed me off. It's that fucking asshole Carmody. I told that mother fucker the next time I saw him that his little prank cost me three hundred dollars and he just fucking laughed it off. Three hundred dollars don't mean shit to me, it's the little fuckers attitude that pissed me off.

OLIVER

I'd be making that mother fucker pay for it.

BARKS

That's what I told that mother fucker, but he said he couldn't afford it, he had child support or some shit to pay for. I shook him down and all he had were fucking coins. Loser.

MR. PELLAR

You're overreacting.

BARKS

I'm not fucking overreacting. This little cunt is starting to really piss me the fuck off. It's not the first time he has done shit like this.

MR. PELLAR

I just think that you don't know how to react to a little prank.

BARKS

Oh, you thinking Pellar.. I didn't know that word was in your vocabulary.

Mr. Pellar is bent out of shape.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR

That's Mr. Fucking Pellar. You self righteous little shit.

BARKS

Who you callin' little, old man?

Mr. Pellar, in a rage, stands up. His chair FLIES back and over in the process. Barks does the same.

MR. PELLAR

You're a few words away from getting your teeth rearranged, Barks.

BARKS

I don't think your joints could handle it old man, I'll have to grease you up before I kick your ass just so we could call it a fair fight!

Mr. Pellar grabs the table and THROWS it aside as if it were a bunch of papers on a desk. He grabs Barks by the scruff of the collar.

OLIVER

Enough! You're both acting like fucking teenagers fighting over an average looking broad.

Oliver separates the two men.

Mr. Pellar backs off. So does Barks.

BARKS

I'm sorry, Mr. Pellar.

MR. PELLAR

I'm sorry too, Barks.

Mr. Pellar and Barks make up with a hug.

BARKS

(into Mr. Pellar's ear)
I'd still kick your ass.

Mr. Pellar pushes Barks away and sets up the table to where it was initially. The three men sit back down in their original seats.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR

(pointing)

You know what you are Barks? You're an unpleasant little turd.

They all laugh.

MR. PELLAR (cont'd)

But as much as I like to disagree with you, I can't on this occasion. This, Carmody, has become a very big liability in our operations. His loud mouth and constant babble about our work is starting to raise eyebrows in the wrong areas. We need to stay under the radar in order to keep doing what we do with success.

OLIVER

I agree. This worm, needs to be squashed.

BARKS

Well let's sort it out before he gets us all put in the fucking slammer.

MR. PELLAR

That's a bingo, Barks.

Oliver stands up.

BARKS

Where the fuck are you goin'?

OLIVER

Follow me.

Oliver walks off. Mr. Pellar and Barks follow him.

Oliver leads Barks and Mr. Pellar out of the main room and into the little storage room towards the back of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small storage room, the shelves are completely empty. The only thing inside are cobwebs and two tool boxes sitting neatly side by side against the back wall. One is black, the other is green.

Oliver opens the black tool box first.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

I have been saving these puppies
for a special occasion.

Mr. Pellar and Barks eyes light up like a five year old on
Christmas morning.

Barks reaches in and grabs a shotgun that tickles his fancy.

BARKS

This is mine.

Mr. Pellar doesn't mind, he snags the one he has eyes for.

MR. PELLAR

That's all fine with me.

Oliver lands on the last one.

OLIVER

That's not all.

Oliver opens the green tool box - revealing copious amounts
of ammunition.

OLIVER (cont'd)

What's a good old ass whopping
without a hell lotta bullets?

Like kids digging through lolly bags on halloween, the three
men acquire their ammunition.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Looking cool as cats, Mr. Pellar, Oliver and Barks stroll
back on screen and plonk their backsides on their seats,
only this time they have their weapons and ammunition.

Throughout the conversation, all three men are loading
shells into their cartridges and pumping their guns.

OLIVER

I once read in this magazine about
different kinds of shotguns.

Beat.

BARKS

Go on.

OLIVER

Ya know there is a company that
has designed and made a shotgun for
killing zombies.

(CONTINUED)

BARKS

The fuck?

OLIVER

Yeah, no bullshit.

MR. PELLAR

How is it different to any other
shotgun?

OLIVER

It has the same affect as other
shotguns but it's just designed a
little different.

BARKS

How so?

OLIVER

Well, it's kind of designed like a
chainsaw.

Oliver demonstrates how it is held.

OLIVER (cont'd)

It has a pistol grip and a chainsaw
like handle on top of it, so you
can pump it from on top instead of
from bottom. Makes it easier to
fire from the hip.

MR. PELLAR

You may have a better grip. But,
your accuracy drops dramatically
when shooting from the hip.

OLIVER

The tri-rail four end makes it easy
to equip the gun with lasers or
whatever. With a laser attached, it
will make firing from the hip alot
more accurate. Not to mention the
control you have over the recoil
holding it in such a position.

BARKS

And this is more beneficial in a
zombie apocalypse, why?

OLIVER

Well I wouldn't say it makes your
life easier more than an ordinary
shotgun at world's end, but it just
has some cool features on it.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR

How is it designed specifically for zombies?

OLIVER

I never said it was designed just for killing zombies. The thing is a lot more practical in a lot of situations but also unpractical in a lot of other situations, just like any gun. I guess the creator just wanted a new edge. Design something cool and new.

BARKS

Yeah, I can dig that. I like the sounds of this. Where can I get one?

Oliver and Mr. Pellar laugh.

Barks is finished. He BANGS the table with his fists, jumps to his feet up and KICKS his chair away.

BARKS (cont'd)

Let's go behead this mother fucker!

In a hypo manner, Barks, brand new shotgun in hand, FIRES a shot at a pile of cardboard boxes sitting in the corner of the warehouse. Paper and foam EXPLODE from inside the boxes, creating a hell of a mess.

MR. PELLAR

Nice Barks, you're cleaning that up.

Barks looks back at Mr. Pellar with a cheeky smile. He doesn't care.

FADE OUT

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Mr. Pellar is driving. Oliver is riding in the front. Barks is in the back.

BARKS

If you two could have any super power, any super power in the world. Which one would you choose?

Mr. Pellar says nothing and shakes his head as if he's about to EXPLODE.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER
To what extent?

BARKS
Whatcha mean?

OLIVER
I mean, if I were to choose, say,
flying. How fast would I be able to
fly?

BARKS
It's not likely you will be able to
fly at the speed of light right off
the bat.

OLIVER
Well in that case. I'd choose mind
control.

BARKS
Really? Out of everything, you
would choose mind control?

OLIVER
Yeah.

BARKS
What about teleportation? Or super
speed?

OLIVER
How fast?

BARKS
Flash fast.

OLIVER
What the fuck is the difference
between teleportation or flash fast
then? Either way, you're gonna to
get to where you want to be in
quick fucking time.

Barks perks up.

BARKS
What do you mean, what's the
difference? Teleporting means you
are there instantly, you travel
through space without the benefits
of being able to see everything as
you move. If you were super fast
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARKS (cont'd)
you actually get to see where you travel when you're moving at the speed of light. Moving that fast means everything around you is moving in slow motion. For instance, you could be moving through New York City at the speed of light, while every other sucker is moving like snails. You could rob banks and jewelers along the way. Not only could you get to your destination in a heartbeat but you could get rich while doing so.

OLIVER
Well, what the fuck would you choose?

BARKS
Telekinesis.

OLIVER
How is that in any way, better than mind control?

BARKS
How is it not? I can control shit with my mind.

OLIVER
So can I.

BARKS
Yeah but you can't move an object from a to b. You wouldn't be able to get in a tank and make it fly.

OLIVER
Why would I want to make a tank fly when I could make any women in the world want to have sex with me?

BARKS
What women wouldn't want to have sex with a guy that can make a war machine fly?

OLIVER
I would make you be the pilot of the flying war machine while I have an orgy in it.

(CONTINUED)

BARKS

You can't control me. I have one of those helmets that Magne -

Mr. Pellar's expressions shows he has had enough of the constant banter between Barks and Oliver.

MR. PELLAR

- Would you two shut the fuck up!
You haven't stopped talking
complete shit since we have parked
our asses in these fucking seats.

Oliver and Barks sit back and shut up.

Beat.

BARKS

Who do you think would win a fight
out of Superman and The Hulk?

Mr. Pellar goes red.

OLIVER

Well that's easy -

Mr. Pellar SMACKS the steering wheel.

MR. PELLAR

(screams)

- Fuck!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

A small parking lot in front of a few little shops. Most of the shops are closed down and have 'FOR LEASE' signs in the windows.

There is one shop that is still open: A small, dingy laundromat that looks to be in no better condition than the abandoned shops next to it. No cars are in the carpark.

A black car drives onto screen and SCREECHES to a stop in front of the little laundromat. Mr. Pellar, Oliver, and Barks hop out of the car and walk inside looking like they mean business.

Camera FOLLOWS.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Pellar leads Oliver and Barks up to the counter. Behind the counter is a young ASIAN MAN that speaks very good English. He is a smart ass and judging by his body language, he knows something.

ASIAN MAN
Good morning.

MR. PELLAR
Good morning young man. I'm looking for a friend that goes by the name of Carmody. Have you seen him recently?

ASIAN MAN
I'm sorry, I have never heard of him.

MR. PELLAR
Why do I get the feeling, you're lying?

ASIAN MAN
I don't know, sir. Have you taken your medication?

The three men aren't impressed as the Asian Man cracks himself up.

BARKS
We know you know him.

ASIAN MAN
I have no idea what you are talking about. I'm sorry but if you guys don't have any dirty laundry, I'm afraid I cannot help you.

Oliver is sick of the charade. His eyes roll back and he walks for the door.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Oliver walks out of the laundromat and to the trunk of the car they all arrived in.

INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Oliver OPENS the trunk and pulls out his shotgun.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Oliver CLOSES the trunk and walks back into the laundromat.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Oliver, shotgun in hand, walks for the counter where Mr. Pellar argues with the young man. The Asian Man is the first to notice Oliver; marching towards him wielding a shotgun with homicidal intentions stamped all over his face. The Asian Man almost shits his pants. He raises his arms and TREMBLES with fear.

Oliver raises the gun and walks right up to the young man with the barrel looking right into his eyes.

OLIVER
(to Asian man)
Jackie Chan.
(beat)
Can I call you Jackie Chan?

No answer.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Let's leave it with Jackie Chan.

BARKS
I like Jackie Chan. You suit it.

MR. PELLAR
Listen to me, Jackie Chan. You
don't have to get hurt. You seem
like a good kid. Look -

Mr. Pellar pulls out his thick, black wallet, that looks to be jam packed with cash He pulls out three hundred dollars and hands it to Jackie Chan.

MR. PELLAR (cont'd)
Point us in the direction of
Carmody and you can go home to play
video games or whatever the fuck
you people do in your spare time.

Jackie Chan takes the money off Mr. Pellar with no hesitation and points to a door at the back of the laundromat.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE CHAN
Just through there. They will know
where he is.

Oliver lowers his gun. Jackie Chan runs around the counter and BOLTS out of the store - SLIPPING OVER in the process and knocking over a rack of postcards.

Mr. Pellar, Oliver, and Barks watch with bewilderment as Jackie makes a run for it.

INT. LAUNDROMAT (BACK DOOR) - CONTINUOUS

The three men gather at the door.

BARKS
Wait a second.

Barks runs for the car.

Camera stays stationed but TRACKS Barks' movements.

Barks opens the trunk and pulls out two shotguns, he closes the trunk and power walks to the back door.

Back to all three men.

MR. PELLAR
Good call.

Barks hands one shotgun to Mr. Pellar.

All three men LOCK AND LOAD their weapons, they're ready for whatever awaits them behind the door.

Oliver KNOCKS.

We can hear MUSIC coming from the other side...

The door is opened but stopped by a chain lock.

INT. LAUNDROMAT (BACKROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The door is given the boot from outside and comes CRASHING down. A Triad gangster that opened it falls FLAT on his backside. Oliver BURSTS through with his shotgun. He is immediately followed by Barks and Mr. Pellar.

Inside the back room are three TRIAD gangsters counting a mountain of money on a little wooden circled table. There is CRAPPY DISCO MUSIC blaring from a shitty little beat box up the back and GAY MALE PORN is playing on the freestanding television in the corner. There are all kinds of sex tools

(CONTINUED)

covering the walls. The room is filled with an abundant scent of debauchery and low self esteem we can almost smell it.

All three Triads are wearing tight black lycra pants with no shirts.

One Triad LEAPS out of his chair and goes for his gun on a table that sits about two meters from where he's sitting. Barks catches him in the corner of his eye and SHOOTs him dead before he can even get a touch on his pistol.

BARKS

(to Mr. Pellar and Oliver)

What kind of people does this
asshole associate with?

Oliver is aimed up on the man that's still on his ass and flicks his gun at him as to say "get your ass on that seat". Oliver does not take an eye off the Triad as he [the Triad] ANXIOUSLY stands and takes a seat in between his dead and alive cohorts.

Oliver walks to the back of the room and turns OFF the music and gay porn. He LURKS behind the remaining two Triads like a predator desperately wanting to pounce.

Mr. Pellar lowers his gun and takes stance right in front of the two Triads that sit on the opposite side of the table. Barks watches over with his shotgun aimed at both the men.

MR. PELLAR

Do either of you speak English?

The Triads smirk.

TRIAD 1

(perfect English)

I have lived here for thirty four
years and not once have I ever let
a gringo get the best of me. You
are all dead men.

BARKS

Gangnam Style?

OLIVER

Yeah, I like it.

MR. PELLAR

Gangnam Style aaaand -

(pointing at Triad 2)

- The Karate Kid?

(CONTINUED)

Barks whispers into Mr. Pellar's ear.

BARKS

The Karate Kid was white.

To everyone.

MR. PELLAR

What are we, Racist?

No answer.

BARKS

The Karate Kid it is.

While Gangnam Style is acting tough, The Karate Kid's body language shows that he is caving into the entanglement.

GANGNAM STYLE

I will give you three one more
chance to walk out of here alive.

Oliver takes aim on Gangnam Style from behind.

OLIVER

I don't like you.

Oliver SHOOTS Gangnam Style in the back of the head. Blood sprays all over the card table and pile of money.

All three men turn their attention to The Karate Kid, who is now, openly scared SHITLESS.

MR. PELLAR

So, Karate Kid, looks like you drew
the longest straw of them all. It's
your lucky day.

Mr. Pellar grabs the table with one hand and flips it on its side, removing the only impediment that stands between himself and The Karate Kid. None of the three men take notice of the thousands of dollars up for grabs, they're focus is fully occupied on their prisoner.

Mr. Pellar puts his shotgun right to The Karate Kid's forehead. Touching it.

MR. PELLAR (cont'd)

Where-the-fuck is Carmody?

KARATE KID

He hasn't been here in three days!

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER
When is he due next?

KARATE KID
I don't know.

BARKS
You don't know?

MR. PELLAR
(to Oliver and Barks)
You know what? I think shooting
this asshole is too quick.

Mr. Pellar withdraws his gun from the man's head and walks out of the room SLAMMING the door behind him. Confused and scared - the Triad pleads with both Oliver and Barks.

KARATE KID
Where is he going? What's he doing?

Barks shakes his head at The Karate Kid in a disappointed manner.

BARKS
You've done it now. You've really
gone and fucked yourself. You know
that?

KARATE KID
Please, I have no idea where he is,
I'd tell you if I knew, he's an
asshole.

OLIVER
We really don't believe you.

The Karate Kid is all out of options.

KARATE KID
Well, what the fuck -

The door OPENS and Mr. Pellar walks back in. Only this time he is carrying a knife the size of his arm, it looks more like a MACHETE. The Karate Kid SQUIRMS at the sight of the blade.

KARATE KID (cont'd)
No! Please!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

All the meanwhile -- Jackie Chan is SPRINTING down the road when he makes a SHARP LEFT TURN down a quiet alley way.

Jackie Chan stops behind a skip bin to catch to his breath. He looks back to make sure he was not followed and rests his back on the bin. He slides his back down to take a seat.

Jackie Chan pulls out his mobile phone and punches in a number. He keeps a watchful eye, paranoid.

RINGING TONE.

CARMODY
(over phone, filtered)
Yes?

JACKIE CHAN
(into phone)
Carmody!

FADE OUT

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

"MEET CARMODY"

FADE IN:

INT. CARMODY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Driving down a nicely presented suburban street. Inside the car we have CARMODY, early 20's, cocky as all hell and just an all round douche. He sits next to his henchmen: BIG BOY BLUE (driving), mid 30's, black, over six foot five and mean as hell, someone you don't want to meet down a dark alley.

Carmody points to a house up the road.

CARMODY
It's up here on the left, Bluey.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - DAY

Carmody and Big Boy Blue pull up at a suburban house with perfectly clipped grass and hedges. Seems like a nice area.

They get out of the car and make their way to the front door of the house. Big Boy Blue follows Carmody like a good doggy.

Both men stand out like sore thumbs in the peaceful neighborhood.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE (FRONT DOOR) - CONTINUOUS

Carmody and Big Boy Blue stand at a white door that has a big golden knocker on it. Ignoring the door knocker, Big Boy Blue BANGS the door with the side of his monster fist - making a hell of a noise.

No answer.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

From inside -

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm coming for fuck -

The door opens and reveals a young male named MICHAEL, he must be on the way to a punt of golf because he is dressed the part. He [Michael] is not thrilled to see Carmody.

MICHAEL

Carmody?

CARMODY

Hello.

MICHAEL

(scratching his head)

What up, man?

Carmody looks at Big Boy Blue and gestures for him to go inside as if he owned the joint. Big Boy Blue walks through the door, barging Michael out of the way. Carmody follows him.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

An open house where the front door leads right into the lounge and dining rooms. Typical new house for a newly married couple. There are toys and legos lying around to show that a kid must be running a muck in there too.

Michael is following Carmody and Big Boy Blue through his house while they make themselves at home. Carmody takes a seat on Michael's sofa and relaxes as if it were his own couch and puts his feet up on the nicely varnished coffee table in front of him. Big Boy Blue takes stance behind Carmody and crosses his arms - looking like a real wise guy. Michael stands opposite Carmody, on the other side of a wooden coffee table. He is taken aback by their presents.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Can I get you guys anything? Water?
Sprite?

BIG BOY BLUE

You got any milk?

MICHAEL

No milk, I'm sorry.

BIG BOY BLUE

(to himself)

Dammit.

CARMODY

I'll take what you owe me, Michael.

MICHAEL

Look man, I don't have it right
now, give me till Thursday, Please?
Did Ronnie not get my text?

CARMODY

Oh, I'm sure he probably did. But
he doesn't care for shit like that.

MICHAEL

Shit like that?

Michael is worried.

CARMODY

Mick. You know I don't really care
about that stuff, right?

Michael's worried face turns into a look of relief.

MICHAEL

I know we're cool, Carmody. Thanks
man.

Carmody is still acting strange but Michael thinks they're
cool.

CARMODY

How is your wife?

MICHAEL

She is good.

CARMODY

You know, my dad said you and her
got married at the same place him
and mom tied the knot.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
I don't believe I know where your
parents got married?

CARMODY
You don't remember my father?

MICHAEL
Of course I do. I just didn't know
where they got married.

CARMODY
Strange.

Michael's facial expressions show he is concerned.

MICHAEL
I don't understand.

CARMODY
Oh, it's just strange, because I
was told to come here and kill you
but all of a sudden I want to kill
your family now too.

MICHAEL
Excuse me?

Carmody turns to Big Boy Blue and nods for him to grab
Michael.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Wait!

Michael tries to fight off Big Boy Blue, but is out muscled
with ease. Big Boy Blue bear hugs Michael as if he were made
of foam.

As Michael GASPS for air, Carmody stands up and strolls to
the bookshelf at the back of the room and spots a picture of
Michael with his wife and young child.

From the picture we see MICHAEL'S WIFE is in her late 20's
and very good looking, along with their toddler son, cute as
a button. Carmody picks the picture up.

CARMODY
You know the best thing about
having Big Boy Blue around?

We can hear the pain Michael is in. His ribs are about to
BREAK.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(gasping for air)
Please, Carmody.

Carmody doesn't take his eyes off the family photo as he walks around the back of the couch and up to Michael.

CARMODY
It isn't his size and pure strength. No, it's his ability to remember things. Most people will see a picture of someone and completely forget what they look like almost instantly after they put it down. They call it photographic memory.

Carmody puts the picture in front of Big Boy Blue and Michael to see. Big Boy Blue gazes upon it as he squeezes the life out of Michael.

CARMODY (cont'd)
He can recognize almost everyone he has ever seen. Unlucky for you, in this situation, it's your family.

Michael is struggling to speak.

MICHAEL
Carmody, I can get -

Carmody SUCKER PUNCHES Michael in the face and then STRIKES him in the stomach. Carmody nods at Big Boy Blue to let him go. Big Boy Blue releases Michael. Michael's knees collapse and he CRASHES to the ground.

Michael doesn't take notice of the head shot he just received, he focuses on his sure to be broken ribs. Carmody stands over Michael and KICKS him in the back two times.

CARMODY
Do you know who my father is? Do you know what the fuck I am going to do to you and your family?

Michael still holds his stomach, his main focus is to get his breath back.

MICHAEL
(heavy breathing)
Carmody, Please! They have nothing to do with it, they don't even know
-

(CONTINUED)

Carmody nods at Big Boy Blue to pick him up again. Big Boy Blue obeys his orders and does exactly that. Big Boy Blue doesn't bear hug him as tight this time around.

Carmody PUNCHES Michael in the stomach again. Michael SCREAMS in agony as Carmody gets in his face.

Michael, as the scene progresses, goes from fearing for his life to fearing for his family's well being.

CARMODY

You know, even if you do get me my equipment, I am still going to see to it that your family suffers. What time will they be home?

MICHAEL

Please. No!

CARMODY

What time do they fucking get home Michael?

MICHAEL

They're not in town. They are in New York visiting our friends, I was meant to fly out on Friday.

CARMODY

So show me the receipt.

MICHAEL

What?

CARMODY

The receipt you received when you bought the flights.

MICHAEL

I didn't get one!

CARMODY

Don't fuck with me, Michael! It's the twenty first century, you can't buy a beer at a bar without the waitress offering you a fucking receipt. So show it to me.

MICHAEL

I don't have one!

(CONTINUED)

CARMODY

Well then, I don't fucking believe you, Michael. You're fucking lying to me again.

MICHAEL

I'm not lying!

Carmody PUNCHES Michael in the face again.

Michael's head drops.

Carmody PUNCHES Michael in the stomach THREE more times as he says -

CARMODY

Stop-Fucking-Lying.

Michael COUGHS blood onto his nice white carpet.

CARMODY (cont'd)

Have you honestly not ever learned that lying gets you nowhere?

Michael, struggles, but lifts his head.

MICHAEL

Carmody. Please -

Over the heavy breathing and blood rushing from Michael's face, Michael's phone is RINGING in his pocket.

Michael's face turns to absolute fear. All hope is lost.

CARMODY

Ooo, now who could that be?

Carmody reaches into Michael's pocket and pulls out his phone. "Wife" is calling.

CARMODY (cont'd)

Talk to her and act normal or me and Bluey here will visit your entire family after we kill you.

Carmody puts the phone on SPEAKER and places it next to Michael's ear. Michael tries to act as normal as anyone would in that situation. He isn't very convincing but gets the job done.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

Hey baby.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL'S WIFE (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Hey baby, I'm just at the grocery
store, what do you feel like for
supper?

MICHAEL
(into phone)
Oh, anything is fine. I gotta go.

MICHAEL'S WIFE (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Okay, I'll be home in a little bit.
I love you.

Carmody hangs up the phone and again nods at Big Boy Blue to
let go off Michael.

Michael is broken, he drops to his knees and looks up at
Carmody with tears coming from his eyes.

CARMODY
Daddy is not going to be pleased
with you lying to us Michael. We
are going to wait right here for
your girl and kid to get home.

MICHAEL'S POV:

Carmody is standing over Michael/Us.

Michael's hands appear in front of the screen as if he were
BEGGING.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Please!

Carmody lifts his leg and BOOTS Michael/Us in the face.

The camera drops to the side as if Michael's head would do
and our vision turns BLURRY.

Through the Blurry vision we hear Carmody's phone RING. We
can see movement of Carmody moving around the room as he
answers the phone.

CARMODY
(into phone)
Yes?

JACKIE CHAN (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Carmody! Three men just came in
with guns, looking for you!

(CONTINUED)

CARMODY
(into phone)
What! Who?

As Michael passes out from the beating we..

FADE OUT

Over black screen we hear -

JACKIE CHAN (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
It, it was Pellar and his boys!

BACK TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael is down for the count as Carmody hangs up his phone.
He [Carmody] looks as though he just saw a ghost.

CARMODY
(to himself)
Shit.

BIG BOY BLUE
We should go.

Carmody is stressing, he barks his orders.

CARMODY
No! We are dealing with this
situation before we worry about
those three. I'll call Dad and he
can sort those assholes out.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LATER

Michael: tied up, gagged and half beaten to death in a
chair. He has been stripped down to his undies. Carmody is
sitting on his knee, taunting him with a butchers knife.

Big Boy Blue is nowhere to be seen.

CARMODY
You should have never got yourself
into shit you can't handle. Your
stupidity is going to be the death
of your loved ones. You just wait
till you see what I am going to do
to them right there.

Carmody points to the couch.

(CONTINUED)

Michael is SQUIRMING and CRYING. He is MUMBLING words but we cannot understand him.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Michael's wife and toddler son drive home, listening to a popular song - SINGING along. Happy.

They pull into their driveway and notice Carmody's car in the background. Michael's wife is suspicious but thinks nothing of it.

BACK TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael's wife enters the living room to a sight no woman should ever have to view. Her hubby is BOUND and GAGGED, tied to a chair with a Carmody sitting on his lap, smoking a cigarette with one hand and twirling a butchers knife in the other.

Michael's wife DROPS her bags and lets out a SCREAM before she is silenced by Big Boy Blue's massive black hand, covering her mouth. The son is confused, he doesn't know what is happening as Big Boy Blue grabs his arm and takes ahold of them both. There is nowhere to go.

Back to Carmody.

Carmody uses Michael's head as a lever and stands up. He takes off his blood ridden shirt and acts disgusted by the blood stains. He throws his shirt aside and walks up to Michael's wife with a sadistic look in his eyes. Michael in the background trying to break free, MUMBLING from under the duct tape around his mouth.

CARMODY
Hello beautiful.

Tears fall from Michael's Wife's eyes whilst a look of fear consumes her. Carmody gets close and rubs the side of her head, pushing her hair behind her ear with the back of his hand.

BACK TO:

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Mr. Pellar, covered in blood, walks out the door. He is followed by Oliver and Barks. Barks carries Mr. Pellar's shotgun for him. Mr. Pellar, judging by the amount of blood on his shirt, was preoccupied with other things. Mr. Pellar hands the knife to Oliver and removes his jacket and blood ridden shirt.

MR. PELLAR

Either of you have a spare shirt by any chance?

Mr. Pellar is in luck - Barks has two shirts on. Barks leans the two guns up against the wall and peels one of his shirts off and hands it to Mr. Pellar.

MR. PELLAR (cont'd)

Thank-you.

OLIVER

I guess he really didn't know anything.

MR. PELLAR

Well at least we know who to look for.

BARKS

Jackie Chan sure got lucky didn't he.

OLIVER

For now.

Mr. Pellar, Oliver and Barks leave the laundromat.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Pellar, followed by Barks and Oliver, walks to the car and as per usual, gets in the driver's seat. Oliver gets in the front with his gun and Barks gets in the back with two guns.

The ENGINE TURNS and the car drives off screen.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Mr. Pellar is driving with Oliver riding shotgun and Barks in the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

So, just clearing things up. What we got from that guy is that the guy we called Jackie Chan knows exactly where Carmody will be.

MR. PELLAR

Precisely.

OLIVER

How the fuck couldn't we see that? He was right there in front of us.

BARKS

The bastard lied through his teeth and got away with it.

MR. PELLAR

Mother fucker only got away for the mean time.

BARKS

Where do you suppose we start?

OLIVER

To find a Triad, we must think like a Triad.

BARKS

We're gonna get sushi?

OLIVER

Sushi is Japanese, dumb ass, Triads are Chinese.

MR. PELLAR

Barks! You genius. Carmody owns a sushi train down on seventh.

OLIVER

But he's not Japanese.

MR. PELLAR

That doesn't matter shit, white people go crazy for sushi these days. Even I know that. You buy yourself a sushi bar, you are fucking set.

OLIVER

Very inconspicuous for a complete fucking moron.

Barks catches something from the corner of his eye.

(CONTINUED)

BARKS
What the fuck!?

Barks hits the jackpot. He spots Jackie Chan walking down the street. Jackie Chan, the idiot, has his head into his phone like he is texting someone - going about his day as if he never had a shotgun pointed at his face from a foot away.

BARKS (cont'd)
There he is!

Oliver and Mr. Pellar see Jackie Chan also.

OLIVER
Mother fucker -

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jackie Chan, strolling down a quiet street with ear plugs in listening to music (that we can hear too). He is texting on his phone and is completely oblivious to the car load of men that want answers from him driving past.

Camera TRACKS Jackie Chan from the front.

The car does a u-turn and slowly creep up beside Jackie. Still listening to his music, he does not hear the car pull up behind him. The car stops about two meters behind the slow walking Jackie Chan.

At this stage, the HARDCORE TECHNO music Jackie Chan is listening to covers all sound.

Mr. Pellar, Barks and Oliver get out of the car. Barks runs up behind Jackie while Mr. Pellar goes for the trunk and CRACKS it open. Barks wraps both his arms around Jackie and lifts him off his feet, leaving him with no chance of a slick getaway. Although Jackie somehow manages to keep a hold of his phone, he is easily rag dolled as Oliver helps Barks muscle him to the car. They THROW him in head first.

Music OFF:

Mr. Pellar SLAMS the trunk closed. The three men get in the car and take off like rockets.

A FEMALE CIVILIAN is on the other side of the road. She witnessed the entire kidnapping but didn't call the police, she is filming it on her phone.

FEMALE CIVILIAN
Oh this is great!

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Back at the warehouse the three men were at earlier:

Outside the warehouse are neighboring warehouses. None look to be occupied. There is a very eerie feeling towards this so called construction area.

Mr. Pellar and the two boys drive on screen as the car comes to a SCREECHING stop.

All three men get out of the car. Mr. Pellar and Oliver go to the trunk and unlock it. Barks stands back and prepares for a crazy asian man to jump out of the trunk with a crowbar.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

The trunk OPENS and Jackie Chan/We see Mr. Pellar and Oliver. Both wearing cheesy grins, they reach in and grab Jackie Chan/Us.

MR. PELLAR
Come 'ere.

JACKIE CHAN (O.S.)
No! Please!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Oliver and Mr. Pellar pull Jackie from the trunk and drag him inside - roughing him up a bit in the process. Barks follows behind.

MR. PELLAR
You better get yapping, kid.

Jackie looks back, dazed and shaken, he attempts to step against Oliver and Mr. Pellar. Jackie is easily dragged along like a stooge into the warehouse.

JACKIE CHAN
Please, sir.

Barks walks in behind and SHUTS the door.

FADE OUT

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

"MICKY DEE"

FADE IN:

INT. MICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Back at Micky's flash office, we have Micky sitting at his desk, chuffing down on a Cuban. Ronnie sits opposite.

Micky GIGGLES at something Ronnie just said.

MICKY DEE
Yeah she was a fuckin'
handful, right?

KNOCK, KNOCK.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
Come in.

The one and only Carmody walks in the door and struts up to the desk; taking a seat next to Ronnie.

CARMODY
(to Micky)
Daddy.

Carmody turns to Ronnie.

CARMODY (cont'd)
Ronnie.

Ronnie nods at Carmody.

CARMODY (cont'd)
So, as you both know, I, single
handedly brought our organization
and the triads to a mix.

RONNIE
Congratulations.

CARMODY
And because of that, I believe you
should now let me in.

MICKY DEE
Let you in?

Carmody perks up.

CARMODY
I want to be a part of this.

MICKY DEE
You think you deserve to be a
part of what I have spent my whole
life building?

(CONTINUED)

CARMODY
If it wasn't for me -

RONNIE
- So fuckin' what. You don't know
shit.

CARMODY
Don't swear at me you little dog.

Ronnie FIRES up.

RONNIE
Who the fuck are you calling a
little dog? You little -

Micky Dee BANGS his fists on the desk.

MICKY DEE
- Shut up!

Carmody and Ronnie calm down. Micky has a drag of his cigar.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
(to Carmody)
Who the fuck do you think you are?
You think just because you got the
Triads on board you can start
calling shots? It's a long fuckin'
road to get to where you wanna be
and you ain't even left the fuckin'
house yet, boy. One - we don't need
the fuckin' Triads. Two - the only
reason you "got in" with the
fuckin' Asian's is because you were
fuckin' one of their errand boys.
And three -
(repeat, louder)
We don't need the fuckin' Triads!

A moment's silence as Micky calms down.

RONNIE
You know what Micky, if I may? I
have a job for Carmody.

MICKY DEE
By all means.

RONNIE
(to Carmody)
I got a certain someone that needs
to be.. gone. He is behind in some
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE (cont'd)
payment but I don't care about
that. I'm more concerned about
setting an example. You know him
well Carmody.

CARMODY
Michael?

RONNIE
(to Micky Dee)
Do you pass this, Micky?

MICKY DEE
(to Ronnie, Re: Carmody)
Yes. It'll give him a little
experience in what we do.

CARMODY
Consider it done.

RONNIE
Take Big Boy Blue with you. You may
need the extra muscle.

CARMODY
I'll leave right now.

Carmody stands and up exits - closing the door QUIETLY
behind him.

Back to Micky and Ronnie.

RONNIE
This doesn't look good on us Micky.
He is causing a lot of problems.

MICKY DEE
I don't fuckin' care Ronnie, he's
my son. Ain't nothin' gonna change
that.

RONNIE
I know that Micky, but maybe we
should send him away for a while.

MICKY DEE
The fuck you mean by that?

RONNIE
I mean, an all expenses paid trip
around Europe. Just till our
clients clam down.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE

Do you know what the fuck will happen if that kid goes on an all expenses paid trip to fuckin' Europe? He will be more of a fuckin' headache than what he is here, except I won't be able to look after the little shit from here. No, it ain't happening.

RONNIE

Well, I mean, we gotta do something, Micky, these boys are getting sick and tired of him throwing their names around. He walks around like a hot shot, running his mouth to people that don't need to know any of our business, let alone people that would stitch us up for a bit of reward money.

MICKY DEE

I know you're fuckin' right Ronnie, but, I love the kid.

RONNIE

I love him too, Micky. But something has gotta be done. And quick.

MICKY DEE

Fuck it. I will sort it. I need to let our partners know we are now dealing with the fuckin' Asians too. Call Mr. Pellar and set up a meet.

Ronnie nods and does what he is told.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

On screen drives a flash black car. Ronnie is chauffeuring his boss, Micky. Ronnie parks the car right next to Mr. Pellar's car.

Micky and Ronnie exit the car and make their way to the entrance in a true gangster like fashion.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Here we have: Mr. Pellar sitting at the table as Micky Dee and Ronnie walk in through the door, towards Mr. Pellar. Micky Dee looks around. He admires the setup.

MICKY DEE
Look at this. Mr. Pellar, I love
it.

Micky Dee points to a small room in the back.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
Is that where the butchers cut
their meat?

Micky Dee laughs. Ronnie tags along behind.

Mr. Pellar stands up and welcomes the two men.
He acknowledges Micky first and greets him with a hug.

MR. PELLAR
It's always a pleasure, Micky Dee.

MICKY DEE
As to you Mr. Pellar.

Now Ronnie's turn.

MR. PELLAR
And Ronnie, It's been too long.

RONNIE
Good to see you Mr. Pellar.

Mr. Pellar waves for the two men to sit with him at his
little table.

MR. PELLAR
Please, Take a seat.

The Three men sit down.

MR. PELLAR (cont'd)
To what do I owe this
pleasure, gentleman?

MICKY DEE
Well, it's nothing really. I just
thought out of respect I would let
you know, personally, that the
Triads are now also on board.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR
The Triads? Why?

MICKY DEE
Well, it's kind of a personal matter. I just wanted you to know that this doesn't change anything between us. The cut is still the same and so are the operations.

MR. PELLAR
That's all fine Micky. Do what you gotta do.

CLOSE UP: Micky Dee smiles but is distracted by something off screen.

Back to Mr. Pellar, Micky Dee and Ronnie.

Oliver walks on screen. He's wears a white apron and a gas mask. He is SOAKED in blood. The three men turn their attention to Oliver as he lifts the mask from his face.

Oliver doesn't seem to be keen on the fact that Micky Dee and Ronnie are there. But he's polite.

OLIVER
(to Micky and Ron)
Gentleman.

MICKY DEE
Oliver.

OLIVER
(to Mr. Pellar)
Mr. Pellar. We got something.

MICKY DEE
Well, I can see you gentleman are busy. I will leave you to it.

MR. PELLAR
Adios Micky. Good to see you two.

Ronnie throws Mr. Pellar a genuine smile.

MICKY DEE
Likewise Mr. Pellar.

The three men exchange in handshakes before Micky Dee and Ronnie depart.

Mr. Pellar walks with Oliver into the back room.

INT. WAREHOUSE (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

On screen we have Oliver and Mr. Pellar talking. In the background: Barks hoses off a bloody and battered Jackie Chan. Jackie Chan is passed out.

OLIVER
We got an address.

MR. PELLAR
Where?

OLIVER
Some wanna be's house.

MR. PELLAR
That's good.

OLIVER
What the fuck was Micky doing here?

MR. PELLAR
It was just a courtesy call.

OLIVER
You told him where we are?

MR. PELLAR
It's fine.

OLIVER
That guy is a fucking lunatic. I know you and him used to be close, but I never trusted him.

MR. PELLAR
Look, I know. He is a temperamental fuck with a few screws loose, but, he just wanted to let us know that the Triads are in now.

OLIVER
Just a few loose screws? I'd say the bolts were disengaged at birth.

Barks throws his two cents in as he sprays the Triad.

BARKS
Not a good idea.

OLIVER
Wait, did you say the fucking Triads?

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR

Yes.

The three men look over at Jackie Chan.

Barks turns the water off.

OLIVER

That ain't good.

BARKS

What do you want to do about him?

Mr. Pellar, without a moment's pause, walks up to Jackie Chan, whips out a pistol from the back of his pants and puts one in his head.

INT. MICKY'S CAR - DAY

Ronnie is Driving and Micky is riding up front.

RONNIE

Mr. Pellar was oddly calm.

MICKY DEE

He's getting Old, Ronnie. We have a mutual respect and he knows things like this have to be done in order to keep everyone level headed. We just need to keep one step ahead of everyone and by controlling who is in and who is out keeps us on the front foot. He understands that.

RONNIE

It looked as though he had other things on his mind anyway.

Micky Dee's phone RINGS in his pocket. Micky answers.

MICKY DEE

(into phone)

What is it?

CARMODY (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Dad, Pellar and his boys just shook down the Triads. They were looking for me.

INTERCUT with Michael's house.

Carmody is on the phone with his father. He wields a butcher's knife that is covered in Michael's blood.

(CONTINUED)

In the background: Big Boy Blue slaps Michael in the face as he is tied to the chair, toying with him.

CARMODY
(into phone)
I am sorting the shit out now, they
won't find me here.

BACK TO:

INT. MICKY'S CAR (MOVING)

With a troubled look in his eyes, Micky, slowly, brings the phone down from his ear.

MICKY DEE
Fuck.

RONNIE
What?

Micky takes a second to grasp the situation.

MICKY DEE
Turn around.

EXT. MICKY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Micky's car does a u-turn out of nowhere, narrowly missing another motorist.

Horns BEEP and CURSES are thrown around from the civilian as Ronnie and Micky take off at a million miles per hour.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Micky and Ronnie pull up in a wicked rush, BUST out of the doors and run into the warehouse. They are both carry guns and don't mess about.

INT. WAREHOUSE (STORAGE ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Micky Dee checks the storage room - Nobody.

INT. WAREHOUSE (OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie has a gander in the upstairs office - Nobody.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Micky Dee and Ronnie run into the bathroom. They slam their breaks on. They're bothered by the sight that confronts them.

The doors close on us.

INT. WAREHOUSE (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Jackie Chan, cut up and almost unrecognizable with a fresh bullet wound in his head. Micky tilts his head as he ponders Jackie Chan's corpse. Ronnie stands behind, looking over Micky's shoulder.

MICKY DEE

Is this -

Beat.

RONNIE

That's him.

CUT TO:

INT. MICKY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Ronnie is once again driving. He's easily doing over a hundred miles and hour - SWERVING in and out of traffic. Micky Dee is on his phone.

Over the CAR'S ENGINE is a RINGING TONE.

MICKY DEE

(into phone)

Pick the fuck up!

Mr. Pellar's VOICE MAIL:

MR. PELLAR (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Don't leave a message because I
won't get back to you.

Micky Dee SLAMS his phone down on the dashboard. Frustrated and scared for his son.

MICKY DEE

Fuck!

RONNIE

What the fuck, Micky? They wouldn't
hurt him. They know what's good for
'em.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE

Mr. Pellar has never seen me and Carmody together.

(beat)

They don't know he's my son.

RONNIE

You've known him for years? What the fuck do you mean?

MICKY DEE

It's personal, Ronnie, shut the fuck up and drive.

RONNIE

Want me to call the troops?

MICKY DEE

We don't have time.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

On screen is Carmody's car in the driveway, Michael's wife's car next to it and Mr. Pellar's car parked on a forty five degree angle behind them, blocking both cars off.

We hear Michael's Wife SOBBING from inside the house.

Mr. Pellar, Oliver, and Barks run from the front door to their car. Not saying a word to each other, Mr. Pellar gets in the driver's seat, Oliver in the front and Barks gets in the back.

The car does a full u-turn, driving over and lawn and over the gutter onto the street. Mr. Pellar puts his foot down and drives off screen.

A few seconds pass -

From off screen - A car REVS to the LIMIT coming from the opposite direction to what Mr. Pellar drove off in. We hear it turn down the street. The car gets LOUDER as it gets closer.

Micky's car drives on screen. Before it has come to a complete stop, both Ronnie and Micky Dee get out. The car continues to roll away as Micky and Ronnie charge the front door of the house.

The car rolls into the neighbour's letterbox, breaking it.

Michael's wife lets out a loud SCREAM as the two men storm inside.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE (O.S.)
No, no, no ,no, no.

Michael's wife CRIES get louder.

MICKY DEE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Shut the fuck up!

Pistol SHOT.

A child's CRY replaces his mother's cry.

MICHAEL'S CHILD (O.S.)
Mommy!

We continue to hear the little boy CRY.

MICKY DEE (O.S.)
Ronnie, Shut that fucking kid up!

Another pistol SHOT is FIRED. The kid is now QUIET.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE

A blood fest: In the same spot we have Michael in the chair, dead from all the cuts and beatings.

On the floor at the back of the room lays Big Boy Blue. He has seen better days. His face is unrecognizable.

Carmody lays dead on the couch, wearing only his shirt, with two shotgun blasts in him. One on the chest and the other is on the face.

With her pants down, Michaels wife is laying on the ground with a bullet wound in her head. Their son lies, dead, next to her.

Micky Dee laments over his dead son Carmody.

Ronnie hesitantly taps Micky on the shoulder.

RONNIE
We need to get out of here, Micky.

Micky ignores Ronnie and cries on the corpse of his dead son. Ronnie, with a little force, grabs Micky and pulls him away from Carmody.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Inside a basement that would send shivers down the spine of any Cutthroat. Cold concrete walls besiege the dungeon like room as dust covered lights try their utmost to illuminate the rooms heavy air.

Here we are introduced to Horn and Rag Mat: Two of Micky's henchmen, mid 30's. They both sport black suits. Horn stands well over six foot and is as fiery as his red hair. Rag Mat has thick black hair with even thicker eyebrows. Rag Mat is a little more level headed than his comrade, Horn.

Both men stand over a MAN that is tied to a chair with a black bag over his head. The man is shirtless and covered in deep cuts. Behind them is a operating table. Scalpels, butchers knives, drills, pliers, hacksaws and other tools that go well with torturing people, pile the cold surface.

HORN

You ready, asshole?

Rag Mat takes to the victim with a scalpel, removing a chunk of the victim's arm.

The man in the chair BLURTS out and MUMBLES from under his gag.

RAG MAT

This mother fucker stinks.

HORN

Well let's give him something to
take the stench away.

Horn grabs a bottle of cologne and SPRAYS it into a deep cut of the victim. The victim SCREAMS in pain.

In the background: the DOOR OPENS. In walks Micky Dee with his right hand man Ronnie. Micky Dee walks past Horn and Rag Mat without saying a word and looks straight at the man in the chair.

MICKY DEE

(to Horn, looking at victim)
Anything?

HORN

Not a word.

MICKY DEE

He'll give in. They always do.

FADE OUT

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Back to Mr. Pellar, Oliver and Barks. As always, Mr. Pellar is driving, Oliver is in the front seat and Barks rides in the back.

BARKS

I've been waiting for this moment
since I met this scumbag.

MR. PELLAR

Easy Barks. Last thing we need now
is for you to go 'trigger happy' on
us again.

BARKS

That wasn't my fault.

OLIVER

It wasn't?

BARKS

No.

MR. PELLAR

Bullshit, you lost your cool and
you tore that place apart. And
let's not forget, Oliver and I
almost went down because of that.

BARKS

Well maybe if you two were better
at controlling situations, it
wouldn't have played out that way.

Oliver turns to Barks in the back seat. They are not
actually mad at each other. They're just playing along.

OLIVER

Controlling the situation? How the
fuck are we meant to control any
sort of situation when one of our
own men can't control his own
fucking ego.

Oliver turns back to the front.

BARKS

Don't talk about fuckin' egos with
me Oliver. You prance around town
with your fancy shoes and your
fuckin' suspenders talking to
pretty girls, offering to buy them

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARKS (cont'd)
expensive shit, just to boost your
own ego.

OLIVER
Hey Barks.

BARKS
What?

OLIVER
How about you suck on my little
nuts.

BARKS
How about you fuck my mother.

MR. PELLAR
Already have.

BARKS
I wasn't talking to you, you
fossil.

Mr. Pellar and Oliver laugh.

OLIVER
How about you show some respect.

BARKS
How about you go dance on the
highway with a blindfold on.

Oliver turns back around to Barks and brings his shotgun to Barks' face. Barks immediately puts the end of the shotgun in his mouth and moves his head back and forth as if he were giving the shotgun a blow job.

Oliver and Mr. Pellar laugh.

OLIVER
You're a spooky mother
fucker, Barks.

Barks stops sucking the gun off.

BARKS
Get your junk out of my mouth.

Barks flicks the gun away from his face and leans back into his seat. Oliver pulls the gun away and places it back between his legs.

(CONTINUED)

A moment of SILENCE goes by as the car turns a corner and the three men put a game face on.

We hear Mr. Pellar's PHONE telling him directions on the GPS.

SIRI (V.O.)
Your destination is in three
hundred and fifty meters on the
left.

MR. PELLAR
It's time, boys.

Barks and Oliver check their ammunition and pump their shotguns. Ready for action.

BARKS
God damn. It's about fucking time.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Pellar pulls up at out the front of Michael's house. He parks behind the two cars (as we saw before) in the driveway - leaving any chance of an escape in a car hopeless.

All three men exit the car.

Mr. Pellar, Oliver and Barks walk for the front door of the house as Mr. Pellar's phone RINGS in his pocket. He pulls it out of his pocket. "Micky Dee" is calling. Mr. Pellar declines the call and turns his phone off.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE (FRONT DOOR) - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Pellar is about to knock on the door when we hear a woman's SCREAM from inside.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(through door)
No!

Mr. Pellar KNOCKS.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside on the couch is Carmody over the top of Michael's wife with no pants on trying to overcome Michael's wife. She puts up a decent fight. Big Boy Blue is behind the couch, watching, with a grin on his face, holding Michael's child. The child doesn't know how to react. Michael is SLASHED all over his body. He is dead.

KNOCK KNOCK.

(CONTINUED)

Everybody STOPS and turns their attention to the door.

The knocks gets LOUDER - Carmody jumps up - Michael's wife falls off the couch onto the ground. She scuffles away from the couch towards her son.

Carmody signals for Big Boy Blue to check the door. As always, Big Boy Blue does as he is told and walks to the door. Anxious, he opens the door SLIGHTLY and pokes his head out to take a look. He is greeted by the sight of a pump action shotgun barrel held by a smiling Oliver.

BANG. Big Boy Blue is BLASTED in the face by shotgun pellets. He SCREAMS and puts his hands over his face.

Both his eyes have been annihilated and ninety percent of the skin from his face has been put on the wall behind him.

The door BURSTS open. Mr. Pellar enters first, followed by Barks and then Oliver.

MR. PELLAR

Ahoy fuckers.

With his monster hands covering his face, Big Boy Blue stumbles backwards away from the door - YELPING in pain.

Oliver takes a look at Big Boy Blue, puzzled that the Big Boy is still standing.

OLIVER

Who the fuck is this guy? And how
is he still alive?

Oliver SHOOTS Big Boy Blue one more time in the face. This time the Big Boy drops dead, almost creating a category five earthquake as he THUMPS the ground.

Carmody makes a RUN for it; he isn't making a very good get away considering his pants are around his ankles. Barks blocks him off with a shotgun. Carmody is aghast by their presence.

The three men notice Michael but don't look twice.

BARKS

Ah, ah, ah. You stay right there,
fuck face.

Carmody throws his hands up and takes a seat on the couch. Michael's wife stands and comforts her child. They are both TERRIFIED and CRYING in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR
(to Michael's Wife)
It's okay sweetheart. We're not
gonna hurt ya.

BARKS
(to Carmody)
You, on the other hand. You're
about as much fucked as a Nazi at a
rap concert.

Carmody puts his hands up - SHAKING and STUTTERING with fear
as if he were about to implode.

CARMODY
B, B, B Barks? What are you
doing, man?

BARKS
Sh, Sh, Shut the fuck up, rodent.
(to Mr. Pellar and Oliver.)
Please, allow me.

MR. PELLAR
He's all yours, Barks.

CARMODY
P, p, p, please!

OLIVER
Go for it.

Barks SHOOTS Carmody once in the chest with a smile from ear
to ear.

Carmody COUGHS up blood and GASPS for air. Shaking like a
dog shitting razor blades, he puts his arms out and begs.

CARMODY
(begging)
Please!

Barks OPENS FIRE on Carmody one more time in the face,
killing him.

Barks is satisfied.

He goes into Carmody's pants and grabs what he can. He pulls
out Carmody's wallet and phone. Barks pockets the wallet and
destroys the phone by STAMPING on it.

Mr. Pellar looks over at Michael's wife and son. She is in
shock. Mr. Pellar puts his index finger over his lips to say
"Shhh"

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Pellar, Oliver and Barks leave the house.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

We are back in the car with the Boys - Mr. Pellar is driving, doing a u turn out of Michael's drive way.

MR. PELLAR
You feel better, Barks?

BARKS
Like a pig in shit.

They all have a laugh.

OLIVER
Mother fucker had it coming.

MR. PELLAR
I hope that girl is okay. Looks like Carmody did a number on her husband.

BARKS
Fuck him, he shouldn't have dealt with pieces of shit like Carmody and maybe his family wouldn't have had to go through that. He deserved what he got, they didn't.

OLIVER
You're a hardhearted mother fucker, Barks.

BARKS
We all got it coming one day, Oliver.

EXT. MR. PELLAR'S HOUSE - DAY

The car PULLS to a stop at Mr. Pellar's house. Not a word is said when all three men get out and exchange in hugs. Mr. Pellar stands back as Barks and Oliver get back in the car. Oliver is in the drivers seat.

The car STARTS UP and drives off screen as Mr. Pellar walks into his home.

FADE OUT

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

(CONTINUED)

"THE NEXT DAY"

FADE IN:

INT. OLIVER AND BARKS HOUSE - DAY

The camera does a 360 of the room. A small, tidy, modern apartment. All the windows and shutters closed to make it feel more like a sex den.

A black leather sofa that is neatly placed next to a single black sofa has Barks passed out on it wearing only a t-shirt and undies. His pants seem to have been misplaced. On the coffee table in front of him lays a pile of cocaine, bong, bowl of weed and Carmody's wallet along with a few empty beer cans and vodka bottles.

Passed out on the floor next to him is a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE girl wearing only a t-shirt.

Camera STOPS on Barks.

Wiping his eyes, Barks sits up. He reviews the bong and has a think to himself... "Should I? Should I not?" He then stares at the girl next to his feet and then back at the bong. Deciding it's a fantastic idea - he packs himself a monster cone and SPARKS up.

Barks is mid-bong when a girl SCREAMS from one of the bedrooms down the hallway.

GIRL (O.S.)
(through door)
You asshole!

The bedroom door bursts OPENS and a beautiful BRUNETTE comes running out in her undies, SCREAMING for dear life. Oliver, in only a set of underwear, comes out running after her, chasing her with a little SNAKE around his hand. The Brunette - half naked - runs out of the apartment and SLAMS the door behind her.

Oliver does not take notice of Barks as he walks back to his room, petting his pet snake.

Back to Barks.

Barks is still holding his bong as he blows out a cloud of smoke. His eyes tell us that one cone hit him like a freight train. He puts the bong down and gives the girl at his feet a NUDGE with his foot to wake her up.

(CONTINUED)

The Blonde pulls her head from the pillow, wipes the sleep from her eyes and searches for her undies. Barks pulls out a set of undies from between the cushions on the sofa and hands them to the Blonde. Blondie gets to her feet and slides the undies up her legs and takes a seat next to Barks.

Barks - stoned out of his brain - looks at her with eyes as red as sin and offers the bong to Blondie. She gracefully accepts the bong and bowl of weed with open arms.

Like a pro, Blondie packs her own bong and takes a hit. She BLOWS smoke in Barks face and places the bong on the coffee table. She lays back, resting her feet on Barks' lap and closes her eyes. Barks takes the bong off the table and finishes off her cone.

Barks INHALES the smoke for a few seconds and BLOWS a big mushroom like cloud above his head as if a bomb had just been dropped.

Oliver walks from his dungeon and on screen.

He takes a seat on the single couch next to the double sofa and looks at the Blondie - Blondie senses someone is looking and peeps with one eye right back at Oliver.

Oliver then looks at Barks. Barks, looking more stoned than before looks back at Oliver.

Oliver susses out the pile of cocaine on the table. Barks examines Oliver's every move, like a test subject.

Using his credit card from the table, Oliver scrapes a little pile of cocaine from the big pile and makes himself a line. He then grabs a one hundred dollar bill from his wallet and rolls it up into a straw.

CLOSE UP: A perfectly presented line of cocaine.

Back to Oliver and Barks.

With Barks still studying Oliver; Oliver leans in and SNORTS his line.

PFFFFFFFT.

Oliver's eyes roll to the back of his head as he relaxes back in his chair and tilts his head back. Barks looks at the pile of cocaine with a cheesy grin.

Oliver drops his head to the side and looks over to the Blonde one more time.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER
Who is that?

Barks shrugs his shoulders and stares at nothing - as someone as stoned as him would do. Blondie stands up and walks off without saying a word. Oliver and Barks check out her perfectly shaped ass bounce from side to side as she makes her way to the bathroom.

CLOSE UP: Carmody's wallet.

Barks' hand picks the wallet up.

Back to Barks and Oliver.

Barks opens the wallet. He pulls out a few hundred dollars and explores Carmody's wallet. Barks BURSTS into laughter as he pulls out a RED card from inside.

BARKS
Look at this.

Barks passes the card to Oliver. Oliver BURST into laughter.

OLIVER
(reading the card)
The all for men gay society.

Beat.

OLIVER (cont'd)
He was a fucking homo?

Barks pulls out another card and bursts into laughter again, handing it to Oliver.

OLIVER (cont'd)
(reading the card)
Wanglers Boy Booty Orgy. Bring this
card on entry or will be declined.

Both men are almost in tears from LAUGHTER.

Barks regains control of his laughing fit, pulls out a receipt from Carmody's wallet and has a read.

He LAUGHS even more and passes it to Oliver.

OLIVER (cont'd)
(reading the receipt)
A receipt for twenty four dollars
from the chemist for -
(laughing)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER (cont'd)
- premature ejaculation nasal
spray.

Oliver crushes the receipt while CRYING from LAUGHTER.

BARKS
(laughing hysterically)
I didn't even know they made that
shit.

Barks looks through Carmody's wallet a little more and pulls
out his driver's licence.

Barks INSTANTLY stops laughing at the sight of Carmody's
drivers licence.

His eyes OPEN WIDE.

Barks stands up.

Oliver stops laughing.

OLIVER
What is it?

Barks passes Carmody's drivers licence to Oliver.

CLOSE UP: Carmody's drivers licence.

Camera ZOOMS on Carmody's name: "Carmody Levi Dee"

Camera ZOOMS more on his last name 'Dee'

Back to Oliver and Barks.

BARKS
Why does he have the same last name
as Micky?

Both men take a second to collect themselves.

OLIVER
Jesus fuck.

BARKS
(angry)
Fuck, Fuck, Fuck!

Barks, like The Flash, jumps over the couch and pulls his
phone from the phone charger in the wall and dials a number.

RINGING TONE -

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR (V.O.)
(over Phone, filtered)
Don't leave a message because I
won't get back to you.

Barks hangs up.

BARKS
No answer.

OLIVER
(teeth clinched)
Fuck.

Oliver and Barks BOLT out the door.

INT. CAR (MOVING)- DAY

Oliver is FLYING the car.

Barks is on his phone.

Pause.

BARKS
(into phone)
Mr. Pellar, where are you?

BACK TO:

EXT. MR. PELLAR'S HOUSE - DAY

It is a beautiful morning at the Pellar residence, birds are SINGING and dogs BARK throughout the neighborhood.

Behind a young lady running with her beautiful German Shepherd is a car CREEPING up out the front of Mr. Pellar's home. The car stops and the ENGINE IS CUT.

INT. RAG MAT'S CAR (STOPPED) - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car: Rag Mat driving and Horn in the seat next to him. They both look into Mr. Pellar's house and cock their guns.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. PELLAR'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

Mr. Pellar is sitting at a little table in his little kitchen SCOFFING down some avocado on toast. As always, he is dressed to impress.

Sitting next to him is his wife, MRS. PELLAR, drinking a coffee.

Mrs. Pellar is around the same age as Mr. Pellar and reminds you of your grand mother when you were five years old, caring, kind and sweet as a sugar plum.

MRS. PELLAR
So how are the boys?

MR. PELLAR
The boys will be boys.

MRS. PELLAR
I worry about them.

MR. PELLAR
They're tough kids, they'll be fine.

MRS. PELLAR
You were always very tough on them, taught them respect. I know they will be okay, doesn't stop me from worrying though.

Mr. Pellar stands up and kisses his wife on the lips.

MR. PELLAR
You have worried about those boys the moment their parents died.

Mr. Pellar turns the JUG ON and then begins to make himself a coffee when his phone RINGS.

CLOSE UP on Mr. Pellar's phone: "BARKS" is calling.

Back to Mr and Mrs. Pellar.

Mr. Pellar declines the call.

MRS. PELLAR
Why did you hang up?

MR. PELLAR
If it's important he will call back. Right now, I'm going to drink my coffee and then take a shit.

(CONTINUED)

They both laugh.

MRS. PELLAR
You are disgusting!

MR. PELLAR
You love me.

MRS. PELLAR
I do love you.

Mr. Pellar walks over to Mrs. Pellar and kisses her again.

MR. PELLAR
I love you too.

MRS. PELLAR
Remember that time Barks asked that girl out?

MR. PELLAR
You're going to have to be more specific my darling. We can't go to a restaurant without him asking a pretty waitress out.

Mrs. Pellar laughs.

MRS. PELLAR
I mean the one he asked to prom.

MR. PELLAR
Oh yes, she was a lovely girl.

MRS. PELLAR
Well her parents came into the store the other day and she was there.

MR. PELLAR
Oh really, how are they?

MRS. PELLAR
They're doing really well.

MR. PELLAR
I'm glad to hear that.

MRS. PELLAR
She asked after Barks and Oliver.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR

Oh yeah?

MRS. PELLAR

And, I didn't know what to say.

No answer.

MRS. PELLAR (cont'd)

I have always seen, heard or spoke
no evil of your ways Richard. But
please just look after our boys.

Mrs. Pellar stands up and walks to the sink and puts her empty coffee mug in. She looks her husband in the eyes - awaiting a response. Mr. Pellar is hesitant.

MR. PELLAR

They're doing fine.

MRS. PELLAR

Please look after them.

Mr. Pellar kisses Mrs. Pellar on her forehead.

MR. PELLAR

I promise.

The jug RINGS. Mr. Pellar grabs the jug and pours the boiling water into his mug to conclude the makings of his delicious morning coffee.

KNOCK KNOCK.

MRS. PELLAR

Who could that be?

MR. PELLAR

Probably the scouts again. Do you
mind?

MRS. PELLAR

Okay.

Mr Pellar does not think twice as he lets his dear wife answer the door. Mrs. Pellar walks off screen to attend to the door knockers.

Mr. Pellar's phone is GOING OFF again. He answers.

MR. PELLAR

(into phone)

Good morning Barks.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. PELLAR'S HOUSE (FRONT DOOR) - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Pellar opens the front door. She is concerned by Horn and Rag Mat's presence.

HORN
Good morning mam.

Horn raises his gun to Mrs. Pellar forehead from point blank range.

BACK TO:

INT. MR. PELLAR'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Pellar is on his phone..

BARKS
(over phone, filtered)
Mr. Pellar, where are you?

Before Barks finishes his sentence, Mrs. Pellar SCREAMS. BANG! the terrifying sound of a gunshot rips through the house.

Mr. Pellar's heart skips a beat, he drops his phone and runs for the next room.

He makes his way around the corner to the front door but is collected by Rag Mat's fist and knocked out cold.

EXT. MR. PELLAR'S HOUSE (FRONT DOOR/DRIVEWAY) - CONTINUOUS

The door OPENS. Horn and Rag Mat both carry an unconscious Mr. Pellar to the car as if he were a dog in a pillow case.

They make about half way between the house and the car when Horn drops Mr. Pellar's legs and runs to the car and opens the trunk. Rag Mat drags Mr. Pellar the rest of the way, Horn helps him lift Mr. Pellar into the trunk.

Horn CLOSES the trunk.

They both look around for witnesses. They see no one.

Rag Mat hops in the driver's seat and Horn gets in the passenger seat. The car STARTS UP and takes off.

BACK TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Oliver and Barks are moving at over one hundred miles an hour down Mr. Pellar's neighborhood street.

INT. MR. PELLAR'S HOUSE (FRONT DOOR) - CONTINUOUS

Here lies Mrs. Pellar's dead body with a bullet wound in her head right between the eyes.

Camera is stationed looking over the door: A car is heard REVVING from down the street... The car come to a SCREECHING stop. Car doors OPEN followed by FOOTSTEPS running for the door. The front door OPENS. Oliver and Barks are greeted by the sight of their dead guardian.

Barks drops to his knees with a look of animosity towards himself as Oliver walks slowly up to Mrs. Pellar's body and kneels down next to her. He picks her head up and puts his head close to hers. Very few tears fall from Barks' and Oliver's eyes. Their eyes are filled with hate.

SIRENS fill the atmosphere outside.

Oliver kisses Mrs. Pellar on her forehead and lets her head down gently before he exits the house.

The POLICE SIRENS are getting closer.

Barks stares at Mrs. Pellar with a hollow look pasted on his face.

FADE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

We return to the basement we were at earlier in the story and we continue from where we took off -

Micky Dee is standing over a male with no shirt on, stabbed half to death with a black bag over his head.

Micky Dee leans in on the victim and lifts the bag from the his head, revealing Mr. Pellar is the man under the bag.

MICKY DEE

You should know how this procedure works more than anyone. Isn't that right Mr. Pellar.

Micky Dee rips the tape from Mr. Pellar's mouth and turns to Rag Mat and Horn with a disgruntled look about him.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
(to Rag Mat and Horn, angry)
How the fuck is he meant to tell us
where the fuck they are if he has
tape over his fuckin' mouth?

He turns back to Mr. Pellar.

Micky Dee PUNCHES Mr. Pellar in the face. Blood SPRAYS from Mr. Pellar's mouth.

Although Mr. Pellar is half dead and just witnessed his wife being murdered, he is still calm and collective. No fear protrudes from his demeanor whatsoever.

Micky Dee walks to the bench behind himself and his henchmen and grabs a knife. He takes the knife to Mr. Pellar's pants and cuts a section off from the top of his knee down. He places the tip of the knife on Mr. Pellar's bare knee.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
Where is Oliver and Barks?

No answer.

Blood spills from Mr. Pellar's knee as Micky inserts the knife, slowly.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
Where is Oliver and Barks?

Mr. Pellar looks at Micky and drops his head in shame.

MR. PELLAR
The warehouse.

Micky lifts the knife from Mr. Pellar's knee.

MICKY DEE
What was that?

Mr. Pellar looks up at Micky with shameful eyes.

MR. PELLAR
The warehouse.

MICKY DEE
Good boy. I always knew you were
weak.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

INSERT, TITLE CARD: FOUR YEARS EARLIER.

Inside the storage room, Mr. Pellar is letting Oliver and Barks in on some important information.

MR. PELLAR

Now, look you crazy kids. If ever,
and I fucking mean this when I say
it, if one of us is ever taken away
from us and forced to give
information, you tell them exactly
where one another is. You tell them
the exact address. Ninety percent
of the time they will only send one
or two men out to have a look. When
those greasy spics, nips, niggers
or whoever the fuck it is comes
looking, they'll fucking find
exactly what they're looking for.

BARKS

I'm not ever telling anyone where
you guys -

Mr. Pellar gets angry.

MR. PELLAR

- Shut up Barks. Let me finish. You
will tell them. And you will tell
them to come to this exact spot and
we will wait. We will wait for who
ever has our fucking brother and
when they show up we will cut them
into fucking pieces until they tell
us where he is. As history will
show us, the element of surprise is
a powerful tool and we will use it
to gain the advantage.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Micky Dee walks away from Mr. Pellar and whispers into
Horn's ear.

MICKY DEE

The warehouse. Bring one of them
alive so they can watch.

Horn nods his head and walks out the door; he gives Rag Mat
a nod. Rag Mat follows with a heinous look in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - DAY

Oliver and Barks sit upstairs in a little room that looks to be an old office from when the warehouse was once active. They are waiting by the window that overlooks the entrance with their shotguns in hand and cigarettes in their mouths.

BARKS

Why are we only watching this door?
What about the fire exits?

OLIVER

We boarded those doors up years
ago, how can you not remember this
shit?

No answer.

Oliver goes into his pocket to retrieve his phone. He lights up the screen and checks the time.

OLIVER (cont'd)

It's been almost three hours.

BARKS

What if he's already dead?

OLIVER

He ain't dead. That freak
won't kill him without us watching.

Barks FARTS. Holding a serious face; he looks at Oliver. Oliver looks back at him in disgust.

BARKS

I'll be right back.

Barks stands up with his shotgun and walks out the door.

INT. RAG MAT'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Horn and Rag Mat are pulling up next to the warehouse; both looking at it with homicidal eyes. (Rag Mat is driving)

Horn looks at a little piece of paper and points to the warehouse.

HORN

Right 'ere.

Rag Mat pulls up out the front and turns the car OFF.

(CONTINUED)

RAG MAT
Which one shouldn't we kill?

HORN
Whichever one we don't see first.

Horn and Rag Mat exit the car.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Horn and Rag Mat - with their guns by their side; walk to the door of the warehouse.

Horn turns the handle slowly and lets himself in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens very SLOWLY before Horn enters - he is immediately followed by Rag Mat.

Rag Mat CLOSES the door behind him very QUIETLY.

Horn and Rag Mat walk through the DEAD QUIET warehouse. Like a ninja, Horn moves off in a different direction to Rag Mat and pops his head around the corner - he sees nothing - he walks around the back for a better look.

Rag Mat puts in a half assed effort as he scopes out the main floor of the warehouse.

HORN (O.S.)
Fuckin' nothin'.

Rag Mat sits at the table in the middle of the room and lights up a smoke.

Horn walks back into the main room.

HORN
No one is fuckin' here.

Horn takes a seat next to Rag Mat at the table.

RAG MAT
Their car is out front.

HORN
That doesn't mean shit.

RAG MAT
He fuckin' lied to us.

(CONTINUED)

HORN

I'm going to cut that old kook into
a thousand pieces.

Rag Mat takes out his phone and is about to punch some
numbers in when -

Off screen: A Toilet FLUSHES.

Horn and Rag Mat are startled. They JUMP to their feet with
their weapons steered in the direction they heard the FLUSH.

From the upstairs office behind Horn and Rag Mat: Oliver pop
his head around the corner and TOSSES a grenade down.

TAP, TAP, TAP. The grenade hits the ground behind Horn and
Rag Mat. They regulate their attention behind them. Horn
FIRES three SHOTS at nothing.

A flash bang ERUPTS -- The screen goes WHITE -- our ears are
RINGING.

The camera slowly regains focus and we are now in..

INT. WAREHOUSE BATHROOM -LATER

The bathroom where Jackie Chan was executed, he is still in
his chair with stab wounds all over his body and a bullet
wound in his head. Horn and Rag Mat are both passed out,
lying downwards on forty five degree angle benches. Head to
head with each other.

They are tied down to their bench from the neck to the hip
by chains with ONE arm free. Their legs are separated and
binded together on the underside of the bench, leaving their
groin region vulnerable.

Above each of their groins is a machete that it attached by
a swivel device holding the grip end of the sword. The end
of the blade has a length of rope attached to it that
travels through a pulley system and is anchored about six
hundred millimeters away from the opposite man. (The rope
attached to the machete above Horn is anchored next to Rag
Mat, and vise versa)

The machete's are so sharp we can literally hear it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Oliver and Barks make way towards the bathroom.

BARKS

Where the fuck did you get a flash
bang from?

OLIVER

Rag Mat sold them to me. What a
dumb ass.

INT. WAREHOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oliver stands back as Barks SPRAYS the two men on the
benches with the garden hose - coating them with water.

Both men wake up. Rag Mat has got cold feet and remains calm
while Horn is losing his marbles.

HORN

What the fuck is this!

They both attempt to untie themselves with their free arms
but it is hopeless.

Barks SPRAYS them again.

HORN (cont'd)

Fuck! You fucking fuck! You fucking
spray me again and I'll eat your
fucking cock in front of you while
you choke on your own fucking
blood.

Barks holds the hose on Horn and fills up his mouth, Horn
CHOKES on the water.

Barks stops spraying.

RAG MAT

What is this?

OLIVER

This, you pieces of shit -

HORN

- I'm going to fuck -

BARKS

- Shut the fuck up, Horn. You ain't
doing shit.

(CONTINUED)

HORN
I'll fucking -

RAG MAT
- Shut the fuck up, Horn!

Horn shuts it.

RAG MAT (cont'd)
(to Oliver)
What the fuck is this?

Oliver begins to explain the contraption.

NOTE: Oliver points to the appropriate parts as he explains the system.

OLIVER
This is something I designed a few years back, but unfortunately I have never used it; I have never felt the need for it. Until now. You two rodents will be our first test subjects. You see that one rope attached to the end of the blade, that travels through a pulley system we set up on the roof and is anchored right next to your partner there.

Horn and Rag Mat are confused.

OLIVER (cont'd)
If either of you cut the rope, it will drop the other machete's blade.

HORN
You're fucking dead.

BARKS
In other words, if the rope next to you snaps, it will send the blade of the other machete down on your partners cock. You can probably guess that that isn't going to turn out good for either of you.

CLOSE UP of the blade on one of the machetes: An extra bit of steel has been welded on the end of it for extra weight.

Back to all four men.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

I have even welded a little bit of extra steel to the end of the blades. Just so it gets in there nice a deep. Making that little pecker of yours about as useful as tits on a boy.

HORN

What the fuck, you fucking cunts are fucking dead. Fuck you! Fucks!

BARKS

That's not even the best part.

Barks puts a table within arm's reach of both of the men.

OLIVER

Can both of you reach that? Good.

Oliver pulls out a set of industrial snip scissors and puts them on the table.

Horn reaches for the machete handle but it is to high.

RAG MAT

What are those for?

BARKS

They're big scissors dumb ass. Better make a decision before Horn dog here decides you aren't worthy of manhood.

OLIVER

You have thirty minutes to decide which one of you keeps their dick. If we come back in here and one of you don't have a machete lodged into your cock, you will both loose them in even worse ways.

Barks sets a timer on his phone for thirty minutes and places it where both Horn and Rag Mat can see it.

BARKS

I hope to fuck we come in to see both you mother fuckers with your cocks still attached. Ima go ancient Greek on you boney fucks.

Oliver and Barks exit the room; CLOSING the door behind them.

(CONTINUED)

Back to Horn and Rag Mat.

RAG MAT

Horn.

No answer.

RAG MAT (cont'd)

Horn!

HORN

What?

RAG MAT

Be cool.

HORN

The fuck are you saying be cool?

RAG MAT

Just be cool. We will be fine.
Neither of us is losing our dicks
today.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Micky Dee sits in a chair next to Mr. Pellar. Mr Pellar is barely alive, coming in and out of consciousness as Micky Dee smokes his cigar and flicks through a nudie magazine.

We can see the blood DRIPPING from Mr. Pellar's body onto the cold concrete below him.

Ronnie is at the operating table. Ronnie doesn't make eye contact with Micky Dee, as he is too busy checking out the tools.

MICKY DEE

You know, I don't get the whole
idea of strippers.

Micky puts the magazine down.

RONNIE

I love strippers.

MICKY DEE

We all love strippers. Do you love
strippers Mr. Pellar?

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE (cont'd)

Don't get me wrong, I love the sight of a beautiful women's breast and bare ass. But, I just don't get the fact that every man loses his shit over a fuckin' lap dance.

RONNIE

That's the best thing about it.

MICKY DEE

Bullshit.

RONNIE

Care to elaborate?

MICKY DEE

Well, if you can't fuck them, what's the point?

RONNIE

You can get a handful.

MICKY DEE

Don't fuckin' patronize me with that handful crap. Just being able to touch a stripper and not fuck her is like ordering a steak and not fuckin' eating it.

RONNIE

I don't follow.

MICKY DEE

You may as well book a table at a fancy fuckin' restaurant, order a big juicy steak that is cooked to absolute fuckin' perfection, and then when it is brought out to you and put right in front of your fuckin' nose, you just look at it.

Ronnie turns and faces Micky Dee, intrigued.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)

It's like having the best steak in the fuckin' world right in front of you and not eating it. You can smell it, you can touch it, you can put your face so fuckin' close to it you can almost see what the cow looked like before it was on your plate. But you can't fucking eat it.

(CONTINUED)

Ronnie sighs with a look of thought, tapping a knife gently against his teeth.

RONNIE

You're right. You're completely fuckin' right. You have just utterly burst my stripper bubble. Fuck strippers, Fuck lap dances. Never again. Fuck them.

Micky Dee checks his watch as Ronnie turns back to examine the torture tools some more.

MICKY DEE

These fuckin' guys are takin' their sweet ass time Ronnie.

Ronnie turns back to Micky Dee.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)

How long did it take us to get to the warehouse from here?

RONNIE

Twenty eight minutes.

Micky Dee checks his watch again.

MICKY DEE

Those two assholes have been gone for almost two hours.

No answer.

Micky is becoming agitated.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)

What the fuck are they doing?

RONNIE

They probably just stopped to get food or something.

Micky is angry.

MICKY DEE

They stopped to get fuckin' food? Those two will fuckin' eat when I tell 'em they can fuckin' eat.

RONNIE

Sorry Micky.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE

You call those two useless fucks
and tell them to get a fucking move
on or they will be joining Mr.
Fucking Pellar in this chair.

Ronnie Pulls out his phone and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - DAY

Oliver and Barks are leaning out the window of the upstairs office in their warehouse, both enjoying a well deserved cigarette. They are both disrupted by a phone RINGING in Oliver's pocket.

OLIVER

That's Rag Mat's phone.

Oliver pulls out the phone. "Ronnie" is calling.

OLIVER (cont'd)

It's Ronnie.

Oliver and Barks throw their smokes out the window and run downstairs to the bathroom.

INT. WAREHOUSE (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Still, nicely tied down, lay Horn and Rag Mat. Neither of them have touched the scissors. Oliver and Barks walk in with the RINGING phone.

The phone STOPS ringing.

OLIVER

(RE: Horn)

Shut him up.

Barks walks up to Horn.

HORN

Touch me you weak fuck and I'll rip
ya fuckin' heart out.

Horn tries to punch Barks with his free arm.

HORN (cont'd)

Come on!

Barks grabs Horn's arm and restrains it.

(CONTINUED)

HORN (cont'd)
You're fucking dead!

BARKS
Shut up.

Barks, with one solid blow - KNOCKS Horn out cold.

Oliver puts the phone next to Rag Mat's ear and calls Ronnie back.

OLIVER
Act cool.

We hear the RINGING tone.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

We are focused on Ronnie but can see Micky is still sitting next to a half dead Mr. Pellar in the background.

Ronnie answers his phone.

RONNIE
(into Phone)
Rag? Where the fuck are you?

INTERCUT with Warehouse (bathroom).

Oliver has the phone up to Rag Mat's ear.

RAG MAT
(into Phone)
We have them Ronnie, there has been
a crash on the M seven. All lanes
are blocked. Might be a while.

INTERCUT with Basement.

Ronnie is now standing further away from Micky and Mr. Pellar.

RONNIE
(into Phone, quietly)
Micky is becoming impatient.

INTERCUT with Warehouse (bathroom).

RAG MAT
(into Phone)
We will be there as soon as
possible, Ronnie.

(CONTINUED)

INTERCUT with Basement.

RONNIE
(into phone)
Hurry the fuck up.

Ronnie hangs up on Rag Mat.

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Oliver takes the phone away from Rag Mat's ear.

OLIVER
Good boy.

With a quick blow to Rag Mat's head, Oliver KNOCKS him out cold.

OLIVER (cont'd)
You got eleven minutes, bitch.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie walks over to take a seat right in front of Micky Dee and Mr. Pellar.

MICKY DEE
Where the fuck are they?

RONNIE
They have the boys. They're stuck
in traffic.

Mr. Pellar raises his head and looks at Ronnie.

RONNIE (cont'd)
(to Mr. Pellar)
You hear that did ya? We got your
boys now.

Mr. Pellar passes out again.

MICKY DEE
That motorway is fucked! People
always fuckin' crashin' on it.

RONNIE
Ima go take a piss and get some
coffee. You want anything?

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE

No.

Ronnie walks off screen and out the door.

Micky Dee looks at Mr. Pellar and puts his arm around him.

MR. PELLAR

I wish it didn't come to this old friend. I knew those boys would be the death of you.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

INSERT, TITLE CARD: 25 YEARS PRIOR.

Sitting on one side of the desk is a younger Micky Dee and right opposite him sits a younger Mr. Pellar with a full head of hair.

NOTE: They are both best friends at this point in time.

MICKY DEE

You're fuckin' joking, tell me you're fuckin' lying to me.

MR. PELLAR

I ain't fuckin' lyin' to ya man, she said yes.

Micky Dee CLAPS AND LAUGHS.

MICKY DEE

I can't fuckin' believe it. My man is getting married.

MR. PELLAR

I can't believe it myself.

Micky Dee stands up and shakes Mr. Pellar's hand.

MICKY DEE

Congrat-u-fuckin-lations.

MR. PELLAR

Thank you Micky.

They both sit back down - smiling.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE

You know, I still remember that night you met her.

MR. PELLAR

Oh, fuckin' bullshit. I don't even remember that night.

They both laugh.

MICKY DEE

No fuckin' bullshit. It was at Sally's Sports Bar about fifteen fuckin' years ago. She was the cute waitress. I got no idea why it's taken you this long to put a fuckin' ring on it?

MR. PELLAR

I know, I know. I've been hearing it the past ten years from her, I don't need it from you.

Both men laugh.

MICKY DEE

Do you remember what you said to her that night?

Mr. Pellar laughs and turns red from embarrassment.

MR. PELLAR

Don't fucking remind me.

MICKY DEE

You said -

MR. PELLAR

- Oh fuckin' no.

They both laugh.

MICKY DEE

You didn't think anybody fuckin' heard ya!

MR. PELLAR

I didn't think anybody fuckin' heard me!

MICKY DEE

But we heard! You walked right up to her and said "If god made

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
anything more perfect than you, he
would of kept you for himself"

Mr. Pellar laughs.

MR. PELLAR
Come on Mick. That's smooth.

MICKY DEE
Too fuckin' right it was smooth. I
thought she was going to jump that
bar and make love to you right
there and then.

Mr. Pellar laughs.

MR. PELLAR
In my defense. I honestly believe I
was the first person to ever use
that line.

MICKY DEE
Fuckin' genius is what it was. Now
days, you would be classified as a
pervert for saying some smooth shit
like that.

They both laugh.

MR. PELLAR
I know, women always say "what
happened to chivalry?" Well you
girls make us feel like a creep for
doing it now days, that's what
fuckin' happened to it.

MICKY DEE
You know, you're completely fuckin'
right. The other day I opened a
door for a young, lovely looking
women, smiled at her and asked how
her day was. You know what she
fucking said?
(beat)
She said "Oh, I have a boyfriend".

Mr. Pellar shakes his head.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
Like I was tryin' ta fuck her or
something. What the fuck? Can't we
be gentleman without women thinking
we're fuckin' tryna bone 'em.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PELLAR
Not this one.

MICKY DEE
I'm happy for you Mr. Pellar. I
really am.

MR. PELLAR
I appreciate it Micky. I have one
more question for you.

MICKY DEE
Hit me.

MR. PELLAR
I want you to be my best man.

Micky, genuinely smiles at Mr. Pellar.

MICKY DEE
Abso-fuckin-lutely.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

In the same position. Micky Dee flicks through his modern
phone as Mr. Pellar tries his hardest to keep his head
afloat.

MICKY DEE
I don't fuckin' get these phones
now.

Mr. Pellar raises his head and looks Micky in the eyes.

Micky Dee is very calm at this moment in time.

MR. PELLAR
Why didn't you ever tell me?

MICKY DEE
The fuck you talkin' bout?

MR. PELLAR
You know exactly what the fuck I'm
talking about Micky.

No answer.

MR. PELLAR (cont'd)
Why didn't you ever tell me you had
a son?

(CONTINUED)

No answer.

MR. PELLAR (cont'd)
You should of fuckin' -

MICKY DEE
- He was never my fuckin' kid
Pellar.

Mr. Pellar sighs with a look on confusion.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
Remember that one whore?

No answer.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
On your bucks weekend?

No answer.

Micky laughs.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
Don't tell me you don't fuckin'
remember Mr. Pellar, because I
know, no one could ever forget her.

Mr. Pellar sighs.

MR. PELLAR
What the fuck Micky?

MICKY DEE
Well one of the best man's
obligations to the Groom is to
organize his bucks. In our case, it
was a few days, worth of topless
girls, drugs and alcohol and
whatever the fuck else we did. I
don't blame you if you don't
remember half of it, but you cannot
sit there and say you do not
remember one in girl in particular.

MR. PELLAR
What the fuck has she got to do
with anything?

MICKY DEE
Ten months after your wedding day,
I got a visit from that whore. She
had a fuckin' baby boy. She wanted
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
to get to you. She wanted you to
take the fuckin' thing. By that
stage, I had not seen you since
your wedding. You got so caught up
with being a husband you forgot how
to be a fucking friend.

Micky is beginning to lose his cool.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
But I sure as hell wasn't gonna let
no whore fuck up my best
friend's marriage. So I took the
fuckin' kid. I took your fuckin'
son and I raised him as my own. And
you know what?

No answer.

Micky is angry.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
You know fuckin' what Pellar? I
grew to love that fuckin' kid. He
became a part of me. I taught him
how to ride a fuckin' bike, I
taught him how to kick a fuckin'
football. While you were off on
your three year fuckin' honey moon,
I was picking up your pieces -

MR. PELLAR
- Why didn't you fucking tell me!?

Micky stands up and draws his gun.

MICKY DEE
And all you can do in return is
fucking kill him?

Micky points the gun at Mr. Pellar's head.

MICKY DEE (cont'd)
Spit in my face after everything I
fuckin' did for you!

MR. PELLAR
(yelling)
You should have fucking -

Before Mr. Pellar can finish his sentence. Micky Dee SHOTS
Mr. Pellar in the head.

(CONTINUED)

MICKY DEE
I should 'av fuckin' told you.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Oliver is sitting at the table, smoking a cigarette. Barks is sitting on a pile of boxes, also smoking a cigarette.

The room is SILENT.

Oliver checks his watch. The watch is TICKING and TOCKING.

OLIVER
Three minutes.

BARKS
We haven't heard no screamin' yet.

Six seconds pass as Oliver and Barks take another drag of their cigarettes.

Barks and Oliver jump up when they hear..

HORN (O.S.)
(through door, terrified)
Rag? What the fuck are you doing?
What the fuck, you fucking rat
bastard. Fuck you! Fuck you!

Horn SCREAMS in agony as Oliver and Barks run for the bathroom door.

INT. WAREHOUSE (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Camera is looking at the door when Oliver and Barks BURST through.

Their facial expressions say everything about what we are about to see.

The camera does a 180 and STOPS on Horn and Rag Mat.

Horn is SCREAMING. We don't blame him, he has a machete lodged in his groin - completely destroying his man hood. Blood is POURING from his bench onto the tiles beneath him.

BARKS
Holy fuck.

HORN
You fuckers! You're all fuckin',
fuck, fuck, fuck.

Oliver picks up a knife from the bench and walks up to Horn.

(CONTINUED)

As Oliver approaches Horn, he tries to grab the knife off Oliver, but Oliver easily forces Horn's arm down to the bench.

Oliver SLICES Horns throat from one ear to the other.

Horn CHOKES on his own blood and dies within seconds.

Rag Mat, with the snips still in hand is approached by Barks.

Rag Mat doesn't try anything stupid and drops the snips.

BARKS

You really want to live don't
ya, Raggy?

Oliver pushes Horn's bench away and turns his attention to Rag Mat, just before Rag Mat's phone starts to RING in Oliver's pocket again. Oliver pulls the phone from his pocket.

OLIVER

You're almost home. Act normal and
you will walk out of here with your
penis attached.

Oliver answers the call and puts the phone to Rag Mat's ear.

INTERCUT with Micky's car (moving)

Ronnie is driving. Micky Dee smokes a cigar in the backseat, gazing upon the world as it passes by.

RONNIE

(into phone)

Rag, change of plans. Bring those
two fucks to the office.

INTERCUT with Warehouse (bathroom)

RAG MAT

Ronnie! It's a set up, they have us
at the warehouse!

Oliver quickly hangs up the phone. Barks PUNCHES Rag Mat in nose - SHATTERING it.

BACK TO:

INT. MICKY'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie is confused for a moment until his brain complies with what he just heard.

His face turns to desperation.

RONNIE

They have Horn and Rag, they're at the warehouse.

Micky Dee wakes from his daydream.

MICKY DEE

What the fuck?

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Micky Dee's car does a U turn in the middle of the street and takes off down the road like lightning.

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

BARKS

You dumb son of a bitch.

Oliver grabs Rag Mat's arm and pushes it back behind his head. Rag Mat SCREAMS in pain. Bones CRACK.

OLIVER

Where is he, Rag Mat?

No answer.

Oliver pushes Rag Mat's arm so far back it SNAPS.

Rag Mat SCREAMS in AGONY.

Barks picks up the snips and puts them next to the rope attached to Rag Mat's machete.

RAG MAT

No! Please! No!

BARKS

What the fuck were you thinking?

RAG MAT

I wasn't! I'm sorry!

Barks begins to cut the rope. String by string the rope wears thin.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER
Where-the-fuck is he?

No answer.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Barks, cut this mother fuckers
penis in half.

RAG MAT
They're at the house.

Oliver ELBOWS Rag Mat in his already broken nose.

OLIVER
Where the fuck is that?

BACK TO:

INT. MICKY'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Micky is still in the back, he is loading a pistol. Ronnie
is on the phone.

RONNIE
(into phone)
Change of plans, get all the men
and get to Pellar's warehouse right
fuckin' now.

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Barks has the snips. Slowly cutting the rope. It's about to
snap!

Oliver stands over Rag Mat.

OLIVER
What's the fucking address.

BARKS
We need to get the fuck out of
here!

OLIVER
Fuck it! Cut it off!

RAG MAT
Wait! It's on Cavelle Avenue,
stainless steel gates! You can't
miss it!

(CONTINUED)

Barks backs off. So does Oliver.

RAG MAT (cont'd)
Please!

Barks doesn't care. He finishes what he started and cuts the rope completely. The machete POUNDS Rag Mat right in his piss pipe. Rag Mat SCREAMS!

Oliver pulls out a pistol he stole from Rag Mat and Horn and takes aim at Rag Mat's head.

BARKS
No!

Oliver clinches the trigger.

BARKS (cont'd)
That's too easy for him. Let him rot.

OLIVER
Those assholes will be here -

BARKS
We both know how much he wants to live, he won't say shit to Micky about where we're going. Micky will kill him himself if he knew what we know.

Oliver pulls the gun away from Rag Mat as Barks RELEASES the chains from Rag Mat and sets him free.

With the machete still lodged into his family jewels, Rag Mat slides off the bench onto the ground. He SOBBS like a little girl - as anyone would.

Oliver takes Rag Mat's car keys out of his pocket and follows Barks out the door.

Camera FOCUSES on the door.

Rag Mat is STRUGGLING and MOANING in the background.

INSERT, TITLE CARD: EIGHT MINUTES LATER

The door BURSTS open! Micky Dee and Ronnie storm in. They are automatically dumbfounded by the sight. Micky Dee is transfixed at what he sees, he decides to hang back.

Ronnie approaches Rag Mat. The poor sucker is still alive - SQUIRMING on the ground with a machete stuck in his penis.

(CONTINUED)

Ronnie bends down to Rag Mat's level.

RONNIE
What-the-fuck?

Rag Mat puts his arms out for Ronnie. Ronnie wants none of it. He pushes his arms away.

RAG MAT
Ronnie, help me.

RONNIE
How did you fuck this up?

No answer.

RONNIE (cont'd)
(louder)
How did you fuck this up?

No answer.

Ronnie notices a dismantled Horn.

RONNIE (cont'd)
Where are the other two?

RAG MAT
They left.

RONNIE
Where the fuck did they go?

RAG MAT
I don't know, please Ronnie!

RONNIE
You don't fuckin' know? What the fuck happened to you?

RAG MAT
They fuckin' cut my dick off man.
It's fuckin' gone!

Ronnie covers his mouth in disgust at the sight on Rag Mat's wound.

RAG MAT (cont'd)
You need to get me to a hospital,
please! Ronnie!

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE
Did you tell them anything?

RAG MAT
My dick is fuckin' gone man.
Fuuuuuck.

RONNIE
Did you fuckin' tell them anything?

RAG MAT
No!

RONNIE
Then, where the fuck are they?

RAG MAT
They heard me tell you where we
were.

Rag Mat catches his breath.

RAG MAT (cont'd)
They left as soon as they knew you
were coming. They didn't stick
around. You gotta get me outta here
man.
(beat)
Please!

Rag Mat begs Ronnie.

RAG MAT (cont'd)
Please Ronnie!

Ronnie looks back at Micky. Micky shakes his head and walks
out of the room.

Ronnie turns back to Rag Mat, pulls out his pistol and
places it on Rag Mat's forehead.

RAG MAT (cont'd)
Ronnie!

Ronnie unloads one pistol SHOT in Rag Mat's face. Putting
him out of his misery.

Blood SPRAYS over Ronnie's face.

RONNIE
(wiping his face)
Fucking useless.

Ronnie takes out his phone and dials a number.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Micky Dee strolls around aimlessly. He takes a seat at our favorite table in the middle of the warehouse. He pulls out a big dirty Cuban from his jacket pocket and sparks a light. Micky takes long drag and exhales. He seems so content in that puff that it looks as though he is about to pass out.

Ronnie walks on screen and takes a seat next to Micky.

RONNIE

I called the men, told them to go home.

Micky doesn't even look at Ronnie and inhales more of his beautiful Cuban.

RONNIE (cont'd)

We should go.

Micky blows another cloud of smoke above his head.

MICKY DEE

(calmly)

If I hear those three words come from your mouth one more time, Ronnie, you will end up looking like those three fuckers in that bathroom.

Ronnie knows his place. He stands up and walks outside.

Micky Dee stays put and continues to dig into his Cuban.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ronnie stands next to the door to the warehouse, smoking a cigarette. Composing himself.

The door OPENS and Micky Dee walks out. Not saying a word to Ronnie, he walks to his car and gets in the back seat.

Ronnie follows him and gets in the driver's seat.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

INSERT, TITLE CARD: THIRTEEN MINUTES EARLIER.

Oliver and Barks walk on screen from the bathroom. Oliver FLICKS Rag Mat's car KEYS around his finger while Barks WHISTLES a melody.

They walk across screen and out the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Oliver and Barks exit the building and make their way towards Rag Mat's car.

Oliver goes straight to the trunk and pops it open, Barks follows.

Oliver and Barks both smile at what they see.

INT. RAG MAT'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Oliver is driving - Barks is next to him. They both down cigarettes like it's their last.

BARKS

I never knew Rag Mat was an arms dealer.

OLIVER

Mother fucker was one of the biggest in town.

BARKS

Yeah, but fuck me. Flash bangs and smoke grenades? Where the fuck did he get that shit from?

OLIVER

I got no idea. We got 'em now.

EXT. CAVELLE AVENUE (MICKY'S HOUSE) - DAY

Oliver and Barks SLOWLY pull up out the front of Micky's house.

The house is surrounded by hedges that are taller than most people. We can see the roof of what looks to be a massive house.

INT. RAG MAT'S CAR (STOPPED) - CONTINUOUS

Dragging down one more cigarette, Oliver and Barks prepare themselves.

BARKS

Let's go get this old fucker back.
Barks and Oliver get out of the car.

INT. MICKY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Ronnie drives the car into Micky's house. Micky Dee sits in the back, looking out the window in deep thought.

Two GUNSHOTS are heard from inside the house. Ronnie and Micky perk up.

A flash bang EXPLODES, right before three shotgun BLASTS are heard.

Ronnie stops the car and both men get out.

EXT. MICKY'S HOUSE (GARAGE) - CONTINUOUS

Micky and Ronnie cock their weapons and walk inside with caution.

INT. MICKY'S HOUSE (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

Down the hallway are three dead bodies, all looked completely obliterated by shotgun pellets.

Blood COVERS the walls as Ronnie leads Micky down the hallway. Both men are brandishing PISTOLS as they step over the dead bodies of their fallen gangsters.

Ronnie walks up to a door at the end of the hallway and puts his ear to it.

Micky stands behind.

MAN (O.S.)
(through door, terrified)
No!

BANG. One more shotgun blast is heard from behind the door.

Ronnie - ever so gently - OPENS the door.

INT. MICKY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Oliver and Barks are standing over a body inside Micky's office when they notice the door CREEPING open. Oliver and Barks take aim at the door to see Micky Dee and Ronnie. Both aiming their pistols right back at Oliver and Barks. Ronnie and Micky Dee make their way inside - slowly.

OLIVER
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE
Boys, you got some fucking nerve.

FADE OUT

INT. MICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Camera is stationed: Looking over the Mexican stand off between Oliver, Barks, Micky Dee and Ronnie.

OLIVER
(to Micky)
- By the end of today you're not gonna be nothing but blood on my fucking boot.

RONNIE
You speak a big game with -

BARKS
- With what? Guns on us? Let's not forget the situation here bitches. You two have little guns. We have big fuckin' guns. Even if you do manage to get a shot off, you would have to make it count. Head shot, heart shot. You won't have time to get one more shot off before we take to you with shotgun pellets. One shot from these and you will be one with the wall behind you.

OLIVER
(to Ronnie)
How good is your aim, Ronnie?

Ronnie aims up on Oliver.

RONNIE
Let's find out frat boy.

Ronnie FIRES twice - HITTING Oliver in the neck and chest.

Oliver DROPS.

Barks BLASTS Ronnie once with his shotgun - sending Ronnie FLYING back into the wall.

Ronnie is dead.

Micky SHOOTS Barks once in the cheek.

Barks drops.

(CONTINUED)

Oliver, somehow manages to turn his gun on Micky and SHOOTs him in the chest.

Micky drops next to Oliver.

Micky is STRUGGLING, but not yet dead.

Barks is still KICKING, somehow.

Barks rolls over to face Oliver. Oliver has a hole in his neck and is bleeding FURIOUSLY.

Micky grabs his phone from his pocket and puts it in front of Oliver to see. Barks can also see.

On Micky's phone: We see a picture of the end result in which Mr. Pellar was left in. Tears fall from Barks' eyes.

Oliver - with every last bit of strength he can muscle up - points his shotgun in Micky Dee's face and SHOOTs.

CHOKING on his own blood - Oliver drops the gun and looks over at Barks bleeding out.

OLIVER

Does it hurt?

Barks - with tears coming from his eyes and in agonizing pain - grabs Ronnie's pistol and puts it to his chin.

BARKS

This was never no accident.

Barks throws a quick smirk Oliver's way and then SHOOTs himself in the face; putting himself out of his misery.

Oliver CLOSES his eyes as his brother's blood SPLATS onto his face and when he opens them - tears come falling out.

Oliver grabs Micky's gun and puts it to his chin.

FADE OUT

Over black we hear Oliver crying... And then a pistol SHOT.

THE END