Zen/Fury

By:

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INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

A man in his early thirties, MR. ZEN, stands in front of a mirror.

His dark hair is wet, and a towel is wrapped around his waist.

He stares at himself in the mirror for a moment before grabbing a can of shaving cream from the medicine cabinet.

He presses the trigger on the can. Nothing but white, runny, liquid.

ZEN

Shit. I knew I forgot something at the store.

He breathes deeply, sets the can down, wipes the shaving liquid from his hand, and exits the room.

INT. CONDOMINIUM, BATHROOM - DAY

MR. FURY, another man in his mid thirties, stands at a sink. He is shirtless, wears black dress pants, and his light brown hair is sopping wet.

His right hand rests on top of the sink. His left is filled with runny shaving liquid, and he stares at it.

His face is extremely red, and his eyes bulge in horrible anger.

He flicks the liquid from his hand, shooting it to the floor. He picks up the can of shaving cream from the sink.

FURY

Stupid, no good, goddamn, fuckin' shaving cream!

He throws the can off a nearby wall and storms out of the room.

INT./EXT. ZEN'S CAR - DAY

Zen sits in gridlock. The windows in his car are up, the air conditioning is blasting, and classical music plays softly on the radio.

He looks at the clock which reads 9:17, and rubs a hand through his hair.

ZEN

Looks like I'll be a little behind schedule today.

INT./EXT. FURY'S CAR - DAY

Fury sits in the same gridlock traffic.

He sweats profusely with all the windows down, heavy metal music playing on the radio.

His hands tightly clench the wheel at ten and two, his face shakes with frustration.

He looks to the clock. 9:17. He pounds his fists on the steering wheel.

FURY

Don't they realize that some people need to get to fuckin' work!

Fury whips the steering wheel to the right and guns the gas, pulling off to the shoulder.

He zooms past the stopped cars and up an exit ramp, disappearing into the distance.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Zen's car pulls up to the curb in front of a large, nicely landscaped house. He turns off the engine and gets out.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out a pair of silver, wire framed glasses and puts them on.

He stands next to his car for a moment, taking in a breath of fresh air before heading to the front door.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Zen rings the doorbell. He whistles a happy tune until a moment later when CHUCK, early forties, answers.

Chuck is in a bathrobe, and his balding head has a patch of unruly hair that hangs off to the side.

Zen smiles at him as his eyes open wide with fear.

ZEN

Hello Chuck.

CHUCK

Uh, hi, Zen.

ZEN

Do you know what today is?

CHUCK

It's the third.

ZEN

And do you have something for me?

CHUCK

Look, I just need a little more --

Zen puts a hand up, stopping Chuck from talking.

ZEN

May I come in?

Chuck looks around nervously.

CHUCK

Uh, sure.

ZEN

Thank you.

Zen steps inside the house, stopping right next to Chuck before smiling at him once again and proceeding onward.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Fury's car skids up to the curb in front of a rundown house. He quickly gets out of the car and walks briskly toward the front door.

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

Fury walks right up to the door and kicks it in, storming inside.

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fury quickly appears in the living room, startling CHICO, mid twenties, who sits on the couch.

CHICO

Jesus fuckin' christ, man.

FURY

Where's the money?

CHICO

I, I, I don't --

FURY

Goddamnit!

Fury quickly walks over to Chico, taking out a 9mm and unleashing a flurry of whacks to his face with the butt of it.

He keeps going until Chico's face is nothing but a bloody mess, and all that remains is his lifeless body.

Fury breathes heavily as he looks at Chico's dead body. He beats on him some more until his cell phone rings. He answers it.

FURY

Whaddya want!

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Zen stands over Chuck, who sits at the kitchen table, dead. Billows of smoke emit from his body, and his opened mouthed head stares at the ceiling.

Zen answers his cell phone.

ZEN

Zen here.

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fury is still on the phone.

FURY

What! What! When I find out who did it, I'll kill the mother fucker!

Fury lets out an angry scream, and hangs up the phone. He stares at Chico's dead body with red faced anger.

He screams again and goes right back into pounding on the dead body.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Zen is on his cell phone, a look of awe written all over his face.

ZEN

I can't believe this. Who? Why? Does my brother know? Shit, I can only imagine how he's gonna react.

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fury screams and pounds on Chico a few more times before storming out.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

ZEN

I'm gonna find out who did this, and they're gonna pay...dearly. I'll see you soon.

Zen hangs up the phone and looks at Chuck's dead body. He uses two fingers to shut Chuck's empty stare.

ZEN

Goodbye, Chuck. I have more important matters to attend to.

Zen exits.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Zen and Fury's cars pull up to the curb at the exact same time, facing each other.

They look at each other through their windows, with Zen's stare loaded with curiosity and Fury's icy and cold.

They exit their cars and proceed inside, barely acknowledging each other.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

PHIL, early fifties, sits behind a large wooden desk, writing on a legal pad.

The office is tastefully decorated with dark woods, deep green colors, and giant framed photos on the walls.

There's a knock at the door. Phil looks up from his writing.

PHIL

C'mon in.

Zen opens the door with Fury standing right behind him. Zen allows Fury to enter the room first, but Fury speeds past like he's forcing his way in.

Zen nods.

ZEN

After you.

Fury takes a few more steps before turning back. Zen enters the room and closes the door behind him.

FURY

What did you say?

ZEN

I said after you.

FURY

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

ZEN

It means...after you...as in you go in first, and I come in, wait for it now...after...you.

FURY

Still an asshole I see.

ZEN

And you obviously still have the temper.

Fury shakes with anger. Zen mocks him.

ZEN

Oooh, Hulk smash! Gimme a fuckin' break already.

FURY

Hey fuck you Dalai Lama!

Phil stands up from his chair.

PHIL

Enough of this shit! You're here for a reason.

ZEN

You know, he's right.

Fury turns to Phil.

FURY

Who did it Phil? Who fuckin' did it?

PHIL

I don't know kid, I don't know.

ZEN

To tell you the truth, I'm just as concerned with why as I am with who.

Who gives a shit about why!

ZEN

Because it's our mother, asshole. Our mother is dead, and somebody killed her. Aren't you just the least bit curious as to why that happened?

FURY

I'll have plenty of time to find that out when I'm shooting his fuckin' kneecaps off!

Zen holds up a finger.

ZEN

Excuse me? I'll? Don't you mean we'll?

FURY

Fuck no, this is my caper. I don't need your help.

ZEN

Well that's too bad brother, cause you're gonna get it.

FURY

The fuck I am!

PHIL

Goddamnit, knock it off! You two ain't been in contact in three years, and this is how you greet each other? I bet you didn't even say hello, did you?

FURY

Fuck no!

ZEN

Must have slipped my mind.

Phil instructs them to move closer together.

PHIL

Well, say hello.

Fury rolls his eyes.

FURY

Hello Zen.

ZEN

Hello Nicholas.

Fury is fuming.

FURY

My name is Fury, damnit, Fury! And people wonder why we haven't spoken in so long.

ZEN

I don't.

PHIL

Me either, you two are like night and day.

ZEN

Apples and oranges.

FURY

Piss and vinegar.

ZEN

I think you mean oil and vinegar.

FURY

Oh, you're just so goddamn smart aren't ya? That Buddhist shit you subscribe to teach you that?

ZEN

Just because I'm not a psycho, doesn't mean that I'm a Buddhist.

FURY

Whatever.

ZEN

It also doesn't mean that I won't hesitate to snap your neck like a fuckin' chicken's if you ever talk to me like that again either.

Fury pulls out a gun. Zen lunges for it, and they fall to the ground, entangled in an all out wrestling match.

Phil steps out from behind the desk, reaching down and grabbing each one of them by the ear, yanking them up.

PHIL

Is this what I gotta do? Treat you like children? Now can we get to work or what?

ZEN

Sure.

FURY

Yeah, whaddya gettin' so sore about?

Phil lets out a frustrated sigh. Zen looks at him and Fury.

ZEN

You sure you two ain't related? The tempers, absolutely fuming.

PHIL

Let's just get to work.

Phil goes back behind his desk and takes a seat. Zen and Fury each take a seat at a chair in front of the desk.

Phil tears off a sheet of paper from the legal pad and hands it to Zen.

PHIL

I did a little bit of thinkin', and came up with this list of names of possible suspects.

ZEN

What makes 'em so special?

Phil points at the paper in Zen's hand.

PHIL

Everyone on that list hates either you, Fury here, or the both of you.

Zen's eyes open wide with surprise.

ZEN

Quite an impressive list.

Fury leans over to take a look.

FURY

These guys? Pretty much all small time.

PHIL

Oh, and your mother, she was big time was she?

Fury growls.

ZEN

Take it easy, man. We'll get 'em.

Zen puts a hand on Fury's shoulder. Fury shoves it away.

FURY

Don't fuckin' touch me! Now c'mon, let's get this shit over and done with so I can go back to not talkin' to you.

Fury gets up and storms from the office.

Zen gets up calmly. Phil looks him dead in the eyes.

PHIL

You be careful out there, alright? You gotta use your head and keep your brother from losing his cool.

Zen slaps the paper against his hand gently, and shows it to Phil.

ZEN

Honestly, that's gonna be a lot harder than tracking down these assholes.

Fury enters the room again.

FURY

You wanna get this fuckin' show on the road already?

Zen turns and exits the room with Fury.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Zen and Fury stand in front of their cars.

ZEN

So who's driving?

Fury looks at Zen like he just asked the dumbest question ever.

FURY

Are you serious? I'm driving. You drive like a fuckin' grandma.

ZEN

Ok, madman, get me to the church on time.

They get into Fury's car and speed off.

INT./EXT. FURY'S CAR - DAY

They drive a long in silence. After a moment, Fury reaches over and turns on the radio, heavy metal music at full blast.

He starts headbanging as Zen looks on in wonder.

Zen reaches over and turns it to a classical music station, then turns it down.

FURY

Don't you touch my fuckin' radio!

ZEN

That shit gives me a headache.

Well, when we drive your car, you can listen to your paparazzi shit, alright?

ZEN

I think you mean Pavarotti.

FURY

Yeah, him too.

Zen turns off the radio.

ZEN

Let's just agree to disagree.

Zen places his palms flat on his legs and closes his eyes.

Fury takes notice after a moment, and raises an eyebrow.

FURY

What are you doing?

ZEN

Meditating.

FURY

Why?

ZEN

Cause it's relaxing.

Fury smirks. He turns on the radio, blasting heavy metal music again. Zen's eyes pop wide open. He looks to Fury who's laughing and shaking his head to the music.

FURY

Meditate on that!

Fury taps his hands on the steering wheel, while Zen shakes his head. Zen loosens his tie a little.

ZEN

Don't you have any A-C in this thing?

FURY

It's busted, needs a new compressor.

ZEN

So why don't you get it fixed?

FURY

Ain't found a new mechanic yet.

ZEN

Why not take it to Murray?

FURY

I told Murray to go fuck himself. Tried to charge me thirty bucks for an oil change.

ZEN

Yeah, and?

FURY

And I ain't payin' thirty bucks for no oil change, and I ain't lettin' him fix my car no more.

ZEN

Probably not the best idea in the dead of summer.

FURY

Oh yeah? Well the summer can kiss my dick.

Zen shrugs off Fury's statement and stares out the window.

INT. SLUM, HALLWAY - DAY

Zen and Fury stand in front of a rundown, paint-chipped door.

Fury fidgets, Zen stands cool and collected.

ZEN

Why are you so fidgety?

FURY

I'm just mad.

ZEN

You're always mad.

Shut up. Is this fucker gonna answer the door or what?

Fury pounds on the door. A moment later, BOOF, late twenties, and about the skinniest, most drugged out person you could ever see answers.

Boof's only reaction is opening his mouth wide.

ZEN

Hello Boof.

FURY

No time for chit chat.

Fury grabs Boof and heads inside the apartment. Zen follows and shuts the door.

INT. BOOF'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is filthy, with garbage strewn about. Fury tosses Boof into a recliner.

Boof looks back and forth between the two.

BOOF

Whaddya guys want?

ZEN

We wanna ask you some questions about our mother.

BOOF

Your mother? What about her?

FURY

She's dead and we know you did it!

Boof puts his hands up.

BOOF

Hey man, like, I didn't kill your mom.

FURY

Stop lying!

BOOF

I didn't kill your mom!

Fury's eyes light up in surprise.

ZEN

Oh shit.

Zen takes out a cigarette and lights it. He takes a seat on the couch.

BOOF

What? Oh shit what?

ZEN

You shouldn't yell at my brother like that. He doesn't like it.

BOOF

But I didn't kill your mom! I don't wanna fuckin' die!

Zen puts a hand to his forehead.

ZEN

All this shouting, it's giving me a headache.

BOOF

I didn't do it!

FURY

Would you shut the fuck up already!

Boof starts to cry.

BOOF

But you guys are gonna kill me cause you think I killed your mom!

Fury pulls out his gun and shoots Boof right in the face.

FURY

No, I'm gonna kill you cause you're a whiny little bitch!

Zen scratches under his chin and takes a drag from his smoke.

ZEN

Well, that was counterproductive.

FURY

Why?

ZEN

We learned absolutely nothin'.

FURY

Now hold on a second there. We learned that Boof is a pussy.

ZEN

Yes, and as such he probably didn't kill Mom.

Fury shrugs it off.

FURY

Fuck 'em, he was a loser anyway.

Zen gets up from the couch.

ZEN

Ok, one down, four to go.

Zen heads for the door.

FURY

You wanna get some lunch?

Zen looks at his watch.

ZEN

Sure.

FURY

Your treat.

ZEN

Boy, I'm just catching all the luck today, ain't I?

They exit the apartment.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Zen and Fury sit across from each other in a booth. They both have coffees in front of them, and Fury is pouring a massive amount of sugar from a shaker into his.

ZEN

You want some coffee with your sugar?

FURY

It tastes good like this.

ZEN

You're gonna give yourself diabetes.

FURY

Fuck diabetes.

ZEN

There's a good slogan if I ever heard one. Right up there with summer can kiss my dick.

Fury finishes up with the sugar. He stirs his coffee.

ZEN

So, what do you make of this whole thing?

FURY

What do you mean?

ZEN

I mean, why Mom? It just doesn't make sense.

FURY

Like Phil said, someone don't like us.

ZEN

There's lots of people I don't like, but I wouldn't think to kill their mom. That's just fucked up.

Which is precisely why we're gonna fuck them up.

A WAITRESS arrives at the table with two plates of burgers and fries. She sets them down and walks away. Fury looks at his plate in anger.

ZEN

Problem?

FURY

You heard me ask for my fries well done, right?

ZEN

Yeah.

Fury holds up a limp french fry.

FURY

Does this look fuckin' well done?

Zen examines it.

ZEN

It most certainly doesn't.

Fury throws the french fry on the ground.

FURY

Goddamnit!

ZEN

Just calm down, now. They're only fries.

FURY

This is bullshit!

The waitress arrives at the table.

WAITRESS

Is there a problem, sir?

Yeah, I got a fuckin' problem. You and your dumbshit kitchen staff fucked up my order.

WAITRESS

Sir, that tone isn't really --

Fury picks up a fry and flings it in the waitress' face.

FURY

Well done! Well done!

The waitress holds a hand up to the cheek the greasy french fry hit.

Zen holds a hand up. Fury looks over.

FURY

What!

Zen holds his plate up for Fury to see. It has well done fries on it.

ZEN

She accidentally switched our plates. Here's your well done fries.

Fury calms down.

FURY

Oh.

They switch plates and Fury goes right into his meal, completely ignoring the waitress who still stands in shock.

Zen reaches into his pocket, taking out a fifty dollar bill and handing it to the waitress.

ZEN

I'm terribly sorry. It's just, my brother, he has this temper. No hard feelings.

The waitress looks at the fifty.

WAITRESS

Uh, no, none at all.

ZEN

Thanks, it's much appreciated.

Zen smiles at the waitress and she walks away.

FURY

What the hell did you give her fifty dollars for?

ZEN

Because you're a schmuck.

FURY

No, she's just incompetent.

ZEN

It was an honest mistake.

FURY

Yeah, and I don't give fifty bucks to honest mistakes.

ZEN

No, you just yell at them and throw french fries in their face. Jesus man, she's a waitress in a diner for chrissake, it's not like she botched up your tax return.

FURY

Can I eat my food now?

ZEN

Sure, but let me recommend cutting back on the coffee.

Fury stuffs a handful of fries in his face and lets out a muffled "fuck you".

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Zen and Fury approach their car.

So, where to?

Zen pulls the list from his pocket and looks at it.

ZEN

Well if we're going right down the line, our next stop is SID.

Fury sighs in frustration.

FURY

I fuckin' hate that guy.

Zen holds the list up.

ZEN

Apparently he hates us too.

FURY

Then there's no love lost if we kill 'em.

ZEN

Works for me. Let's try that bar he hangs out at.

They get in the car and speed off.

INT. WOOGIE'S BAR - DAY

The bar is dimly lit and rather empty.

Two people sit at the bar, and WOOGIE, mid forties with a long beard, stands behind it watching an old TV mounted on the wall.

Woogie turns when a flood of light from outside pours in. He turns to see Zen and Fury entering. The door closes, and once again it's dark.

Zen and Fury take seats at the bar.

WOOGIE

I'll be damned. Hadn't heard you guys were working together again.

We're not.

WOOGIE

Just a friendly get together?

ZEN

We got personal business. We're looking for Sid. He been in here?

WOOGIE

Few hours ago, right when I opened, but he didn't stick around long.

ZEN

Did he say where he was going?

WOOGIE

Nope. He's in and outta here all the time.

FURY

Fuck!

WOOGIE

If you guys stick around long enough,
I'm sure you'll run into him.

FURY

Yeah, cause I really wanna hang out in your fuckin' dive bar all day.

Woogie takes a step back and puts his hands up.

WOOGIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa. No need to get rash. Just tryin' to help.

FURY

Well how bout you help by gettin' us some fuckin' drinks? Two beers.

Woogie walks over to the other end of the bar. Zen turns to his brother.

ZEN

What the hell is wrong with you?

Nothin'.

ZEN

He's tryin' to help us out, and you insult him.

FURY

You know, I don't get you. How can you be all calm and cool after what happened?

ZEN

That's what I do.

FURY

Oh, yeah? Well I yell at people, so get off my fuckin' back.

Light pours in from the doorway. Zen and Fury quickly turn to see who's walking in.

It's PAL, early thirties and a little guy wearing a newsboy cap with jeans and a t-shirt.

He seems shocked to see Zen and Fury at the bar.

PAL

Well, holy shit. What the hell are you guys doing here...together?

Pal walks up and takes a seat next to Zen.

ZEN

Our mother was killed.

Pal nods.

PAL

Yeah, I heard.

FURY

Then what the fuck you askin' us for?

Woogie walks up and places a beer in front of Zen and Fury.

WOOGIE

Somethin' to drink, Pal?

PAL

Nope, just seein' if you got any bets.

WOOGIE

None.

PAL

Oh well.

ZEN

You still runnin' numbers?

PAL

Pays the bills. So, you guys teamin' up to take out whoever killed your ma?

FURY

That's the idea.

Fury takes a swig from his beer.

ZEN

You haven't heard anything about it have you?

Pal shakes his head no.

PAL

Negative. All I know is that it happened.

ZEN

How bout Sid? Seen him lately?

PAL

You think Sid did it?

FURY

Did he say that? He just asked if you saw him!

Zen motions for Pal to disregard Fury.

ZEN

He's on edge.

PAL

Understandable, but to answer your question, I saw him a couple hours ago, down on eighth street.

Fury gets up.

FURY

Let's go.

ZEN

Hold on. He said a couple hours ago. He's probably long gone by now.

FURY

Well we ain't gonna find him sitting in a fuckin' bar!

A flood of light pours into the bar. Everyone looks over to see Sid, dressed in a Hawaiian shirt, and wearing a ton of gold chains.

Pal waves to him.

PAL

Hi Sid.

Sid turns and bolts from the bar. Zen slaps Fury on the arm.

ZEN

Oh, we won't find him in a bar.

Zen gets up and they run after Sid.

WOOGIE

What the fuck? They don't pay for their drinks?

PAL

Just let it go, man, let it go.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sid runs down the street as fast as he can, with Zen and Fury in hot pursuit on foot. Sid runs into people, knocking them over.

FURY

Stop making us chase you!

Sid switches directions, running out into the middle of the street, where he is immediately plowed by a car.

He hits the windshield full force, and the impact sends him flying about ten feet in front of the car.

Zen and Fury jog up to the scene. Sid's dead and mangled body lies in a pool of blood in the street.

Fury puts his hands on top of his head.

FURY

Fuck!

Zen takes out a list and a pen from his pocket. He scratches Boof's and Sid's names off. He looks over to Fury.

ZEN

What's the problem?

FURY

He's dead! He's dead...

He leans in close to Zen, speaking softly now.

FURY

...and we didn't kill him.

ZEN

So?

FURY

So? So? He killed our mother and we don't get any payback? That's bullshit!

ZEN

We don't know he did it.

Oh yeah? Then what the fuck did he run away for smart guy?

ZEN

I don't know, maybe he thought we were coming after him for something else.

FURY

Bullshit!

Zen puts his hands up, instructing Fury to calm down.

ZEN

Listen, all I'm saying is that we can't assume he did it and be done with it. We still have three more people to check out.

Fury calms down and nods in agreement.

FURY

Good point.

ZEN

Now let's get back to the car, and move on.

Suddenly, two motorcycles pull up across the street.

The riders are dressed in blue suits and helmets, with a black stripe running down the sides of the suits and black visors on the helmets.

They are the BLUE MEANIES.

Fury gestures toward them with a nod.

FURY

What the fuck are they doing here?

ZEN

You got me by the ass.

If they're fuckin' following us I swear
to christ I'll --

ZEN

Just relax, we'll find out if they're following us soon enough. Let's go.

Zen and Fury walk back toward their car.

EXT. WOOGIE'S BAR - DAY

Zen and Fury walk up. Their car is no longer parked out front. Fury stands in the spot where his car used to be.

FURY

Where's my fuckin' car?

ZEN

Did you pay the meter?

FURY

Fuck no!

ZEN

Then maybe it got towed.

Fury puts his hands on his hips in frustration.

FURY

Fuck!

Pal comes rushing out from the bar.

PAL

Hey, I saw him take it, but he took off before I could stop him.

FURY

Who?

PAL

KING JAMES.

FURY

King James stole my fuckin' car?

PAL

Yeah.

Zen takes out the list and looks at it. King James' name is the last one on it.

ZEN

He's at the bottom of our list.

FURY

Oh, now we're definitely going out of order. Nobody steals my fuckin' car!

Zen looks to Pal.

ZEN

Can you give us a ride, Pal?

PAL

Sorry man, but I don't wanna get involved in this. King James'll have my head on a pike.

Fury advances quickly toward Pal. Pal tries to back up, but can't go anywhere once he hits the outside wall of the bar.

Fury grabs him by the lapels.

FURY

Listen, you give us a fuckin' ride, or I'll shove that pike right up your asshole, asshole.

Zen breaks the two up.

ZEN

Just give us a ride back to my car. You don't have to get involved in the King James shit.

PAL

Your car? Why didn't you say so? This way.

Pal leads the two over to his car, a rusted out Geo Metro, which is parked a little further down the street.

Pal stops in front of it, holding his arms out as if he's showcasing the car.

PAL

Here it is.

Fury points at the Metro.

FURY

This? This fuckin' shitbox is your car?

PAL

Don't knock it man, I get fifty miles to the gallon with this beaut.

FURY

Yeah, and probably fifty insults to the mile.

Pal opens the passenger side door.

PAL

You guys want a ride or what?

ZEN

Sure, sure.

Zen walks to the car, he slides the passenger seat forward and gestures for Fury to come over.

FURY

Why the fuck do I have to sit in the back?

ZEN

I was here first. I get shotgun.

Fury makes an angered face.

FURY

Fuck!

Fury walks over to the car. He ducks down to get in, but stops, coming back up to Pal's eye level.

I'm not gonna get stuck in the ass by a spring or anything am I? I don't wanna get a tetanus shot.

Pal smiles.

PAL

Sir, the upholstery is immaculate. Trust me.

Fury looks at Pal suspiciously and gets in. Zen slides the seat back and takes a seat in the passenger seat.

Pal jogs around the car getting in the driver's seat.

The car starts up after struggling a bit, and pulls off.

INT./EXT. PAL'S CAR - DAY

Fury looks around the car in disgust.

FURY

You're right, this is immaculate. I really love the fast food wrapper motif you got goin' on.

PAL

Thank you. So, where ya parked?

ZEN

In front of Phil's place.

PAL

This'll work out alright then. I need to stop by and see him myself.

Fury leans forward sticking his head in between Pal and Zen in the front seat.

FURY

Lemme ask you somethin', Pal.

PAT

Shoot.

You know anything about the Blue Meanies being in town?

Pal slams on the brakes, sending the three of them jerking forward and back.

FURY

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Pal looks scared out of his wits.

PAL

Did you just say that the Blue Meanies are in town?

ZEN

We saw 'em right after Sid was killed by the car.

PAL

Sid was killed by a car?

FURY

He ran out into the street when we were chasin' him and got creamed. Killed instantly. Pretty fuckin' strange, huh?

PAL

Yeah, if you're a fuckin' moron.

FURY

What!

PAL

That was no coincidence. If the Blue Meanies show up after somebody dies, they had somethin' to do with it. They're kinda like a fucked up version of the Grim Reaper that way. And I'm pretty comfortable in assuming that they're after me too.

ZEN

Why?

PAL

A few weeks back, they placed a bet on Oakland, and agreed to give ten points. Oakland one by seven, but for whatever reason, they think they were only giving six.

ZEN

Sounds pretty extreme to kill you over.

PAL

Not when it's twenty grand.

FURY

So why ain't Phil givin' you some protection?

PAL

He said he was gonna talk to one of you guys.

ZEN

He didn't talk to me.

Fury snaps his fingers.

FURY

That's it! They killed mom!

ZEN

Why the fuck would they kill mom?

FURY

Listen to this. The Blue Meanies are after Pal, right? So maybe they get wind that one of us is gonna be offerin' up protective services. So, they kill Mom, assuming that that'll take priority over guarding Pal here, leaving him wide open for the kill.

Pal nods.

PAL

That actually makes some sense.

Of course it does. I ain't fuckin' stupid.

Zen takes his list out and writes "The Blue Meanies" on it.

ZEN

Well, for our sake, I hope you're wrong. I'm not too keen on going up against the Blue Meanies.

Fury waves a disregarding hand.

FURY

Fuck those guys with their faggy outfits and stupid fuckin'--

The roar of motorcycle engines can be heard coming from behind the Metro.

The three turn around to see the Blue Meanies, sitting on their bikes.

The black visors on their helmets block their eyes, but it's obvious they're looking right at them.

PAL

Motorcycles?

FURY

Yeah.

ZEN

Drive.

PAL

Drive?

One of the Blue Meanies pulls a large sling from his suit, loaded with a stone. He takes aim at the Metro.

ZEN

Drive!

Pal pulls away as the stone shatters the back window.

Shit! We're dead, we're so fuckin' dead.

FURY

Take it easy, he's got a slingshot.

PAL

Yeah, and it put out my back window no problem. Think about what it'd do to your head!

ZEN

Just relax and drive.

Pal looks in the rear view mirror to see the Blue Meanies speeding up on them.

Fury sticks his head up just long enough to see them before ducking back down.

FURY

We better think of somethin' quick, Zen. No way in hell we're gonna outrun 'em in this.

ZEN

We just need to stay calm.

FURY

You know, I'd have a hell of a lot easier time staying calm if we weren't involved in a high speed chase while driving a car powered by a fuckin' wash machine motor.

PAL

Just buckle up and relax.

Zen and Fury click their seatbelts and try to keep their heads down.

The car zooms through traffic with the Blue Meanies in hot pursuit only a few feet behind them.

They're approaching an intersection. The light turns yellow.

Floor it.

PAL

It is fuckin' floored!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The light turns red. The car is far from the intersection, but proceeds through anyway, immediately getting t-boned by a car coming from the left.

The Blue Meanies, unable to stop in such a short distance, jump over the two wrecked cars and speed off down the street.

INT./EXT. PAL'S CAR - DAY

The three sit in the car, looking ahead at the Blue Meanies zooming off.

ZEN

Everybody alright?

FURY

Fine.

Pal looks over to the other car involved in the wreck. It's Fury's car, with King James behind the wheel, dead.

A lit cigarette hangs from his mouth.

PAL

Holy shit, it's King James.

Fury peels his eyes to look at his totaled car.

FURY

My fuckin' car!

Zen sniffs the air.

ZEN

You guys smell that?

Pal and Fury sniff the air.

Smells like gas.

All three slowly turn, staring at King James' lit cigarette, dangling precariously from his mouth.

PAL

Everybody out!

Zen throws open the passenger side door and jumps out, with Pal right behind him. Fury struggles to open his seatbelt.

FURY

Fuck! I'm stuck! I'm stuck!

Zen dives back into the car, tugging at Fury's seatbelt to get it loose, but no luck.

FURY

Get me out!

ZEN

Hold on.

Zen takes a knife from his pocket, opening it and cutting the belt. He pulls Fury from the car.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Zen, Fury, and Pal run to the curb. They watch as the cigarette slips from King James' mouth.

They hit the deck, and the cars explode in a massive inferno.

Pal sticks his head up.

PAL

Looks like we're on foot.

FURY

I fuckin' hate walkin'!

They get up and brush themselves off.

It's gonna be dark soon. We should get a move on.

FURY

Afraid of the dark are we?

ZEN

Yeah, it's the damndest thing. I'm afraid of the dark, but not afraid of pulling your ass from a car to save you from perishing in a fiery hell.

FURY

Oh, I suppose you want a thank you?

ZEN

Nah, a cup of coffee will suffice.

FURY

Put it on my tab.

They walk away.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The three approach Zen's car.

PAL

Wait, that doesn't make any sense at all.

ZEN

Why not?

PAL

You guys got in a big fight, because Fury killed a guy that you were supposed to kill anyway?

FURY

See? I told you I was right!

ZEN

No, no, no. We weren't supposed to kill him until after we got the information.

So that's why you were systematically pulling his teeth out one by one with a pair of pliers?

ZEN

Exactly, and two more teeth would have done it I'm sure, but then asshole here...

FURY

Hey!

ZEN

...comes up and whacks him in the mouth with his gun, knocking out all of his teeth and causing one to get lodged in his throat, choking him to death. So, we got nothin', blew the job, and haven't worked together since.

PAL

But you both work for Phil.

ZEN

He calls us in separately.

PAL

Oh.

FURY

Speaking of Phil, we should head upstairs for an update.

Zen looks at his watch.

ZEN

Alright.

INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The three enter. Phil sees Pal and immediately jumps up.

PHIL

Where the hell have you been?

I got caught up in the hunt. Nobody placed any bets.

PHIL

Figures. You guys get any info from the list?

ZEN

We still got two people to go yet, but Boof, Sid, and King James don't seem to have been involved.

FURY

But, they're dead anyway.

PHIL

You killed all three of 'em?

ZEN

Fury killed Boof, but the other two were freak accidents.

PHIL

Accidents?

FURY

Long story.

PHIL

Tell me later. You guys gonna check out FENSTER and ABDULLAH?

ZEN

Yeah, but we wanna ask you about somethin' first. Do you know the Blue Meanies are in town?

PHIL

No. What for?

ZEN

That's what we were hopin' you could answer.

We've come to the conclusion that either they killed their ma, or they're after me.

PHIL

What the hell would they be after you for?

PAT

The Oakland thing.

Phil is confused.

PHIL

The Oakland thing? I took care of that.

FURY

Well then they must have killed mom. Let's go get those fuckers!

PHIL

Hang on. Go see Fenster and Abdullah first. You don't wanna go messin' with the Blue Meanies if you don't have to.

Fury throws his hands up.

FURY

Oh c'mon, you too? I'm not afraid of those fuckin' pussies.

Phil slams a hand down on the desk.

PHIL

Fenster and Abdullah!

FURY

For fuck's sake. Fine!

Fury storms out of the office.

ZEN

We'll keep you up to date. Call us if anything turns up.

Phil nods in agreement. Zen looks to Pal.

Maybe you should stay here.

PAL

No fucking way. If the Blue Meanies are floating around, I go where you go.

ZEN

Fine.

Zen and Pal leave.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Zen and Pal exit the building. Fury stands in front of the car, smoking a cigarette and motioning to his right.

Zen and Pal turn to see the Blue Meanies at the end of the block.

ZEN

How long they been there?

FURY

They were there when I came out. So, can I kill 'em or what?

ZEN

Later.

Fury slams his cigarette down.

FURY

Oh c'mon! They're right there!

Zen ignores Fury, unlocking his door with a keyless remote, walking to the car and getting in the driver's seat.

Fury and Pal get in, and Zen drives away. Slowly.

INT./EXT. ZEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Zen drives along slowly, eyeing his rearview mirror.

FURY

See? A fuckin' grandma! Step on it!

Would you please shut up?

Zen eyes the mirror. The Blue Meanies slowly creep up on the slow moving car.

ZEN

They're following us.

Pal and Fury turn around.

PAL

Aww fuck man. This is bad. This is so fucking bad!

FURY

Enough of this shit.

Fury takes out a 9mm and rolls down the window. Zen looks over.

ZEN

What are you doing?

FURY

Takin' care of business.

Zen flips on the radio. Classical music.

FURY

Turn that shit off. I can't focus.

Zen smiles.

ZEN

When you drive, we can listen to whatever you want.

Fury is angry.

FURY

Just speed up a little.

Zen obliges and gives the car a little more gas.

The Blue Meanies follow suit, keeping about ten feet behind the car, with one of them whirling a loaded sling around above its head.

Fury leans out the window. He takes aim and fires a shot, hitting the Blue Meanie with the sling square in the chest.

The Blue Meanie flies from the bike, rolling along before stopping dead in the middle of the street.

Fury goes back inside.

FURY

Got that fucker! Now, one more to go.

PAL

No, there isn't one more to go! Don't you know anything about the Blue Meanies?

Fury turns around to Pal in the back seat.

FURY

What!

PAL

You don't just kill them. It's not that easy!

FURY

What the fuck are you talkin' about?

PAL

Two! There's always two!

FURY

What?

Fury looks past Pal through the rear view window. Soon, another Blue Meanie arrives, seemingly out of nowhere, taking the place of the one that was just killed.

Pal sees the second Blue Meanie.

PAL

See? I told you! Two!

Now, how the fuck did you know that?

PAL

Everybody knows that! We're gonna fuckin' die!

Fury turns to Zen.

ZEN

He's right, there's always two.

FURY

Just go to Fenster's.

ZEN

Not so fast. Gotta lose these guys first.

Zen floors the gas pedal, and the Blue Meanies are left in the dust, quickly disappearing in the distance. Fury turns back.

FURY

What the fuck? They ain't even tryin' to catch us! Are they screwin' around?

ZEN

We'll find out later. For now, let's just get to Fenster. Just do me a favor would ya?

FURY

What?

ZEN

Don't shoot anyone else in open sight from my car.

Fury sighs and sits back in his seat.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Zen, Fury, and Pal stand on the sidewalk, looking up at the top floor of the four story building.

If I remember right, he's in forty four.

They make their way to the steps of the building.

A motorcycle zooms by, snatching up Pal.

A second one flies by, with its rider whacking Fury in the face with a chain. It's the Blue Meanies.

Pal screams. Fury holds his face, randomly firing at the two motorcycles and missing with every shot as they ride off into the night.

Zen looks on in confusion.

FURY

Goddamn motherfuckers!

Fury empties his gun, and pulls the trigger a few more times even after it starts clicking with each pull. Zen stops him.

ZEN

Calm down.

FURY

My face! He hit me in the fuckin' face!

Zen points up to the fourth floor of the building.

ZEN

Get your head on straight. We gotta see Fenster.

FURY

He hit me in the fuckin' face!

ZEN

Lemme see.

Zen pulls Fury's hand away from his face. Fury has a nice red welt on it.

ZEN

You'll be fine, just a red mark. Let's go.

I swear to God I'm gonna kill all those fuckers, two by two. Hit me in the fuckin' face!

They head into the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, FOURTH FLOOR - NIGHT

They walk up the steps, getting to room forty four.

Zen puts a hand up to knock, but Fury bypasses him, kicking it in.

Fury stops, motioning Zen inside.

FURY

Please, after you.

ZEN

Thanks.

Zen heads inside. Fury follows.

INT. FENSTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zen and Fury stand stone faced in the living room, looking at Fenster with a noose around his neck and hanging from the ceiling.

FURY

Oh c'mon! Give us a fuckin' break already!

ZEN

There's something really weird going on here.

FURY

No shit there's somethin' weird goin' on. The Blue Meanies are killin' all our suspects.

ZEN

I don't know about that.

Everybody that's died so far, they've been around.

ZEN

What about Boof?

Fury thinks for a minute.

FURY

I don't know how to explain that one, but don't you just find it a little fuckin' convenient that they just keep poppin' up?

ZEN

I'm not disagreeing with you, I'm just saying I don't know.

FURY

And then they snatch up Pal? I mean, what the fuck already!

The sound of revving motorcycle engines can be heard in the street.

They run over to the window to see the Blue Meanies, parked and looking up at them.

Fury opens the window and sticks his head out.

FURY

You want us! You got it!

Fury goes back inside and beelines to the kitchen, rifling through drawers.

ZEN

What are you doing?

Fury lifts his hand up, which is now holding a large framing hammer.

FURY

I'm gonna get all Bob Vila on their asses!

Fury storms from the apartment.

ZEN

Shit.

Zen runs out after him.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Fury exits the building and the Blue Meanies immediately start to circle him on the sidewalk.

Fury swings the hammer, unable to make contact.

FURY

C'mon fuckers! Get off those bikes and fight!

They quit circling and speed across the street, parking their bikes on the adjacent sidewalk and getting off.

Zen exits the building and stands next to Fury.

Zen and Fury each take out their 9mm's and the Blue Meanies take out their weapons. One holds a pair of nunchuks, the other holds a chain.

Fury still holds the hammer along with his gun and points at the one with the chain.

FURY

I want that fucker...right...there.

ZEN

You got it.

Zen looks over to see a metal garbage can lid. He picks it up. Fury looks at him curiously.

FURY

What the hell you gonna do with that?

ZEN

Shield.

FURY

Ah, fuck it.

Fury begins shooting at the Blue Meanies, who do a series of cartwheels to avoid the bullets.

Zen joins in on the shooting as well, but with the same success.

They continue firing until their guns do nothing but click.

FURY

Quick little bastards.

ZEN

This is gonna be tough.

Zen and Fury advance toward the Blue Meanies. Fury toward the one with the chain, Zen the one with the nunchuks.

Fury ducks the Blue Meanie's first swing from the chain, but takes a rap on the ear from the return swing.

Fury swings the hammer, but the Blue Meanie evades.

Zen watches his Blue Meanie do an acrobatic act before taking a swing at him with the nunchuks.

Zen blocks it with his garbage can lid, and stays on the defensive when the Blue Meanie keeps coming at him.

Fury puts a hand up to his ear. He looks at it. Blood. Fury turns red with anger.

FURY

Sonofabitch!

Fury walks toward the Blue Meanie with a purpose.

The Blue Meanie swings the chain, but Fury deflects it with his arm, allowing the chain to wrap around it.

Fury quickly turns his chain wrapped arm, spinning the Blue Meanie around, and he immediately starts wrapping the chain around his neck.

He squeezes tightly until it appears that all of the life has left it.

He drops the Meanie's dead body, and breathes heavily with anger.

He looks over to Zen, who is still on the defensive with his garbage can lid, only now it's severely dented.

ZEN

Little help.

Fury unwraps the chain from the Blue Meanie's neck and advances toward Zen's fight with it and the hammer in tow.

He only takes a few steps when another Blue Meanie on a motorcycle turns the corner.

FURY

These guys don't fuck around.

The motorcycle speeds toward Fury.

Fury rears back and at just the right moment swings the hammer, hitting the Blue Meanie in the chest, and sending him flying from the bike.

Fury runs over to the Blue Meanie, which is lying face down on the ground, and jumps on top of it.

He raises the hammer and delivers a crushing blow to the back of the helmet.

The helmet cracks and an immensely bright blue light escapes from it.

Fury shields his eyes and falls backward.

The Blue Meanie that was attacking Zen stops, and emits a high pitched shriek.

The light stops, and the Blue Meanie just stares at Zen, who takes a few steps backward, keeping the garbage can lid up for protection.

Fury looks around the street. Nothing.

FURY

Crack its helmet! It'll kill it for good!

What?

FURY

Crack its helmet!

The Blue Meanie delvers a vicious roundhouse kick to Zen, sending him tumbling to the street.

It runs over to its motorcycle, speeding off. Fury throws his hammer in a last ditch effort, but misses.

FURY

Shit!

He walks over to Zen, helping him up.

FURY

I told you to crack the helmet.

ZEN

And I would have, had he not Kung Fu'ed me.

FURY

But we got it man, we got it! We know how to kill 'em now!

Fury slaps Zen on the back, much to Zen's surprise.

ZEN

Oh it's we now? What happened to the I stuff?

FURY

Well you were right there fightin', so it's we.

ZEN

Good to see you exercising some logic.

FURY

Let's go see Abdullah.

Zen and Fury get in their car and speed off.

INT./EXT. ZEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Zen drives along. Fury looks out the window at something up ahead. It's Pal, and he's stumbling along like he's drunk.

FURY

Pull over.

ZEN

What for?

FURY

I see Pal up ahead.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Zen pulls the car over and Fury rolls down the window.

FURY

Pal! Pal!

Pal turns, and he's blue from head to toe. He starts approaching the car.

Fury looks at him in disgust.

FURY

What the fuck happened to you?

PAL

Blue Meanies.

ZEN

They turned you blue?

PAL

Oh yeah, they're fuckin' hilarious. They must think so too cause they were laughing like crazy.

ZEN

Laughing?

PAL

Yeah, but it sounded like synthesizers. Weird.

At least you know they weren't after you.

PAL

Yeah, a lotta fuckin' help you guys were. Thanks by the way.

FURY

What the hell you want us to do?

PAL

I don't know, you coulda shot at 'em or somethin'.

ZEN

We did.

FURY

Yeah, but maybe you didn't hear it when you were cryin' like a bitch.

PAL

Hey, I got a long list of things I wanna do, and dyin' ain't one of 'em, so excuse me for screaming for my life.

ZEN

Listen, Papa Smurf, you want a ride or what?

Pal sighs and gets in the back seat. The car takes off.

INT./EXT. ZEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Fury takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. Empty.

FURY

Shit.

ZEN

What?

FURY

I'm outta smokes.

Zen takes out a pack and tosses it in Fury's lap. Fury takes one out and lights it. Pal leans forward.

PAL

Lemme get one of those.

FURY

Since when do you smoke?

PAL

Since I started lookin' like the fuckin' tidy bowl man.

Fury hands Pal a cigarette and lights it for him. He hands the pack back to Zen, and he takes one for himself.

Pal sits back, taking a long drag from his cigarette.

PAL

So, what did I miss, you know when I was kidnapped and all? Not like it was that long or anything.

ZEN

Yeah, what the hell did they do?

PAL

They drove me about two miles up the street, dropped me off, turned me blue, and took off.

FURY

How'd they turn you blue?

PAL

Fuck if I know, man. They pulled away, I looked at my hands, and they were blue.

ZEN

Well, probably after they dropped you off, they came back to pay us a visit.

FURY

But we took care of their asses.

Don't go getting too excited. I'm sure they'll be back.

FURY

I don't know about they.

PAL

What do you mean?

FURY

Cause I killed one of those fuckers...permanently...

Fury punches the palm of his hand.

FURY

...bam!

Pal leans forward again.

PAL

What do you mean permanently?

FURY

I cracked that fuckers helmet open, this bright ass light came out, it died, and another one never came.

PAL

Holy shit! Do you know what these means?

ZEN

What?

PAL

You guys killed a Blue Meanie! Your street cred is going to go through the roof!

FURY

Oh, like it wasn't before?

You guys were up there that's for sure, but you lost a little bit of luster when you split up.

ZEN

We did?

PAL

Fuckin' right you did! You guys are much scarier when you're together, and now that you guys are not only back together, but killed a Blue Meanie permanently? Fuckin' forget about it. You guys are tops o' the pops.

Zen looks over to Fury.

ZEN

Well then, it looks like we may have to stick together.

Zen sticks it a fist. Fury looks at it.

FURY

Fuck it, why not?

Fury hits Zen's fist with his own.

PAL

Nice! So where we headed?

ZEN

Abdullah's.

PAL

His warehouse?

ZEN

He's got a warehouse now?

PAL

Yeah, over on Thirtieth and Davenport. Not many people know about it though.

So how'd you find out? By looking into Gargamel's crystal ball?

PAL

Cut the shit with the smurf jokes already. If you wanna find Abdullah, go to the warehouse.

Pal sits back in his seat. Fury looks to Zen.

FURY

Some people just can't take a joke.

Zen looks at Pal, in the rearview mirror.

ZEN

Yeah Pal, why so blue?

Zen and Fury break into hysterics.

PAL

Funny, Zen, real fuckin' funny.

The car drives off into the night.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The three stand outside the main door of the warehouse.

ZEN

How are we gonna handle this one?

FURY

Why don't we just go in and blast their asses?

PAL

Not a good idea. There's probably twenty guys in there. They'll take us out like that.

Pal snaps his fingers.

ZEN

He's right. Better just play it cool.

Yeah, but if he's the one who did it?

ZEN

Then we'll have to start blasting, but let's just hope things don't get to that point.

Zen knocks on the large overhead door. A moment later, it opens.

When it's all the way up, BUBBA, late thirties, and a large man with a big beard, trucker cap, and flannel shirt on stands in front of them.

BUBBA

Whatcha boys want?

FURY

We're here to see Abdullah.

BUBBA

He expectin' ya?

ZEN

No, I don't believe he is.

PAL

We're kinda hopin' he isn't.

BUBBA

What in the hell is that s'posed to mean?

ZEN

Long story. Can we see Abdullah or not?

BUBBA

'Fraid I can't allow that.

Fury gets angry. He sticks a finger in Bubba's face.

FURY

Listen to me, you fuckin' hillbilly --

ABDULLAH (O.S.)

Let them in Bubba.

Bubba turns around, moving out of the way just enough for the three to see Abdullah, early fifties.

He's a tall, black man, with long dreadlocks, and he wears a fancy suit and dark glasses.

He stands leaning against a cane with a cobra head for a handle.

He moves the glasses down to the edge of his nose. His eyes open wide to Bubba.

ABDULLAH

I said let them in.

Bubba quickly moves out of the way, allowing the three to pass by him.

FURY

Thanks, Gomer.

Bubba scowls at Fury as he passes.

Abdullah stands in the center of the warehouse as the three approach. They stop and stand about six feet away from him.

ABDULLAH

I heard about your mother. My condolences.

FURY

So you know why we're here then?

ABDULLAH

Is that why you're here? You think I had something to do with it?

ZEN

We don't know. What we do know, is that we were given a list of possible people that did it, and you were on it.

ABDULLAH

Who gave you this list?

We can't say.

ABDULLAH

Was it Phil?

ZEN

Like my brother said, we can't tell you that.

ABDULLAH

Well, can you tell me who else was on it?

ZEN

Boof, Sid, King James, and Fenster.

Abdullah puts a finger to his lips.

ABDULLAH

That's a pretty random list.

FURY

That's what we thought, but apparently everyone on the list doesn't like one or both of us.

ABDULLAH

Nonsense. If I didn't like you, you'd be dead by now.

Fury becomes slightly angry.

FURY

Is that right?

ABDULLAH

Yes, yes it is.

Zen steps in front of his brother.

ZEN

Alright, so you didn't have anything to do with it, any chance you know who did?

ABDULLAH

No. I just got word that it happened. You know, grapevine shit.

FURY

Wonderful. Now we're right back where we started!

ABDULLAH

Hang on a second now. What you're lookin' for is some really fucked up cat, ten times more fucked up than the three of us put together.

PAL

What about me?

ABDULLAH

What about you?

Pal says nothing.

ABDULLAH

And why the fuck are you all blue anyway?

PAL

Long story.

Abdullah just shakes his head.

ABDULLAH

Anyway, we've all done a lot of fucked up things in our careers, but I don't think any of us would stoop to taking out someone's mother. That's just wrong.

ZEN

Know of anyone who might be capable of that?

ABDULLAH

The Blue Meanies are a couple of fucked up dudes. I wouldn't put it past them.

Well I'd say that justifies us putting them on the list.

Fury makes a fist and punches the palm of his other hand.

FURY

Oh, am I glad we didn't kill both of them then. That second one is gonna be nice and drawn out. You know what, fuck it, I'm gonna kill about a dozen of 'em nice and slow.

ABDULLAH

What do you mean, both of them?

FURY

I put the kabash on one of those bastards for good.

ABDULLAH

That's impossible.

FURY

Not if you crack that damn helmet it ain't. It's like a fuckin' fireworks show, with all the light and the screaming.

ABDULLAH

What light?

FURY

When you kill one --

Zen holds a hand up to Fury's chest.

ZEN

We'll tell you later. We got a job to finish.

They start to leave. Abdullah holds up a hand.

ABDULLAH

Wait.

Abdullah walks over to them. He takes out a business card and hands it to Zen.

ABDULLAH

You guys ever want a little side work, gimme a call. Anyone who can take out a Blue Meanie for good always has a place in my "waste management" business.

Abdullah winks when he says waste management.

ZEN

Sure.

Zen puts the card away. A revving motorcycle can be heard in the distance, getting progressively louder.

FURY

No way. It can't be that fuckin' stupid.

The Blue Meanie speeds into the warehouse, giving Bubba a boot as he passes him.

Bubba falls to the ground, but quickly gets up.

ZEN

Bubba, shut the door!

Bubba quickly closes the warehouse door as the Blue Meanie circles around Abdullah and our three heroes.

FURY

Spread out!

They scatter in different directions, except Abdullah, who pulls out a sword that was previously hidden in the cane.

PAL

I gotta get me one of those.

Abdullah swipes at the Blue Meanie as it passes, leaving a nice gash across its back.

Fury takes out his gun and aims. Zen spots him from across the room, and waves his arms to get his attention.

Don't shoot it! It won't kill it for good!

FURY

I'm not gonna kill it!

Fury shoots out one of the motorcycle's tires, causing the Blue Meanie and its bike to skid across the ground.

Once the motorcycle stops sliding, the Blue Meanie pushes it off, making a run for it to another section of the warehouse.

FURY

Where the fuck is he going?

ABDULLAH

It's a big warehouse, could be anywhere.

ZEN

You guys stay here and make sure he doesn't get out. Fury, come with me.

Zen and Fury run off after the Blue Meanie.

ABDULLAH

Bubba, watch the door. Blue Man, you come with me.

PAL

The name's Pal.

ABDULLAH

I know who you are. I don't care, but I know. Now, c'mon.

Abdullah and Pal run off in a different direction than Zen and Fury.

Zen and Fury now walk along in total darkness.

FURY

Man, I can't see shit.

ZEN

You got a lighter on ya?

Good idea.

Zen and Fury each take out a Zippo, lighting it up, and helping to illuminate the room. They carry their guns in the other hand.

ZEN

Well it's a little better anyway.

FURY

When we find that bastard, this room is gonna light up like a goddamn Christmas tree.

A blue streak rushes by, hitting Fury and sending him to the ground and putting his Zippo out.

Zen looks in his direction, but can't see him.

ZEN

You alright?

FURY

Shit! He knocked my gun out of my hand.

Suddenly, lights go on. Zen and Fury shield their eyes from the brightness.

After a few seconds, Zen looks up to see Abdullah and Pal standing in a tower. He nods at them.

The Blue Meanie stands on the opposite end of the room. He motions for Zen to come and get it. Fury jumps up.

FURY

Let's get 'em!

ZEN

Wait. Let me take this one.

FURY

But, I wanna kill it!

You got the last one, and you killed Boof. Let me do somethin' already.

Fury takes a few steps back.

FURY

Be my guest.

ZEN

Just stand at the ready in case I get into trouble.

FURY

Good idea, you don't have your garbage can lid with you.

Zen looks at Fury, who smiles like a child.

Zen turns and slowly advances toward the Blue Meanie. After a few steps the Blue Meanie advances as well.

They walk until they are face to face. Silence.

The Blue Meanie rears back to throw a punch, but Zen grabs his arm, flipping him over.

It gets up and does a flying kick toward Zen, but he moves out of the way.

The Blue Meanie lands, and quickly turns back to Zen, who's coming right at him with a kick to the chest.

The Blue Meanie is knocked back a few feet, but regains his balance and goes right after Zen.

They take turns throwing punches with each one blocking the other's.

FURY

The helmet! Go for the helmet!

A frustrated look comes across Zen's face as he continues to trade unsuccessful punches with the Blue Meanie.

The Blue Meanie lands a right to Zen's forehead, stunning him just enough to allow a kick to land squarely in his chest.

Zen flies backward to the ground. He puts a hand to his chest.

ZEN

Oh, shit.

FURY

Go for the helmet!

ZEN

Shut the fuck up with the helmet already! I know about the goddamn helmet!

The Blue Meanie stands at the ready in a fighting pose. Zen jumps up, looking angrier than he's ever been.

The Blue Meanie advances, taking a swing at Zen, who ducks and delivers a swift kick to the Blue Meanie's gut, causing it to double over.

Zen grabs the Blue Meanie by the helmet, and delivers quick knee strikes to the visor until it cracks.

The same bright light emanates from the helmet, flooding the room and blinding everyone in it.

Zen lets go, covering his eyes, and dropping the Blue Meanie's dead body to the ground.

The light stops, and the room is eerily quiet.

Zen begins to kick the dead body ferociously.

ZEN

You killed my mom, you sonofabitch. You killed my mom!

Zen delivers kicks until Fury comes up from behind and contains him.

FURY

Alright, alright. It's dead.

Zen stops. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, melting away from his face. He opens them, much more calm and collected now.

Pal slides open a window from up above. Abdullah is clapping.

PAL

That was fuckin' awesome!

Fury pats Zen on the back.

FURY

I gotta admit, that was a nice piece of work. What the hell happened to you? I've never seen you that angry.

ZEN

I just remembered what I was fighting for I guess.

FURY

Sure it didn't have nothin' to do with me yelling directions at you?

Zen smiles.

ZEN

I'm sure it helped a little.

FURY

C'mon, let's get outta here.

Zen looks up to the tower.

ZEN

You need a ride, Pal?

PAL

Yeah, be right down.

Pal disappears from the tower.

Abdullah looks out through the sliding glass windows.

ABDULLAH

You guys tell Phil I said hello, and remember, if you ever need extra work, you give me a call.

Pal runs up.

PAL

Where to?

ZEN

Gotta see Phil.

PAL

Off to see the wizard. Can I be the tin man?

FURY

I don't think so. You look more like one of those purple flyin' monkeys.

PAL

Wow, that's just great comedy there. You two should take your show on the road, really.

The two disheveled brothers and the blue stained Pal slowly exit the warehouse.

INT./EXT. ZEN'S CAR - NIGHT

FURY

I ain't worked this long in I don't know how long.

PAL

It's all about motivation. You're not going to spend as much time searching out some deadbeat drug dealer as you will for the person that killed your mom.

ZEN

I'm just glad we got 'em. I'm glad it's over.

This has been a day I'll never forget, that's for sure.

Pal examines his blue skin.

PAL

If this shit don't wash off, I'm not gonna have any choice but to remember it.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Zen's car pulls up to the curb, and the three get out.

PAL

Little late to be at the office ain't it?

ZEN

Phil's always here, doesn't matter what time it is.

They head inside.

INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

They enter the office. Phil looks up from his desk. He stares at Pal.

PHIL

What happened to you?

ZEN

It was the Blue Meanies.

Phil is surprised.

PHIL

No shit. They turn people blue?

PAL

It would appear that way, yeah.

Pal walks to a door off to the side of the room.

I'm gonna wash this shit off if you don't mind.

Phil jumps up.

PHIL

Don't open the door!

Pal opens the door. On the other side is Zen and Fury's mother, GAIL, mid fifties. She stands completely still, with her hands folded in front of her.

Zen and Fury look at her in shock.

ZEN & FURY

Mom?

GAIL

Hello boys.

Gail exits the bathroom and gives both of her sons a hug.

ZEN

We were told you were killed.

FURY

Yeah, what the fuck is going on here?

Gail slaps Fury lightly on the face.

GAIL

Nicholas, the mouth!

Fury becomes ashamed.

FURY

Sorry, Mom.

Zen looks to Phil.

ZEN

What's going on here, Phil?

PHIL

Well, I was gonna fill you in a little bit before the big reveal, but thanks to asshole over there...

Phil points to Pal, who shrugs his shoulders.

PAL

Sorry.

PHIL

...that ain't gonna happen.

FURY

So this whole thing was just bullshit?

Fury catches the evil eye from his mother.

PHIL

Yeah.

ZEN

Why?

PHIL

I'll let your mother explain that to you.

Zen and Fury look at Gail in wonder.

FURY

What's going on?

GAIL

I was sick and tired of you boys not talking to each other, so a few days ago I came to see Phil, and we came up with this idea to say I was killed.

PAL

I gotta admit that's pretty screwed up.

ZEN

He's got a point.

GAIL

I thought so too, but I figured if that wouldn't bring you boys back together, then nothing would.

FURY

So, everything we went through today was so you could get us talking to each other again?

PHIL

And workin' together.

FURY

That's so fucked up! Do you have any idea what we went through today? The people we had to kill? The things we had to kill, all because we thought they killed you!

Gail cocks her head to the side.

GAIL

Things?

ZEN

We had to kill the Blue Meanies. Basically the baddest bastards on the planet.

Phil fills with excitement.

PHIL

You killed the Blue Meanies?

FURY

Fuckin' A right we did.

Phil claps his hands together in joy.

PHIL

Holy shit, we're rich!

GAIL

Phil, you didn't.

PHIL

Yes I did! I knew they could do it!

Phil reaches into his desk, taking out five glasses and a bottle of whiskey. He fills each glass. When he's done, he picks one up.

PHIL

C'mon, c'mon. You have no idea what's happened here.

ZEN

No shit, Phil. That's what we been asking you.

PHIL

Just have a drink. You too, Pal.

Everyone walks to the desk and grabs a glass. Phil raises his.

PHIL

A toast, to being filthy rich.

Everyone raises their glasses and takes a drink.

FURY

Ok, now tell us why we're rich.

Phil takes a seat.

PHIL

It's best if I start at the beginning. Sit down.

Zen and Fury take seats in two chairs in front of the desk, Gail sits on the desk, and pal sits on a couch across the room.

PHIL

You see, you're mom came to me a few days ago, and like she said, she didn't want you guys not getting along anymore, so she asked me to help out.

And this is what you come up with? Some bullshit story about her being killed?

PHIL

It worked didn't it?

FURY

You guys ever hear of a fuckin' Christmas card?

ZEN

But why the list?

PHIL

I came up with that on my own. Kind of a way to take out the trash.

Zen and Fury sigh.

ZEN AND FURY

What'd they do?

PHIL

Boof and Sid both owed money, King James was trying to get in on our territory, and Fenster was ready to rat us out to the Feds.

ZEN

What about Abdullah?

PHIL

Him, I just wanted to check out. Make sure he's still keeping to the truce.

FURY

And now, the sixty four thousand dollar question, the Blue Meanies.

PHIL

I hired 'em to come after you.

ZEN & FURY

What!

PHIL

Hang on now. I hired the Blue Meanies to take you out, because I was able to place a bet. A very special bet.

ZEN

Being?

PHIL

That I could not only get you two back together, but get you to take out the Blue Meanies as well.

FURY

So, you hire them to kill us! Do you realize how goddamnm hard that was! They were spacemen or some shit! Fuckin' spacemen! They glowed when you kiled 'em.

PHIL

I had complete faith in you, and because of it, we're ten million dollars richer.

ZEN

What the hell kinda odds did you get?

PHIL

Thousand to one, and I put ten grand on ya.

FURY

I can't believe this. A bet. This whole day was because of a fuckin' bet!

GAIL

No, it was to get you back together.

PHIL

Yeah, the bet just sweetened the pot a little.

ZEN

Jesus, Mom, Dad's probably rolling over in his grave.

GAIL

Um, well.

FURY

Oh, wait, don't tell me. Phil's actually our real father, right?

Dead silence.

ZEN

What? No way.

GAIL

It's true. Phil is your father.

FURY

This is crazy. So who the hell were we calling Dad all these years?

PHIL

I hired him. We kept it a secret cause it just wasn't good for you to have a father who did what I did while you were growin' up.

Zen and Fury shake their heads in disbelief.

ZEN

That explains the tempers.

FURY

Anything else? Was Zen really a girl when he was born, anything like that?

GAIL

No, that's everything.

ZEN

This is just too much soul cleansing for one day.

FURY

What the hell does that mean?

ZEN

Nothin', I'm goin' home.

PHIL

And you can stay there too. The Blue Meanies are payin' for all our retirements.

FURY

Yeah, one big, rich, happy, fucked up family.

Phil points to Pal.

PHTI

Sure, and we even have Ol' Blue as a pet.

Everyone laughs except Pal.

PAL

Sure, take the easy way out and make fun of the blue guy. Fuckin' hilarious.

FURY

What do you care? You're rich! If that shit don't scrub off, you can afford the best treatment possible.

GAIL

Either that or join up with the Blue Man Group.

PAL

Oh, c'mon! The mom's getting in on it now?

ZEN

Yep, it must run in the family.

Everyone laughs, raising their glasses to toast each other.

PHIL

To the family!

EVERYONE

The family!

Everyone taps glasses and takes a long, well deserved drink.

I don't know, I'm kinda gonna miss killing people though.

ZEN

It'll be fine, I'll teach you the art of meditation.

Fury shakes his head in disagreement.

FURY

Nah, I think I'll just buy myself a punching bag.

ZEN

He who denies change, denies progress.

FURY

You bet your sweet ass they do.

Everyone shares a laugh and sips from their drinks.

THE END