

BOONE AND MISTER SHU

written by

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EXT. SUBURBIA - CUL DE SAC - LATE NIGHT

A BOOMING BEAT radiates from a two story home at the far end of this upper middle class street.

Cars parked up and down this narrow drive. And around a cul de sac that borders a small pond.

Watching with little amusement from the lawn across the way is HONG SHU (80s), silk shirt, white shorts. A self made business owner who smells of money.

Shu tokes at a high dollar cigarette and looks on with utter contempt in his eyes. He's busy doing a complicated yoyo trick just as...

A neighborhood security vehicle slowly cruises Shu's direction, passes, circles the cul de sac...

Shu's wife ELIZABETH SHU (70s), satin robe and slippers, appears at the door, angry as all hell...ranting nonsensically in Chinese, aiming at the security car heading their direction.

SHU  
(to Elizabeth)  
I know, I know! Don't bust a gut!  
He's coming!

Elizabeth continues ranting in Chinese, pointing and finger gesturing to the guests entering and exiting the party house across the way.

The security car drifts to a stop next to Shu. A window lowers to reveal CHARLIE BOONE (50s), ex cop who looks as if he drank himself into early retirement.

Elizabeth angrily grits her teeth at him, slams the door shut in protest.

BOONE  
What's going on, Mister Shu? Old lady still warm as cherry pie I see.

SHU  
How many times you gonna come down here and do nothing? They've been going and going non stop for twelve hours.

BOONE  
Look. It's spring break. These are rentals.

(MORE)

BOONE (CONT'D)

It comes with the territory. Guess they should've told you before you bought this place.

Elizabeth pokes her head out, gives Boone a dirty stare. Shu turns and spots her at the door.

SHU

What're you doing?! Go inside!

Elizabeth screams back at him in Chinese, growing louder and louder as Shu screams back.

Elizabeth slams the door behind her.

SHU (CONT'D)

I love you! You're the light of my life! My reason for breathing!

Boone cracks a smile.

SHU (CONT'D)

(to Boone)

The bane of my existence.

Boone smiles.

BOONE

Look, I know you're frustrated but they'll be gone in a week. Everything will go back to being nice and dull around here. I promise.

The sound of some drunk chicks dumping cups and beer cans on the sidewalk distracts Boone and Shu.

SHU

Look at this. They're savages. They litter the streets with their drinks and beers and you do nothing. Why can't you write them a citation or something?

BOONE

Gee, Hong. I could. But that would require me giving a crap. Unfortunately I don't.

Shu gives him a hard stare, flicks his cigarette butt onto Boone's hood, heads back inside.

SHU

Wiseguy.

BOONE  
 Goodnight, Mister Shu! Tell the  
 wife I said hello!

Boone grins and drives off.

INT. SHU RESIDENCE - LATE NIGHT

Shu and wife Elizabeth continue their shouting match in the living room as Shu fastens a leash to his dog BEAR, a round ball of fluff with a hundred dollar cut.

ELIZABETH  
 Thirteen hours! I've been  
 counting! If he do nothing, I do  
 it myself!

Elizabeth dials 911 on a wireless.

SHU  
 Do what? What are you gonna do?  
 Hang up the phone!

ELIZABETH  
 I tell them what I hear. Boom  
boom! All day! Boom boom!

SHU  
 Yeah. Boom boom. Boom boom.  
 Funny. All I hear is your big big  
 mouth. With all your chirping, I  
 surprise you hear anything. Just  
 like a bird. Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!  
 Non stop!

Shu snags the cordless from his wife's paw, tosses it on a couch. Elizabeth grows piping hot.

SHU (CONT'D)  
 Enough.

ELIZABETH  
 If you don't go over there and say  
 something right now...!

SHU  
 Alright, alright! Don't get your  
 tits in a knot! Gimme five  
 minutes!

ELIZABETH  
 Five minutes! Starting now! I  
 call!

Shu and Bear head for the door. Elizabeth parks it in front of the television and angrily changes channels.

One bad infomercial after the next. Until...

CELEBRITY HOST  
Not a coffee drinker?

SERIES OF CLIPS

A wife can't stand the smell of her husband's morning coffee and turns away in protest.

CELEBRITY HOST (CONT'D)  
Do you absolutely loath energy  
drinks?

A woman exits a 711, sips a huge colorful can of energy drink and spit takes on the pavement.

A couple teenagers on bikes hang at a street corner, sip a couple of monsters.

TEEN BOY  
Bro, what the f\*\*\*, this tastes  
like sh\*\*\*!

A very tired, broken looking man in his fifties stares at himself in the mirror while brushing his teeth. He's so shocked by what he sees, he stops a moment...

CELEBRITY HOST  
Do you feel old? Unattractive?  
Powerless? Your soul hidden under  
a cloud of utter hopelessness?

The man simply lets the toothbrush fall from his mouth and land in the sink.

CELEBRITY HOST (CONT'D)  
Both emotionally and physically  
impotent...

A man crawls in bed with his wife, tries to kiss her but she immediately rolls over and shuts off the lamp.

CELEBRITY HOST (CONT'D)  
Every second losing your will to  
crawl out of bed...

A pathetic, henpecked father joins his family at a breakfast nook. His wife and kids jump up. His glass of OJ knocked to the floor by his son's book bag.

FATHER  
Have a good...

BANG! The front door slams shut.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
Day.

CELEBRITY HOST  
Look no further. Millions of  
Americans have already taken to the  
amazing, rejuvenating, life  
altering effects of Tiger Bomb. A  
one hundred percent natural energy  
formula designed by renowned FDA  
nutritionist Hong Shu.

Shu's image fills the screen.

ELIZABETH  
(annoyed)  
Booooo!

Shu and his selected team of white lab coats stroll the  
interiors of a bottling plant.

CELEBRITY HOST  
Every ingredient of tiger bomb has  
been carefully selected by Doctor  
Shu and his team of world renowned  
nutritionists to deliver a mind  
blowing experience that will  
forever change your life.

Back to the host.

CELEBRITY HOST (CONT'D)  
Don't believe me. Let's take a  
closer look...

A bar graph fills the screen.

CELEBRITY HOST (CONT'D)  
Consumers of Tiger Bomb have  
experienced a seventy five to  
eighty percent decrease in high  
blood pressure and hypertension.  
An eighty percent decrease in joint  
and muscle pain. An eighty five to  
ninety percent decrease in  
depression and anxiety. A ninety  
percent increase in overall blood  
flow.

(MORE)

CELEBRITY HOST (CONT'D)  
 A ninety five percent increase in  
 overall focus, reflex and reaction  
 time. And a whopping 100% increase  
 in testosterone levels.

Back to host.

CELEBRITY HOST (CONT'D)  
 It is, in fact,  
 the...healthiest...thing...  
 in...the...world. No more  
 disgusting shakes, messy juicers or  
 powders.

A woman tries to make a smoothie but forgets to put the cap  
 back on the blender.

SPLASH!

All over her face.

CELEBRITY HOST (CONT'D)  
 Don't wanna take my word for it,  
 see from the man himself.

Two gorgeous models sip martinis at the bar and watch as none  
 other than Shu walks their direction...fancy suit, slick  
 hair, three hundred dollar shades.

MODEL #1  
 What a hunk.

MODEL #2  
 Definitely.

Model #2 walks his direction. Her high heel twists as she  
 stumbles, her martini going airborne.

But Shu is quick to catch both her and her martini. Not a  
 single drop hits the floor. The large green olive plops  
 back in.

Model #2 stares into Shu's eyes.

MODEL #2 (CONT'D)  
 Wow.

Shu winks back at the tv audience. He gives the two models a  
 quick smile on his way to the door.

MODEL #1  
 That's the manliest man I've ever  
 seen.

MODEL #2

No kidding. Ooh-la-laah.

Back to host.

CELEBRITY HOST

Now that's a changed man. You can be too. You're fat, old, ugly, tired. An absolutely worthless shell of a human being. Guess what? You're not alone. You're an American. But enough is enough. Get that gun out of your mouth and step off of that ledge because your life is far from over. Let's get it back together.

ELIZABETH

Oh bullcrap!

Elizabeth turns the channel.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - PRIVATE LAKE - LATE NIGHT

Shu sparks up a new smoke as he lets Bear sniff his way around by the lake shore.

SHU

Lord Jesus, please help me to accept those things I cannot change.

Bear shuffles his way into a patch of trees, out of Shu's sight and into the woods.

Shu grows concerned.

SHU (CONT'D)

Bear! Bear! Come on, girl! Pinch it off for Papa!

Shu attempts to summon her from the trees by blowing squeaky kisses and clapping.

No Bear. He hears a barking from inside the woods.

Shu steps into the trees and follows the sound of Bear's yipping until he's stopped in his tracks by...

A DEAD BODY...face down...in a pool of blood.

Bear sniffing around the body.



EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - HOA - LATE NIGHT

Boone's patrol car sits under a street light.

INT. BOONE'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Boone listens to an oldies station, tablet in his lap as he swipes through old pictures of him and his recently deceased wife Allison.

Tears well in his eyes as he spots an image of him and Allison at the policeman's ball.

Before he knows what's happening, Shu comes speeding his direction in his high dollar golf cart. Bear rested in his lap.

Shu stops next to Boone's window, taps on it with a five iron club pulled from his bag.

Boone almost craps himself.

BOONE

Geez!

He quickly lowers his window.

BOONE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing? Are you crazy?

SHU

Get in the cart.

BOONE

I'm a little busy here.

Shu leans in closer, takes a look at Boone's tablet, still shining bright in his lap.

SHU

Busy. I see that. Busy looking at pornography and playing with yourself on the job again.

BOONE

First off, that was the other guy. Second, what're you doing out here?

SHU

Get in and I'll show you.

Boone isn't so sure.

SHU (CONT'D)  
Come on! Hurry up!

BOONE  
This better be good.

Boone cracks open his door.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - PRIVATE LAKE - LATE NIGHT

Boone and Shu pass the party house on the way to the lake and spot someone suspiciously peeking at them from behind the living room shades.

BOONE  
You see that?

SHU  
I saw.

Shu continues to stare hard.

BOONE  
Don't stare so hard. We're just a couple of guys minding our own business.

Shu keeps his eyes in front of him as they hop onto a sidewalk and onto a grassy lawn near the lake.

The golf cart comes to a halt.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Okay. Where is it?

Shu gets out, Bear on a leash as he leads the way.

SHU  
In those trees.

BOONE  
How the hell did you find him anyways?

SHU  
I didn't. She did.

Bear yips up at Boone.

Boone shines his flashlight into this small patch of woods as he and Shu venture inside...

EXT. WOODS - LATE NIGHT

They come upon the body. Face down.

BOONE

Yeah. That's a body alright.

SHU

Some detective. And to think they let a sharp eye like you slip through their fingers.

BOONE

Yeah. That's what I say.

Boone slowly shines his flashlight over the body, starting from head to feet. A fancy silk shirt, jazzy slacks and a pair of Italian leather shoes.

A pool of thick blood has collected under his stomach.

SHU

Well? Aren't you gonna say something?

BOONE

He's deader than hell.

SHU

Really? What was your first clue? The lack of air pockets in the giant pool of blood?

Boone shines his light in Shu's face.

BOONE

Don't get smart.  
(beat)  
You call the cops yet?

SHU

No.

BOONE

Why not?

SHU

I don't know. Because I was busy looking for you I suppose.  
So who is he?

Boone gives him a stupid look.

BOONE

How the hell should I know?

SHU

Aren't you gonna check for ID? He must have a wallet or license or something.

BOONE

I don't know. Could be. Underneath all that blood. But that would require me touching the body.

SHU

What happened? Was he stabbed? Shot?

BOONE

Would've heard a gunshot. But under all that music, who knows.

Boone tries to examine the body.

BOONE (CONT'D)

I don't see any entrance wounds. Could've been stabbed. Maybe. A bullet lodged in his gut. Who knows.

SHU

But definitely killed.

Boone nods.

BOONE

Certainly appears so.

SHU

So what now?

BOONE

Well. On paper, dead bodies are a bit out of my price range. Homicides are sort of not my thing anymore. But I appreciate you thinking of me first.

SHU

You're right. Must've been out of my mind thinking you'd be of any use at all.

(beat)

I'll call the police.

Shu picks up Bear and heads out. Boone has a change of heart.

BOONE

Wait a sec now. Not so fast.

Shu stops, turns...

SHU

What? What is it now?

BOONE

Yeah, we could call the cops.  
Or...we could handle this  
ourselves.

SHU

Handle it? Handle what? You're  
not a cop anymore. You just said  
so yourself.

BOONE

Technically, you're correct. I no  
longer carry a badge, nor am I  
currently employed by the police  
department. But that doesn't mean  
I forgot how to do the job.

SHU

I get it. This is your chance to  
re live the glory days when you  
were a hot shot cop out in the  
field. Break open that big case.  
Now that one's fallen in your  
lap...

BOONE

(impatient)

Now just hear me out a sec. Let's  
say we call the cops. By the time  
they rope off the perimeter and  
question all the neighbors, our  
guy's gonna be long gone. And with  
an air tight alibi. And you wanna  
know why?

SHU

No. Why?

BOONE

Because we gave him time to cook  
one up for the cops. If we go in  
now, we blindside them. They won't  
know what hit them.

SHU  
Them? Who's them?

BOONE  
I definitely think whoever did this  
is in that house.

SHU  
Really? And how did you draw that  
conclusion?

Boone shines his flashlight on an empty bottle of liquor  
tossed in the shrubs near the body.

SHU (CONT'D)  
It's just trash. These trees have  
gotta be full of them.

He turns the light on what appears to be drag marks in the  
dirt and leaves beneath them.

BOONE  
This guy didn't come out here for a  
quiet place to reflect. Someone  
drug him out here. Right after he  
killed him.

Shu spots the drag marks, gives Boone a look. He's slowly  
coming around.

Boone searches the ground with his flashlight.

SHU  
What're you looking for?

BOONE  
There's gotta be a print around  
here somewhere.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Shu and Boone sit in the golf cart, gawk back at the house  
party still going strong.

Shu on the phone with his wife.

SHU  
(to wife)  
Yes. We are handling it. I'm with  
him now. Just go to bed.  
(listens)  
Yes we called the police. Isn't  
that what I said?  
(MORE)

SHU (CONT'D)  
 We're waiting on them now.  
 (listens)  
 Just don't worry about it and go to  
 sleep. Geesh.

Shu angrily hangs up.

BOONE  
 Alright, Hong. We gotta come up  
 with a game plan.

SHU  
 We? Watchu mean we, white man? If  
 that music not turned off in two  
 minutes my wife's gonna leave me  
 for dead.

BOONE  
 I can't just bust in there without  
 cause. I need a reason.

SHU  
 So what? What's that gotta do with  
 me?

A light goes off in Boone's head.

BOONE  
 You got your wallet on you?

SHU  
 Heh?

BOONE  
 A wallet. Your wall--  
 (impatient)  
 -- a freakin' billfold with  
 pictures? Yes or no?

Shu hands him a thick wallet full of credit cards and family  
 photographs.

SHU  
 Here.

Boone ruffles through the pictures.

BOONE  
 Let's see what you got. You got  
 any grand kids in here? What about  
 these two?

Boone points at a woman in her forties and her teenage  
 daughter posing together.

SHU  
My daughter and her little girl.

BOONE  
Okay, she looks about sixteen.  
Perfect. What's her name?

SHU  
Bessie. Actually it's Bess.

BOONE  
Bess?

SHU  
When she was very young, she can't  
say Beth and would come out Bess.  
"Ewizabess". It was actually very  
cute.

(beat)  
So we call her Bessie.

BOONE  
Bess Shu? Bess-Shu??

SHU  
Actually her birth name is Guang.  
Guang Elizabeth. Named after my  
wife.

BOONE  
Guang Bess Shu. Hong Shu and Guang  
Bess Shu. Guess I should've seen  
that coming.

Boone shakes his head. A sudden realization hits him.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute. Your old lady's  
name is Elizabeth Shu? Are you  
kidding me right now?

SHU  
What? You expecting something a  
bit more Asian?

BOONE  
Yeah, that's why that's funny.

Boone grows impatient, flips through some more family pics  
and points out a young woman in her twenties.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
And what about this one here?  
What's her name? Gladys?



Shu doesn't follow. Boone simply shakes his head, rubs his nose in frustration.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Alright, forget it.

Boone hands him his billfold.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
You know what? It's better we don't have a picture. Make things more ambiguous. Less obvious.

Shu puts his wallet away.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Okay, this is the deal. Your great niece on your wife's side. She's in town on holiday and her name's Jenn.

SHU  
Jenn.

BOONE  
Just plain old simple, run of the mill Jenn. There must've been a hundred Jenn's passing through those doors in the last twelve hours. We're just gonna go in...mind our own business...and if we get stopped and anyone asks...we're looking for Jenn.

SHU  
And why are we looking for Jenn?

BOONE  
Because it's pushing Two AM and she's sixteen. Why wouldn't we be looking for Jenn.

SHU  
Good point.

Boone takes a deep breath.

BOONE  
Okay. Here we go. Just keep quiet and follow my lead.

Boone and Shu make their way across the street as drunk patrons file in and out.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Enter Boone and Shu. They witness a most out of control house party in full effect.

Before them, a rousing game of BIKINI TWISTER near the center of the living room. A medusa of lovely ladies getting their tops untied and holding in their goodies.

The rear sliding door opened as the thumping beats of a poolside DJ fill the home.

A drunk passed out on the carpet. A couple of other drunks stack a wobbling tower of JENGA on his belly while an onlooking crowd laughs in amusement.

Boone spots a whole slew of CUTE MINI SKIRTS rush up the steps hand in hand.

BOONE

Smell that?

SHU

I'm married fifty two years. I lost my sense of smell a long time ago.

BOONE

That's primo stuff. Top of the line. Not the kind you can score on your local street corner.

Shu gives him a strange look.

SHU

We still talking about the same thing?

BOONE

Haven't smelled anything like it since the academy.

SHU

So what do we do?

BOONE

Change in plan. Sometimes you just gotta follow your nose. My nose is telling me what we're looking for is upstairs.

SHU

You sure that's your nose talking?

BOONE  
I'll be down in a few.

Boone makes for the stairs. Shu grabs his arm.

SHU  
What am I supposed to do?

BOONE  
I don't know. Have a beer. It's a party.

Boone heads off.

SHU  
A party. Yeah, right. I remember those. Fun. We're having fun here.

Shu walks closer to the game of drunken twister. He bends down, smiles and waves hello to the girls.

SHU (CONT'D)  
Hello. How are you?

One of the girls TUMBLES...knocks Shu onto a couch, squats perfectly on his lap. His hands inadvertently land on her hips.

TWISTER GIRL  
(flirty)  
Hey, watch those hands. At least buy me a drink first.

SHU  
(grins)  
I'm buying whatever you're selling, sweetheart.

BRAD (20), a real no neck steroidal idiot in a muscle t shirt, spots them on the couch.

BRAD  
(to Shu)  
You lost, grandpa?

Shu ignores him. All eyes on his girl.

SHU  
I once was lost but now I'm found.

TWISTER GIRL  
(laughs)  
You're funny.

BRAD  
 (to Shu)  
 Yeah, that's real funny but  
 showtime's over. Hands off the  
 merch old man.

Brad angrily snags the girl from Shu's lap.

TWISTER GIRL  
 Hey!

Brad pulls her aside as Shu watches.

BRAD  
 What do you think you're doing?

TWISTER GIRL  
 I'm having fun. Giving the old guy  
 a break. What're you doing?

BRAD  
 You're wasted. Go wash up and go  
 home.

TWISTER GIRL  
 (playful)  
 Oh, Daddy. Please don't be mad. I  
 promise I won't break curfew again.

BRAD  
 Go home!

TWISTER GIRL  
 (angry)  
 What am I supposed to do? Walk  
 home? You drove me.

Brad stuffs his keys in her palm.

BRAD  
 Here's the keys. Take a hike  
 before Alan sees you. He won't be  
 as nice.

TWISTER GIRL  
 Fine.

She heads for the door. Shu quickly flees the chaotic scene.

Brad faces the couch...but Shu is long gone.

Shu quietly hides in the kitchen where a full row of liquor  
 bottles adorns a countertop. He grabs a can of soda from  
 an ice chest rested on the floor.

A second girl from our game of bikini twister greets Shu in the kitchen with a smile. Her name is ILLANA (20s), an ethnic beauty, smoldering eyes.

ILLANA  
Hey. You okay?

SHU  
What's his problem?

She gives Shu a good once over. He's definitely out of place.

ILLANA  
Let me take a wild stab at something. You must be Ming Lee's new manager. She said you might come.

Shu is in total awe of the perfection standing before him. He cracks his soda. The fizz slowly drips all over the tile floor.

ILLANA (CONT'D)  
Careful where you're aiming that thing, Mister.

Shu is so bashful, he's at a loss for words.

SHU  
Excuse me. I...I don't know what came over me.

Shu immediately regrets his words.

ILLANA  
Takes a lot of guts crashing Alan's party like this. I take it you came prepared to make an offer. Ming was right. You got some big ones for sure.

Shu looks over her shoulder, spots Brad talking aggressively with another guy in the corner. This is --

ALAN (30s), blonde quaff, silk robe and swim trunks. Alan is red hot mad as he slams down a bottle of champagne on a very expensive end table.

It spits and pours everywhere.

ALAN  
(to Brad)  
Pick that up! It's gonna ruin it!  
What's the matter with you?!

Brad and TWO OF HIS CREW quickly remove the bottle and wipe down the table with paper towels.

Shu refocuses.

ILLANA  
(to Shu)  
Believe me, I'm as tired of Alan's  
crap as anyone. We all are.

She slips a business card into Shu's pants.

ILLANA (CONT'D)  
Gimme a call if you wanna talk  
shop. Anytime.

SHU  
I just might do that.

ILLANA  
I hope so.

Illana heads back to the party. A turn and quick wink back at Shu.

Brad notices the exchange.

Shu spots Brad looking his direction, escapes out the back sliding door and onto the pool deck.

EXT. POOL DECK - LATE NIGHT

Shu takes in the vibe as the DJ spins a funky beat and the bikinis and short skirts dance it up.

Shu spots several pair of crocks, loafers, tennis shoes and various other footwear either near or under a slew of deck and lawn chairs.

He digs out his smart phone, observes a still pic of the print left at the crime scene.

One by one, Shu starts comparing the bottoms of these shoes with the still pic.

He gets a lot of strange looks. And then...finally...someone has to ask...

POOL GUY #1  
What're you doing, bro?

Beat.

SHU  
(laughs)  
I am so absent minded. I seem to  
have lost my shoes.

POOL GUY #1  
They're on your feet, dude.

Shu plays dumb as he slaps his forehead.

SHU  
Ya know, isn't it always the last  
place you look?

Shu laughs nervously, steps backward, further and further  
away, until he steps dead center of a crowd of rowdy no  
neck idiots doing keg stands.

KEGGER #1  
Hey! We got a volunteer!

SHU  
No, I am not thirsty, really.

KEGGER #2  
Don't be a girl!

SHU  
I am fine, thanks.

KEGGER #3  
DO ITTTTTT!!!!!!

Scares the hell out of Shu.

SHU  
Okay.

Shu is flipped upside down.

KEGGERS  
Chug, chug, chug...!

INT. PARTY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT

Boone checks one door after the next. They are all locked  
from the inside.

A sexy GIRL IN A MINI SKIRT steps from one of the rooms.

Boone heads for the same room, cracks open the door to observe...

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Sitting on the edge of a bed...a very upset young Chinese woman, all dolled up, but disheveled and crying.

This is CRYSTAL, aka Ming Lee.

Pacing back and forth in front of Crystal is her abusive on again and off again boyfriend TRAVIS (20s), dark and brooding, silk shirt and slacks.

TRAVIS

What is this crap? You're tired. Not in the mood. Well you don't get to decide when you're not in the mood. He does. That's how this works.

Boone is intrigued.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Your client's paid in full. You wanna know what happens when we don't deliver? I'll give you a hint. He's gonna drop a dime on all of us. Or maybe that's what you're hoping. So you don't have to play dress up anymore.

CRYSTAL

It's not that.

TRAVIS

You been moping around here all night. Look at you. You can barely sit up straight. I go and vouch for you with Alan and you're gonna pull this crap.

CRYSTAL

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

TRAVIS

Yeah, sorry your little college experiment or whatever you wanna call it didn't go as planned. Nobody forced your hand. So quit with the victim crap.



CRYSTAL

You're all heart, Travis. And to think I broke up with you.

TRAVIS

Look. Just take your little happy pill or whatever you need to do and pull it together. You got five minutes.

Travis heads for the door. Boone quickly ducks away but is too late. He's been busted.

Travis chases out the door after him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey!

INT. PARTY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT

Boone quickly ducks into a bathroom.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Boone jumps in the tub, yanks back the shower curtain.

In runs Travis, who observes an empty bathroom.

TRAVIS

What the...

He rushes out. And in comes Crystal, still crying. She snags some tissues from a box, wipes her eyes.

Boone peeks at her from a crack in the curtain.

In runs a hopping mad Alan.

Boone ducks away.

Alan grabs Crystal's purse, pulls out a whole slew of prescription bottles, little baggies and various other drug paraphernalia.

ALAN

What is this? You a mule now? Is that it? The six of you are walking around here like the walking dead. You think I'm stupid?

CRYSTAL  
It's not like that, Alan.

ALAN  
Yeah, I bet. A little taste of  
that pipe and you belong to him. I  
see how it is.  
(beat)  
What else are you slinging for  
these guys?

CRYSTAL  
Nothing.

Alan grabs her by the mouth.

ALAN  
What?!

CRYSTAL  
Nothing!

ALAN  
That's not what I heard. I hear  
this guy's staffing up half the  
escorts in the city. Sounds like  
he's got some deep pockets. Maybe  
I should be worried.

CRYSTAL  
It's not what you think.

ALAN  
So tell me. How much to buy you?  
Huh? How much?!

Crystal won't answer. Alan puts a knife to her throat.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
What was that?

CRYSTAL  
I don't know. He didn't say.

Alan laughs in her face.

ALAN  
You don't know. You don't even  
know. You're so gone you don't  
know what day it is.

Alan shakes his head with shame.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Clean yourself up. You got a  
client waiting.

Alan folds up his blade, steps out. Crystal now crying even  
harder. She wipes her tears.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - POOL DECK - LATE NIGHT

Shu is drunk as hell, sprawled out on a lawn chair, getting a  
foot rub, and a temple rub, and watching the girls do some  
water volleyball.

POOL GIRL #1  
I hear you're expanding.

SHU  
(happy)  
Ohhhh yes.

She leans in nice and close.

POOL GIRL #1  
It's Courtnee. Don't forget me.

SHU  
I don't think that's humanly  
possible.

Courtnee feeds her finger into his mouth, along with a little  
something extra. Shu is oblivious. Courtnee blows him a  
kiss and heads off.

The DJ gets a sick beat going. A riff on Brick's classic  
"DAZZ" or "DISCO JAZZ".

Shu's eyes light up.

SHU (CONT'D)  
Oh sookie sookie now! This is my  
jam!

Shu leaps from his chair and joins a circle of dancing skirts  
and bikinis.

SHU (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Get down, get down. Let's  
get stupid crunk.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Boone comes downstairs, observes a most awesome crowd of asses and elbows. Shu nowhere to be found in the mix as Boone roams the living room.

BOONE

Shu?

(beat)

Shu?!

PARTY GUY

Gesundheit.

BOONE

Yeah, thanks.

Boone shakes his head, forces his way through the crowd.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - POOL DECK - LATE NIGHT

The crowd have a good laugh and egg on Shu as he continues to bust out some classic moves.

With equal amounts of shock and amusement...

BOONE arrives on the pool deck to find Shu has completely taken over the festivities.

BOONE

Why am I not surprised?

Travis finds Boone near the pool. He approaches...

TRAVIS

Hey.

BOONE

Hey.

TRAVIS

(to Boone)

You're that security guy, right?

Boone observes his security shirt. Chuckles.

BOONE

Guess I should've gone for the more incognito look.

TRAVIS

Yeah, you kind of stick out.

BOONE  
 (laughs)  
 I guess that I do.

TRAVIS  
 Alright, Mister security guard.  
 Let's cut to the chase.

BOONE  
 Sorry?

TRAVIS  
 Straight up. How much did you take  
 to let the old man in here?

Boone squints.

BOONE  
 I'm not following.

TRAVIS  
 Oh I think you know exactly what  
 I'm talking about.

BOONE  
 Are you implying that I'm for sale?  
 That for the right price I'd allow  
 certain illegal acts to continue  
 for days on end without consequence  
 or repercussion? Gotta say, I'm  
 deeply hurt.

TRAVIS  
 Yeah you're playing real hard to  
 get, aren't you?

BOONE  
 Well, I think it's good to be very  
 up front in these kind of  
 negotiations. I figure there will  
 be plenty an opportune time later  
 bullshit each other.

TRAVIS  
 (smiles)  
 You're a funny guy.  
 (serious)  
 Whatever he's paying you, we'll  
 double it.

Boone spots Crystal walking her client back into the house  
 for some alone time. The two share a brief exchange.  
 A Chinese woman.

Boone slowly catches on.

BOONE

Gee. I don't know. Don't think you boys could afford that kind of bread.

TRAVIS

Alright. Mister up front and direct. How about get him out of here or we shatter your knee caps. That direct enough for you?

Boone loses his cocky grin.

BOONE

Yes, that's certainly direct.

TRAVIS

Come with me.

Boone follows Travis to a nearby TIKI HUT, away from the party for a quick minute.

Alan and Brad are waiting.

BOONE

(to Alan)

So. You must be the guy.

ALAN

I am the guy.

BOONE

This is some operation you got here. It's like a twenty four seven party. Surprised the cops haven't shut you down.

ALAN

Let's just say the police and I have an understanding.

BOONE

That's good to know.

ALAN

Look. Mister...

BOONE

Boone.

ALAN

Boone.

(beat)

I know you think you're some kind of authority figure or something with you little uniform and car and it's all very official. And I know at least you think you're in a position where you can shut this whole thing down. So I'm not gonna make any idle threats.

BOONE

You mean like busting my knee caps?

ALAN

You just tell the old man I've got some people of my own. We can keep the peace and keep things business casual or we can get bloody. From now on...it's strictly business.

BOONE

All business. Got it. Should I be writing this down?

ALAN

You tell him I catch any of these girls using again...next time he sees them it will be one piece at a time.

Boone squints, surprised. He slowly grins.

BOONE

I know I'm just a dumb security guard but that sounded like a threat to me.

ALAN

Look. I'm giving you a chance to leave here with your knees, your nuts, everything else in tact, Mister Security Guy. If I were you, I'd be a smart little rent a cop and do like I was asked.

Alan, Travis and Brad head back inside, leaving Boone to himself. He observes a drunken Shu still acting a fool on the rear lawn.

REAR LAWN

Shu grows dizzy and sick. He is literally pouring sweat and his shirt is soaked.

SHU

Is it me or is hot out here?

He almost collapses but is helped upright by his new girlfriends.

SHU (CONT'D)

Woo-hoo! I am on fire!

Shu unbuttons his shirt, soaked all the way through with sweat as the mystery pill is taking effect.

SHU (CONT'D)

Woo! Hot-hot! Excuse me, please.

He stumbles his way to a spare bathroom on the pool deck.

INT. POOL DECK BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Shu splashes cold water in his face, over and over.

SHU

Oh my God make it stop. My skin is burning up. I am on fire.

He looks up, spots himself in the mirror and his head is literally ON FIRE.

He runs out...

...onto the...

POOL DECK

...frantically running his hands through his hair.

SHU (CONT'D)

I'm on fire! I'm on fire!

Shu panics, springs himself from a diving board and does a most beautiful and perfect cannonball.

SPLASH!

He's helped from the pool by a couple of dudes. Shu immediately spots...

A GIANT OSTRICH and a MIDGET IN A RED DEVIL'S COSTUME...side by side in a lawn chair...sipping cocktails.



The Devil raises his glass, as if to toast Shu.

DEVIL  
Ooh-la-laah!

Shu screams and runs across the lawn like a person gone mad. He turns to find the Devil now on the ostrich's back. A pitchfork in hand.

The giant bird turns a corner, kicks his feet into the ground, ready to charge Shu like a crazed bull.

DEVIL (CONT'D)  
Ooh-la-lah!

SHU  
Get away! Get away!

Shu tries to outrun them but he's poked in the butt repeatedly by the stuffed ostrich.

SHU (CONT'D)  
Stupid bird! Leave me alone!

He leaps into Boone's arms.

SHU (CONT'D)  
He's trying to kill me!

Boone searches the rear lawn. Nothing but confused faces staring back at them.

BOONE  
Alright! No one's gonna kill you!  
You're fine! There's nobody here!

SHU  
Oh, please!

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - LATE NIGHT

Boone carries Shu back to his car, now parked in front of the house and engine running.

BOONE  
Okay. I'm gonna set you down now.  
Don't freak out.

Boone helps Shu into the passenger side. He rushes around to the driver's side, hops in.

INT. BOONE'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Boone cranks the air conditioner as Shu grows hotter and hotter from his mystery pill.

SHU  
God, it's so hot. I'm burning up.  
Turn it up.

BOONE  
It's as up as it gets! Give it a  
second!

SHU  
Oh no! It's so cold! Turn it  
down!

BOONE  
Hot, cold! Make up your mind!  
You're like my freakin ex wife!

Shu rubs his arms, up and down, freezing.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Look at you. What the hell did  
they do to you?

Shu looks over Boone's shoulder.

SHU'S POV:

The ostrich has returned!

SHU  
Oh my God! Look out!

Ostrich pokes his long head into Boone's window.

SHU (CONT'D)  
Look out! Bird! Big bird!

The long Ostrich neck stretches and stretches like a cartoon  
until it's right in Shu's face...

...backing him into a corner.

OSTRICH  
(deep growl)  
Ooh-la-laaaaah!

SHU  
(to Boone)  
Gas! Gas! Step on the gas!

Shu spots the Devil midget on Boone's hood. A giant grin.

DEVIL

Looks like thing's are starting to  
heat up round here!

He dumps a red jug of gasoline on the hood, pulls out a zippo lighter.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Sayonara!

SHU

NOOO! You Devil bastard!

Shu stumbles out of the car, hits the pavement hard. Boone runs to his aide.

BOONE

Are you out of your mind?! Pull it  
together.

SHU

I'm gonna be sick.

BOONE

The hell did they give you, Hong?

Shu attempts to hold in a puke but spits up on Boone's uniform like a newborn baby.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Come on! Are you kidding me right  
now?! Point that the other  
direction!

Boone loses patience, points Shu the other direction, but unknowingly spins him in a circle.

And with greater volume this time...VOMITS on Boone.

Some applause from the onlooking crowd.

EXT. SHU'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Shu sips water from the hose on the side of his house.

Boone tosses the puke soaked security shirt in a trash bin and paces before Shu.

BOONE

You know, you're lucky to be alive.

SHU  
I don't feel lucky.

BOONE  
Okay. Let's recap. What I'm gathering from our...gathering...is that this isn't just a regular let's get some friends together kind of party. That much is obvious.

SHU  
I may have soiled myself.

Boone observes the wet dirt and ground underneath Shu.

BOONE  
You're sitting in a pile of mud.

SHU  
Yes. I'm afraid so.

Boone gets a whiff, covers his nose with his shirt.

BOONE  
Anyways. As I was saying. We got us a stable of working girls and a house full of paying customers. Our friend Alan supplies the entertainment. And our mystery guy, who has yet to be identified, supplies the party favors.

SHU  
I've never seen so many party favors in my life.

BOONE  
Not those kind, Hong. I'm talking about coke. Ecstasy. Pills. Whatever. I'm guessing this isn't the first one of these parties these guys have catered.

Shu couldn't care less and lays his head in the grass.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
No. Don't do that. Sit up. Don't pass out on me. We got work to do.

Shu slowly sits upright.

SHU

Sorry. Don't know what I was thinking.

BOONE

If I'm putting this together correctly, Alan and his crew think this guy is you. So do the girls. Which means they've never had a face to face introduction.

(beat)

Which also means what?

SHU

I'm sorry. You must not have heard when I said I crapped my pants!

BOONE

Which means there had to be a middleman. Someone who brokered this deal with Alan and his crew.

SHU

What are you going on about?

BOONE

A deal. A partnership. They split the profits fifty fifty. Everyone makes out. Only our mystery guy has other ideas. Like poaching all of Alan's girls and going into business for himself.

Boone puts the pieces together.

BOONE (CONT'D)

It's him.

SHU

Him who?

BOONE

The guy. The guy in the trees. Who the hell do you think? It's gotta be him. All we need now is a name. And I think I know who can give us one.

Boone faces Shu, still very much out of it.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Are you gonna be okay for a few minutes?

Shu sits in a catatonic trance.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Shu? Are you there? Talk to me.

SHU

I'm up here!

BOONE

Up? Up where?

SHU

Up! Up!

Boone looks to the sky. Nothing.

Meanwhile, an AIRBORNE SHU floats above them both, staring down at a dumbfounded Boone.

BOONE

Can you hear me up there? Snap out of it, Hong.

Airborne Shu flaps his arms like a bird.

AIRBORNE SHU

I can't! I'm not there!

THE REAL SHU is catatonic. His eyes open but not blinking.

SHU

I'm up here!

Boone kneels before him.

BOONE

Wake up!

AIRBORNE SHU spots some girls leaving the party and cries out for help.

AIRBORNE SHU

Hello! Up here! Girl with the boots and big boobies! Someone please!

The crowd all ignore him. As if there's nothing there.

AIRBORNE SHU (CONT'D)

Why can't you hear me?!

THE REAL SHU tears up.

SHU  
 (cries)  
 Someone help me! I'm flying and I  
 can't get down!

Boone rubs his weary face and tired eyes. He kneels before Shu, snags him by the shirt, pulls him closer.

BOONE  
 Sorry, Hong. I gotta do this.

Boone slaps him around.

AIRBORNE SHU comes crashing to earth, his conscious returning to his own vessel.

THE REAL SHU pukes all over Boone's clean shirt.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
 Glad to have you back, Hong.

INT. SHU RESIDENCE - LATE NIGHT

Shu is half asleep as he takes a hot tub. Elizabeth washes him with a sponge.

Shu playfully picks up a bottle of body wash, squeezes it with two hands as the liquid squirts out.

Shu mimics finger painting the space before him, as if the soap has stopped mid air.

SHU  
 Elizabeth, I painting you a  
 beautiful picture.

ELIZABETH  
 Look at me.

Elizabeth snaps her fingers before Shu's face. He reaches out to her but...

CRACK!

...she slaps him across the face. Shu drops the body wash into the bubble bath.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 There's nothing there you freaking  
 idiot! Shut up!

SHU  
 Why you hit me?

ELIZABETH

You won't shut up! Just shut up  
why don't you!

SHU

You always hitting me. You so  
meeeeaaaannnn.

Shu cries like a baby.

ELIZABETH

And now you cry like a little baby.  
Look at this sight. My husband the  
big baby man. Aren't I the lucky  
one.

Elizabeth turns, gives an angry stare to--

BOONE who watches from the door. He is joined by DR. MORRIS  
(60s), family physician.

Boone now wearing one of Shu's Hawaiian shirts.

BOONE

Man, he's still seeing pink  
elephants.

DR. MORRIS

Well. He's a tough old coot.  
Maybe there's something to this  
Tiger Bomb stuff.

BOONE

Yeah, no kidding. Thinking about  
buying a case.

(beat)

You should've seen it. He said his  
head was on fire and was being  
chased by a giant bird. Scared the  
crap out of him. Literally.

DR. MORRIS

A giant bird, huh? Yeah, you bet  
he was scared.

Boone doesn't follow.

BOONE

What're you talking about?

DR. MORRIS

You mean you never heard the story?



BOONE

Obviously.

DR. MORRIS

Shu and his wife were on one of those safari type deals over in Africa around eighty five or so. Only their jeep breaks down three miles out from camp. Before they know what's happening, they end up nose to nose with a whole flock of ostrich. Mean, angry sonsofbitches too.

BOONE

Oh my God.

DR. MORRIS

They're out there a good two hours. Funny thing is...they left most of the tour alone. But poor Hong. They must've picked up on something they didn't like. They were somethin pissed off about somethin. Chased him for damn near quarter mile before the cavalry arrived. Ended up on one of those bloopers and practical jokes type shows back in the nineties.

Boone contains his laughter.

DR. MORRIS (CONT'D)

Guess you could say it was Hong's first brush with fame.

BOONE

That's some story.

DR. MORRIS

Poor guy tried to leave it all behind him. Ended up following him back to the states.

BOONE

How's that?

DR. MORRIS

Anxiety. Depression. Involuntary tremors. Incontinence. Paralysis. Insomnia. Nightmares. Night sweats. Night terrors. You name it, he's had it.

BOONE

Wow. That's terrible.

DR. MORRIS

Yep. Like the man says. It's all fun and games until you almost lose an eye to some kill crazy sonofabitch flightless bird. Ya know, his shrink keeps telling him to get over it but how the hell do you get over something like that.

BOONE

I couldn't say.

DR. MORRIS

Let's face it. Not something your average, ordinary human faces in this lifetime.

BOONE

No, I suppose not.

Dr. Morris and Boone step into the outer hall.

DR. MORRIS

Say. Why didn't you call an ambulance? He could've died, ya know. He should, in fact, be dead.

BOONE

Well. If you know Elizabeth, you know how stubborn she can be. Before I could blink, she had you on speed dial.

DR. MORRIS

Yeah, well. That's where that whole good judgement and adulting thing's supposed to kick in, Mister Boone.

BOONE

Noted.

Dr. Morris sighs.

DR. MORRIS

He needs to be under close observation for at least twenty four hours.

(to Elizabeth)

Elizabeth, do you hear me? You need to take him to the hospital!

No answer.

Dr. Morris and Boone step back inside.

Elizabeth is long gone.

BOONE

What the...

Boone steps into the living room. The front door SLAMS SHUT.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Oh shh...

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - STREET - LATE NIGHT

A POLICE CAR with LIGHTS FLASHING sits at the curb before the party house. Several of the guests are fleeing the scene, heading for the trees, up the sidewalk...

Boone spots Elizabeth walk side by side with OFFICER DENNY BURKETTE (40s), a square jawed ex marine type with full sleeve tats and a bit of a ponch from too many donuts and too many years off the battlefield.

His cool and easy stride suggests he's already looking to collect his pension.

ELIZABETH

They crazy! They almost kill my husband!

Burkette couldn't care less.

BURKETTE

Yeah you said that already.

ELIZABETH

Well what are you gonna do about it?

Burkette slowly turns to her, a warm and sincere smile.

BURKETTE

Ma'm. You can relax now. The police are here.

He gives her a sly wink and heads inside. Elizabeth is put off by his creepy demeanor.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, you just do your job! I don't wanna have to call you again!

Boone secretly watches them as he ducks behind Burkette's squad car.

BOONE  
Officer Burkette. What are you up  
to, old partner?

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The music is off.

Six of our ladies of the evening, including Illana and Crystal, are on the sectional couch, eyes down, hands rested peacefully on their laps.

Most of the guests have ditched. A few remain, here and there, out by the pool. It's winding down.

Alan and Travis sit on bar stools near the kitchen counter bar area.

All seven of them watch as Burkette stands before them all with his giant flashlight.

One by one, he shines a spotlight on all of the rampant drug paraphernalia left behind. Joint infested ash trays left on coffee tables, bongos and glass pipes ditched on the carpet by our fleeing guests.

He reaches down, grabs an orange prescription bottle, gives it a good shake.

BURKETTE  
Well well. I'd say we got  
ourselves enough felonies here to  
get me in plain clothes by Monday  
morning.  
(to all)  
You boys look smart. You should  
really think about taking the  
proper precautions next time.

Travis moves closer, hot mad.

TRAVIS  
What is this, Burkette? We had a  
deal!

Burkette blinds Travis with his flashlight.

BURKETTE  
(to Travis)  
Whoa whoa, big boy. What was that?  
(MORE)

BURKETTE (CONT'D)

(to girls)

Did you all hear that? Sounds like your friend here was attempting to bribe a law enforcement official.

BRAD

What're you talking about, Burkette? Nobody said anything.

BURKETTE

That's funny. Because when push comes to shove...I'm pretty sure I got five witnesses right here that will say different.

Alan checks with the girls. All of them so ashamed, they keep their eyes down.

ALAN

(to girls)

What's he talking about?

BURKETTE

Hey. You leave them out of this. Let's just say the girls know where their bread is buttered.

(to Crystal)

Isn't that right, Crystal?

Alan shoots Crystal the thousand yard stare.

CRYSTAL

Yeah. Whatever you say, Denny.

ALAN

(to Crystal)

You in with this cop bastard?

BURKETTE

(to Crystal)

Crystal, go to my trunk. It's open. Brought that present you asked for.

Crystal rushes out. Alan watches her with ice cold menace in his eyes.

ALAN

Okay, cop. I get it. You want a little extra.

BURKETTE

No. I don't want a little extra. I want half.

BRAD  
Let's smoke him.

Burkette draws his gun.

BURKETTE  
Son, you're gonna be smokin through  
the hole I put in your neck.

ALAN  
We can't afford half.

BURKETTE  
You can't afford not to.

TRAVIS  
How'd you figure that?

BURKETTE  
How can I say this?  
(beat)  
Your friend Crystal...sort of  
killed the competition.

The five girls all turn to one another, gobsmacked. As do  
Brad, Travis and Alan.

ALAN  
Hell are you saying?

And watching through the sliding door from the pool deck is a  
very confused Elizabeth. Her arms folded, still hopping mad  
and awaiting the end of this party.

INT. SHU RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Shu is curled up on the couch, snuggled in his favorite  
blanket, still shaking and cold.

He is distracted by what appears to be the GIANT OSTRICH  
poking his head around a corner.

It quickly ducks away.

SHU  
(scared)  
Bessie?! Elizabeth?! Help me!

SHU'S POV:

The long ostrich neck hovers over Shu's face...upside down  
now...gawking down at him.

OSTRICH  
Ooh-la-laaah!

Shu SCREAMS...

...and falls off the couch.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Someone at the door.

Shu desperately collects his faculties. He stares in all directions for the bird. He's long gone.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Shu slowly sits up and heads for the door. He opens to find...

LESLIE FARMER (20s), a striking young woman in a tight dress and flashy earrings posing in a most seductive manner.

LESLIE  
Hong Shu? Leslie Farmer, Channel  
Nine. This is my associate Gary.

A shaggy young cameraman pops up behind Leslie. He's holding a consumer grade video camera.

GARY  
How's it going?

LESLIE  
It seems we've got a lot to talk  
about.

SHU  
I don't think I understand.

LESLIE  
Well allow us to refresh your  
memory.  
(beat)  
A minute of your time?

SHU  
Well actually...

LESLIE  
Good.

Leslie lets herself inside. Gary and his camera follow.

Shu shuts the door behind them.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

For the last several weeks I've been working very closely with certain individuals across the street, infiltrating an escort service run by one Alan Shephard and his friends. I believe you've heard of them.

SHU

Well I...

LESLIE

Got a little something here I think you should see.

She snaps her fingers at Gary who presses play on his video camera and flips the viewer in Shu's direction.

Shu watches footage of himself in various compromising positions.

First...on the living room couch...getting what appears to be a lap dance. Second...doing a keg stand on the pool deck. Third...getting a foot rub by the pool with his feet kicked out. And last but not least...dancing like a mad fool on the rear lawn with a variety of healthy young ladies.

GARY

Gotta admit. Those are some wicked moves, my friend.

SHU

I know this may be hard for you to believe. But that's not me. You don't understand.

LESLIE

That you were under the influence? Yeah, we understand. I have to say, Mister Shu, this is all very shocking to say the least. A well respected public figure with outstanding credentials involved in such gross debauchery.

SHU

Why would you do this?

LESLIE

We didn't. You did. And the evidence is right here.

Shu observes the camera in Gary's hand.



LESLIE (CONT'D)  
Unless of course you decide to cooperate.

SHU  
Look. This...this isn't...

LESLIE  
Yeah yeah. Not what we think. Well now's your time to plead your case and be straight with us. We don't want you. This story is bigger than you. But we'll take you down right along with the rest of them if you don't give me what I want. So I'm gonna need a yes or no. Right now.

BOONE (O.S.)  
That's gonna be a no for us, Leslie.

Leslie and Gary turn to find...

Boone standing at the door.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
But we appreciate your candor.

LESLIE  
Who the hell are you?

Boone very quickly flashes his old badge.

BOONE  
Charlie Boone, DEA. And you and your friend here are officially sticking your nose into my business.  
(to Gary)  
What's on the camera, short stop?

GARY  
(nervous)  
What? Nothing.

LESLIE  
(to Gary)  
Don't let him intimidate you.  
(to Boone)  
It's evidence.

BOONE

Evidence? You call some rowdy frat boys doing keggers and smoking some high end grass evidence?

Leslie scoffs. As does Gary.

LESLIE

Come on. There's a lot more than that going on or you wouldn't be here.

GARY

She's got a point.

BOONE

Yeah, you're right. And unless you have evidence of that on your little camera there...Shephard and his friends belong to me.

LESLIE

And what's your involvement with Mister Shu?

Boone and Shu share a quiet look.

BOONE

Not that it's your concern, but Mister Shu here happens to be an informant. My informant. I'm responsible for his safety and for his anonymity. So like I said. It's time for you to go. But I'll be sure to give y'all a buzz when we take him down.

LESLIE

Charlie Boone, DEA, huh? That's Boone with a B?

Leslie pulls out a voice recorder.

BOONE

Yeah. Boone with a B. And you're Leslie Farmer, Channel Nine Undercover?

Leslie puts the recorder in Boone's face.

LESLIE

That's right. You a fan?

BOONE

Just making sure I got your name right for when I call the state's attorney later to discuss charges of obstruction of justice and interfering in an official federal investigation.

Gary shuts the viewfinder on his camera, quietly hides it behind his back.

BOONE (CONT'D)

(to Gary)

What do you got there? That wouldn't be footage of my informant.

GARY

Um...no. No, sir.

Gary checks with Leslie, who rolls her eyes.

BOONE

(to Gary)

Really? I'm afraid I'm gonna have to confiscate that.

Leslie scoffs.

LESLIE

You can't do this. We have a right to...

BOONE

You're gonna have a right to remain silent in a minute.

Shu smiles.

BOONE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna count to three.  
One...two...

GARY

We're going. It's all good.

Gary starts for the door. Leslie grabs his arm.

LESLIE

No, we're not.

GARY

Yes we are.

Gary heads out.

Leslie gives Boone a nasty stare.

LESLIE  
Expect to hear from us.

BOONE  
Yeah I can't wait.

Leslie storms out.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
For a minute there I thought we  
were busted.

After a few quiet moments, Leslie once again bursts through the door.

LESLIE  
Nice try, Mister Security Guard.  
Nice car by the way.

Boone looks foolish. Shu shuts his eyes in shame.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
I wonder what that state's attorney  
is gonna say about you  
impersonating a federal officer.

Boone is left speechless. As is Shu.

BOONE  
Well crap.

Leslie grins.

LESLIE  
You boys better hope you have  
another trick hidden up your sleeve  
or I'm about to make life very  
difficult.

Shu and Boone share a series of awkward glances. Neither of them coming up with a plan.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
What's it gonna be?

And suddenly...Boone pulls a TASER from his belt and ZAPS Leslie right in her belly.

She hits the tile and shakes like a fish out of water.

SHU  
Oh my God.

Gary pokes his head in, spots Leslie on the tile.

GARY  
What in the...

Gary and Boone catch eyes.

GARY (CONT'D)  
You killed her.

Gary tears ass out the door, down the front sidewalk.

EXT. SHU RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - LATE NIGHT

Boone tackles Gary, puts him in a tight sleeper hold until he slowly falls asleep.

Shu watches from the door.

SHU  
No! What're you doing?!

BOONE  
I'm improvising! What the hell's  
it look like?!

Gary falls limp.

SHU  
You killed him!

BOONE  
No, I didn't. He's just asleep.  
Don't just stand there. Help me  
get his feet.

Shu grabs Gary's feet as Boone and him rush the body back inside the house.

INT. SHU RESIDENCE - SPARE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Shu and Boone stare down at...

Leslie and Gary, now squated on the floor of a hanging closet, back to back, gagged, tied at the waist.

SHU  
Well Mister Boone. I'd like to  
thank you for a very full evening.

BOONE  
(to Leslie and Gary)  
Excuse us.

Boone slams the door shut in their faces.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Alright. I may've taken things a  
bit too far.

SHU  
Just a tad.

BOONE  
And there's a good chance I may go  
to prison when this is all over  
with. Just want you to know you're  
good. When it comes down to it,  
I'll be sure to keep your name out  
of this.

Shu fights the urge to slug him.

SHU  
I think our friends from Channel  
Nine are gonna say different.  
Being that you've bound and gagged  
them and left them in my wife's  
linen closet!

BOONE  
I didn't say how I was gonna keep  
your name out, but I promise I'll  
at least try.

SHU  
Well. That's a real load off my  
mind. I'll just make some tea and  
head to bed.

BOONE  
Look. It's come to my attention  
that certain law enforcement  
officers might just be involved in  
this thing. Which makes calling  
the cops out of the question. At  
least until we get a better handle  
on what we're dealing with here.

SHU  
We?

BOONE

Okay. Until I get a better handle on the situation. Fair enough?

SHU

No. None of this is fair. You've ruined my life!

BOONE

It's gonna be okay. I think.

Boone slaps him on the arm and ducks out.

BOONE (CONT'D)

I'll be back!

SHU

Hey! Wait a second! What do I do with them?!

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - STREET - LATE NIGHT

Crystal blankly stares inside Burkette's trunk where a briefcase and a shovel rest.

Unsure of which to take.

She snags the shovel and sets it against the bumper. A bit hesitant as she stares back at the house.

She pops open the briefcase to reveal several hundred grand.

CRYSTAL

Don't do it. It can't be that easy.

BOONE (O.S.)

You're right. It isn't.

Crystal turns to Boone. His old service gun in hand.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Ming Lee. All grown up and out on the town.

CRYSTAL

Uncle Charlie?

BOONE

Let's go for a walk.

Boone snags her by the arm, walks her up the middle of the street and toward the private lake.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Burkette strolls about the living room, past our three friends, around our girls on the couch...

BURKETTE

Being that I'm the only one who knows where the bodies are buried...or should I say...about to be buried...it leaves you gentlemen in a very vulnerable position.

ALAN

Sounds like she's the one who needs to be worried.

Burkette smiles.

BURKETTE

You're right, Alan. You should definitely call the cops. Tell them everything that happened here tonight. Maybe. Just maybe they truly are complete and utter morons and won't charge each of you with conspiracy to murder your greedy business partner.

ALAN

How do we know you won't pull this crap again?

TRAVIS

Yeah. How?

BURKETTE

(grins)  
You don't.

BRAD

Better be careful. From where I'm standing, there's just one of you. And three of us.

Burkette draws his gun, puts one in his right foot. He drops like wet cement.

BURKETTE

Well. So much for macho posturing.  
(beat)  
Focus, gentleman! Focus!



EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Boone shines a flashlight on the body, still face down in the mud and in a pool of blood.

BOONE

Who is he, Ming?

CRYSTAL

Tommy Wayne. He killed my father.

BOONE

Tommy Wayne. I remember a Tommy Wayne.

(smug)

Couldn't be the same Tommy Wayne who was allegedly involved in your father's murder but was dropped as a suspect two weeks into the investigation.

CRYSTAL

Whether he pulled the trigger doesn't matter. He had my father killed and you know it. The whole department knows it.

BOONE

Is that why you're mixed up with these people? Revenge?

Boone shakes his head in disgust.

BOONE (CONT'D)

If your old man could see you like this, he'd roll over in his grave.

CRYSTAL

Don't say that.

BOONE

You drop out of the academy. Disappear for two years. And now you're hooking. What am I missing here?

Crystal stalls.

CRYSTAL

When I saw Travis and Tommy talking at the club...I knew they were working together. So I told Illana I wanted in.

BOONE

The club. So first you're dancing.  
And then hooking. Boy. It's all  
coming together now.

(angry)

How could you do that?

CRYSTAL

It was the only way I could get  
closer to Wayne. To learn his  
operation. Finally get enough to  
take to the cops.

Boone shines his flashlight on the body.

BOONE

Looks to me like he didn't make it  
to trial. What happened?

CRYSTAL

Wayne starting hiring Alan's girls  
on the side to mule for him. As  
payment we got free junk.

BOONE

So you're dancing, hooking and  
you're using. Wow. A trifecta.  
Why don't you just stab me in the  
heart while you're at it.

CRYSTAL

Overnight, he turned all of us into  
pilled out zombies. Made us  
completely dependent on Tommy. He  
saw an opportunity to move in on  
Alan's operation and take over his  
half of the action.

Crystal cries, turns away from the body. Losing patience,  
Boone rushes after her.

BOONE

Cut to the chase! Who did him?!

CRYSTAL

He came here tonight to buy us out.  
Three hundred grand. One for each  
of them. And they completely cut  
ties.

BOONE

And what was he doing out here by  
the lake?

CRYSTAL

Waiting.

BOONE

For what?

CRYSTAL

To talk to Alan. Only someone else was already waiting.

BOONE

Who?

FLASHBACK

Tommy Wayne holds his briefcase in one hand, smokes a cigarette with the other.

He turns to find Crystal walking his direction.

TOMMY

Hell are you doing out here? I thought we were gonna do business. Where is he?

Illana pops out of the woods and holds a gun to Tommy's back.

ILLANA

Hold it right there. Drop the money.

Tommy swings the briefcase back, swats Illana across the mouth as she hits the ground.

He pulls a switchblade, faces Crystal who...

...kicks him in the nuts as the both the briefcase and blade quickly slip from his fingers.

TOMMY

Bitch!

Tommy drops to his knees.

Crystal picks up the blade and fiercely drives it into his stomach.

END FLASHBACK

CRYSTAL

Well. Are you gonna take me in, Uncle Charlie? Make a citizens arrest?

Burkette appears from out of the shadows.

BURKETTE

Yes. Pray tell, Uncle Charlie.  
What's the next move?

BOONE

Why am I not surprised to see you,  
Denny?

BURKETTE

(to Crystal)  
You forgot your shovel.

Burkette tosses the shovel to Crystal.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)

The great Jimmy Lee's little girl  
is in trouble, old partner. I'm  
just lending a helping hand. From  
one cop to another.

BOONE

Somehow I get the feeling this  
decision was less than heartfelt.

BURKETTE

It started out innocent enough.  
Ming here dishing on Tommy Wayne's  
drug trafficking operation. His  
affiliation with a crew of half wit  
frat buddies running an escort  
service. I had all I needed to  
make a bust.

BOONE

And instead you decide to blackmail  
everyone involved. Believe me, I  
get it. I used to be a cop, ya  
know.

BURKETTE

I know. A lousy, no good dirty cop  
who took a bribe or two of his own.

BOONE

Shhh. That's our little secret.

Crystal looks at Boone with shame. He hangs his head.

BURKETTE

Why the hell do you think I chose this little housing project of yours? I knew if anyone would take the money and shut up it was you.

BOONE

Hate to disappoint you, but I was set up, Denny. I never took a dime. God's honest truth.

Burkette laughs.

BURKETTE

Yeah, I bet. Just like that briefcase with three hundred K you're holding onto for dear life.

BOONE

Actually I was planning on giving this to the girls for a job well done. Someone finally greased Tommy Wayne. Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

BURKETTE

And then...what? Me and you are good?

(beat)

You mean to tell me you won't leave here and b line it straight to Internal Affairs?

Burkette shakes his head.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)

No, old partner. Afraid it's too late for re negotiations.

BOONE

You gonna kill a fellow cop? Gotta tell you. That kind of thing doesn't look good on a record. Even a dirty cop.

BURKETTE

No. I'd never dream of it.

Boone exhales a sigh of relief. Crystal smiles.

Burkette nods to Travis and Alan. Boone spots them walking into the woods.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)

They are.

(to Travis and Alan)

You guys choose which one does it.  
But get it done.

Travis nods to Crystal.

TRAVIS

What about her?

BURKETTE

What about her? Wayne's dead.  
Everyone's happy. And her secret  
is safe with me. We're good.

(to Crystal )

Aren't we, Crystal?

Crystal checks with Boone. He awaits her answer.

CRYSTAL

Yeah, Denny. We're good.

BURKETTE

Good. Then let's go.

Crystal follows Burkette out of the woods.

CRYSTAL

I'm sorry, Uncle Charlie. Good  
luck.

BOONE

Yeah, thanks. I'm feeling very  
lucky. Thanks.

Later that night...

A deep hole has been dug. Boone tosses the shovel aside, now  
out of breath.

Travis hands Alan a nine mil.

ALAN

Alright, security man. Any last  
words?

BOONE

(smiles)

Yeah, actually.

Alan checks with Travis.

ALAN  
(to Boone)  
Alright, what the hell is it?

BOONE  
Oh nothing. I was just thinking.  
So you guys are officially his  
bitch.  
(beat)  
So sad. And here I was thinking  
you were some serious tough guys.  
Your own bosses. Cops on the  
payroll. Nobody touches you guys.

Alan and Travis laugh.

ALAN  
For a guy about to be dead, you  
sure gotta mouth.

BOONE  
That's it, boy. Do like you're  
told and leave yourself as the  
prime suspect while your cop  
boyfriend goes free.

Alan loses his cocky grin, grows a bit worried.

TRAVIS  
(to Alan)  
Are you gonna stand there and  
listen to this? Just do him and  
let's go!

Alan points his gun at Travis.

ALAN  
Shut up!

BOONE  
Yeah, Alan. Just do it. If you  
got the stones. But better not  
miss. I may just lose my temper  
and shove that gun up that tight  
butt of yours.

ALAN  
Yeah, we'll see about that.

Alan gets close enough to shove the nine mil in Boone's face,  
but Boone's much too quick, grabs Alan's wrist, throws him  
over his shoulder and into the deep pit.

Boone picks up the nine mil.

Travis goes track star and books it out of the woods.

Boone fires one off. POW!

Before he realizes it, Alan is behind him with the shovel in hand, ready to take Boone's head.

WHAP!

Boone is knocked out.

INT. SHU RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Shu paces back and forth, anxious, worried.

SHU

I am getting divorced. I'm getting divorced and then dying in prison. Maybe I'll get lucky and she'll kill me first.

Shu checks his watch.

SHU (CONT'D)

What is she doing?

She hears what sounds like arguing and bickering coming from outside the front window.

He quickly walks to the window...peels back the blinds...

SHU'S POV:

Several of Burkette's goons quickly carry an unconscious Boone back to the party house.

They stop a moment as Boone's head hits the pavement.

COLLEGE GOON #1

Wait a minute. I didn't sign up for killing no old lady.

COLLEGE GOON #2

None of us did, so just shut up! But, I'll tell you right now, if it's between icing some old broad or having some crazy cop ruining my life, the old lady's toast!

COLLEGE GOON #3

Both you guys shut up. Someone's gonna hear you. Let's just get this night over with.



They pick up Boone, hurry toward the back yard.

SHU

Bessie?

An angry Shu rushes to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Shu pulls a giant pitcher of iced tea from the fridge, dumps it down the sink. He reaches under the sink, comes up with a giant canister of powdered TIGER BOMB!

Minutes later...

Shu stirs a giant concoction of Chinese herbs, mixes, seeds, extracts, etc. A thick fog pours from the large boiling pot as Shu uses a giant spoon to mix his potion.

And finally...

Shu holds the pitcher of super drink with two hands...quickly downs the entire mix.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - POOL DECK - LATE NIGHT

Boone sits on a deck chair, hands cuffed behind his back and bleeding from his head.

A small crew of young men left at the party. All clients of Alan's and the girls.

Brad also sits in a lawn chair, his foot bandaged from his bullet shot.

On the other side of the pool sits Elizabeth, tied to a chair and mouth gagged.

THE THREE GOONS who carried Boone back to the house stand before Burkette.

BURKETTE

(to Goons)

I'm confused. You had a perfectly good hole dug and you bring him back here?

ALAN

Just hear us out a second. We've been talking it over...and we don't think anyone else needs to get killed over this.

BURKETTE

(confused)

Talking it over. You mean like a democracy?

ALAN

Everyone here got what they wanted. Think about it. He won't turn in the daughter of an ex cop. Not one of his best friends at that.

BOONE

Yeah, Denny. I pinky swear I won't tell.

TRAVIS

(to Boone)

Smartass! Shut up! Nobody talking to you!

BURKETTE

(to Alan)

I gave you one painfully simple job to do, Alan. And you're already giving me reason to question your loyalty.

ALAN

(squints)

My loyalty...?

Alan laughs.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, we go to jail while you two disappear with three hundred grand and we gotta keep our mouths shut. Sounds like a bum deal to me, cop.

BRAD

No kidding.

BOONE

I would have to agree with Alan.

BRAD

(to Boone)

Hey, what did he just tell you, dick smack?! Keep your garbage can shut!

BOONE

Sorry.

TRAVIS  
 (to Burkette)  
 You gonna shoot us all, cop? And  
 then what?

Burkette laughs, shakes his head.

BURKETTE  
 I don't get it. You guys still  
 don't understand. I'm running the  
 show now. I say you ice the  
 security guard...you ice the  
 security guard.

He walks to Elizabeth's chair, stands behind her.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 I say you plug this little pain in  
 the butt, you do it. Without  
 question!

BOONE  
 I don't know, old partner. Sounds  
 to me like your crew is having a  
 change of heart.

BURKETTE  
 We'll see about that.  
 (beat)  
 Crystal!

Crystal steps onto the pool deck from inside. She hands a  
 black book to Burkette. He holds it high.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 In this book are clients. Names  
 and numbers, dates. Exchanges of  
 money. It's a one stop, ruin your  
 life starter kit and I got my hand  
 on the button.

A lot of young men hang their heads low in shame.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 Your schools. Girlfriends.  
 Mommies and Daddies. Your jobs.  
 It's all just an email away. And  
 then your life is over.  
 (beat)  
 Or...we start building an empire.  
 All of us. Together.

Elizabeth screams through her gag.

Over his shoulder, Burkette points back at Elizabeth.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
I got one nay. How about some  
yays? Who's with me?

One at a time, Alan's clients slowly raise their hands.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
Travis. Stand him up.

Travis grabs Boone, lifts him to his feet.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
Throw him in.

Travis checks with Brad and Alan.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about them. Worry  
about me. Throw him in!

ALAN  
(to Travis)  
Do it.

Travis reluctantly shoves Boone into the deep end.

SPLASH!

With his hands behind his back, he struggles to make it to the top.

CRYSTAL  
Uncle Charlie!

Crystal leaps in --

SPLASH!

BURKETTE  
Now things are getting interesting.

She pulls Boone to the surface.

Burkette slow claps.

CRYSTAL  
Are you crazy?!

Burkette leans in close, dangles a set of keys in front of Crystal and Boone.

BURKETTE

You're still gonna need these.

CRYSTAL

You made your point. They're all scared, now let him go!

BURKETTE

Let him go. Hmm. Interesting concept. I say we take it to a vote.

(to all)

All for letting security man go, say I.

Dead silence.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)

All for putting a bullet in his head and going home and getting some rest.

They all raise their hands.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)

(to Crystal)

You lose.

Burkette nods to the three goons.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)

Get him out of there, would ya? And don't come back until he's twelve feet deep with that other bastard.

The three goons pull Boone from the pool. His knees dragging against the rough deck.

COLLEGE GOON #1

How do we do it?

BURKETTE

Quietly. I think the neighbors have suffered enough for one night.

Burkette tosses him his switchblade. The three goons all share a worried glance.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)

Well go on. Unless you wanna wait until sun up. Show the neighbors all your faces for the six o'clock news.

COLLEGE GOON #2

Forget that. Come on.

Two of the goons walk Boone around the side of the house, toward the front lawn.

CRYSTAL

(to Burkette)

You're not gonna get away with this.

BURKETTE

You're right. So I'm thinking maybe you should join old Uncle Charlie. You know. Cover all my tracks and what not. Just in case you get the wild idea of going to the police tomorrow morning.

CRYSTAL

We had a deal.

BURKETTE

The deal is done. You're done.

Travis panics at the thought.

TRAVIS

(to Burkette)

Hey. Come on, man. She don't know what she's saying. She's just upset.

Burkette turns, faces Travis.

BURKETTE

Travis. Thanks for volunteering, buddy. Glad you're coming around to seeing things my way.

Crystal tries to run but Brad knocks over a lawn chair and blocks her path.

TRAVIS

Brad, what the hell...?!

Alan forcefully grips her arm.

CRYSTAL

Get off me!

BURKETTE

(to Alan)

Appreciate the help, fellas. But this one's for Travis.

CRYSTAL

You're sick! You know that? Sick and crazy!

Alan and Travis share a quiet look. They are both sick at the thought of killing.

TRAVIS

(to Alan)

Come on, man. Let her go. This has gone too far.

ALAN

(to Travis)

You heard the man. Let's just get this over with. And things will be back to normal. Just like it was.

Crystal fights to break free.

BURKETTE

(to Travis)

I know this is hard now. But you stick with me. Prove your worth. And I can protect you. For those times when you need it the most. And believe me...those times are coming.

Travis is at a crossroads. He stares back and forth between Crystal and Burkette.

Alan and Brad watching him like a hawk.

TRAVIS

Ming. Baby...

CRYSTAL

Save it, Travis. Quit stalling and give him your answer.

Travis reluctantly joins Alan as they walk Crystal toward the front of the house.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

You bastard.

Crystal spits in his face. Travis wipes it off, huffs in protest as Crystal kicks and resists their grip.

BURKETTE

That a boy, Travis! You the man!

Burkette laughs.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - STREET - LATE NIGHT

Goon #1 and Goon #2 haul a handcuffed and completely limp Boone by his arms as he purposely drags his legs and kicks his shoes into the lawn.

GOON #1

Damn this guy is heavy! He's like dead weight.

(to Boone)

Pick up your feet!

GOON #2

Just shut up and quit talking please. You're not making this any easier.

BOONE

Listen to me a second.

The two goons stop a moment, look to Boone.

BOONE (CONT'D)

I can keep you out of this. Like you were never here. The ledgers. The client list. I'll burn it up. We can burn it all up. But if we're gonna take him down, we gotta do it now. You guys wanna heroes or murderers? What's it gonna be?

GOON #3

Don't listen to him. He's just gonna take us down along with that cop.

GOON #1

Maybe we should listen to him.

Goon #2 grows frustrated and tosses Boone to the ground like a lump of wet cement.

GOON #2

Are you insane?



GOON #1  
 We're not killers. And if that cop  
 wants them dead, why isn't he out  
 here doing it?

Goon #2 slowly grows suspicious.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
 I'll tell you why. Because as soon  
 as we do them, he's gonna take us  
 all down just to cover his ass.

GOON #3  
 You wanna be the one to go tell him  
 we're not interested? He's got a  
 gun, remember?

Goon #1 and Goon #2 look behind Goon #3. Someone is missing.

GOON #3 (CONT'D)  
 Hell are you looking at?

GOON #1  
 Where'd he go?

All three watch as Boone quietly crawls across the middle of  
 the street on his belly.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
 Hey!

Travis, Alan and Crystal watch as the three goons race over  
 to Boone and hover over him. All four in the middle of the  
 street now.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
 Going somewhere, Security Man?

Goon #2 spots something, someone...in the near distance.  
 Someone at the far end of the street.

GOON #2  
 Holy shhhhhhit.

The other two goons follow his look. All three mesmerized by  
 what stands before them.

Boone, still in cuffs, on the ground, rolls over, facing this  
 person, or thing, that has caught everyone's attention.

A giant smile.

BOONE  
 Well how about that.

Travis, Crystal and Alan take cover behind Burkette's squad car as they too observe...

A DARK SILHOUETTE OF A MAN...not just any man...engulfed in SHADOWS. It is SHU...surrounded by an extremely exaggerated amount of SMOKE AND FOG...swirling about like a turbine fueled wind tunnel. A scene very reminiscent of Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry in Sudden Impact.

Shu is sporting a leather jacket of sorts, black pants, black gloves. Even his face is blacked out. He has somehow become a ghost like mythical figure.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Go get em, Hong.

Shu struts toward them all...full bravado...the easy stride of a natural born killer.

SERIES OF SHOTS...all of them comically exaggerated to the extreme... showcasing Travis, Alan, and our Three Goons, all shitting their pants.

TRAVIS  
Who is that?

ALAN  
I can't even see him.

Shu moves, and moves, and moves closer...but somehow seems to be miles away.

GOON #1  
Wow. It's like the closer he is the farther away he gets.

GOON #2  
It's like he's walking backwards.

This mystery fog appears to be getting thicker and thicker by the second. Shu lost somewhere inside.

GOON #3  
Where is he?

ALAN  
(to three goons)  
What're you doing?! Go get him!

The three goons all share a frightened look.

GOON #3  
Come on. He can't get all three of us.

Goon #3 leads the way.

Goon #1 and Goon #2 aren't so sure...but eventually follow his lead.

Boone manages to stand, rushes off the street just in time for our final showdown.

The three goons spread out. One covering every possible angle of their opponent.

Out of nowhere...

A large, sphere like YOYO shoots out of the fog on a very very long string and...

WHAP!

...strikes Goon #3 in the face. Down he goes.

A second YOYO fires out of the fog and WRAPS ITSELF around Goon #2's neck. His entire body jerked forward...lost somewhere inside the fog.

GOON #1  
WHO ARE YOU???

And then...

Shu appears out of the fog. In his all black outfit. His face still hidden in shadows.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
It's you.

He laughs.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
This is gonna be fun.

He charges Shu head on, takes a HUGE SWING!

Shu, in a very Matrix like move, dips out of the way as Goon #1 slugs Goon #2.

BAM!

They both tumble to the ground.

ALAN  
What're you doing?! He's an old man! Get up!

Goon #1 loses his patience...SCREAMS and charges Shu head on as Shu once again dips out of the way...

But not before GRABBING THE GOON'S SHIRT and forcefully pulling it over his head.

Goon #1 attempts to pull his shirt off but can't quite get his elbows free.

Shu spots Goon #3 coming his direction, a mad scowl on his face, grunting like an animal.

Shu removes the lid from a curbside garbage can and uses it to block Goon #3's series of rapid fire punches.

Goon #3 grows tired.

THUMP!

A quick kick to the nuts sends Goon #3 to his knees.

GOON #3  
You old bastard! You kicked in my  
ballbag!

Goon #1 still struggles to pull his shirt from over his head. As he steps up behind Shu...

Shu, without looking, kicks him in the chest as Goon #1 stumbles backward, into the lidless garbage can.

Goon #3 still on his knees.

In a most complicated karate move...Shu roundhouse kicks Goon #3 in the face, knocking him out.

Travis and Alan now scared to death.

Crystal grins from ear to ear.

Shu moves their direction. And from out of the fog runs Goon #2 with his nose bloodied and broken.

Shu senses him coming, dips out of the way, but leaving his left leg kicked out.

Goon #2, going full speed ahead, trips over Shu's leg and tumbles face first to the asphalt.

He spits some teeth.

Travis and Alan are speechless.

Boone smiles.

BOONE  
 (to Travis and Alan)  
 Your move, fellas.

Travis and Alan spread out.

Shu snags the switchblade from Goon #2's pocket.

Travis and Alan now on each side of Shu as they circle him like hungry sharks.

Burkette walks Elizabeth toward his car, spots the three men in the middle of the street...about to throw down.

BURKETTE  
 I swear. I leave you guys alone  
 for five minutes!

Burkette and Elizabeth join Crystal behind his squad car.

Travis nods to Alan. Without warning, the two men SCREAM and CHARGE Shu head on.

Shu leaps straight into the air as Travis and Alan knock each other...

OUT COLD. DONE DEALING.

Shu falls from the sky, back to the ground. He smiles at Burkette.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 Bravo!

Burkette pulls his gun, holds it to Elizabeth's head.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Charlie! Better remind your  
 friend here...before he goes all  
 crouching tiger on my ass...that I  
 got a loaded gun in my hand!

BOONE  
 Sorry old partner. You're on your  
 own.

BURKETTE  
 You hear me, old man?! Play time's  
 over! You get on home before I  
 change my mind!

Shu ignores him...steps closer.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 What is he, hard of hearing or something?

Shu moves even closer.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 Screw it. Later, old man.

Burkette aims...FIRES.

POW-POW-POW!

Shu dodges, flips...

POW-POW-POW!

...bends...tumbles...

POW-POW-POW-POW!

...and finally rolls out of the way as Burkette has emptied a full clip of shells.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 Are you kidding me?!

Elizabeth elbows Burkette hard in the gut. He drops his gun, grabs his stomach.

BURKETTE (CONT'D)  
 Bitch!

Crystal quickly snags some handcuff keys from his shirt pocket and runs to Boone.

ELIZABETH  
 Hong! He's out of bullets!  
 Because he's stupid!

IN SLOW MOTION...

Shu runs full speed onto the hood of the squad car...onto the roof...

Burkette pulls a back up gun...about to shoot Elizabeth in the back just as...

Shu leaps from the roof and kicks him in the chest.

Burkette goes flying across the asphalt.

Crystal frees Boone from his cuffs. He grabs a shotgun from the dash, racks one, races to Burkette...

...still on the ground.

Out cold.

Boone turns, observes all the bodies on the pavement...all out cold or severely injured.

BOONE

(to Shu)

Remind me never to piss you off.

SHU

I think it's a little late for that.

BOONE

There's always next time.

Crystal hands the cuffs to Boone.

CRYSTAL

Thought you could use these.

Boone flips Burkette on his belly, cuffs his hands behind his back. He looks back at...

Shu wrapping his arm around Elizabeth. He begins to walk her home.

BOONE

Hey, Hong.

Shu stops.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Stay cool.

Shu cracks an ear to ear smile.

SHU

Always, Mister Boone. Always.

Shu and Elizabeth head back home. Hopping up the street are Leslie and Gary, still tied together at the waist, back to back and gags firmly in their mouths.

They are fuming mad. Boone removes Leslie's gag.

LESLIE

Asshole!

BOONE

Hey. I missed you too.

LESLIE

Okay. Here's the deal, smart guy. I want the exclusive on what happened here. And I want recorded statements from each and every one of you. On camera. Live. Right here. Right now.

Crystal hangs her head in shame. Boone and her share a quiet exchange.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

And I'm telling you...right now...if any of these statements fail to corroborate your side of the story, Mister Boone, I'll see to it you and your friend Shu go to prison for a very long time.

GARY

Well? We got a deal?

BOONE

Well only because you asked so nicely.

All five remaining escorts storm the lawn and rush into the street as they observe the aftermath of Shu's hyper violent rampage.

The Three Goons, Alan and Travis, all squat on the pavement, holding in the blood gushing from their noses.

Shu and Elizabeth stop before Goon #1.

GOON #1

Hey, old man. You think you some kind of badass or somethin?

Shu offers him his hand. Goon #1 is hesitant, but takes it. Shu pulls him off the ground.

SHU

(very cool)  
That's right.

With an intimidating and piercing glare, Shu stares down Travis...Alan...and the remaining two goons.

They all keep their eyes down. They've had enough.

Shu and Elizabeth strut up the sidewalk. Elizabeth's head rested on his shoulder.



The five escorts are in awe of Shu.

ESCORT #1

Wow. Now that's what I call a man.

ESCORT #2

No kidding. Ooh-lah-laah.

Shu looks over his shoulder...winks at the audience.

FADE OUT.

THE END