

SCORE
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FADE IN

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

People scurry out of the way as KAREN storms down the hall.

She bursts into Josh's cubicle and brandishes a Post-It Note like a loaded gun.

KAREN

Are you out of your goddamn mind?
You're breaking up with me?

JOSH fights to keep his voice neutral. He's 27, perpetually nervous, too smart for his own skull. The type of guy who always double-knots his shoelaces, just in case.

JOSH

Kind of.

KAREN

With a Post-It Note?

JOSH

I didn't want to cause a scene.

KAREN

Gee, thanks. What the hell, Josh?

JOSH

Chad Hickenlooper.

KAREN

What about Chad?

JOSH

Well, for starters, you slept with him. Don't try to deny it, because--

KAREN

Sure I slept with him!

JOSH

Oh. Well. Okay, then.

In the adjacent cubicles, Josh's coworkers hang on every word. Heads popping up everywhere like prairie dogs.

KAREN

Josh, we didn't agree to not fuck other people! I wouldn't have cared if you slept with, I don't know, Chad Hickenlooper's sister!

JOSH
Chad has a sister?

KAREN
It was an example. But yeah, her name's Sarah, really nice girl.

JOSH
Well, they're a lucky family, then.

Josh winces slightly as Karen sweeps aside some of his meticulously-arranged action figures and sits down.

KAREN
So this is really for real?

JOSH
Yeah. If that's okay with you.

KAREN
Jesus, Josh, you don't ask for permission when you dump someone!

JOSH
Sorry.

KAREN
And don't apologize! God, I cheated on you! I mean, you're supposed to get mad! Yell! Knock shit over!

Josh considers this. Then he reaches across the cubicle and brushes a cup full of pens onto the floor.

A long beat.

JOSH
Sorry.

He drops to his knees and starts scooping the pens back up.

KAREN
Do you know how embarrassing it is for a girl my age to be single?

JOSH
You're 25.

KAREN
I know!

JOSH
There's always Chad Hickenlooper.

KAREN
He's got a girlfriend. Name's Liz,
really nice girl.

JOSH
She sounds lovely.

Karen bites her lip. She's not used to saying these words:

KAREN
I'm sorry. For how this turned out.

He gives her a small, sad smile.

JOSH
Yeah. Me too.

INT. BOARDROOM - AFTERNOON

Josh looks beaten before he even takes his seat.

Across the table, Josh's SUPERVISOR clears his throat.
Shuffles a stack of papers. Clears his throat again.

SUPERVISOR
So. Jason.

JOSH
Josh, sir.

SUPERVISOR
Been with the company for, what, a
year now?

JOSH
Three years. Sir.

SUPERVISOR
Ah, I see it right there. Three
years, right you are. Data entry?

JOSH
Data Entry Management Specialist.

SUPERVISOR
Don't know how you guys do it. Make
me stare at a screen all day long,
think I'd shoot somebody. But hey,
that's just me. Anyway, Jason...

JOSH
...Josh.

SUPERVISOR

...thanks for all your hard work,
and for being part of the winning
team! And if you ever have any
questions, anything you want to rap
about, well, you know my email!

JOSH

Actually, I don't, sir.

SUPERVISOR

Well, it's in the directory.

Still smiling, he closes Josh's folder. This meeting is over.

And as Josh stares helplessly at his boss, we CUT TO--

THE VIDEO GAME *GEARS OF WAR*. A marine's head suddenly
explodes in a spray of animated gore. It's awesome.

We pull away from the television to reveal--

INT. JOSH AND TELLY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Josh and TELLY, sprawled on the couch playing Xbox 360.

Telly is Josh's polar opposite: a hefty slob wearing a faded
Sequest DSV shirt and mayonnaise-stained sweatpants.

TELLY

Think heads really blow up like
that in the real world?

Josh ignores him. He's still reeling from the day's events.

JOSH

You know the worst part? Every time
I go down to Accounting, I'll have
to see her. 'Karen, hi! Still
whoring across America? Great!'

TELLY

So get another job! One where
you're not a keyboard monkey.

JOSH

Data Entry Management Specialist.

TELLY

You're Mr. Bumbles, the monkey who
couldn't say no.

Onscreen, an alien with a chainsaw tears through Josh's space marine. Josh drops his controller with a sigh.

TELLY

You just got Chad Hickenlooper'd.

JOSH

Don't try to turn Chad Hickenlooper into a verb, okay? That's not cool.

TELLY

You should go kick Chad's ass, Joe Don Baker-style.

JOSH

I'm not kicking anyone's ass.

TELLY

Then you should call up Karen, mess with her brain. Tell her you always thought her ass was a little dumpy. Like a sack of rabbits.

JOSH

Stop! I'm not taking relationship advice from someone with a Kitty Pryde poster on his wall, okay?

TELLY

Hey, Kitty's hot.

JOSH

And a comic book character. And 13 years old.

TELLY

Only in the Claremont run. In present-day continuity, there's grass all over that field.

Onscreen, an enemy curb-stomps Telly's marine to death.

TELLY

OH, YOU FUCKING HICKENLOOPER!

JOSH

Okay, I'm done.

TELLY

What, going off to MopeyLand again? Gonna go ride Mope Mountain? It's A Small Mope After All?

JOSH
Having dinner with my folks.

Telly's demeanor changes instantly. On his best behavior:

TELLY
Oh God, let me come.

JOSH
What? No. Absolutely not.

TELLY
Josh, don't do this to me!

JOSH
I don't want you hitting on my mom!

TELLY
I don't hit on your mom!

JOSH
You do nothing but hit on her!

TELLY
Honest to God, I'll be Saint Telly.
You won't even know I'm there.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

JOSH'S MOM opens the door and beams at her visitors.

JOSH'S MOM
Josh! You didn't tell me Telly was coming!

TELLY
That's because we wanted to surprise your sexy ass.

His mother feigns shock, then throws Telly a sly wink.

Josh only sighs.

INT. KITCHEN

JOSH'S DAD--a hardnosed military type--has joined them at the dinner table. Everybody digs in.

JOSH'S DAD
Mmm. How's work going?

JOSH
It's okay...

TELLY
Didn't get his raise this year.

Josh glares at Telly. Telly is too busy eating to notice.

JOSH'S MOM
Oh, Joshy, that's too bad.

JOSH
I was thinking about getting out of
data entry anyway. Don't want to be
a keyboard monkey forever.

TELLY
Mr. Bumbles.

JOSH
Yes, thanks, Telly. That helps.

Josh picks up a mustard jar and struggles with the lid.

His mother watches him strain, then takes the jar and
wrenches it open easily. Josh sighs as she hands it back.

JOSH'S MOM
So what are you thinking?

JOSH
I don't know. I mean, I've always
wanted to get into game design...

His father rolls his eyes. Josh instantly becomes flustered.

JOSH
What? What?

JOSH'S DAD
That's not a job.

JOSH
Sure it is! And I like video games!

JOSH'S DAD
Used to like playing with yourself
in the bathtub, too. Don't see
anyone paying you to do that.

JOSH
Well, maybe they should!

JOSH'S MOM
Telly, how's the delivery business?

TELLY
I prefer to call myself a Pepperoni
Injection Specialist.

JOSH'S MOM
(ready to rock:)
I'll just bet you do.

His father spears a bite of food and waggles it at Josh.

JOSH'S DAD
Josh, the only thing we want is--

JOSH
--for me to be happy, right.

JOSH'S DAD
--for you to not embarrass us!

JOSH
Oh.

JOSH'S MOM
We just wish you'd put down the
video games and try something else
once in a while! Honey, we know
you're capable of great things.

TELLY
Must be his fine genetic stock.

JOSH'S MOM
Mmm. That's not the only thing
that's fine around here...

JOSH
What the fuck is wrong with you
people?

JOSH'S DAD
Watch the language, Buster Brown!

Josh slumps against his chair, picking at his food.

For a long beat, nobody says anything. Then--

JOSH'S MOM
So...how's Karen?

INT. BLOCKBUSTER - MORNING

Josh stumbles down the video store aisle, looking like he just rolled out of bed. He turns the corner--

Just in time to see ROBYN pluck a DVD off the shelf.

She's the burnout chick who spent her high school career smoking behind the 7-11. Black eyeliner, an M65 military jacket, hot in a *please-don't-kick-my-ass* sort of way.

And she's holding the last copy of **Deep Blue Sea**.

JOSH

Wow. I was actually thinking about getting that one.

ROBYN

It's great, right?

JOSH

Just the funniest movie ever.

(as LL Cool J:)

"*You ate my bird!*"

ROBYN

(busting a rhyme:)

"*Deepest, bluest, my hat is like a shark's fin!*"

He smiles, maybe a little smitten. She grins back.

JOSH

Holy shit, a patron of the arts.

Well, I don't want to keep you from your world of gliding monsters.

He watches as she makes her way to the counter. Stealing quick glances at her. Trying to muster his courage.

EXT. BLOCKBUSTER PARKING LOT

Robyn heads for her car. Josh hurries after her.

JOSH

Robyn, right? Like Batman's friend?

(She hesitates.)

Josh? West Valley Vikings, Class of 97? We had P.E. together...?

ROBYN

Oh, yeah, I remember you.

(beat)

Well, great catching up. See ya.

She turns and strides off. Josh tries again--

JOSH

Hey, hold up...

And he walks right into the path of an oncoming Lexus!

Josh bounces off the hood. Goes skipping across the pavement.

And the world goes DARK.

When Josh finally opens his eyes again, the car's DRIVER is leaning over him. And he doesn't look happy.

DRIVER

Goddamn it, you better not be dead.

JOSH

Ugh. Hurt bad.

He hauls Josh to his feet, gestures angrily at the car.

DRIVER

Look! Look! See that dent? Fucking watch where you're going!

ROBYN

That's kind of funny.

They whirl around to find Robyn sitting on the curb, puffing on a Parliament. She blows a wreath of smoke.

ROBYN

I mean, says the guy who was busy dicking around with his radio instead of watching the road.

DRIVER

You're a liar.

ROBYN

And the only witness you've got.

(to Josh:)

Want my advice? Sue the shit outta him. Take his kids' college money.

DRIVER

Whoa, hey, nobody's suing nobody,
okay? Just a misunderstanding!

ROBYN

Up to him, I guess.

She stares pointedly at Josh. He nods quickly.

JOSH

Um, right. Yeah. No problem.

DRIVER

Yeah, see? No problem! Okay! You
take care now, buddy!

He gives Josh a friendly pat on the arm, throws another glare
at Robyn, then hops in his car and peels out.

Robyn turns away wordlessly. Josh stumbles after her.

JOSH

Hey! Ow. Wait!

ROBYN

You're wasting your time. I'm not
gonna fuck you.

JOSH

I...I didn't ask you to!

ROBYN

You will, though. Or you'll pretend
you're really into giving oral,
thinking I'll feel obligated
afterwards. I know your type.

JOSH

I don't have a type!

ROBYN

Please. You're classic Sensitive
Overachiever. I humor you today,
and pretty soon you're importing
Bolivian coffee beans and throwing
Grey's Anatomy watch parties.

JOSH

You're screwing with me, right?

ROBYN

Not now, not ever.

This is too much. Josh shakes his head and turns away--

JOSH

Okay, you wanna be psychotic?
Great, fine. See you later.

--Then he abruptly changes his mind and wheels back around.

JOSH

No, you know what? You don't know
anything about me! You don't!

Robyn sizes him up through a haze of curling smoke. Smiling
ever so slightly. Challenging him.

ROBYN

So tell me.

And right then and there, Josh falls for her.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - LATE AFTERNOON

We swoop above the sprawling green of the Hollywood Hills,
homing in on the mansion perched above a dizzying drop.

EXT. MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

The swimming pool is packed with bimbos and VIPs in varying
stages of intoxication. Pulsing techno echoes from somewhere.

Armed security guards patrol the outskirts of the property,
hands near their holsters, murmuring into earpieces.

A silent Asian BUTLER glides through the debauchery and
approaches a raised platform, where a group of high-rollers
are slamming golf balls out into the stratosphere.

The butler clears his throat, and the host turns around.

With his Sam Elliot moustache, tight-fitting Wranglers, shit-
kicking boots and 10 gallon hat, KENNY VENICE is about as far
from the stereotypical Hollywood producer as you can get.

The butler whispers a few words in Venice's ear. He frowns.

VENICE

'Scuse me, fellas.

He follows the butler through the party, slapping backs and
graciously accepting compliments at every turn.

VENICE

Corey! Welcome back, pardner!

Out in the pool, former child star COREY FELDMAN pries himself away from a naked porn star and raises his mug.

COREY FELDMAN

Hell of a party, Mr. V!

VENICE

(to the porn star)

And darling, you treat this boy
right tonight, you hear?

The girl nods bashfully. Corey gives him a thumbs-up.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The walls are littered with gaudy Western paraphernalia.
Cowboy portraits. Cattle skulls. Antique six-shooters.

And every wall boasts framed posters of Venice's movies:
Throatcutter. The Ghosting of Witch Manor. Best Served Cold.
DUCK!! Not a lot of Oscar winners in this bunch.

INT. MANSION - SCREENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ELLIOT--a terrified computer geek--fidgets on the couch,
flanked on either side by a pair of unsmiling ENFORCERS.

ENFORCER #1

Got a problem, Mr. Venice.

VENICE

Goddamn right we do! Got titties
that could raise the Titanic in my
pool and you got me in here!

(to Elliot:)

The hell did you do now, Elliot?

ELLIOT

Mr. Venice, I'm so, so sorry. Oh
God, I'm so, so, so--

VENICE

I'm gonna hit you in the mouth
right now, you don't shut up.

Elliot's mouth snaps shut. He swallows hard.

VENICE

Now, whenever you reckon you've wasted enough of my time...

ELLIOT

I bought a whore, Mr. Venice.

VENICE

What a charming fucking story.

ELLIOT

I thought she was just a regular whore, you know? But after we did, you know, what you do with a whore, I fell asleep and--

VENICE

Keeps getting better and better...

ELLIOT

When I woke up, my computer was on.

This stops Venice in his tracks. His gaze narrows.

VENICE

Elliot. Oh, goddamn you, Elliot, this better not be about my list.

Elliot closes his eyes. Trying not to cry.

ELLIOT

I *ch-ch-checked* the keystrokes, sir. She copied the database and--

VENICE

FUCK! FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

Venice grabs a chair and proceeds to beat the living hell out of a stuffed moose head hanging on the wall. The moose's snout collapses. An antler snaps off. A glass eye pops out.

At last he steps back, sweating, gasping for breath. He kicks the moose eye across the room, making the two enforcers jump.

ELLIOT

Sir, I'm so sorry--

VENICE

Shut up! That list gets out and I'm a goddamn dead man! You understand?

Elliot nods miserably as Venice kneels before him.

VENICE

So I'm gonna ask one time and one time only, you little greaseball son of a fuck: where's that whore?

INT. PIZZA BONANZA

Telly--wearing a hideous purple uniform--glances around to make sure nobody is looking, then plucks a pepperoni slice off a fresh-from-the-oven pizza and tosses it in his mouth.

Josh hurries into the restaurant, looking vaguely queasy.

JOSH

We have to talk.

TELLY

About what?

JOSH

I need. To get. Some. Stuff.

TELLY

What kind of stuff?

JOSH

Stuff you can't buy in a store.

He glances around, embarrassed, then mimes toking on a joint.

Slowly, Telly peels another pepperoni slice off the pizza. He chews thoughtfully, staring at Josh the whole time.

JOSH

Well?

TELLY

Well, what? You're clearly insane.

You don't even do drugs, so why--

(A wonderful idea suddenly strikes him:)

Wait, is this like one of those Harrison Ford movie where the terrorists have your family hostage and won't let 'em go unless you--

JOSH

No. What? Shut up. God.

(A deep breath.)

Remember Robyn, from high school?

TELLY

She the cute one who dressed like Che Guevera or the mongoloid one with the big droopy eyes?

JOSH

The first one. Anyway, I ran into her at the store--**Deep Blue Sea** fan, by the way--

TELLY

'My hat is like a shark's fin!'

JOSH

--and we ended up talking in the parking lot for...I don't know how long. And it turns out she's a cool girl, right? And I guess I was trying to impress her--

TELLY

Oh God, what'd you say?

INSERT: We're back in the Blockbuster parking lot.

FLASHBACK JOSH

Yeah, I'm totally down with the whole hip-hop scene. Totally.

INSERT: And don't forget...

FLASHBACK JOSH

My boss was like, you can't have a cage fight in the office, are you crazy? And I was like, maybe I am.

INSERT: Robyn offers her cigarette pack, but Josh is too busy rambling; he doesn't even notice.

FLASHBACK ROBYN

You smoke?

FLASHBACK JOSH

Sure! I mean, who doesn't, right? Reefer, pot, I'm into all of it.

FLASHBACK ROBYN

I meant...never mind.

She pockets the pack. Josh doesn't realize his mistake.

BACK IN THE PRESENT--

Josh bangs his forehead on the wall. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

JOSH

And then she was like, we should hang out sometime! And I was like, how about tonight? And I don't even know how that happened!

TELLY

So just call her, make some excuse--

JOSH

No! She'd know I was lying!

TELLY

And we care about that...why?

JOSH

Telly, listen to me: right now, on this planet, there's exactly one person who thinks I'm cool. One.

TELLY

I think you're cool.

JOSH

You don't count. There's one girl, okay? And I don't want her to find out she was wrong.

TELLY

For the record? This is a bad idea.

JOSH

Of course it's a bad idea! Are you going to help me or not?

Telly drops to one knee. In his best Viggo Mortensen voice:

TELLY

(as Aragorn:)

If by my life or death I can protect you, I will. You have my sword.

JOSH

Oh, Jesus Christ--

TELLY

(as Legolas:)

And you have my bow!

Josh turns away. Telly shuffles after him on his knees.

TELLY
(as *Gimli*:)
And my axe!

INT. TELLY'S CAR

Telly's pizza delivery vehicle pulls out of the parking lot.

TELLY
So. Off to buy drugs. That's new.

JOSH
Come on, it's just pot. It's barely
even illegal; I'm pretty sure I
read that in a magazine.

TELLY
Was it *High Times*? Because they
might be biased.

JOSH
Anyway. These guys...they're cool
about this sort of thing?

TELLY
Kurt Russell cool. Don't worry,
these guys are my dawgs.

INT. RECORD STORE

DAWG #1 squints at Telly from across the counter.

DAWG #1
Hold on, who are you again?

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR

DAWG #2 is a heavysset girl wearing too much black eyeliner.

DAWG #2
--and I needed someone to cover my
shift so I could go to MangaFest
and you said your cat was throwing
up and then Donny told me you don't
even have a cat so I didn't get to
go to MangaFest even though I made
my own Aerith costume and--

INT. CRAPPY LIVING ROOM

DAWG #3 is an enormous black guy with bulging eyeballs.

DAWG #3
GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY HOUSE!

EXT. PLAYGROUND - EVENING

The sun is setting by the time Josh and Telly hurry toward the basketball court where a group of BALLERS are playing.

JOSH
Oh my God, I'm supposed to pick her
up in like five minutes!

TELLY
Trust me, dude, Marcus can help.
(yelling)
YO, WHAT UP, HOMES?

The ballers stop short. Staring at these dorky white guys.

MARCUS tosses the ball to his buddy and steps forward.

MARCUS
Telly. Still slinging pizzas?

TELLY
You know how I roll!

One of the ballers snickers. Telly doesn't notice.

MARCUS
So what's up? You come to shoot
some hoops or what?

TELLY
Actually, I was hoping you could do
us a solid. Know what I's sayin'?

MARCUS
I have no idea what you're saying.

His buddies snort laughter. Forming a circle around them.

TELLY
My boy needs to score some MJ for
his ho. You got the hook-up?

MARCUS

Whoa, whoa, whoa, man! I'm on probation! You can't come around asking me for shit like that!

Josh almost seems relieved. He grabs Telly's arm.

JOSH

Thanks anyway, sir! Come on, Telly, let's get out of here.

TELLY

C'mon, Marcus, hook a brutha up!

BALLER #1

Yeah, Marcus, help your brutha!

Baller #2 drags Marcus aside. Grinning from ear to ear.

BALLER #2

Yo, send 'em to Cezar!

BALLER #1

Oh shit, yeah! Cezar!

MARCUS

Naw, man. That's cruel and unusual.

Telly has been eavesdropping, and now he dives in eagerly.

TELLY

Who's Cezar? Does he have pot?

BALLER #2

You kidding me? That Motherfucker can hook you up, give you an Oompa Loompa to carry it back home!

MARCUS

Don't listen to these guys. Your girl, whoever she is, she ain't worth a trip to Cezar's.

Baller #2 slings a friendly arm over Telly's shoulder.

BALLER #2

You want Mary Jane, big man? You tell Cezar that Cherokee Pete sent you. He'll take care of you.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

NIGHT. We won't see daylight again for a very long time.

Robyn is kicking an aluminum can against the curb when the car pulls up. Josh gallantly holds the door open for her.

ROBYN
Don't be a dipshit, Josh.

She hops in and slams the door behind her.

INT. TELLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Josh clambers into the backseat and the car pulls away.

ROBYN
Hey, Telly. I didn't know you were coming.

TELLY
Yeah, me neither.

JOSH
Wait, you two know each other?

TELLY
Sure. We had shop class together back in school.

ROBYN
Hey, yeah! You made those life-size Tetris blocks. Those were sweet.

TELLY
(His expression darkens.)
Until the possums got in 'em.

ROBYN
Huh. Okay, then. What's the plan for tonight, anyhow?

JOSH
It's a surprise.

ROBYN
You guys aren't, like, some Rape Shack-owning, *I Spit On Your Grave*-watching psycho-sexual serial molesters, are you?
(Josh shakes his head.)

ROBYN(cont'd)

She shrugs, turns away.)
Too bad.

JOSH

You're...you're screwing with me
again, right?

She says nothing. The faintest of smiles. A long beat, then--

TELLY

Rape Shack?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

Telly's car rolls to a stop. They stare out at the rundown
apartment building looming over them.

ROBYN

Wow. Shittiest surprise ever.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

The interior of the building is just as grimy and ominous as
you'd expect. Cracked and peeling wallpaper, stark pools of
shadow, disembodied voices seeping through the walls.

Josh hesitates in front of 5-B. He knocks. Here goes nothing.

And *nothing* is exactly what happens.

TELLY

Maybe he's out hustlin'.

JOSH

Don't. Don't say that like you know
what it means.

The door bangs open. Everybody jumps.

CEZAR RODEN is just about the scariest motherfucker we've
ever seen. A perpetually strung-out Czech with a drooping
potbelly and wild eyes flecked with tiny red veins.

CEZAR

Who are you?

JOSH

Are you Cezar?
(Cezar nods slowly.)
Um, Cherokee Pete sent us.

CEZAR
Who. The. Fuck. Is. Cherokee. Pete?

JOSH
(long pause)
That might have been a fake name.

After a moment's deliberation, Cezar throws the door open.

CEZAR
Get in here.

ROBYN
You know what, maybe we should--

CEZAR
NOW!

He herds them inside. Shuts the door. Slides the deadbolt.

INT. CEZAR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Surprisingly, the apartment is relatively bright and cheery. The walls are plastered with old European carnival posters: the strongman, the mangy dog-boy, the sword-swallower.

Josh hesitates in front of an antique poster showing a fierce-looking gypsy woman holding a throwing knife in each hand and one between her teeth. Yikes.

Cezar leads them into the living room and gestures to a plastic-covered couch. They reluctantly sit.

On the far side of the room, GRANDMA stares off into space.

CEZAR
Grandmama! We have visitors!

The old lady doesn't respond. Doesn't even blink.

JOSH
Sir, I think we made a mistake--

He tries to stand, but Cezar waves him back down.

CEZAR
No, stay, comrades, stay!

He heads into the kitchen, and nearly bumps into...

ULA. A Czech goddess with an hourglass figure and pouting lips. She regards them with blank disinterest.

ULA
(in subtitled Slovak)
Are they customers?

CEZAR
(in subtitled Slovak)
Woman, get your ass back in there!
(in English)
That is Ula. Does not speak a word
of English, dumb as a fucking
monkey on a skateboard, but is best
whore in town, yes? Hey, you guys
want pink lemonade?

They all shake their heads violently. Cezar ignores this.

CEZAR
Cosmic. I will be right back.
(points to Grandma)
And hey, do not let this cunt give
you any attitude! Ha! Am I right?

Cezar and Ula disappear into the kitchen and start screeching
at each other in furious Slovak. Like two cats in a blender.
At last Ula goes stomping back to the bedroom, pouting.

Josh leans toward Grandma. Trying to break the silence.

JOSH
You have a lovely apartment!
(Grandma doesn't respond.)
Ma'am?

TELLY
She's faking.

JOSH
What?

TELLY
Look in her eyes. She's got a...a
glint. A faking glint.

JOSH
Who is she, Ethel Rosenberg? Who
the fuck fakes senile?

TELLY
Lots of people, probably.

JOSH
Nobody does that. That's stupid.
You're stupid. Glint.

ROBYN
Is this really important? Can we
just get out of here already?

JOSH
Just be cool. Everything's fine.

ROBYN
Josh, this is not fine.

Cezar emerges from the kitchen, carrying a few cups and a large plastic pitcher on a TV dinner tray. Smiling madly.

CEZAR
Is pink lemonade time!

INT. CEZAR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the adjacent bedroom, Ula lights up a joint. Flings herself onto the bed. In a righteously foul mood.

At last the blinking cell phone on the dresser catches her attention. She flips it open and checks the text message.

One word, all in capital letters: **RUN**.

And then, in accented but perfectly understandable English:

ULA
Shit.

INT. CEZAR'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cezar sets the tray down and begins arranging the glasses.

CEZAR
So tell me again, comrades, what
you are looking for?

For a beat, nobody answers. At last Josh clears his throat.

JOSH
Um, pot? You know, the reefer?

This catches Robyn by surprise. She turns to face Josh, her expression darkening with disappointment.

CEZAR
And a Cherokee named Peter, he gave
you my name, yes?

JOSH
Yes, sir. That's right, sir.

In one smooth movement, Cezar upends the plastic pitcher...
And a gleaming black pistol falls into his hand.

CEZAR
Well, hey, lookie cookie!
(He leans back.)
Now. Who sent you? The piggies?

ROBYN
Sir, you don't have to--

CEZAR
Shut your fuckhole.
(to Telly:)
Are you a piggy, comrade? I have
seen them, watching in the trees!

TELLY
I'm...I'm not a cop, mister!

CEZAR
Then you will prove it, yes?

Cezar raises the coffee table's lid to reveal a massive
stockpile of narcotics. Enough drugs to kill a Clydesdale.

JOSH
Holy crap.

Cezar carefully chooses three small white pills. Humming.

TELLY
Oh Jesus, sir, please, I don't even
do drugs, none of us do! Well,
maybe she does, I think she had a
troubled childhood, but please--

Cezar leans across the table, shushing him. He uses the gun
barrel to gently pry Telly's mouth open.

CEZAR
If you are not a piggy, then it is
time to party, yes?

He places the pills on Telly's tongue: one, two, three. Then
he uses the gun to massage his throat, working them down.

CEZAR

Thank you, comrade. I believe you.

(beat)

Your friends? I am not so sure.

He turns to Robyn, leering. The moment he's been waiting for. The muzzle of his pistol brushes lightly across her chest.

CEZAR

You. Miss Piggy. You are wearing a piggy-wire, yes? Let's find out.

Robyn looks him right in the eye. Unflinching.

ROBYN

Get fucked, Stalin.

CEZAR

What...did you just say?

ROBYN

Did I stutter? Touch me and my boyfriend here will beat your sperm retarded. Isn't that right, Josh?

JOSH

Wait, what?

Cezar turns to Josh, who is now squirming helplessly.

CEZAR

So. You are a tough guy, yes?

And at that moment, we hear the theme song to *Bubble Bobble*. Josh's eyes widen. His cell phone is ringing.

CEZAR

Are you going to answer?

JOSH

You...you want me to--?

CEZAR

YES, I FUCKING WANT YOU TO, YES!

Josh flips the cell phone open. Holds it to his ear.

And Cezar presses the gun's muzzle against Josh's crotch.

For a long beat, Josh doesn't say anything at all. Then--

JOSH

Hi, mom.

TELLY
(mumbling:)
Tell her hi from me.

And we INTERCUT between this room and--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Josh's mom balances the phone on her shoulder while cleaning vegetables in the sink. Her voice is absurdly cheerful.

JOSH'S MOM
Hi, Joshy. Staying out of trouble?

JOSH
Sort of.

JOSH'S MOM
Are you coming over tonight? I was thinking about making casserole tonight and I just remembered we don't have any--

Without warning, Cezar shoves the gun forward. Josh squeaks.

JOSH'S MOM
You okay, honey?

JOSH
Fine. I'm fine.

JOSH'S MOM
You made a weird duck sound.

JOSH
It was a...a video game. With ducks. *Duck Hunt*.

He swallows hard, closes his eyes. Now Cezar is tapping the gun sharply against his testicles. Tap, tap, tap.

JOSH'S MOM
Oh, never mind, then; I'll just run to the store. Are you eating here?

Josh opens his mouth to respond just as Cezar delivers a particularly nasty rap to the sack. He yelps loudly.

JOSH'S MOM
Ow, Josh, that was right in my ear!

JOSH
Sorrygottagoloveyoubye!

JOSH'S MOM
 All right. Say hi to Telly for m--

But she's interrupted by a dial tone. She shrugs. Hangs up.

Slowly, Cezar takes the phone from Josh's hand. He examines it a moment, then snaps it in half with casual ease.

CEZAR
 So how is dear mama? Everything is good with her, yes?

JOSH
 Uh-huh.

CEZAR
 Yes? So you can stick around?

JOSH
 No. I mean, yeah. We've gotta go.

CEZAR
 Ah, that is too bad.

As he speaks, Cezar presses the barrel of the pistol against Josh's lips. Forcing his mouth open. Sliding the gun inside.

CEZAR
 There you go. Num, num, num. Now, the other phones. Hurry, comrades.

Robyn hands over her cell. Cezar crushes it underfoot.

ROBYN
 Dick.

Telly hands over his iPhone like a mother giving up her baby.

TELLY
 Hey, how about we just take the batteries out instead of--
 (Cezar crushes it.)
 --or you could break it. That works, too.

At that moment, the bedroom door bangs open. Ula hurries past them, tucking something metallic into her purse.

CEZAR
Where do you think you're going?
(He blocks her path.)
You better get back in--

But now Ula pulls a pistol of her own from the purse. She shoves the weapon in Cezar's face, waving it hysterically.

ULA
(in subtitled Slovak)
Don't try to stop me! I mean it!

CEZAR
Whoa. Hey. Let's talk this over.

He gingerly places his gun on the floor. Ula kicks it away.

ULA
(in accented English)
We talk about nothing.

Cezar sits down hard in the recliner. Flabbergasted.

CEZAR
You...speak English?

ULA
You never asked.

Cezar thinks this over. Then, in a thoughtful voice:

CEZAR
I hope you know, Ula, I will have
to kill you for this.

ULA
Is good to know.

She pulls the trigger. BANG!

Cezar's head jerks backward. He doesn't move again.

With a banshee's wail, Grandma explodes from her seat!

She claws at Ula's face. Bats the gun from her hands. Ula pinwheels across the room, landing on Josh's lap.

Still shrieking, Grandma sprints into the bedroom.

ULA
Shit! Where is gun?

JOSH
Don't kill me!

ULA
Knives! She has knives!

Ula spies the pistol and dives for it. She tucks into a controlled combat roll just as the door flies open again.

Grandma is wearing a bandolier adorned with dozens of wicked throwing knives. The old broad is a goddamn carny.

ULA
DOWN!

Ula squeezes off several wild shots. Puffs of plaster blossom on the wall all around Grandma.

With a flick of her wrist, Grandma sends a knife whistling through the air. It buries itself in Ula's shoulder, slamming her back against the wall, pinning her in place.

The gun falls from Ula's hand. She bucks forward, howling.

The others dive over the back of the couch, scrambling for cover. The movement catches Grandma's attention, and she casually whips another blade right past Josh's head.

Ula strains for the gun with her good arm. Gasping.

Chanting in Slovak, Grandma draws another knife from her bandolier, cocks her throwing arm...

With her foot, Ula hooks a TV dinner tray and flips it into her waiting hand. She tilts the tray just as Grandma throws again, and the knife sinks halfway through the aluminum.

Grandma takes another step. Eyes blazing. Her wrist a blur of motion as another knife takes flight.

Ula swings the tray desperately...and luck is on her side this time. She bats the knife out of the air with a CLANG!

Now Grandma is only a few feet away. She won't miss again.

On the other side of the couch, Robyn goes crawling forward.

JOSH
What are you doing?

Robyn reaches around the couch, into the open coffee table filled with drugs. Her hand closes around a bag of coke.

ROBYN

Hey!

Grandma turns just in time to catch the bag square in the kisser. It explodes in a starburst of white powder. She goes reeling backwards, screaming, clawing at her eyes.

Ula throws herself forward again, forcing the blade all the way through her shoulder, and she seizes the pistol.

This time Ula doesn't miss. This time she catches Grandma right between the eyes. The old woman spins. Falls.

Sobbing, gasping, Ula pulls herself to her feet. Blood running down her useless arm.

She stumbles over to Grandma...and kicks the corpse in the ribs as hard as she can. Spits.

ULA

(in subtitled Slovak)

I hope Satan's cock burns, you
vicious gypsy whore.

She turns to find Josh, Telly and Robyn staring at her. Wondering if they're next on her hit list.

ULA

Do you have car?
(Slowly, they nod.)
Then you drive.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT

Ula tucks her pistol out of sight and urges them forward.

As they cross the parking lot, Telly sticks a finger down his throat and begins to hack and gag.

JOSH

What the hell, Telly?

TELLY

The pills he made me take. I'm
trying to york them up.

The finger returns to his throat. The night sky fills with the melodious sounds of dry heaving.

ULA

Ugh. Stop! Stop now!

Telly continues to gag. It's like a cat being strangled. Ula slaps the back of his head, and he finally gives up.

JOSH
You'll be okay.

TELLY
I don't even know what they were!

JOSH
Maybe...maybe it was aspirin.

Robyn fixes Josh with a withering look.

ROBYN
Yeah, maybe that was where the drug dealer kept his hidden stash of illegal drugs, and also aspirin.

EXT. FREEWAY

Telly's car pokes down the freeway at a glacial pace. Horns blare as other vehicles slam on their brakes and swerve past.

INT. TELLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wearing only a sports bra now, Ula wraps strands of her shredded shirt around her mangled shoulder.

ULA
Go faster.

TELLY
I don't know when this stuff will kick in! You want me going off to bat country at 80 miles an hour?

ROBYN
God, I don't believe this.

JOSH
We'll be okay.

ROBYN
Don't be a dipshit, Josh.

JOSH
Wait, are you mad at me?

She whirls around, eyes flashing, absolutely livid.

ROBYN
You took us to a drug dealer's
house, you dick!

JOSH
But...but you said--

ROBYN
I said, hey, let's hang out! What
part of that sounded like, hey,
please take me to a scary fucking
Die Hard villain's Den of Death?

Telly stares off into space, a dreamy expression on his face.

TELLY
Heh. *Die Hard* is so great.

ROBYN
(to Telly:)
And you! What fucking lane are you
even in?

The car is now straddling the two center lanes. Telly snaps
to attention and corrects their course just in time.

An awkward silence descends. At last Josh leans forward.

JOSH
Where are you taking us, anyway?

Ula tears off a strip of fabric with her teeth.

ULA
Is called the Nest. Is place to
hide when you are in trouble, yes?
If you have money.

JOSH
But why are we going there?

ULA
Is where Gregor will be.

JOSH
(beat)
You say things like they make
sense. But they don't.

EXT. THE NEST

The Nest turns out to be a rundown tenement building, indistinguishable from the rest of the urban sprawl.

Ula leads them to a heavy metallic door. Knocks.

TELLY

It's like Jabba's palace.

(as Bib Fortuna:)

De wonna wonga!

JOSH

Dude, shut up.

TELLY

De Jabba wonga?

Josh elbows him sharply, but Telly only giggles, helpless to control himself. The massive dose of ecstasy kicking in.

The security slot snaps open and HENRI peers out owlshly.

HENRI

Ula.

ULA

Is Gregor here?

HENRI

You know I can't tell you that.

ULA

Open door.

HENRI

You also know the cover. Fifty per head, per night, no exceptions.

Ula sighs and pulls the pistol from her belt. Jams the muzzle through the slot. Sounding terribly bored by all of this.

ULA

Open fucking door now.

INT. THE NEST - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the building is filthy. Spiders running along the walls, stagnant water pooling on the floor.

GORMAN

Ula!

A bear of a man elbows Henri aside, beaming widely. GORMAN is as loyal as a Saint Bernard, and at least half as smart.

GORMAN

What's with the arm, love?

ULA

Is long story. Gregor is here?

GORMAN

Yeah, top floor. Want me to--

ULA

(points to the others:)

You watch them, yes? Do not let go!

She races up the stairs without a backwards glance. Josh, Telly and Robyn turn to stare at Gorman.

GORMAN

Guys want a beer or something?

Still sulking by the door, Henri whips out his cell phone.

INT. CEZAR'S LIVING ROOM

Cezar's body is slumped in the recliner. Grandma is outlined against a halo of coagulating blood. Silence.

Then the phone starts ringing. Once. Twice. Three times.

And Cezar's head jerks upright.

His hands move to his forehead. He tugs on his hair and a flap of loose skin flops sideways, exposing glistening bone.

Miraculously, it seems the bullet grazed him, tracing the curvature of his skull instead of punching through bone.

He stumbles to his feet. Grabs the trilling phone.

HENRI'S VOICE

Cezar? Thought you ought to know
your bitch is down here at the
Nest. And she's packing heat.

Cezar drops the phone. Eyes widening.

He just spotted Grandma's corpse.

INT. THE NEST - HALLWAY

Gorman leads them down the hall, past criminals and junkies, psychopaths and space cadets. Every open doorway is a portal into new worlds of depravity.

GORMAN

Over there's Dan. We call him the
Puppyfucker cuz of the time
he...well, most people don't like
that story.

From the doorway, a heroin junkie eyeballs them hungrily.

METH BETH

Cute kids. You guys wanna party?

JOSH

No, ma'am. We sure don't.

GORMAN

And that's Billy Good-Rape--

ROBYN

Why...why Good-Rape?

GORMAN

Cuz Billy's handsome, of course!

Billy nods in happy agreement. He is devilishly good-looking.

GORMAN

...course, I suppose that don't
matter much when ol' Billy's
hammering on your tailpipe...

INT. GORMAN'S ROOM

Gorman passes out beers. Josh and Robyn accept the drinks reluctantly; Telly is already halfway through his can.

TELLY

Whoo. It's fizzing on my tongue!

JOSH

Would you get a hold of yourself?
This is bad, Telly, really bad!

TELLY

Dude, settle down. You're gonna get
us all Hickenlooper'd.

JOSH
And would you stop trying to verb
Hickenlooper?

ROBYN
What's a Hickenlooper?

JOSH
It's nothing.

TELLY
It's the guy who boned Josh's
girlfriend. Took her to Boner City,
USA. Mount Bonerious.

ROBYN
Wait, you have a girlfriend?

JOSH
Ex-girlfriend! Ex!

TELLY
Thanks to Chad Hickenlooper.

JOSH
Can we stop talking about Chad
Fucks His Mother Hickenlooper?

He turns back to Robyn...but she's already gone.

INT. MINIVAN / EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

DAD tries to ignore the CHILDREN in the backseat. They're
singing along to an abysmally cheerful children's CD.

CHILDREN
(singing along to a CD)
*Being happy makes me happy! Being
sad makes me sad! Being happy makes
me happy! Are you happy? I am glad!*

Dad sighs heavily. His life sucks.

And it's about to get worse. As they approach a familiar
apartment building, a ghoulish, bloodstained figure comes
striding out of the night, aiming a handgun right at them.

CEZAR
OUT OF THE FUCKING CAR, FUCKO!

For a long beat, the only sound is Captain Imagination and
The Funtime Band. Then the kids start screaming.

Cezar wrenches the door open and drags Dad out of the driver's seat. Still shrieking, the kids pile out the side.

The minivan tears off in a screech of burnt rubber, leaving the family standing in the middle of the street.

Inside the van, Cezar absently reaches up and peels the flap of torn skin back. It's like a little fleshy sunroof.

He tugs harder and we hear his scalp tearing. At last he gives up and pats the strip of hair and skin back into place.

He doesn't turn off Captain Imagination and The Funtime Band.

INT. THE NEST - HALLWAY

Josh hurries to catch up with Robyn. Spins her around.

ROBYN
What's your problem?

JOSH
What's yours? You're mad because, what, I used to have a girlfriend?

ROBYN
No, Josh, I'm mad because you got us kidnapped and dragged to a goddamn crackhouse!
(beat)
And because you have a girlfriend!

JOSH
Okay, A) kidnapping--not part of the night's itinerary, and B) had a girlfriend! Had! Past tense!

She slumps against the wall. Avoiding eye contact.

ROBYN
God, you don't get it.

JOSH
Get what?

ROBYN
It's like...I always end up with assholes, you know? And this time I said, give the normal one a chance. The guy who doesn't already have five kids or the words LOVE and HATE tattooed on his knuckles.

ROBYN(cont'd)

And this is where it gets me.
(A long beat.)
Where's Telly?

INT. THE NEST - ANOTHER HALLWAY

Telly stumbles down the corridor, grinning widely, following the pulse of heavy bass music deeper into the building.

He arrives at the source: a room at the end of the hall, its door thrown open, a screaming wall of music pouring out.

INT. THE NEST - JUNKIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two JUNKIES are locked in a furious staring match. Tumblers filled with liquor are arranged on the table between them.

Junkie #2 blinks...and both men grab for their glasses!

They suck down the whiskey shots. Junkie #1 finishes a split-second faster and slams his tumbler down.

JUNKIE #1
Pay up, fooker!

Junkie #2 presents his jaw. Junkie #1 hauls back and delivers a haymaker to the chin. Both men bellow laughter.

JUNKIE #1
Not my fault you drink like a
Welshman. Play again?

JUNKIE #2
Bloody fooking right.

But at that moment, they notice Telly standing in the hall.

JUNKIE #1
Oi! You!
(beat)
Wanna play Wotcher?

Telly doesn't hesitate. Grinning like a goddamn maniac.

TELLY
Yeah, I wanna play Wotcher!

INT. THE NEST - GREGOR'S ROOM

Ula hasn't even finished knocking before the door flies open, revealing GREGOR. He's brandishing a pump-action shotgun.

GREGOR
Happened to your arm?

ULA
Let me in, Gregor.
(She pushes past him.)
I got message you sent.

Gregor lights a cigarette. His speech is almost totally Americanized, with only faint traces of a Slavic accent.

GREGOR
We're good and truly fucked, I hope you realize that. Word on the street say Kenny Venice is looking for you. For both of us, probably.

ULA
For the database?

GREGOR
No, to trade Pokemon. Of fucking course that's what he wants!

ULA
Then...we sell it now, yes?

Gregor grabs a plastic USB flash drive off the desk and waves it in her face. She flinches away.

GREGOR
Yeah, great plan! 'Scuse me, sir, we stole this blackmail list from the most crooked motherfucker in Hollywood, and now he's looking to kill whoever's got a copy! Feel like making an offer? Anyone?

ULA
But the money...you promised! I am needing it now!

Gregor sighs. Takes a drag on his cigarette.

GREGOR
You don't understand: Kenny Venice knows the people you don't want to know. Those movies he made--the girl with the vampire boobs, the one with the flying shark--where do you think that money came from?

ULA
I do not care.

GREGOR
You need to start caring! Because those people you don't want to know, they're out there looking for us right now! And you know why we don't want them to find us?

ULA
Why?

GREGOR
BECAUSE THEY'RE THE PEOPLE YOU
DON'T FUCKING WANT TO KNOW!

Ula has heard enough. She whips out her pistol, aims at his chest. Her hands are shaking...but just barely.

ULA
Then give me database! I sell it myself!

GREGOR
Put that down, dummy.

ULA
GIVE IT! NOW!

Gregor snorts and stuffs the flash drive into his pocket.

GREGOR
Christ's sake, Ula. You forgetting I'm your goddamned brother?

ULA
Are you forgetting I was never liking you very much?

Gregor suddenly frowns.

And Ula pulls the trigger. BLAM!

Gregor's lit cigarette lands on the ratty old mattress.

Ula retrieves the flash drive from her brother's pocket.

She doesn't notice the sliver of smoke already rising from the mattress as the fire begins to spread.

INT. THE NEST - JUNKIES' ROOM

Telly and the junkies grab their tumblers and begin chugging whiskey. They're neck-and-neck...it's too close to call...they slam their glasses down on the table...

And it's a dead three-way tie. They stare at each other, confused, wondering who just won. The beat drags out.

Telly reaches across the table and slugs Junkie #1.

The junkies stare at him, dumbfounded...then they erupt with laughter. Telly joins in happily. Having a grand old time.

A second later, Josh comes barging into the room.

JOSH
I FOUND HIM!

TELLY
Josh! Wanna play Wotcher?

JOSH
What? No! God! Get up!

He drags Telly to his feet. Telly immediately begins rubbing Josh's jaw, seemingly hypnotized by the texture of his skin.

JOSH
Okay, not helping. You need to get--
stop touching me!--get a hold of
yourself! Telly!

TELLY
Dude, I'm feeling really weird
right now. I think I need to go to
a hospital. Or a dance club.

JOSH
We're getting you out of here.

Telly waves to his buddies as Josh drags him out of the room. The junkies shrug. Refill their glasses.

INT. THE NEST - LOBBY

In the corner of the lobby, Telly lovingly caresses the wallpaper. Josh and Robyn exchange a helpless glance.

Ula comes bouncing down the stairs, tucking the flash drive into her back pocket. She smiles sweetly at Gorman.

ULA

We go now. Thank you.

GORMAN

C'mon, stay for a drink!

Ula throws open the heavy security door...

And Cezar is standing right there. Aiming a handgun the size of God's dick at her forehead.

Ula ducks just as the gun roars. The bullet opens a staring hole where Gorman's nose used to be. Right behind him, Telly and Josh are splattered with globs of red stuff.

Ula slams the door shut. Bullets *ping* off the metal plating.

Josh and Robyn are frozen. Telly screams like a tea kettle.

At that moment, we hear footsteps pounding against the stairs. Voices screaming. Something about a fire. *Panic*.

And people come pouring down the stairwell.

Ula tries to hold them back, but the crowd surges past her, wrenching open the door and stumbling out into the night.

Cezar forces his way through, struggling against the tide.

Ula aims her pistol, but she can't get a clean shot off. She gives up and races back up the stairs instead.

Cezar locks eyes with Josh. A snarl of horrible recognition.

ROBYN

Oh, fuck this.

All three of them sprint up the stairs after Ula.

INT. THE NEST - STAIRWELL / CORRIDOR

A wretched hive of scum and villainy comes streaming down the stairs past them: crackheads, naked women, mob bosses, leather daddies, and goons of every shape and size.

Cezar is only a few flights below them now. The flap of torn skin atop his head flops and dances like an angler's lure.

The crowd begins to thin out, just as Ula turns the corner...

...coming face-to-face with a raging inferno!

ULA
Back down! Back down!

Robyn glances down. Cezar is only one flight beneath them.

Ula charges down the nearest hallway. The others follow.

Tongues of flame crawl across the ceiling as the fire burns down through the floor above them. They fight their way through curtains of smoke and drifting embers.

Ula reaches the window at the end of the hall and kicks out the glass. She dives through, out into the night beyond...

...landing on the building's wrought iron fire escape.

Cezar comes stumbling out of the smoky stairwell, coughing and wheezing. He fires off a volley of wild shots.

The bullets whine past as Robyn deftly slips through the window. Josh lunges after her. Then it's Telly's turn.

EXT. THE NEST - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Except Telly doesn't fit.

He gets halfway through the opening before sticking fast. His eyes bugging out of his head. Totally Winnie The Pooh'd.

Josh and Robyn grab his hands and tug, just as a pair of bullet holes punch through the wall on either side of them.

JOSH
Suck it in! Suck it in!

Telly sucks it in. He pops free, tumbles to the platform.

The momentum carries Josh halfway over the railing before he catches himself. The ground spinning fifty feet below.

Robyn grabs his shoulder and drags him down the staircase.

ROBYN
Come on!

Far below them, Ula has almost reached the ground level.

Cezar slithers through the burning window. His clothes are on fire. He doesn't seem to care.

CEZAR
UUUUUUUUUUUUULA!

Twenty feet lower, they glance up at the sound of his voice and see the pistol pointing straight down at them.

JOSH

Look out!

He slams Robyn and Telly against the building just as Cezar fires. Bullets scream past, ricocheting off the steel bars.

Beneath them, Ula is also pressed flat against the concrete wall. She aims her pistol.

JOSH

Wait, we're up here--!

Ula ignores him. She squeezes the trigger just as they scramble to the opposite side of the platform.

Ula matches their movements, using them as unwilling shields between Cezar and herself. Sparks flaring all around her.

JOSH

LEFT! LEFT!

They throw themselves to the left just as Ula launches a second volley skyward. Another narrow miss.

Right above them, Cezar is reloading. He clicks the clip into place and aims between the steel mesh, squinting furiously.

JOSH

NO, RIGHT! RIGHT!

A mad dash in the opposite direction. Cezar's bullets raining down around them. But this time we notice something: as they throw their bodies around, the fire escape is moving.

And now we see the reason. The fire escape's upper moorings have torn completely free from the imploding building.

Cezar finally realizes he's on fire. He calmly pats out the flames. Shakes his scalded hand. Terribly inconvenienced.

FIZZ! At that moment, one of Ula's bullets catches his outstretched hand, cleaving through all four fingers.

The severed digits go bouncing down through the fire escape. Telly bats an index finger away, shrieking.

Cezar snarls. Spitting bullets with reckless abandon now.

Telly flings himself against the outer railing, and the entire fire escape lurches several feet in response.

Josh and Robyn glance up in surprise. See the top of the fire escape swinging freely. Realize what they have to do.

They throw themselves against the railing. Again and again.

And with a torturous squeal, the last mooring gives way and the fire escape pitches sideways. It's not quite a freefall, but they're still dropping at an alarming rate.

Everyone threads their arms and legs through the bars of the collapsing structure. Trying to hold on tight.

Cezar hooks his legs through the railing and swings free. With his uninjured hand, he takes careful aim--

At the same time, Ula draws a bead on Cezar--

JOSH
WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU
PEOPLE?

Ula and Cezar fire simultaneously. Twin thunderclaps.

Josh nearly loses his grip as the bullets tear past. He swings wildly, holding on with only one hand now.

SPLAT! Cezar's left ear blows away, leaving only a ruined red nubbin behind. This only pisses him off more.

Robyn reaches for Josh's hand. Just misses it.

The top of the fire escape connects with the neighboring building. With a shriek of steel, the structure twists around and jackknifes sharply, folding in on itself.

The violent motion flings Josh and Robyn to the ground.

Cezar comes slithering down the structure, his face a rictus mask of hatred. He reaches for Telly's leg.

Telly kicks wildly, trying to wriggle over the side.

ROBYN
Jump!

JOSH
Karate-chop him!

Cezar's hand closes around Telly's throat. Choking him.

Ula pushes past Josh and Robyn, raises her gun, and fires a single shot. At this range, there's no way to miss.

The bullet cuts horizontally across Cezar's throat, opening a bright red line. He topples over backwards.

Telly plummets to the ground. Josh and Robyn help him up...

...only to find that Ula's pistol is now pointing at them!

ULA
Is time to go.

JOSH
What? You were just shooting at us!
We're not going anywhere with you!

She thumbs the hammer back. Aims at his crotch.

JOSH
(instantly)
Where are we going?

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The parking lot is pure pandemonium, teeming with shaken residents and curious onlookers drawn by the inferno.

Drifting through the crowd are four GOONS wearing suits and earpieces. They're scanning faces. Searching for someone.

One of the Goons spots Ula and murmurs into his earpiece. All four of them begin to converge on their position.

Ula keeps walking, faster now. Trying to play it cool.

JOSH
Hey, are those guys following--?

ULA
Yes. Run.

JOSH
You mean run like really run?

ULA
RUN!

They sprint for Telly's car.

Telly hops behind the wheel, while Josh and Robyn dive into the backseat. Ula locks the doors.

Now the goons surround the car. Banging on the windows.

GOON #1
Open the door, lady!

ULA
Drive! Drive now!

But Telly is busy flipping through radio stations. He finds a pulsing techno song and sighs happily. That's more like it.

Frantic now, Ula checks her pistol clip. Empty.

GOON #2
C'mon, lady, Mr. Venice just wants
to talk! That's all!

In the backseat, Josh notices something stuck in Robyn's hair. While she's distracted, he carefully plucks it out.

It's one of Cezar's severed fingers. With a shudder, Josh sticks the bloody digit in the ashtray.

ULA
Drive goddamned car!

TELLY
I can't! I'll run over these guys!

ULA
Yes! Is point!

GOON #2
Kid, if you don't unlock this door--

But as the Goon speaks, a pair of blazing headlights appear in the darkness behind him. And they're getting bigger.

The white minivan plows into the side of Telly's car.

The inside of the car is pure chaos. Glass flies everywhere. Ula's forehead bounces off the dashboard, knocking her out cold. Goon #1 goes rolling across the hood of the vehicle.

Telly straightens back up...

TELLY
I think that shit just kicked in!

...and finds himself face-to-face with Goon #2, who has been wedged between the two vehicles. He's dead as disco.

The minivan tears free from the car with a shriek of twisted metal. And behind the wheel we see--

CEZAR. Driving with his stump hand while using his remaining fingers to pinch his severed throat shut.

ROBYN
No fucking way.

JOSH
GO! GO!

Telly floors the accelerator just as the minivan lurches forward for another strike. One of the Goons is still clinging to the hood of Telly's car, while another Goon leaps onto their rear bumper to avoid the speeding van.

The minivan misses them by inches. It whips around with a squeal of burning rubber.

As the two vehicles roar into the distance, the remaining Goon pulls a cell phone from his pocket. Punches a button.

GOON #4
Mr. Venice? We got a problem.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

As Kenny Venice listens, his expression slowly darkens.

VENICE
I'll call the boys.

EXT. CITY STREETS

The minivan gains ground quickly against Telly's crappy little car. The van surges forward, striking the rear bumper that Goon #3 is balancing atop. Telly's car jolts forward.

The bumper tears free, clips the minivan's grille a dozen yards back, and goes spinning away in a shower of sparks.

Now Goon #3 is hanging onto the trunk by his fingernails, his feet skidding against the pavement. He loses his grip--

Cezar doesn't even attempt to swerve out of the way. The minivan THUMPS over the tumbling body without slowing down.

Now we INTERCUT between the street and--

INT. TELLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Telly has turned around in his seat to watch the dude get creamed. The Goon on the hood bangs on the windshield.

GOON #1
WATCH THE ROAD! WATCH THE ROAD!

They're seconds away from plowing into a garbage truck. Telly yanks on the wheel and they shear past the truck with inches to spare.

On the hood, Goon #1 howls miserably as he whips back and forth like a pendulum.

Keeping his eyes on the road, Telly reaches forward and turns up the music. Bobbing his head ever so slightly.

The minivan accelerates around the opposite side of the garbage truck, picking up speed. It veers toward them, angling to ram the smaller car into the nearest wall.

Telly gooses the brakes and slides in the opposite direction, narrowly darting behind the minivan. The van skews back toward them, braking hard, chasing them right into...

ONCOMING TRAFFIC. Now they're driving on the wrong side of the road, swerving and weaving through the vehicles streaking toward them.

JOSH
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ROBYN
Don't yell at him! That's not helping!

TELLY
It's okay, dude. I do this in *Burnout* all the time.

ROBYN
What's *Burnout*?

JOSH
A video game.

ROBYN
(yelling at Telly:)
HOLY SHIT, ARE YOU INSANE?

Telly tries to veer back into the proper lane, but Cezar sideswipes them, knocking them back into the danger zone.

The Goon on the hood rolls onto his side, pulls a pistol from his shoulder holster, and squeezes off a pair of shots in Cezar's general direction. Both shots go wide.

Cezar grins, takes his hand from his throat--a fresh spurt of blood splatters the windshield--and flips him the bird.

Meanwhile, Telly's car has been forced into the path of a school bus. A short school bus, to be precise.

Telly cranks the wheel. The car swerves sideways...

...but the Goon continues onward, his momentum carrying him forward through the air, his arms pinwheeling helplessly...

...right into the path of the school bus! CRUNCH.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Inside the short bus, two dozen Special Olympians shriek at the bloodstained corpse embedded in their windshield.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Telly's car blasts past a black sedan headed in the opposite direction. The sedan brakes sharply, skidding in a tight circle, then accelerates after them. Joining the chase.

The minivan roars across the center divider and smashes into them again. Telly fights for control as they plow through a series of parking meters. Quarters *plink* off the windshield.

Suddenly he mashes on the brakes. Twists the wheel sharply to the left. And the car barrels into an...

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They speed down the narrow corridor, scattering trash in their wake. The minivan rockets into the alley right behind them, followed by the dark sedan.

INT. TELLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JOSH
What are you doing?

TELLY
Alleys are always shortcuts.

The glare of the headlights suddenly reveals a brick wall approaching at an alarming speed. Telly slams on the brakes, but there's not enough stopping room.

They plow into the wall.

A second later, the van hits them. Another bracing impact.

Cezar--obviously no fan of seat belts--is flung through his windshield. He sails over their car, slaps against the brick wall like a sack of wet meat, and tumbles onto the hood.

Everyone inside the car is groaning, stirring, but nobody seems seriously hurt. Even Ula is starting to come around.

On the hood, Cezar's body spasms. He sits bolt upright.

JOSH
OH, COME ON!

Slowly, Cezar's head rotates to face them. He has become a grinning ghoul, bloodstained and absolutely mad.

Josh grabs Ula's shoulder, shakes her desperately.

JOSH
Where's the gun?

On his hands and knees now, Cezar begins crawling toward the shattered windshield. Wheezing blood.

A flashlight beam hits Cezar. He squints into the light.

Then a starburst of blood opens on his shoulder, followed by the crack of a pistol. Cezar collapses in a sitting position against the wall, his whole body shuddering.

The shooter lowers his gun.

TUCK is a walking spastic tic, overstimulated and dangerous. His partner BERRY looks carved out of goddamn granite.

Together the two men advance on the ruined vehicles.

TUCK
Get out! Hands on your heads!

Slowly, the survivors extract themselves from the wreckage.

JOSH
Listen, we were kidnapped and--

TUCK
Put a cock in it.

He grabs Ula by the neck and shoves her toward the sedan.

TUCK
Get in. All of you.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

They cram themselves into the backseat. Berry slams the door.

JOSH
Those guys, are they cops? They're
cops, right?

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Tuck leans toward his partner. Lowers his voice.

TUCK
That's gotta be her, right?
(Berry nods.)
Make the call, I'll do clean-up.

Berry whips out a cell phone and turns away.

On the hood, Cezar's eyes open. Still wheezing softly.

Tuck comes closer. Prods the wound on the drug dealer's
throat with his finger, watches the blood bubble up.

TUCK
Jeez, you look like a friggin' Pez
dispenser. Wonder how long it'd
take to bleed out from something
like that? What do you think? Maybe
an hour?

Cezar just stares at him dully. Tuck smiles.

Then Tuck hooks his fingers into the wound and tears. Cezar's
throat opens like a drawstring purse. Blood goes everywhere.

TUCK
Maybe less?

Cezar gurgles weakly. His eyes already glazing over.

Tuck steps away, wiping his fingers on a handkerchief.

TUCK
Yecch. Got me all fucking sticky.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside the sedan, the prisoners watch with horror.

ROBYN
I don't think they're cops.

EXT. FREEWAY

The sedan slips down the freeway. The lights recede behind them as they head deeper into the Hollywood Hills.

INT. SEDAN

Tuck is in one hell of a fine mood tonight.

TUCK
You scooters don't know how lucky
you got. Five more minutes and
Venice woulda had the whole city
looking for you, 'stead of just us.

Meanwhile, Ula carefully takes the stolen flash drive and transfers it to Josh's back pocket. Josh doesn't notice.

Josh leans toward Robyn. Struggling to get the words out.

JOSH
I'm sorry. For how this turned out.

ROBYN
Yeah. Me too.
(beat)
And for the whole Chad Hickenlooper
freak-out thing back there. I feel
kind of cunt about that.

JOSH
No, you shouldn't feel...C-wordy or
anything. I was just stupid. Trying
to impress you.

ROBYN
(one eyebrow raised)
Impressing me is stupid?

JOSH

Chad Hickenlooper is stupid. I was stupid. You know what I mean. The drugs. The pretending to be cool.

ROBYN

Yeah, well, I wouldn't have hung out with you if you were cool.

She meets his gaze for a moment longer, then looks away.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY

The sedan rolls to a stop in front of Venice's estate. Tuck opens the door and motions them across the driveway.

INT. MANSION FOYER

Venice's butler leads them past Corey Feldman, stoned beyond belief and playing *Halo*. The porn star is asleep beside him.

JOSH

Hey, it's whatshisname! From *The Goonies*! Hey, Mr. Goonie! Help us!

Corey turns and fixes him with a withering glare.

COREY FELDMAN

My name is Corey. Dick.

And without warning, we CUT AWAY TO--

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL FOREST - DAY

Big fluffy clouds hover above an expanse of pristine, untouched wilderness. Untouched until now, that is.

A group of swarthy-looking LOGGERS are preparing to cut into the tallest pine tree, their saw blades held at the ready.

MANLY VOICE

I wouldn't do that, *hombre*.

The loggers whirl around to reveal...

JACK LUMBER. He has the hangdog look of a former action star gone to seed, puffy and swollen in all the wrong places.

LOGGER #1

Who the eff are you?

JACK LUMBER

Jack Lumber. Park Ranger around these parts. And unless I see a logging permit, you boys just stepped in it deep.

LOGGER #2

Ooh, a Park Ranger! Watch out, guys, he's gonna issue a citation!

JACK LUMBER

I've got your citation right here.

One of the loggers steps forward and tries to shove Jack's chest. With a clumsy flip of the wrist, Jack sends his attacker flying across the clearing.

JACK LUMBER

Your kind will never understand.
True power doesn't come from tools.
It comes from the land.

The loggers rush him, and so begins one of the slowest and least-convincing fight scenes ever committed to celluloid.

Jack Lumber stomps and flails around like a drunken grizzly bear, and the loggers do their best to throw themselves in the path of his pudgy aikido justice.

We pull back to reveal that we're actually watching a movie being projected on the wall of...

INT. SCREENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kenny Venice and a meek-looking EDITOR sit behind an editing desk, watching Jack Lumber bitchslap his way to victory.

Venice doesn't notice the prisoners. He scowls at the screen.

VENICE

Whoa, back up a tick. Look, that punch ain't even coming near him!
And what the hell is that?

Onscreen, a visibly sweaty Jack has his arms around a logger.

EDITOR

Um, a bearhug?

VENICE

It's a goddamn hug all right. It's just about the most tender, pecker-pullingest thing I ever seen.

Telly peers up at the ruined moose head on the wall.

TELLY

What the fuck happened to your moose?

Venice wheels around. His eyes narrow.

VENICE

You must be Ula.

EXT. MANSION BALCONY

The crescent-shaped balcony overlooks Venice's Olympic-sized swimming pool. The water sparkles darkly beneath them.

Smiling pleasantly, Venice runs his hands across Ula's body, turning out her pockets, lingering on all the best spots.

VENICE

So. I know you and your commie brother are the ones who stole my golden goose. You came outta that burning building and he didn't. Far as I'm concerned, that makes you the fucking prom queen.

JOSH

Wait...who's got a goose?

Venice gives Ula an encouraging nod. She grudgingly explains.

ULA

Is a database. Of criminals.

VENICE

Oh, it's more'n that. It's dirt on everyone who ever fucked with me. And it don't belong to you.

His hand rests on Ula's breast just a second too long, and she shoves him away. Venice only laughs.

VENICE

You are one mean squirt of sarsaparilla, that's for sure.

VENICE(cont'd)

Course, I heard the only thing you got in the triple-digits is your titties, so I'm thinking maybe you ain't the ringleader here.

(His gaze falls on Josh.)

And I'm thinking maybe you are.

JOSH

Whoa, hey, we don't even know this crazy bitch! Honest!

Venice holds up his hand for silence. His expression grim.

VENICE

You know much about ranching, son?

JOSH

No, sir.

VENICE

That's where I made my money, 'fore I came out here. You'd think it'd be different, cows and movies, but it ain't, not really. It's all about keeping the herd pointing in the right direction. See, every now 'n then, you'll run across some fussy cuss of a cow that just don't wanna cooperate. You herd her left, she goes right. You stop for the night, she turns into the Marco Fucking Polo of bovines. And problem is, cows ain't got a fiddler's fart worth of common sense. They see one of their own heading into a ravine or stumbling into some river, they'll follow right along. And before you know it, half your herd's dead 'n gone. So what do you think you do?

JOSH

I guess I don't know. Sir.

VENICE

I'm gonna tell you. You take that troublemaker over the next ridge, away from where the others can see, and you put a bullet right between them big old brown eyes. Even if it kills you to do it.

(eyeballing the girls:)

VENICE(cont'd)

Even if she's one fine piece of
jerky. Cuz once she's gone, them
other cows'll just...fall in line.

JOSH

Sir, Mr. Venice, if I had your
database, you have to believe me,
I'd give it to you! I would!

Venice exhales in disgust. He gestures to Tuck and Berry.

VENICE

Oh well. Kill 'em.

JOSH

What?

TUCK

Um, seriously, sir?

VENICE

I said kill these sonsabitches!

The four prisoners start protesting. Backing away.

Tuck draws his pistol, aims at Josh. Then Telly. Then Robyn.

They're all talking over each other. Begging for their lives.

Venice ambles back inside. He's already lost interest.

Tuck hesitates, his gun still see-sawing between targets. He
glances at his partner. Ever so slightly, Berry shrugs.

And Tuck pulls the trigger.

The back of Ula's head vanishes in a puff of red vapor. She
tumbles lifelessly over the railing.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Outside the window, the body lands in the swimming pool,
sending a geyser of water skyward.

Corey Feldman pauses his video game and goes to the window.
Sees the dead woman floating in a halo of darkening water.

COREY FELDMAN

Whoa.

EXT. MANSION BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Sighing, Tuck takes careful aim at Josh's forehead...

The door flies open and Venice comes storming back out.

VENICE
THE HELL YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

TUCK
But...but...you said...

VENICE
I didn't say kill 'em here, you
goddamn dipshit! I got neighbors
right up the road!

He leans over the railing. Winces at the body in the pool.

VENICE
Aw Christ, she went in the pool!
Look at that! Every time I clean
that filter, I'm gonna be picking
out bits of that bitch's brains!

TUCK
I'm sorry, sir, I thought you--

VENICE
Thought I what, got tired of lawn
gnomes, figured I'd decorate the
place with dead fucking bitches
instead? That what you thought?

Tuck hangs his head and doesn't say anything at all.

VENICE
You get them off my property, do
'em somewhere else! And take the
fucking Floating Wonder with you!

He starts back inside when he notices Josh's cold expression.

VENICE
What? You got something to say?
(Nope.)
Didn't think so.

He slams the sliding door hard enough to make everybody jump.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY

Tuck and Berry lead Robyn down the driveway at gunpoint.

Behind them, Josh and Telly are struggling to carry Ula's soggy corpse. The body keeps sliding loose, flopping around.

TELLY

I think some brain just fell out.

JOSH

What? Where?

TELLY

I kinda stepped on it.

JOSH

Oh, goddamn it, Telly.

Berry sticks Robyn in the backseat of the sedan, slams the door, then comes around and unlocks the trunk.

They heave the body into the trunk. Ula's legs are akimbo, her miniskirt hiking up. Josh attempts to close her legs.

JOSH

(saying a few words:)

Sorry, Miss Ula. We didn't really get to know you, but you sure--

TUCK

Get the fuck in, Ghost Whisperer.

JOSH

What, in there? Are you serious?

Tuck raises his pistol. That's how serious he is.

Without warning, Josh slaps the gun aside and shoves Tuck. The mercenary stutters backward, and Josh throws a punch...

But Tuck grabs his wrist. Twists him around easily. Throws him to the ground. He kicks Josh savagely.

Inside the car, Robyn bangs on the window.

ROBYN

LEAVE HIM ALONE!

With a roar of anger, Telly lumbers toward Tuck...

Tuck steps aside neatly, and Telly goes rolling down the driveway with a squawk.

Tuck hauls Josh to his feet, gives him one last slap, then shoves him into the trunk with Ula. He points to Telly.

TUCK
You too, Big and Beefy.

Telly miserably climbs into the trunk beside Josh. Shoving the corpse aside. Shifting and jockeying for position.

JOSH
Wait, we're not--!

Tuck slams the trunk door, and we hear their muffled howls.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

The mercs burn down the freeway. Neither of them saying anything. In the back, Robyn looks practically catatonic.

And for the first and only time, Berry speaks up.

BERRY
Think Mr. Vincent would mind if we
fuck her a little bit first?

Tuck shrugs. Bored. Like he's discussing the weather.

TUCK
Who's gonna tell him?

Behind them, Robyn slowly blinks. Comes to life.

ROBYN
Wait, what?

INT. TRUNK

The trunk is about as pleasant as a packed asshole. Ula's corpse keeps sliding over to rest on Josh's face.

TELLY
Josh!

JOSH
What?

TELLY

Can you feel those vibrations in the road? Those ba-bumps? We can figure out where they're taking us!

JOSH

You're wasted. And you totally got that idea from *Sneakers*.

TELLY

(dreamily)

Oh, yeah. Hey, we should watch *Sneakers* after this is over.

This surprises Josh. He twists around to peer at his friend.

JOSH

You really think we're going to get out of this okay?

TELLY

Sure we will.

JOSH

Why?

TELLY

(no hesitation)

Because we're with you. And you're like the smartest guy I know. You'll think of something.

Josh doesn't know what to say to this. His voice is quiet.

JOSH

I'm not thinking of anything yet.

EXT. CIRCE FOODS

Circe Foods is a meat processing plant, a squat monstrosity belching smoke into the night sky. A cartoon pig on the billboard is holding a knife and fork and licking his lips.

The black sedan pulls around to the back of the plant and honks twice. A loading door rumbles open.

GIDEON strolls out of the plant, hands in his pockets.

GIDEON

Tuck and Berry! You niggas here for pay or play?

TUCK

Bit of both. You got another Puppy
Run tonight?

GIDEON

It's Friday, ain't it? You bring me
any puppies?

Tuck pops the trunk. Gideon sneers down at Josh and Telly.

GIDEON

Yeah, they'll work. Everyone likes
the fat ones...knick 'em just right
and they're lawn sprinklers, go all
night long, just *wicka wicka wicka*.
(He prods Ula's corpse.)
See you got some Kibble, too.

TUCK

You know how it goes. So...?

Gideon pretends to think for a moment.

GIDEON

Hundred for the pair. And I'll
mulch the bitch for free.

TUCK

Come on, a couple of young dudes,
tons of stamina, they're worth a
hundred apiece, easy. How about a
buck-fifty for the pair?

GIDEON

How about fuck yourself? You don't
Jew the only game in town, man!

Tuck exhales angrily. Exchanges a look with his partner.

TUCK

Okay, okay, tell you what: hundred
for the boys...if you get rid of
the bitch in the back, too. We'll
be done with her in two, three
hours tops. Whaddya say?

Gideon peers through the window at Robyn. Waves to her.

GIDEON

That's a cute one. Okay, listen,
bring her back alive, I'll do \$150.

TUCK

You're a man of class and taste.

Gideon peels three fifties from a roll of bills.

GIDEON

I'm a nigga with needs. Seriously,
I want that pussy in one piece.

Tuck pockets the money and climbs back into the sedan. Gideon pulls a pistol from his belt and motions to Josh.

GIDEON

Get that bitch outta the trunk.

Josh and Telly clamber out. They awkwardly lift Ula's body.

Gideon slams the trunk, and the sedan pulls away. Robyn's pale face appears briefly in the rear window.

JOSH

Robyn!

But she's already gone.

INT. PROCESSING FLOOR

The inside of the plant is a nightmarish tangle of conveyor belts, dicing machines, and vats of bloody broth. Gutted pig carcasses swing freely from hooks on the ceiling.

TELLY

Poor piggies.

Gideon closes the door. Points to a nearby conveyor belt.

GIDEON

Right up there, pups.

They hoist the corpse onto the belt and step back.

GIDEON

I'm impressed. Y'all are handling
this like men, straight up.

JOSH

Handling what? What's going on?

Gideon realizes they're clueless. He flashes a wide grin.

GIDEON

Well. That makes things easier.
C'mon, let's get y'all ready.

He leads them down a darkened corridor, deeper into the plant. Until they're swallowed by the shadows.

EXT. STOP-N-SLEEP MOTEL

The Stop-N-Sleep is the sort of crummy little joint that charges by the hour. Just the way Tuck and Berry like it.

Berry opens the backseat. Robyn comes flying out like a banshee, scratching and clawing. With a chuckle, Berry shoves her to the ground. Grabs the scruff of her jacket.

Together, the two men drag her inside the motel room.

INT. GRIMY HALLWAY

Gideon leads them down a flight of stairs. The walls down here are cracked, dripping condensation. Dungeon-like.

GIDEON

What size feet you got?
(They don't understand.)
Your feet, homes! You a 10? 11?

The boys nod helplessly. Gideon reaches into a supply closet, then thrusts two pairs of roller skates into their hands.

Josh and Telly stare at the skates. Uncomprehending.

GIDEON

The Puppy Run, we kinda got themes.
This week's disco. Can y'all skate?

Telly nods eagerly. Josh is frowning at his skates. They've been modified with locking metal ankle braces.

JOSH

Why are they, um, scary?

GIDEON

My man...we can do this the easy
way or the other way. How about you
just put them things on your feet?

Gideon is still tapping the pistol against his thigh, so Josh reluctantly sits down and exchanges his sneakers for the bizarre skates. Beside him, Telly does the same.

Gideon kneels and clamps the skates shut.

GIDEON

Now the thing y'all gotta remember
out there is to put on a good show.
Get the crowd into it, you know?

JOSH

Crowd?

Instead of answering, Gideon hauls them to their feet.
Unlocks a sliding metal gate. Shoves them through.

Wobbling, fighting for balance, they roll into the darkness.

And Gideon slams the gate behind them.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

As their eyes adjust to the gloom, the boys realize they're
not alone. There are at least ten other PRISONERS in this
filthy little room, hobos and thugs and greaseballs. Their
expressions are hollow, hopeless, terrified.

And they all have roller skates clamped to their feet.

JOSH

Um. Hi.
(Nobody responds.)
So...what's the deal here?

The darkness shifts, and an absolute mountain of a man
emerges, scarred and bulging with muscle. THE MEXICAN.

THE MEXICAN

The deal, *pendejo*, is that we are
all going to fucking die.

JOSH

...oh.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Robyn is motionless atop a grimy, heart-shaped vibrating bed,
handcuffed to the bedposts, a ball gag stuffed in her mouth.

Berry enters the room, humming brightly, carrying a silver
briefcase. He sets it down, snaps it open...

...exposing every sex toy ever invented.

Robyn sees the contents of the case. Her eyes widen.

Berry drops a quarter into the bed's coin slot. The vibrating mattress lurches to life, and a speaker begins to play that staple of wedding receptions everywhere: THE CHICKEN DANCE.

As the song continues to play, we cut between this room and--

INT. PROCESSING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Stifling a yawn, Gideon turns a knob on the control panel. Beneath him, the machinery rumbles to life. Giant mixers start turning. Dicing blades beat out a furious rhythm.

And the conveyor belt carries Ula's body forward.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A barechested Tuck runs his hand across the row of dildos lovingly arranged on the table. Picking just the right one.

On the bed, Robyn whimpers. Straining against her restraints.

INT. PROCESSING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

High-pressure hoses blast Ula's body. She reaches the top of the ramp and tumbles onto a second belt. Just ahead is the dicing machine, with its rows of whirring blades.

As she enters the machine, splotches of blood and clumps of hair are tossed against the plastic spray-guard.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Berry emerges from the bathroom, naked, his entire body glistening under what looks like several coats of baby oil.

He flashes Robyn a toothy smile.

INT. PROCESSING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

We follow Ula's severed hand along the conveyor belt. It tips over the edge, tumbling into an industrial-sized funnel.

At the bottom of the funnel is another set of spinning blades, like a giant garbage disposal. And as the hand slowly tumbles toward the steel teeth, we CUT BACK TO--

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tuck moves to Berry's side. Runs a finger along his gleaming pectorals. Then he reaches down, out of the frame, and gives a few gentle tugs on Berry's other gun. And of course, these tugs sync up perfectly with *The Chicken Dance*.

Berry never takes his eyes off Robyn.

INT. PROCESSING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The only feature recognizable amidst the red pulp is a tiny bit of finger, no more than the first knuckle. It jitters along another conveyor belt, until it's dumped into--

A giant mixing vat, slowly churning the sludgy pink broth. A cartoon pig on the side of the vat gives us a thumbs-up.

Goodbye, Ula. Hello, future sausage links.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Berry approaches the bed, twanging his offscreen hard-on.

He crawls toward Robyn on his hands and knees. Grinning like a jackal. At last he straightens up, towering over her.

And Robyn draws back her leg and kicks as hard as she can.

Berry's eyes go very, very wide.

We see the heel of her foot pressed flat against Berry's crotch. There's no boner visible.

Which means the kick drove it all the way inside his body.

Berry still hasn't blinked. The tendons in his neck standing out. As *The Chicken Dance* finally ends, he topples sideways.

With a roar of fury, Tuck rushes her.

Robyn jackknifes her hips, wrapping her legs around his neck, slamming him sideways across the bed. Squeezing.

Tuck's eyes are bugging out. He beats against her legs, flopping, unable to catch a decent breath.

On the floor, Berry's eyes are glazed over. Stone cold dead.

At last Tuck digs in his pocket and pulls out the handcuff key. He holds it up to the light with trembling fingers.

INT. PLANT HALLWAY

A tuxedo-clad usher leads a group of high rollers down the hallway. He flings open the door to reveal--

INT. THE ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The circular room is packed with well-dressed socialites. In the center of the room is THE PIT, fifteen feet deep and at least twice as long, bordered on all sides by safety rails.

A server glides toward them with a tray of champagne glasses. The high rollers accept their drinks and approach the pit.

The Puppy Run is about to begin.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Directly below the arena, the faint thump of bass is audible through the walls. Telly bops his head along to the beat, eyes closed, just feeling the groove.

JOSH

Telly! Knock it off!

Telly ignores him. Annoyed, Josh struggles to his feet and skates over to where The Mexican is slumped against the wall.

JOSH

Can we get these skates off?

(No answer.)

Hey! What's your problem?

The Mexican finally looks up. His expression is terrible.

THE MEXICAN

My problem? My problem is the *malparidos* who came for me while I was sleeping, my wife beside me. They said *come or she dies*, so I let them bind my hands. The man put a gun to Elena's head. No, I said, *she carries my child*! And the man, he smiled and put the gun to her belly instead and he pulled the trigger. That is my problem.

JOSH
(long beat)
Okay. Sorry to bother you. Sir.

Josh turns and wobbles away. Patting his pockets absently.

He suddenly stops. Pulls a small plastic rectangle from his back pocket. It's the flash drive containing Ula's database.

He holds it up to the light. Putting two and two together.

JOSH
Whoa.

INT. SEDAN

The sedan tears down the empty street. Behind the wheel, Tuck is blubbering like a baby. Robyn keeps the pistol trained on him as she punches 9-1-1 into his cell phone.

TUCK
Can't believe you just left him
there to rot! Poor old bastard!

ROBYN
(into the phone:)
Hello? I'd like to report, um, a
whole lot of stuff, I guess. My
friends are being held in some
slaughterhouse and there's this
movie producer shooting people, and
also some gay rapers and Corey
Feldman was there and...what?

TUCK
(crying harder now)
Smartest man I ever met! Get him
started on Proust, maybe Chaucer,
he could talk your ear right off!

ROBYN
(into the phone:)
No, this isn't a crank call, you
dipshit! No, you watch your
language! And you better not--
(A stunned beat. She slams
the phone shut.)
Bitch hung up on me.

Tuck is lost in his grief. She nudges him with the pistol.

TUCK

And God, if you'd heard him on the violin, the way he could make that bow dance--

ROBYN

Shut up. What's this Puppy Run?

TUCK

It's just this...thing. Cuz there's no place to get rid of bodies, not in L.A., not unless you want to drive four hours to the fucking desert with all the podunk speed traps along the way. Plus, you know, it's something to do on a Friday, so that's always good.

Robyn glares at him for a beat longer. Then:

ROBYN

Drive faster.

INT. THE ARENA

The viewing area is now teeming with spectators. Gideon pushes his way through the crowd and grabs a microphone.

GIDEON

LADIES AND GODDAMN GENTLEMEN, ARE
YOU READY FOR A PUPPY RUN?

And the crowd goes wild.

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

The prisoners can hear the cheering, the chanting.

Josh hauls Telly to his feet.

JOSH

Hey! You know that database
everyone's looking for? I've got
it! Ula must have put it--hey!

He shakes Telly, but his friend is lost in a drug-fueled trance, concentrating only on the heavy thump of bass.

JOSH

Damn it. Just...just stick with me,
okay? I don't know, try to stay
behind me or something! Okay?

On the far side of the cell, a metal gate slowly rises, and the roar of the crowd comes crashing in.

Nobody moves toward the exit. Why would they?

That question is answered when the opposite gate swings open and an ARMORED GUARD emerges, carrying a flamethrower. He sprays a gout of liquid fire skyward.

ARMORED GUARD

MOVE OUT!

He advances on the prisoners, his weapon belching orange fire, driving them through the gate and out into the light.

INT. THE ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Josh and Telly emerge together, holding each other like drowning men, blinking under the harsh spotlights.

They're standing in a large cylindrical pit. Smooth walls rise toward the platform where at least sixty people are gathered to watch. Everyone is hooting and cheering.

Gideon leaps onto a table and bellows into his microphone.

GIDEON

OKAY, PUPPIES--TIME TO START
RUNNING! GO! GO! GO!

The music shifts to a cheesy disco beat. A large mirror ball on the ceiling starts spinning.

And the prisoners begin to skate.

They go around and around in a tight circle, helpless, terrified, hugging the walls. Only The Mexican refuses to participate. He stands in the center of the room, glowering.

It quickly becomes apparent that Josh sucks at skating. He wobbles desperately, careening off the walls.

Telly, on the other hand, is in his element. He rockets along, head down like a speed skater, bobbing slightly to the beat as he weaves between prisoners.

He flashes Josh a goofy smile as he zooms past again. Too blasted on ecstasy to even be frightened.

JOSH
Telly, get back here!

GIDEON
LOOK AT ALL THOSE FINE PUPPIES,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BOPPING TO
THE SOULFUL GROOVES OF THE 70s!

Gideon chooses an item from behind the table and holds it up for the crowd to see. It's a wicked-looking steel crossbow.

GIDEON
FIRST ITEM UP FOR GRABS IS A BOLT-
ACTION, SINGLE-SHOT CROSSBOW! AND I
DON'T NEED TO REMIND YOU THAT FIRST
SHOT MEANS PUPPY OF YOUR CHOICE!

Immediately people start bidding, holding wads of cash aloft.
"One hundred!" "Two-fifty!" "Four hundred!" "Eight hundred!"

GIDEON
SOLD FOR EIGHT HUNDRED TO THE
GENTLEMAN RIGHT OVER THERE!

His assistants transfer the loaded crossbow to the WINNING BIDDER, who hefts it and pretends to aim...then laughs and passes the weapon to his TROPHY WIFE instead.

In the pit below, the prisoners scramble to get out of the way. Pressing up against the walls, tripping over each other.

WINNING BIDDER
(pointing at The Mexican)
That big fella ain't moving.

TROPHY WIFE
Well, where's the fun in that?

The trophy wife has her eye on Telly. She tries to track him as he zooms around the ring, but he's just too fast.

JOSH
TELLY! GET OVER HERE!

Telly flashes past again, grinning like a madman.

TELLY
Hi, Josh!

GIDEON
TAKE THE SHOT! TAKE THE SHOT!

The crowd picks up the chant, repeating it, egging her on.

The trophy wife squints down the sights. Trying to anticipate Telly's position. She squeezes the trigger slightly--

TWANG! The bolt buries itself in the ear of the prisoner behind Telly. Blood shoots skyward. Telly doesn't notice.

An appreciative roar goes up from the crowd. A solid kill.

Pouting, the trophy wife returns the crossbow.

TROPHY WIFE
I wanted the fat one!

Meanwhile, Gideon displays a steel ball covered with spikes.

GIDEON
WE CALL THIS GLORIOUS FUCKER THE
COCONUT! BIDDING STARTS AT \$200!

The crowd cheers. A dozen different hands go up.

EXT. CIRCE FOODS PARKING LOT

Robyn opens the sedan's trunk. Gestures impatiently.

TUCK
Come on, it's bloody as shit in
there! Look, brains and everything!

She aims the pistol a little lower.

ROBYN
Option two is joining your buddy in
"Hey, Where's My Dick?" Land.

Snarling, Tuck crawls into the trunk. She slams it.

INT. THE ARENA

The Coconut comes whistling down and lodges itself in a prisoner's face. He's dead before he hits the floor.

The crowd bursts into spontaneous applause.

Someone slams into Josh, knocking him to the floor. He crawls forward, slithering through pools of blood, trying to avoid the panicked prisoners as they pinball off each other.

INT. CIRCE FOODS OFFICE

Robyn kicks out an office window. Crawls through the opening.

She pauses inside the darkened room, listening intently.

Faint music pulses in the distance. She moves toward it.

INT. THE ARENA

A winning bidder exchanges a fat roll of bills for a sleek curved hatchet. He hefts the weapon, scanning for a target.

In the middle of the pit, Josh's back is turned, his arms pinwheeling as he tries to stay on his feet.

Mr. Choppy takes aim and lets the hatchet fly--

But at that exact moment, Josh hits a patch of something slippery and goes ass-over-teakettle again--

THWACK! The hatchet whizzes over Josh's head and buries itself in the stomach of another prisoner.

Josh slithers forward, grabs the hatchet, and manages to tug it free. The injured prisoner howls.

JOSH
Sorry! Sorry!

Up on the observation deck, Gideon hoists a Molotov cocktail.

GIDEON
IT IS A SCIENTIFIC FACT THAT
PUPPIES! LOVE! FIRE!

The crowd thrusts money at him. Desperate for a chance.

Josh rolls over and begins banging on his ankle-braces with the hatchet's blade. He snaps one of the braces free and slides the first skate off. One down, one to go.

Telly races past him, humming under his breath, expertly weaving through the carnage littering the pit floor.

He veers sharply to one side as the Molotov cocktail explodes against another prisoner, instantly engulfing the man in flames. The Human Torch stumbles forward, clawing the air.

GIDEON
WE GOT OURSELVES A HOT DOG! AROOOO!
AROOOO! SMELL THAT PUPPY SIZZLE!

Telly ducks under the burning man's arms. Apart from The Mexican--who still hasn't moved an inch--he's the only prisoner still standing. And the crowd knows it.

EXT. CIRCE FOODS PARKING LOT

The sedan rocks back and forth. We hear metal straining, groaning. Then the trunk pops open.

Tuck tosses the fully-extended car jack aside and climbs out.

INT. THE ARENA

Robyn pushes through the swinging doors and stops short at the sight of the arena. The blood-splattered pit. The crowd, whipped into a savage frenzy. Gideon, holding a medieval-looking mace aloft. She takes it all in.

Gideon passes the mace to the winning bidder, who strides over to the railing. Lifts the weapon above his head.

He's aiming at Josh, who is currently working the other skate off his foot. Completely oblivious to what's about to happen.

Robyn has no time to think. She raises Tuck's pistol. Fires.

The shot catches Mace Boy in the shoulder, spinning him in a violent circle, the mace clutched in his outstretched hands.

THUMP! The mace's arc inadvertently catches the two women nearest him, sending them both toppling over the railing.

One of the women hits the ground face-first and crumples. The other manages to snag the railing and hangs there, screaming.

Josh tosses the skate aside and looks up. Sees the woman hanging there, legs scissoring ten feet above the ground.

JOSH
TELLY! BOOST!

Telly understands at once. They both race toward the woman.

Telly reaches the wall first, dropping to a hands-and-knees skid. Josh is only a second behind, propelling himself off Telly's back and leaping straight up--

He snags the woman's ankles, and the two men pulling her back up are nearly dragged over the side.

Josh scrambles up her back like a monkey and tumbles over the railing, landing in a clumsy roll.

Meanwhile, armed guards are closing in on Robyn.

She fires wildly, and the crowd panics. They surge away, carrying the guards with them.

Gideon sees what's happening. Turns to his weapon stockpile.

GIDEON

Fuck this.

He grabs the crossbow. Loads another bolt and cocks it back.

A guard opens fire, peppering the wall with bullet holes.

Robyn stumbles, covering her face, returning fire blindly.

ROBYN

Ohshitohshitohshit!

Gideon leaps atop the nearest table. Aims at Robyn.

Josh sprints toward Robyn. Grabs her by the waist. Drags her aside just as the crossbow bolt goes screaming past.

They duck behind the nearest table. Gasping for breath.

JOSH

Hi.

ROBYN

Hi.

JOSH

Wanna help me push this table?

ROBYN

Yeah, okay.

They throw their shoulders against the table and drive it forward through the crowd, knocking guests and guards aside.

The table hits the railing and pitches over the edge...but its back legs catch and the table hangs there, suspended.

Which is exactly the opening The Mexican has been waiting for. He skates forward, leaps, grabs the bottom of the table.

A guard swings a spiked bat at Josh's head. Robyn sees him coming and shoves Josh. He falls right on his ass, and the bat whiffs through the air harmlessly.

The guard's momentum carries him right over the railing. He hangs there a second, then begins to haul himself back up.

JOSH
Quick, give me the gun!

ROBYN
It's out of bullets!

JOSH
GIVE ME THE GUN!

She hands it over. Josh spins around and cracks the pistol's butt against the guard's forehead. The man falls.

ROBYN
Oh.

A clanking noise makes Josh whirl around.

It's the armored guard. The fucker with the flamethrower.

JOSH
Not good.

The guard whips his flamethrower in a tight arc, sending a crackling tongue of orange flame in their direction.

Josh and Robyn scuttle backwards, crab-walking, even as the guard continues to advance. A rolling wall of fire bears down on them, blinding, suffocating, inescapable--

The tips of Robyn's sneakers ignite. It's almost upon them--

The Mexican vaults over the railing. He catches the armored guard and twists his helmet around backwards--the man's spine popping like a party favor--without even slowing down.

The other guards aren't getting paid enough for this shit. They panic, fleeing toward the processing floor.

The Mexican roars after them like a runaway train.

INT. HALLWAY / PROCESSING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The guards and the last remaining guests sprint down the hallway, with The Mexican hot on their heels.

The machinery is still chugging along on the processing floor, mixing and grinding and dicing. The guests slam into each other, lost, confused. Total sensory overload.

And then The Mexican is upon them.

He flings a guest face-first into a mixing vat, hard enough to leave a facial indentation in the steel. Then he rockets toward a guard who is still fumbling with his gun.

He grabs the guard's arm, whipping him through the air like a propeller, before launching him into space--

With a mournful yelp, the guard sails right into the dicing blades! He breaks apart in a spray of little red pieces.

INT. THE ARENA

Josh and Robyn help Telly clamber up the table and onto the platform. He's panting, grinning from ear to ear.

TELLY

Did you guys see how awesome I was
at skating?

JOSH

Yeah, yeah, great. We gotta go.

With one smooth motion, Josh ejects the pistol's clip and slaps in a fresh one taken from the body of a nearby guard.

A second later, the arena doors fly open. Another guard bursts in, brandishing an automatic weapon.

Josh raises his pistol. Fires a single shot. No hesitation.

The thug howls, clutching his injured hand, as his gun goes spinning across the floor.

The guard takes one look at the gun still trained on him and makes a wise career choice: he flees back down the corridor.

Telly and Robyn stare at Josh. Stunned.

ROBYN
Holy fucking crap, Batman. Who
taught you how to shoot?

JOSH
Counter-Strike, mostly.

TELLY
Know what this means? Video games
do turn kids into killers.

JOSH
(having the same thought)
We can't tell anyone about this.

INT. PROCESSING FLOOR

They race onto the processing floor and stop short.

The Mexican has left a trail of destruction in his wake.
Blood and bullet casings everywhere. We can hear him in the
distance somewhere, laughing like a madman.

ROBYN
One guy did all this?

A body passes them on the conveyor belt, a fire extinguisher
protruding from the red hole where his face used to be.

They watch the body until it's out of sight. Dumbstruck.

JOSH
It's time to go.

They start forward again--

Gideon turns the corner and swings a katana at them!

Josh ducks and the blade sparks off a nearby pipe.

JOSH
Get Telly out of here!

Robyn doesn't argue. She grabs Telly's shirt and starts
rolling him toward the exit, ignoring his feeble protests.

Josh stutters backwards, raising his pistol, but Gideon
swings again, knocking the gun from his hands.

Josh dives onto the conveyor belt after the weapon, but it
slips into a groove and vanishes. He rolls to find Gideon
standing over him, sword raised triumphantly.

Josh delivers a mule-kick to Gideon's stomach, doubling him over. He rolls over, starts crawling along the belt.

GIDEON

Fucker!

Now Josh is on his feet, running atop the belt, knocking swinging pig carcasses aside. He risks a backwards glance--

--and runs right into a slab of dead hog! He loses his balance, but the hook snags his shirt, dragging him along.

Gideon is gaining on him. Knocking pigs aside. Raving mad.

Josh kicks helplessly, trying to free himself from the hook.

Gideon lunges forward, stabbing with the katana--

Josh spins around, and the blade punches through the carcass instead, emerging on the other side inches from his head.

Josh throws his weight backwards, slamming the carcass into Gideon, knocking him flat on his ass.

The conveyor belt ends without warning, and the hook carries Josh above a vat of churning pink pig broth.

Gideon isn't so lucky. He tumbles into the broth. Emerges coughing and spluttering, caked with gore.

Gideon realizes he's being sucked toward the center of the vat, where the giant mixer blades are steadily turning.

He dog-paddles frantically, but it's no use. One of the blades hooks his foot and he goes under.

And the swirling broth gets just a little bit redder.

On the other side of the vat, Josh frees himself from the hook and drops to the ground.

He spies an abandoned pistol and pockets the weapon.

JOSH

Telly? Robyn?

He turns the nearest corner...and stops cold.

Telly is lying facedown. Blood streaming from his forehead.

JOSH

TELLY!

Josh drops to his knees beside his friend, shaking his shoulder. Telly groans, comes to life.

JOSH
What happened? Where's Robyn?

TELLY
Ugh. Took her.

JOSH
Who? Who took her?

INT. SEDAN

Tuck's sedan goes screaming out of the parking lot.

Behind the wheel, Tuck has a crazed look in his eyes. Clutching the wheel so hard his knuckles have gone white.

Robyn lies in the backseat, barely conscious.

Ahead of them, the sedan's headlights illuminate--

THE MEXICAN. Skating down the sidewalk, caked with gore from head to toe. Finally enjoying himself.

THE MEXICAN
HAHAHAHAHA!

Tuck shakes his head as they pass the madman.

TUCK
One fuck of a weird night.

INT. PROCESSING FLOOR

Josh checks the parking lot door, then rejoins Telly.

JOSH
They're gone.

TELLY
We have to call the cops, right?

JOSH
Telly, you're on ecstasy. Also, scary roller skates. I'm thinking they may not believe us.

TELLY
But he's gonna kill her!

JOSH
I know, I know! Just let me think!

The room spins around him, a cacophony of noise and motion. It's deafening. Overwhelming. Hopeless.

At last Josh looks up. And he's got the Clint Eastwood stare.

JOSH
Follow me.

A pair of legs are poking out of the nearest mixing vat, rotating in a lazy circle. Josh fishes through the corpse's pockets as it passes and pulls out a fat keyring.

EXT. CIRCE FOODS PARKING LOT

Josh races across the parking lot, pressing the panic button on the keyring's fob, searching for the right vehicle. Telly rolls after him, holding his bleeding forehead.

In the distance, police sirens are quickly approaching.

TELLY
Josh! Cops!

Josh ignores him. Hitting the panic button every few feet.

Suddenly the headlights of a nearby Beamer start flashing. WOOP. WOOP. WOOP. Josh veers toward the vehicle.

JOSH
Get in!

The Beamer screeches out of the parking lot, seconds before the first police cruiser comes tearing around the corner.

INT. BEAMER - CONTINUOUS

Josh throws the Beamer around another sharp turn without ever touching the brakes. Telly hangs on for dear life.

TELLY
Where are we going?

JOSH
I'll know when I see it.

EXT. SIDE STREET / CULVERT

Tuck parks the sedan next to an empty drainage culvert.

He drags Robyn out of the backseat and marches her toward the culvert, gun pressed against the small of her back.

EXT. THUNDERCUPS

Thundercups is an all-night coffee lounge, filled with overpriced drinks, droning adult contemporary music, and java addicts pecking away on their laptops.

The Beamer skids into the parking lot and slams to a stop, knocking a garbage can end over end. Josh bolts out.

INT. THUNDERCUPS - CONTINUOUS

The CASHIER stares in disbelief at his newest customers.

CASHIER

Um, are you guys okay?

Josh is barefoot, one eye swollen shut. Telly is still wearing roller skates and nursing a serious head wound.

TELLY

Yeah. Why?

CASHIER

We, um, don't serve guys who are...shoeless.

Josh strides across the room and grabs a wireless laptop out of the hands of a preppy-looking CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER

Hey! What the hell, bro?

Without looking up, Josh aims his pistol at the guy.

JOSH

Shut up. I'm just borrowing this.

CASHIER

Is this, like, a robbery?

TELLY

(brightly)

Yeah!

JOSH
No! Is this thing online?

Without waiting for an answer, Josh pulls up a website: CELEBRITY SNOOPHOUND. Clicking links faster than we can read them, he accesses a seemingly endless list of phone numbers.

Josh scrolls down until he finds the entry for VENICE, K.

JOSH
Gotcha. Hey, I need a phone!

He looks pointedly at the laptop's owner.

CUSTOMER
What, are you serious?

JOSH
(reminding him)
Gun.

The customer grudgingly hands over his phone. Josh punches in Venice's number, and we INTERCUT with--

INT. MANSION - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Venice answers the phone on its first ring.

VENICE
Who is this?

JOSH
The guy you tried to have killed.

VENICE
Be more specific.

JOSH
Um, the one from tonight.

VENICE
The nerd?

JOSH
(slightly offended)
The geek.

VENICE
How'd you get this number?

JOSH

Here's a better question: what else
do I have that belongs to you?

Venice exhales sharply. Sinks into his desk chair.

VENICE

Well, Mister Geek, you got my full
fucking attention, that's for sure.
You mind telling me how you--

JOSH

Shut up and listen. The little guy
took my friend. She dies and this
list will be the top headline on
tomorrow's *Variety*. **Venice Menace
Gets Penance**, something cute like
that. We clear?

VENICE

Crystal.

JOSH

Then you've got a call to make.

Josh slams the phone shut.

EXT. CULVERT

Tuck shoves Robyn to her knees. She tries to fight back, but
he steps on her calf, pinning her in place.

He aims the pistol at the back of her head. Tenses.

And his phone rings.

With his free hand, Tuck flips the phone open.

TUCK

Hello? Mr. Venice! I was just--
(long pause)
But sir, this girl, she killed--
(another pause)
Yes, sir. Understood.

He hangs up the phone. Raises his face to the heavens. And
screams. As long and as loud as he possibly can.

INT. THUNDERCUPS

Josh slides Ula's flash drive into the laptop and clicks a few icons. The database's interface fills the screen. Names. Numbers. Addresses. And a whole lot of dollar signs.

JOSH
Holy crap, there's a lot of names
on here. Oh, hey, here's Harvey
Weinstein's Social Security Number!

Telly leans against the display case, humming softly, leaving little droplets of blood all over the place.

TELLY
Could I get one of these cinnamon
rolls? The big one there.

The cashier hands over the pastry. Clears his throat.

CASHIER
Um...that's \$3.95.

TELLY
Dude, I told you, we're totally
robbing you here.

Josh clicks and drags a few more icons, then he closes the laptop and pockets the cell phone.

JOSH
We're leaving.

COLLEGE KID
Hey! What happened to borrowing?

JOSH
I lied.

EXT. THUNDERCUPS

The Beamer tears ass out of the parking lot.

INT. BEAMER - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, Telly blinks slowly at the road.

TELLY
What's that thing called where you
see two of everything?

JOSH
Blunt-force head trauma.

TELLY
Yeah. Maybe I shouldn't be driving.

JOSH
You're doing fine. Just don't hit
that guy on the bike.
(He flinches.)
God, you almost hit him.

TELLY
I didn't see any goddamn guy.

JOSH
Just get back on the freeway and--
He breaks off, staring out the window, eyes widening.

JOSH
Stop the car!

TELLY
But I thought--

JOSH
Stop the car! STOP THE CAR!

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The Beamer slides to a stop. Josh hops out and hurries toward
a line of people waiting to get inside a trendy nightclub.

As he walks, Josh pulls the pistol from his back pocket.

JOSH
Hey!

The HANDSOME JOCK at the end of the line turns, smiling.

Josh flips the gun around with one smooth movement, then
cracks the handle against the Jock's nose! It's the pistol-
whip to end all pistol-whips. The Jock drops with a howl.

Josh turns away wordlessly. Stalks back over to the Beamer.

INT. BEAMER - CONTINUOUS

They keep driving. Telly's eyes are very wide, but he doesn't
say anything. At last Josh looks up.

JOSH
(explaining everything:)
Chad Hickenlooper.

INT. MANSION - STUDY

Tuck drags Robyn into Venice's study and practically flings her at the producer's feet.

VENICE
Goddamn. It was a sour fucking day in Mudville when you showed up on my porch, I'll tell you what.

TUCK
She killed Mr. Berry, sir! Kicked his cock clean off!

Venice couldn't care less. He kneels in front of Robyn.

VENICE
You better hope your little nerd's on his way here right now.

Robyn meets his gaze calmly.

ROBYN
And you'd better hope he's not.

INT. BEAMER

Josh finishes speaking to someone and hangs up the phone.

TELLY
Really think this'll work?

JOSH
Definitely not.

TELLY
Good, because I didn't want to be the one to say anything.

Josh manages a weak smile. Then, quietly:

JOSH
Thanks.

TELLY
For?

JOSH
For sticking with me.

TELLY
Best friend. It's kind of in the
job description.

JOSH
You're on the wrong side of the
road, by the way.

Telly hurriedly veers back into the right lane.

TELLY
Whoo, good eyes. Sure you don't
want me to go in with you?

JOSH
Not this time. I need you to stay
out here, be the Millennium Falcon.

Telly nods at once. As if this makes perfect sense.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY

The electric gate slides open, and Josh trudges up the path
leading to Venice's mansion. He's alone. Unarmed.

Venice's butler waits for him, flanked by two armed guards.

INT. MANSION - STUDY

The rough cut of Venice's latest movie is being silently
projected on the wall of his darkened study.

The image shows Jack Lumber wearing a kimono, folded into an
awkward lotus position. A geisha hands him a sandwich.

Venice studies the film thoughtfully. In the corner, Tuck
keeps a careful eye on Robyn.

ROBYN
Your movie fucking sucks.
(No response.)
Seriously. This is worse than *The
Village*.

Venice gestures to Tuck. The mercenary backhands Robyn. Hard.

Onscreen, Jack Lumber wolfs down his ham sandwich, a blissful
expression on his face. The best acting we've seen him do.

The butler shows Josh into the room. Venice stands.

JOSH
Howdy, *pardner*.

VENICE
Howdy yourself. Got my database?

JOSH
Sure don't.

Venice tries to hide his surprise. Turns to the butler.

VENICE
You check his pockets?
(The butler nods.)
Well, okay, Why'd you come?

JOSH
To kick the shit out of you,
mostly.

And Venice snaps. Pulls a pistol from his desk, strides across the room, presses the barrel against Josh's forehead.

Josh's voice is just loud enough for everyone to overhear.

JOSH
Come on. I thought you were
supposed to be a cowboy.

He's got him there. Venice exhales sharply. Tosses the gun aside. Begins to unbutton his dress shirt.

VENICE
You wanna die with a belly full of
teeth, ain't my business.

He gestures for his flunkies to leave the room. As Tuck drags Robyn past, she leans in close.

ROBYN
Do you even know how to fight?

JOSH
Course.
(after she's gone:)
In theory.

Onscreen, a group of ninjas have surrounded Jack Lumber. But if you think he's worried...you don't know Jack.

Underneath Venice's designer clothing, he's got a rock-hard rancher's physique. He cracks his knuckles eagerly.

VENICE

See, trouble with you little fuckersnappers these days is you're all so soft 'n squishy. You got no idea what it's like to fight 'n claw for what you want.

Venice looms over him. But Josh merely grins.

VENICE

Hell you smiling for?

JOSH

I had a database with the names and numbers of every major shitball and scumfuck in this city. You really think you're the only one I called?

And Venice stops short.

INT. BEAMER - FLASHBACK

A quick MONTAGE of Josh making phone calls in the Beamer--

JOSH

Is this Mr. Suki? Listen, I've been going over your business ledger and I was just wondering...who the fuck is buying surface-to-air missiles in Orange County?

FLASH: MR. SUKI is frantically signaling to his associates.

JOSH

Mr. Carter! That money sitting in Nassau, that's all declared, right?

FLASH: MR. CARTER is clutching his phone. Enraged.

JOSH

Mr. Pizzoli? Hey, quick question: your meth lab on Oceanfront, is that open to the public, or do I have to make an appointment?

FLASH: MR. PIZZOLI just sits there, stunned.

JOSH

I work for Kenny Venice, douchebag,
that's all you need to know!

(another conversation:)

...compliments of Kenny Venice!

(and another:)

I said Kenny Venice! Open your
goddamn goomba ears!

Venice just got real unpopular. Start spreading the news.

INT. MANSION - STUDY

Back in the present, Venice throws his hands up. Laughs.

VENICE

Well, you got me! You're the man!
Go ahead, name your price!

JOSH

Price?

VENICE

For the database. What do you want?
Money? Movie star pussy? Hey, you
wanna be in a movie, get your pussy
that way?

JOSH

You don't get it...I posted your
stupid database on the internet an
hour ago. You're already finished.

Venice grips his desk for support. Eyes bugging out.

VENICE

You...did what?

JOSH

I just came to tell you personally.
That I'm the one who did this to
you. That this is what happens when
you fuck with my friends.

With a roar of hatred, Venice charges him. He seizes Josh and
flings him across the room.

EXT. MANSION PERIMETER

A luxury sedan with tinted windows rolls to a stop in front
of the mansion. Carter's boys.

Twenty yards further down the road, an empty Hummer idles next to the security fence. The Pizzoli family.

On the opposite side of the mansion, shadows cross the perimeter, moving low and fast. Mr. Suki's associates.

Things are about to get noisy.

INT. MANSION - STUDY

Josh sits up, coughing, stunned--

--and he sees the movie being projected on the wall.

Onscreen, a thug has Jack Lumber in a crushing hug. Jack slams a forearm upwards, catching the guy square on the nose.

Venice jerks Josh to his feet. Arms wrapping around him.

Josh duplicates the forearm slam...and it works! Venice releases his grip, snarling, and Josh scrambles away.

EXT. MANSION PERIMETER

A SNIPER dressed in camo gear lies prone on a tree branch, aiming a high-powered rifle at the mansion.

Through the rifle's scope, we see Venice and Josh fighting in the study. The crosshairs move from one target to the other.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY

Carter's thugs come strolling up the driveway. One of VENICE'S GUARDS waits on the porch, arms crossed impassively.

VENICE'S GUARD

Mr. Venice isn't seeing any--

PAP! PAP! A row of small red holes appear in the goon's shirt. He tumbles lifelessly to the ground.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM

On the second floor, Tuck is startled by the gunfire. He goes to the bedroom window and peers down.

Seizing the opportunity, Robyn grabs a Golden Razzie trophy off the mantle and flings it across the room.

It catches Tuck in the throat, staggering him. Gasping, gagging, he raises his pistol--

But Robyn is already sprinting for the window--

EXT. MANSION AWNING / PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

Robyn dives headfirst through the window, lands on the sloped awning, and goes skidding down the incline.

Her momentum carries her right over the edge of the awning. She manages to snag the gutter and hangs there, kicking.

On the lawn beneath her are a half-dozen ceramic garden gnomes. Their pointed hats look ferociously sharp.

Out in the tree, the sniper can't resist such an easy shot. His crosshairs center on Robyn's back.

Inside the mansion, a goon passes the window. Stops. Steps back into view. Locks eyes with Robyn.

The goon fumbles with his weapon. Raises it--

The gutter suddenly gives way. Robyn plunges out of sight--

A second later, the sniper's shot blows the goon backwards!

Robyn hits the ground hard, flat on her back, with a garden gnome on either side of her head and one between her legs.

The crotch gnome is smiling at her. Talk about a close call.

INT. MANSION - STUDY

Venice hits Josh like a Honda Civic. A jolting impact.

On the opposite wall, Jack Lumber delivers twin karate-chops to his foe's neck, one after the other.

Josh copies the move, slamming the sides of his palms against Venice's neck. Venice howls, flings him aside.

Josh grabs for the closest weapon--a lamp on the desk--

And a sniper bullet blows the lamp right out of his hand! Except for the glow of the projector, the room goes dark.

Josh and Venice suddenly realize someone is shooting at them. They glance at each other. Then they hit the floor.

Keeping his body low, Venice scuttles toward him.

Josh glances at the screen just in time to see Jack Lumber crush an enemy's skull with a heavy ceremonial gong.

Josh grabs a coffee mug off the desk and mimics the movement exactly. The mug shatters and Venice stumbles back.

Josh is learning how to fight--in the middle of a fight--by watching a Jack Lumber movie.

Jack throws a punch. From his crouched position, Josh throws the same punch.

Jack knees a ninja in the balls. Josh does the same.

Jack bitchslaps a dude into next week. Josh's bitchslap isn't quite as hard, but his form is excellent.

Onscreen, the fight is finally over. Jack Lumber's ninja opponents lie dead or unconscious at his feet.

Kenny Venice, on the other hand, is still very much awake.

JOSH

Damn.

Venice grabs him.

INT. MANSION - BATHROOM

Corey Feldman finishes doing a line and straightens up, sniffing, rubbing his nose. Blissfully blitzed.

He notices the crackle of gunfire and moves to the window--

Just in time to see armed silhouettes sprint across the lawn!

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Corey searches frantically, tossing pillows and cushions aside. He finds an automatic pistol beneath a skin mag.

He creeps toward the window, weapon held at the ready.

Outside, another shadow flashes past. Corey sprays bullets and is rewarded with a scream of pain.

COREY FELDMAN

Fucking with the wrong Goonie...

Behind him, some of Carter's goons kick the door open. Corey spins around, but he's too slow. They open fire.

And the top of Corey Feldman's head blows apart.

The goons sweep the room, checking doors, securing windows. The LEADER nudges the corpse with his toe, impressed.

GOON LEADER
Holy shit. I think you just killed
Corey Haim.

INT. MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Venice's butler opens a display case and extracts a pair of wicked-looking ceremonial blades.

He approaches the railing overlooking the lobby. Without warning, he flings himself over the side--

INT. MANSION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

--landing with catlike grace behind one of Carter's thugs!

The thug turns just as the blade whickers through the air, cleanly passing through his neck.

The thug blinks, surprised, then a fountain of arterial blood sends his severed head skyward like a bottle rocket.

The other Carter thugs whirl around. Bullets fly.

The butler darts forward, *Matrix*-fast, flipping over the couch, spinning around the ottoman, blades flashing.

EXT. MANSION PERIMETER

In the tree, the sniper slaps another clip into his rifle.

Through the scope, we can only see Josh and Venice when they are silhouetted against the movie screen.

INT. MANSION - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Venice has definitely gained the upper hand. He's beating the living tar out of Josh.

Onscreen, a blonde in a bathrobe runs her fingers across Jack Lumber's stubbly cheek. A tender moment.

Venice grabs Josh and hurls him against the screen. They roll to the right...and a bullet hole appears just behind them!

They roll back to the left...and another bullet strikes the spot they just vacated! Now the fighters tumble out of sight.

Onscreen, the blonde turns and drops her bathrobe. She's topless, but the twin bullet holes cover her nipples exactly.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Robyn crawls through the living room on her hands and knees.

On either side of her, the Suki mobsters are locked in a furious firefight with the Pizzolis. Bullets shatter lamps and mirrors, tear through furniture, fill the air with smoke and drifting bits of fabric and paper.

One of the Suki gangsters spots her, swivels around--

--and stray bullet clips his shoulder, spinning him around. He blows the chandelier apart instead, and glass rains down.

Robyn scuttles backwards. Wincing as a dead body thumps over the top of the recliner and lands right beside her.

The Suki thugs are badly outgunned, and one by one, they're all cut down. Until only two Pizzolis are left standing.

That's when the butler comes sweeping into the room. He drives a blade right into the nearest Pizzoli's mouth.

The last remaining PIZZOLI GOON is fumbling with a grenade clipped to his belt. He pops the pin. Cocks his arm.

The butler is faster. His blade flashes, and the goon's hand sails through the air, still clutching the live grenade--

Robyn dives forward, catches the severed hand in midair, and whips it back toward its former owner--

She hits the ground. Rolls behind the nearest sofa--

In slow motion, the very literal hand grenade floats past the butler and the injured goon. They stare at it.

INJURED GOON

Heeeeeeeey.

EXT. MANSION PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

A rolling orange fireball blows out the side of the mansion.

INT. MANSION - STUDY

Just outside the projector's spotlight, Venice has lost his cool. His voice has become nasal, hysterical, with just the faintest hint of an upper-class accent peeking through.

VENICE

Did something just blow up? This is unbelievable! I haven't even finished paying this place off yet!

JOSH

What happened to your accent?
(suddenly understanding:)
Oh, you fucking poser.

Venice collides with him. Slams him to the floor, just below the projector's beam. Slowly choking the life out of him.

Josh's eyes roll back. On the verge of passing out. From this vantage point, he can just barely see--

THE MOVIE. Onscreen, Jack Lumber unleashes his full blubbery fury. A maelstrom of clumsily-timed punches and karate chops.

And it's like a can of spinach in Popeye's belly.

Josh's eyes suddenly snap into focus. His fist connects with Venice's jaw. Venice rears back, stunned.

Josh hits him again and again and again. Each impact driving Venice's head a bit higher.

Venice is now directly in the path of the projector. A perfect outline of his head is illuminated on the wall.

He cocks his head, doglike, and the silhouette does the same.

VENICE

Oh, goddamn it.

And the wall is splashed with brains.

The silhouette of Venice's head has gone from a neat oval to a messy crescent. Slowly, the shadow topples sideways.

EXT. MANSION PERIMETER

The sniper slips out of the tree and vanishes. In the distance, the remaining gangsters are also retreating.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Josh picks his way through the demolished living room. He's bleeding, dazed, a mess.

But none of that matters when he sees Robyn.

She comes limping out of the smoke. It's hard to tell who looks worse..but she still manages an enormous grin.

ROBYN

So. This kind of raises the bar for
Date Number Two, huh?

JOSH

The pressure's on. We might have to
go running with the bulls, maybe
start a fight club.

ROBYN

Or at least watch *Deep Blue Sea* and
have some awesome sex.

His smile falters. Trying to figure out if she's serious.

JOSH

You screwing with me again?

ROBYN

Just wait.

She kisses him.

After a beat, he kisses her back. And he's really good at it.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY

The door handle turns. Jiggles slightly. Then the entire door
topples over, torn completely free from its hinges.

Josh and Robyn step over the door and stumble out into the
night, practically holding each other up.

That's when Tuck comes out of the shadows behind them.

TUCK
Don't know about you, but my night
just got a whole lot better.

Josh stares at Tuck's gun for a long beat. Then--

JOSH
KAW! KAW!

ROBYN
Um, Josh?

TUCK
What are you, retarded?

JOSH
(desperate now)
KAW! KAW! KAW!

Tuck frowns at him a beat longer. Genuinely baffled.

Then he shoots Josh.

Josh reels, eyes widening, clutching his bloody shoulder.
Robyn tries to catch him, and together they fall.

ROBYN
YOU ASSHOLE!

Tuck shrugs. Guilty as charged. He raises the gun again.

And the Beamer hits him at full speed!

The car crumples against the wall, flattening Tuck into red
paste before coming to a shuddering halt.

The airbags deflate, revealing a barely-conscious Telly.

TELLY
(mumbling:)
*You're all clear, kid! Now let's
blow this thing and go home!*

Robyn drags Josh over to the Beamer. Wrenches open the back
door and shoves him inside.

INT. BEAMER - CONTINUOUS

ROBYN
You okay?

TELLY
Bleeding. Head kinda hurts.

ROBYN
Okay to drive, I mean.

TELLY
Oh, yeah, totally.

Robyn cradles Josh's head. His eyes are closed.

ROBYN
You're gonna be okay. You're gonna
be okay.

Telly pats the airbag down. Adjusts his rear-view mirror.

TELLY
We're all gonna be just fine. Next
stop, Mr. Hospital.

He throws the car in reverse and floors it--

--and they promptly slam into the police cruiser that just
pulled into the driveway behind them. Whoops.

As the cops pile out of the wrecked cruiser and advance on
them, Telly notices the flashing lights in the mirror.

TELLY
Oh good, we're there.

Then he passes out.

A second later, the flashlight beams hit Robyn's face. She
squints into the light, and we FADE TO WHITE--

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

We FADE BACK IN on Josh's hospital room. He's lying in bed,
heavily bandaged and nicely doped up.

At the foot of his bed, his father is ranting and raving. In
the corner, his mother looks distinctly uncomfortable.

JOSH'S DAD
--only thing worse than stupid is
stupid and inconsiderate, which is--

JOSH
(without opening his eyes)
Hey, dad?

JOSH'S DAD

What?

JOSH

Give it a fucking rest.

Josh's dad begins to sputter angrily. His wife takes his arm.

JOSH'S MOM

You heard him. Give it a fucking rest. Dear.

On her way out, she flashes Josh a wink. He smiles at her.

JOSH'S MOM

(whispering:)

Say hi to Telly for me!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

We INTERCUT between Telly and Robyn, who are being questioned in separate police interrogation rooms.

ROBYN

Do you know what it's like to have a gun pointed at your head? Like, six times in one night? It sucks.

TELLY

And see, the point of the game was, you weren't supposed to blink. But if you did blink, you had to drink!

ROBYN

Oh, excuse me, Officer Donut! Maybe if you guys had done your goddamn job and arrested some of those guys in the first place, it wouldn't have turned into a Peckinpah blood orgy! Ever think of that?

TELLY

And the music was like *ungh ungh ungh ungh*. You know, fast like that. But a mean kind of fast.

ROBYN

You should be giving Josh, like, a presidential medal for what he did! Or at least a jetski or something.

TELLY

If you've got any whiskey here, I
can totally show you how to play.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The DETECTIVE finishes taking Josh's statement and snaps his
notebook shut. Leans back in his chair.

DETECTIVE

You know this one'll be a bitch to
write up, right? I got witnesses
out the ass and I still don't
believe half of what you said.

Josh just shrugs. As the detective prepares to leave--

JOSH

So. Gonna arrest me now or later?

DETECTIVE

Now why would we do that?

JOSH

I dunno, because it's your job?

The detective checks to make sure nobody is listening in.

DETECTIVE

I still don't know how it happened,
but your bumblefucking knocked out
half the organized crime on the
west coast. We're talking frozen
bank accounts, a dozen arrests
already, the works. So for once,
just this once, I think we'll look
the other way.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside the room, the detective nods to Robyn and Telly, who
are waiting for their chance to visit Josh.

DETECTIVE

Y'all take care of him.

ROBYN AND TELLY

Course.

EXT. STREET - DAY

TITLE CARD: THREE WEEKS LATER

Josh hurries down the sidewalk. Except for the sling around his arm, he's looking pretty sharp in a new business suit.

A slick Hollywood type jogs after him. This is MARTY.

MARTY

Hey! Hey, Josh! Got a sec?

Josh gives him an appraising look. He doesn't slow down.

JOSH

Sorry. Job interview.

MARTY

Fuck it, I'll walk, I need the exercise anyway. So your story, man...it's shit-crazy!

JOSH

You with the press?

MARTY

Come on, I look like a keyboard monkey to you? I'm industry, baby! And the guy I work for, let's just say he wasn't in the Kenny Venice Fan Club. I dunno, Venice stole his Social Security Number or some shit like that. And now Venice is dead--okay, great--but we'd still like to piss on the grave a little bit, you know what I mean?

JOSH

I have no idea what you mean.

MARTY

Means we want to make a movie, show the world what a babyfucking sack of douche the guy was! See, we do that without you, it's libel. We do that with you, it's a biopic!

Josh finally stops. Holds his hands up.

JOSH

Listen, what happened to me, my friends, it's not a movie, okay?

MARTY

Why not?

JOSH

It's too violent, the rape stuff
wouldn't play in the Red States...

(He catches himself.)

Look, that doesn't matter. Nobody's
gonna believe any of this happened!

MARTY

So we'll make 'em believe. That's
kind of what we do.

JOSH

You're wasting your time. Sorry.

Josh starts forward again. But Marty isn't giving up.

MARTY

Okay, movie, bad idea! What about
an HBO miniseries? Or a video game?

Josh stops. Turns. Comes back.

JOSH

You know, I have always wanted to
get into game design...

INT. JOSH AND TELLY'S APARTMENT - MUCH LATER

Josh sits between Robyn and Telly on a very new, very
expensive leather couch. He's holding an Xbox controller.

All three of them are staring at the screen, mouths agape.

Onscreen, DIGITAL JOSH dives through the air in slow-motion.
He's built like Adonis. Firing his pistols John Woo-style.

Josh hammers on the attack button. In the video game, a dozen
armed Corey Feldmans are cut down in a hail of bullets.

Digital Josh stands. Hoists his smoking pistols.

And when he speaks, he sounds just like Samuel L. Jackson.

DIGITAL JOSH

I think it's time to pay Kenny
Venice a little visit.

DIGITAL ROBYN leaps through the skylight and lands beside him. Her breasts are bigger than her head, and her pink fingernails have been sharpened into lethal claws.

DIGITAL ROBYN
He's going down! Right, Telly?

A GIANT ANTHROPOMORPHIC HIPPO carrying a Gatling gun comes bounding into the room. He pumps his hoof in the air.

DIGITAL TELLY
AW, HELL YEAH!

On the couch, the real Telly covers his face.

TELLY
I'm gonna go be sick.

He stumbles out of the room.

Onscreen, the three heroes have just come face-to-face with--

DIGITAL KENNY VENICE. A cross between Yosemite Sam and a crazy mountain prospector. He brandishes his six-shooters.

DIGITAL VENICE
Y'all dadgum varmints done messed
with my plans fer the last time!
YEEEEEE-HAAAAAW!

Firing wildly at the ground, Digital Venice propels himself into the air and goes flying around the room.

Digital Josh cocks his pistols and strikes a heroic pose.

DIGITAL JOSH
I just came to tell you personally.
That this is what happens WHEN YOU
FUCK WITH MY MOTHERFUCKING FRIENDS!

On the couch, Josh drops the controller. Turns to Robyn.

JOSH
Hey. Wanna go do something else?

ROBYN
Uh-huh.

Josh aims the remote right at us and pushes a button.

CLICK.

THE END