

Hoof Harrington's Greatest Hits

by

Dutch Southern

INT. STATE PEN. CELL. DAY

ECU of A BOX, cardboard wrapped in twine. A VOICE, gravelly and hard:

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
When what you want is inside a box.
And you're not. You gotta think.
Outside the box.

Pulling back. Four walls. No windows. One steel door. And a 300 POUND SAMOAN on a cot. This is solitary confinement.

The Samoan stirs. Eyes the BOX. Wonders how it got there.

Carefully opens it. Can't believe his luck. A KEY and A KNIFE.

INT. STATE PEN. CORRIDOR. SECONDS LATER

PRISONERS watching through bars -- CHEERING. The Samoan on the move. The WARDEN leading the way, THE KNIFE at his throat. Frightened GUARDS following, unable to do anything.

EXT. STATE PEN. SECONDS LATER

An ELECTRIC GATE closing. The Samoan and his prisoner on one side. The Guards on the other.

The Samoan can't help but smile. He made it. He's a free man--

BANG! Freedom short-lived. A dead Samoan in the dirt. Guards scattering for cover. The Warden running for dear life.

Pulling back. WAY BACK. Far enough away not to be seen. HOOF HARRINGTON on his stomach. Smoking RIFLE in his hands.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
And that one didn't even make my
top five. My name is Hoof
Harrington. And these are my
Greatest Hits.

He gets up, his bones creaking. And we get our first SUPER:

HOOF HARRINGTON'S GREATEST HITS

BLACK SCREEN. Beat... then another:

NO. 5

THE COMMIE WHO KILLED KENNEDY

BOOK DEPOSITORY. SIXTH FLOOR OFFICE

Dallas, Texas. LEE HARVEY OSWALD with a rifle out the window. Pulls back the bolt, ready to fire. **Current time: 1963.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
No. Not him. The prick who actually did it.

We leave the patsy...

DEALEY PLAZA

...and we join a CUBAN with an Errol Flynn stache. Lying in the grass. A high-powered RIFLE in his hands. The PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE heading his way.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Yeah, that one. The grassy-knoll-humping-snake Jack Ruby didn't shank.

He closes an eye. And FIRES.

ZAPRUDER FILM

KENNEDY taking one to the neck. Then one to the head. Frame FREEZES. Melting away. Nothing but WHITE.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Now, I'm no Red Socks-rooting-lefty. But this is America. And here, we don't get rid of those we elect with "magic bullets". We do it with ballots, and money, and salacious rumors. That's the American way.

A CAFE

Havana, Cuba. The Cuban in a guayabera. Stuffing his face with croquetas. Not a care in the world. **Current time: 1966.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Everyone else -- we get rid of with people like me.

A SNIPER-SHOT to the neck. Then a SNIPER-SHOT to the head. It's like a Zapruder remake. *Shot-for-shot.* PATRONS scatter.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Number Five was one of my first.
Killing that cherna-guervara-fuck
put me on the map. After that, I
was able to pick my own jobs. And
name my own price.

A YOUNG HOOF

In a tree. Fresh-faced and full of spunk. Far enough away not to be seen. A smoking RIFLE in his hands. A cocksure grin on his face.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
I was on the A-list of assassins. A
young buck looking to fuck-up
anything and anybody.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY

A CLOCK RADIO SOUNDS. And Hoof wakes. Not so young anymore. A GROAN as he gets out of bed. **Current time: Today.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Why a Greatest Hits? Let me
explain.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM. DAY

Hoof in the buff, looking at himself in the mirror. Looking good -- damn good -- despite his age and the freshly stitched SCAR on his chest.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
You know when you keep hearing
about some hot-shit crooner and you
wonder why people won't shut the
hell up about him.

Opens the THURSDAY slot on the pill dispenser. Pops a handful into his mouth. No water. Water is for pussies. He chews them.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So you go to the store to buy his
album to check him out. But when
you get there, you discover he's
got over a dozen. And you can't
tell one from the next. That's what
Greatest Hits are for.

Another look in the mirror. A fuck-you flex to the AARP. He's still got it.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN AREA. DAY

Hoof pours egg whites into a skillet. Uses a spatula.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
That way you can get to know a
little bit about him, find out if
you want to know more.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. LIVING AREA. DAY

Hoof at a typewriter. A Smith Corona. Punching away. One index finger at a time. A STACK of pages beside a glass of Metamucil.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Save some money, save some time. If
he turns out to be some easy-baked
cupcake like Harry Connick Jr.,
then you're only stuck with one
coaster instead of twelve.

He takes a swig. Returning the glass to a CD labeled: *HARRY CONNICK JR'S GREATEST HITS* -- his coaster.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's what Greatest Hits are for.

INT. DIVE BAR. DAY

Hoof finishes his drink, taps the bar, and GUS gives him another.

Gus used to be a Green Beret. Has a sword with three lighting bolts inked on his arm. What red hair he's got left is cut short, almost a buzz. He looks like Louis C.K. -- if Louis C.K. used to shoot-up steroids and jump out of airplanes.

HOOF HARRINGTON
And the goddam government should
get the hell out of the banking
business. And the car-making
business. And the insurance-selling
business. And just stick to what
they're good at: the killing
business. Training men like you and
me to go in and clear the way for
their refineries.
(MORE)

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
And their contracts. And their
nation building bureaucracy.
Because that's what they're good
at. And that's where the real money
is anyway.

GUS
Amen to that, brother.

Hoof taps the bar and Gus gives him another.

HOOF HARRINGTON
And don't even get me started on
taxes.

GUS
Taxes? When did you pay taxes?

HOOF HARRINGTON
1963. And I'm still pissed about
it. Which reminds me...

Hoof pulls out a paper bag. Gus opens it, gets all wide-eyed:

GUS
No fucking way.

It's a HANDGUN. Not a Smith & Wesson. Not a Remington. Not a Colt. This is a handmade piece. Part Blade Runner future. Part Barry Lyndon past. Completely 100% badass.

HOOF HARRINGTON
I was hoping it could cover my tab.

GUS
Of course.

Gus gripping it. Weighing it. Marveling at the detail.

GUS (CONT'D)
This is amazing, Hoof. I can't
believe you made me a zip-gun.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Actually, it's more of a Borz than
a zip -- what the Chechens use
against the Russians -- but
whatever, same difference.

GUS
Where did you learn to do this?

HOOF HARRINGTON

During the Cold War, whenever you had to hit a target behind the Iron Curtain, you'd have to rat-rod your piece from whatever you could find on site, or smuggle in. And let's just say, I had a lot of practice.

GUS

Old dogs, new tricks, huh.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Something like that.

They both smile. The only two people in this dump.

INT. CARDIOLOGIST'S OFFICE. TESTING ROOM. DAY

Hoof on a treadmill. Huffing and puffing. Wires running from his chest to an EKG MACHINE.

A STONE-FACED NURSE watching a LINE bounce on the monitor.

INT. CARDIOLOGIST'S OFFICE. EXAMINING ROOM. DAY

Hoof seated on a vinyl table. DR. SAHI, an Indian in a lab coat, uses a stethoscope on his chest:

DR. SAHI

Deep breath... Good... Now let it out.

Hoof does. And Sahi gets a whiff:

DR. SAHI (CONT'D)

Jesus, what is that? Is that bourbon?

Hoof knows it is, but does a smell-check anyway.

DR. SAHI (CONT'D)

It's not even noon yet.

HOOF HARRINGTON

I thought you said booze was good for my heart.

DR. SAHI

I said wine. And a glass a day, not a bottle. Breathe in... hold it... Are you at least keeping to a daily routine like we discussed?

Hoof nods. He is.

DR. SAHI (CONT'D)
And I hope bourbon before lunch
isn't a part of it.

No comment. Sahi disapproves with a look.

DR. SAHI (CONT'D)
Now exhale... How about your diet?
You cutting back on the saturated
fats?

Hoof nods.

DR. SAHI (CONT'D)
And the sodium.

Hoof nods again.

DR. SAHI (CONT'D)
Are you exercising?

Another nod.

DR. SAHI (CONT'D)
Well, despite your best efforts the
stent seems to be working. I want
to see you in three weeks just to
make sure.

Sahi jots something down on his clipboard. And Hoof smell-checks his breath again.

INT. GROCERY STORE. AISLE. DAY

Muzak playing to Hoof's chagrin. He's deciding between two cans of beans. One says LOW SODIUM. The other doesn't... The former wins. Again, to Hoof's chagrin.

INT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY

Two rows of brownstones converted into apartments and stores. Nice neighborhood. Not too expensive. Not too crowded. Hoof rounding the corner. Heading home. A sack of groceries in his hands.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. LIVING AREA. DAY

A VHS TAPE inserted into a VCR. Jane Fonda circa '82 hopping into view. She's wearing striped leotards and leg-warmers.

Hoof, in gym shorts and a tanktop, follows her instructions:
"Head to the right... back... left, stretch it out..."

MUCH LATER

Hoof in a chair. Facing the window. Staring at the night. A PHOTO ALBUM in his lap. A glass of bourbon in his hand. A look of longing in his eyes.

The end of another day.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY

A CLOCK RADIO SOUNDS. Hoof wakes, eyes the ceiling, curses the day to come.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. LIVING AREA. DAY

Hoof's fingers PECKING away at the typewriter. Adding another page to the STACK.

For the first time, we get a good look at the place. It's small. One bedroom. One bath. The furnishings minimal.

A TV with a dial. A nice vintage turntable with two oak cabinets full of vinyl. On the floor, a very inexpensive portable CD player. And a small stack of CDs.

A couple of packed boxes against the wall. No paintings. No photographs. Just a map of the world framed in wood.

This is not the type of place you'd expect an "A-list assassin" to retire. Especially not a well paid one.

Hoof mistypes. Adds whiteout. Dries it with his breath.

EXT. HILLSIDE. DAY

Hoof, seated in the grass. Unwraps a tuna fish sandwich. Made it himself. Pulls out a sniper scope, aiming it at...

A HILLSIDE ESTATE

THROUGH THE CROSSHAIRS: NEIL NANTZ playing with his YOUNG SON. Doing father and son things. And enjoying them.

HOOF

Also enjoying them. Far enough away not to be seen. Trades the scope for a camera. Telephoto Lens. *Click!* One pic after another. Part picnic. Part stakeout.

INT. GROCERY STORE. DELI COUNTER. DAY

That goddam song from *Terms of Endearment* plays over the loudspeaker. Hoof waiting behind a WOMAN in a moo-moo dress and flip-flops. She's complaining to the DELI CLERK about the hue of her meat, wants him to sniff it.

Hoof in hell. Opting to look elsewhere, notices...

A BABY in a stroller. Staring back. All doe-eyed and blank-faced. Hoof giving a smile. The Baby returning it.

Hoof twitching his nose. The Baby responding with a chuckle.

Hoof making a Red Skelton face. The Baby starting to LAUGH--

IRRITATED WOMAN
Do you mind?

An IRRITATED WOMAN waiting for Hoof, making a show of it. Apparently, the line has progressed without him. He takes a step, fills in the gap, cursing the woman under his breath.

INT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY

Same set of brownstones. Hoof rounding the corner. Heading home. Sack of groceries in his hands, celery foliage peaking out the top--

Pfftt! A leak sprung. A MILK geyser spurting from the sack--

Pfftt! Another spout. PRUNE JUICE spraying the sidewalk--

Pfftt! BLOOD trickling from Hoof's shoulder.

Pfftt! Tink! A bullet HITTING concrete. Hoof is gone.

A THIRD STORY BALCONY

A HORRORSHOW of a man. A RIFLE with a silencer. Leaps over the railing. Landing HARD. CRUSHING the hood of a Buick.

INT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS

Hoof hotfooting it. Keeping close to the wall. Gripping his wounded shoulder--

Pfft! Tink! A bullet CLIPPING brick -- nearly clipping Hoof.

Horrorshow adjusting his aim... Hoof ducking into a doorway.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL. GROUND FLOOR. CONTINUOUS

Tink! Tink! Tink! Bullets PELTING the steel door. Hoof climbing the stairs. Lots of stairs.

INT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS

We get our first good look at Horrorshow. Muscles on muscles. Dog collar with studs. Leather jumpsuit. Purple mohawk. Glitter and war paint. More piercings than a pincushion. The worst of 80's wrestling.

Snarling. Charging towards the building.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL. 5TH FLOOR. CONTINUOUS

Hoof, winded. Chugging along. Too many fucking stairs.

EXT. BUILDING. ROOF. MOMENTS LATER

The door swinging open. Hoof bursting onto the gravel. Gasping. Grabbing his chest, his new stent throbbing. Stumbling to the edge, looking down at--

A nasty 10 story fall.

Nearby, another roof. 10 feet away. Maybe 15. He could make it. Just needs a running start.

Takes it, sprints, prepares to leap, thinking better of it, stopping, catching his breath. *Who's he kidding?* He'd never make it. Men half his age couldn't make it--

The door swinging open. A grinning Horrorshow raising his rifle. Hoof with the pivot, PISTOL drawn--

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Hoof, frozen in a killer's stance. A still-grinning Horrorshow tumbling back down the stairs, DOA.

If you ever wondered what happened to Dirty Harry, now you know.

INT. APPLIANCE STORE. DAY

White floors and white walls, sparkling with a Cinderella sheen. Row after row of consumer-friendly gadgets: shiny porcelain and shiny steel. But not a single solitary customer. Or clerk. Never is.

In the back, a LOCKED DOOR labeled EMPLOYEES ONLY.

BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR

A large office containing only the barest essentials. Hoof with his shirt off, seated on a stool, stitching-up the hole in his shoulder. We see other scars, "torture tracks".

COOP with peppered hair, looking through a stack of files. Dressed in corduroy and a pair of Chuck Taylors; he's what they call a HANDLER. Used to be Hoof's. Now he's just his friend, his oldest.

He hands Hoof a PHOTOGRAPH. A headshot of Horrorshow making a Gene Simmons' face and "devil horns" with his hands.

COOP

This him?

Hoof nodding.

COOP (CONT'D)

Called himself Horrorshow. Before that, Death Nail. And for a short time, Corpse Grinder. But his poor, poor mother; she called him Lesley Hubert Lankel. You heard of him?

Hoof shakes his head.

HOOF HARRINGTON

How come he looks like a comic book?

COOP

They all do. Some worse than others. It's their way of standing out, making a name for themselves.

HOOF HARRINGTON

I remember when the trick was not standing out, hiding in the bushes, putting as many football fields between you and the target as you could.

COOP

Not anymore. Nowadays, these kids aren't assassins, they're big-game hunters looking for heads. It's more about them than the job. Take this dingleberry, calls himself "Dandy Andy".

Holds up a headshot of DANDY ANDY. Exactly as described:

COOP (CONT'D)

Wears a pinstripe, feather in his fedora, gardenia on his coat, wingtips and spats on his feet, and a pencil-thin under his nose. Thinks he's Jimmy-fucking-Cagney. But he doesn't stop with the wardrobe. No, not "Dandy Andy". He uses a real-life, honest-to-god 1926 Thompson Submachine Gun. Won't use anything else. Do you know how hard it is to get ammo for a vintage 1926 Tommy Gun? Not to mention how many times a mag on an antique like that will jam. It belongs in a goddam museum. Not in the hands of a 24-year-old trick-or-treater. Point is, with the kids today it's not about doing a good job. It's about being a star.

Hoof considers this, studying Horrorshow's pic:

HOOF HARRINGTON

So, what's his beef with me?

COOP

There's no easy way to say this. There's a contract out on you.

Hoof gives a chuckle, something he rarely does.

COOP (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Hoof.

Hoof realizes he is, loses the grin...

COOP (CONT'D)

You gotta go underground. Get out of town--

HOOF HARRINGTON

Bullshit. Who is it?

Coop takes a breath. Doesn't want to say it, but has to...

COOP
Big Blu.

Hoof wasn't expecting that. A sucker-punch to the gut.

HOOF HARRINGTON
So, he knows.

Coop gives a solemn nod. And Hoof makes a solemn face, remembering via VOICE-OVER:

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Greatest Hit Number Four: Son of
Big Blu.

And we go to BLACK. There's a beat... then the SUPER:

NO. 4
SON OF BIG BLU

BIG BLU'S ESTATE. LIBRARY

BIG BLU posing with his Stetson on. One boot resting on a stool. A shotgun resting on his shoulder.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Big Blu was apple pie, baseball,
and trickle-down economics all
rolled into one. A bootstrapper who
got rich the American way, by
finding a need and exploiting the
hell out of it.

Pulling back, we see an ARTIST painting Blu's portrait. The stool has been replaced by a DEAD GRIZZLY BEAR.

STILT HOUSE

Hanoi, Vietnam. Four walls of polished wood. On one wall, a dartboard with a photo of Lyndon Johnson. On the floor, Big Blu with HO CHI MINH. They shake hands. **Current time: 1964.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
That need was war-weaponry. The
exploited: anyone with a beef. Blu
was a gunrunner of the highest
order, loyal to no one. To no
country. To no cause. And to
nobody.

COURTHOUSE

We wait amongst a mob of REPORTERS. Doors swinging open. Big Blu and his LAWYER leaving a hearing. Microphones and cameras thrust in their faces. Questions shouted. He only answers us:

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Whenever his patriotism was
questioned, he would always
answer...

BIG BLU
Nothing more American than free
market capitalism. Except for maybe
black market capitalism.

He flashes us a shit-eater, adds a wink. Said too much; the Lawyer knocks the camera out of our hands.

FMLN CAMP

Perquin, El Salvador. A guerilla base made from limbs and leaves. A FMLN banner along with a bullet-riddled photo of Reagan. CHILDREN armed with M16s. Big Blu shaking hands with their GENERAL. Another deal sealed. **Current time: 1981.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
He made his first million during
the Cold War. When the commies
dried up, he turned to the driest
place on earth.

TRAINING CAMP

Kandahar, Afghanistan. MEN in turbans move across monkey bars. OTHER MEN in turbans FIRE assault weapons at a portrait of Clinton. Their BEARDED LEADER shaking hands with Big Blu. **Current time: 1998.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
And that million became a billion.

A FRAMED PORTRAIT

Big Blu and his big-haired WIFE give toothy smiles. Their portrait expanding. CHILDREN magically appearing.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
As his empire grew, so did his
family. Churning out more kids than
a Mormon without a wife-limit.

Big Blu and his Wife, now with a total of 12 SONS. The last, a small child named RILEY BLU. We push-in on him.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The last of the litter he named
Riley.

BIG BLU'S ESTATE. DINING ROOM

Riley Blu seated before a birthday cake, surrounded by FAMILY and FRIENDS, blowing out FIVE CANDLES.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Riley Wilson Blu, the runt of the
family.

20 YEARS PASS in 24 frames. RILEY BLU (now 20 years older) seated before another birthday cake, surrounded by FAMILY and FRIENDS, blows out 25 MORE.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Riley Wilson Blu, the Polanski of
the family.

His attention shifts, noticing MADDIE, a little girl in the back. We follow his POV, moving past everyone, stopping on her sweet face.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He liked them young. And he liked
them drugged.

BACKYARD

Little Maddie swings. Notices Riley watching from the gate. He gives her a wave. She returns it with a smile.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
He'd done it before. Several times.

TOWN CAR

Maddie and Riley together in the back. He empties a thermos into her mug, gives her a reassuring nod and she drinks. In the front seat, RILEY'S CRONY drives, watching through the rearview.

BIG BLU'S ESTATE. RILEY'S BEDROOM

Maddie unconscious, laid out on the bed, still fully clothed. A purple juice-stain on her upper lip. Riley unbuttoning his shirt. Getting ready. The Crony watching from the corner.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Maddie's shirt, inside out, hastily put back on. Riley buttoning his. Something is wrong. He checks her pulse. There isn't one.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
But this time, he mis-mixed. Too
much ketamine. Not enough grape
juice.

BACKYARD

A full moon overhead. Riley and his Crony placing Maddie's little body in the grass.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Normally, this wouldn't have
registered higher than a "minor
inconvenience" on the Riley Richter
Scale.

NEXT MORNING

The sun rising, shining on the dead girl.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
But this wasn't just any little
girl.

A SHADOW creeping up, covering her whole.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This was the daughter of Tony T. A
powerful man who only cared about
one thing...

It's TONY T. A mass of a man. Eyes welling as he scoops up his daughter's limp body.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Her.

A BASEMENT

Tony T and TWO ASSOCIATES pummel the Crony. Tony asks again. The Crony, with a broken jaw, answers the only way he can, using the blood on his finger to write the name... *RILEY BLU.*

Tony looks stricken. Wasn't expecting that. COCKS a 9mm against the Crony's head... hesitates... gently lays the hammer back down. He can't do it.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
But Tony wasn't a killer. No matter
how much he wanted to be. So he
went to someone who was.

APPLIANCE STORE. BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR

Awkward with a capital "A". Tony T, pleading. Hoof shaking his head. Coop, no help at all, just staring at the floor.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
But I couldn't do it. I knew Blu.
And I knew Riley. And that would
make it personal. And I don't do
personal.

Tony dropping to his knees, begging Hoof. But Hoof can't. He's sorry, but "no way". A last ditch effort by Tony; he pulls out a PHOTO, holds it up for Hoof to see:

TONY T
He didn't just kill her...!

It's Tony with his daughter. Happy as can be. Hoof knows what he has to do. Accepts with a reluctant nod. A grateful Tony hugging the hell out of him. Hoof wishing he wouldn't.

DARK, CONFINED SPACE

We can make out Hoof's hard features as he waits.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
It was my last job. And not a bad
one to end on. Some might even
argue I was doing the world a
favor. Lord knows, I made that
argument myself.

Ready. He takes a breath. And opens the door.

RILEY'S BEDROOM

Hoof out of the closet, now in the room. An 8-YEAR-OLD GIRL startled. Dropping a mug. PURPLE JUICE staining the floor.

RILEY BLU
Hoof?

Riley confused. Hoof drawing his PISTOL.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Close your eyes.

The Girl does as she's told. And Hoof aims for the head.

RILEY BLU
Hoof, it's not what it looks like--

BANG! -- a Rorschach bloodblot on the wall.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
I did it up close. And personal. I
never do that. But I felt I owed
Blu that much. Because even if it
wasn't personal -- it was.

The locked door RATTLING. Someone trying to get in. Hoof grabbing the Girl. The door BURSTING OPEN. Big Blu flanked by THREE OF HIS CREW.

All eyes on an OPENED WINDOW. Curtains dancing in the breeze.
Blu discovers his murdered son. Cradles him. Weeps and wails.

BIG BLU'S ESTATE. MASTER BEDROOM

Blu practically catatonic. In a hospital bed. Hooked up to all sorts of machines.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Riley's death was too much for Blu.

MIKE (who we'll also come to know as THE WINDOW GUARD) hands Blu an ANONYMOUS NOTE. On one side:

WHO SLEW LITTLE BOY BLU?

On the other:

HOOF HARRINGTON, THAT'S WHO.

Blu can't believe it... *impossible.*

LATER

Blu still in bed. The 8-Year-Old-Girl standing at the foot. Her PARENTS behind her. Blu holding up a SKETCH of Hoof.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Blu was bound to find out.

The Girl nods. And Blu starts to shake. Mike quickly handing the Parents a wad of bills as he escorts everyone outside.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Serves me right for breaking one of
my rules. Never hit up close and
personal.

Blu left alone, SCREAMING like a madman.

BACK TO:

BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR

Current time: Today. Hoof and Coop right where we left them. Hoof with the poker-face, posturing pure McQueen machismo:

HOOF HARRINGTON
I don't see what the problem is. He
hired a guy. I killed the guy. It's
a wash.

COOP
The problem is he didn't hire a
guy. He didn't hire anyone. He just
posted a bounty and pointed at you.

HOOF HARRINGTON
What in the hell does that mean?

COOP
That means it's an open contract.
That means it's open season on your
ass. That means any upstart looking
to make a name, or a hall-of-famer
looking to make his mortgage, is
going to be taking a shot at you.
You're Hoof Harrington. You're the
biggest trophy a big-game hunter
can get. Not to mention, it's the
biggest payday I've ever seen on a
single in-state job. EVER.

Hoof finally gets it... worse than he originally thought:

HOOF HARRINGTON
So, how do I void the damn thing?

COOP
I only know of two ways...

INT. BIG BLU'S ESTATE. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY

Big Blu in his signature Stetson. Still in the hospital bed. Looking like Abe Vigoda warmed over. All sorts of tubes attached to all sorts of places. A heart monitor with a steady BEEP. A NURSE reading a Harlequin in the corner.

The phone RINGS. He answers:

BIG BLU
Hello.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
This is Hoof.

Big Blu goes white, then red, then purple. The heart monitor goes ape-shit. The Nurse looking up from her book.

BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR

Hoof on the phone. Coop on pins and needles.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Did you put a contract out on me?

BIG BLU (V.O.)
Would've put out a thousand more if
I could, see you die that many
times.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Look, he was out of control and you
know it. If it hadn't been me, it
would've been somebody else. Maybe
even you. Hell, you might even say
I did you a favor.

BIG BLU (V.O.)
A favor!?

HOOF HARRINGTON
Damn straight, a favor. You got
your closet cleaned for free.

BIG BLU (V.O.)
Guess what, hotshot? I just added
another zero to your head! How do
you like that!?

Hoof takes a deep breath, keeping his cool.

HOOF HARRINGTON
No way I can reason with you?

BIG BLU (V.O.)
I'm gonna piss on your grave.

DIALTONE. Blu with the hang-up. Coop keeping hope alive:

COOP
How did it go?

HOOF HARRINGTON
And the other way to void a
contract...

Coop sighs.

COOP
Kill the signatory.

Hoof takes a seat, doesn't like the sound of that, weighs his
options... realizes he doesn't have any.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. LIVING AREA. DAY

Hoof returns home. RE-LOCKS the three deadbolts. SHUTS the
blinds. Peaks out -- scouting the skyline.

Opens one of the boxes. Pulls out a chalkboard. Not a dry
erase board -- A CHALKBOARD.

Hangs it on an existing nail. Admires it. Straightens it.

Opens another box. Pulls out an attache case. Does the combo.

A RIFLE in 5 pieces: barrel, scope, silencer, stock, and
magazine.

A LITTLE LATER

Hoof on the floor. The RIFLE in even more pieces. Some drying
on newspaper. Others being cleaned.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY

A CLOCK RADIO SOUNDS. And Hoof wakes, his brain pleading with his body to stay put. Body wins. Hoof GROANS.

EXT. HILLSIDE. DAY

Hoof in the grass. Having another picnic/stakeout. Boiled egg in his hand. Sniper scope at his eye...

THROUGH THE CROSSHAIRS: In the front yard, Neil Nantz and his Young Son having a picnic of their own. Also in attendance: BILL & JILL NANTZ (Neil's parents) and SARA (Neil's wife). Another kodak moment with the Nantz family.

HOOF

Taking advantage of said "moment" with a Telephoto Lens.
Click!Click!Click! One pic after another.

INT. DIVE BAR. DAY

Hoof's hand-made PISTOL, now a mantelpiece, hung proudly over the bar. Hoof on a stool, putting together his RIFLE, checking the scope. Gus taking a break from his racing form:

GUS

You ever thought about an upgrade?
Maybe getting a new rifle to go
with the new century?

HOOF HARRINGTON

This is a '63 Model 70. They don't
make them like this anymore -- pure
perfection.

GUS

If it's so goddam perfect, then why
did they stop making them?

HOOF HARRINGTON

Because they had to. In '64, the unions Marx'd and Mao'd Winchester until they raised wages. Once that happened, costs went up. And when costs go up, craftsmanship goes the way of the dodo bird. That meant no more Mauser extractor, no more fixed ejector, no more cone breech, and no more giving a shit.

(MORE)

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

Now, all you can get you're hands
on are assembly line pea-shooters.
And they're about as accurate as a
wet fart.

Everything checks out; Hoof breaking the rifle back down.

GUS

But does it still work.

Hoof checking to see if Gus is fucking with him. He is. But Hoof continues anyway:

HOOF HARRINGTON

This is a fifty-year-old rifle,
Gus. Not your fifty-year-old cock.
Of course it still works. Every
target I've ever had to take
outside a hundred-yard range, I've
taken with this bad-boy right here.
Used it to pull Hoffa's card in
'75, Bin Laden's in '03, and a
whole helluva lot more in between.

GUS

You gonna use it to pull Big Blu's?

This gives Hoof pause. He hadn't really thought about it. Doesn't want to think about it. Finishes his drink instead.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Tell me something, Gus. You ever
wonder how your life might have
ended up had you done this instead
of that, or that instead of this?

GUS

You mean like, what-if I hadn't
cold-cocked Sergeant Shit-for-
brains? Would I still be in the
Corps today? Maybe even a career
man? Or would I have ended up here
anyway, slinging drinks to dole-
hounds, getting paid in zip-guns
and IOUs? Is that what you mean?

Hoof nods.

GUS (CONT'D)

Hell no. Thinking like that will
only drive a man nuts.

(MORE)

GUS (CONT'D)

Until Bill Gates builds a time machine, thinking about anything other than how you're going to spend your weekend is futile and pointless. Not to mention goddam depressing.

Gus returns to his racing form. And Hoof returns to his glass. His mind working, his thoughts via VOICE-OVER:

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

Doesn't matter who you are. Or what you've done. Everyone with a greatest hits has a worst. That's how you tell "the greatest" once its got. By comparing it to the shit. Clapton has "Wonderful Tonight"...

EXT. CEMETARY. DAY

Hoof kneeling beside a TOMBSTONE. Removing a bouquet of flowers, replacing them with a fresh bunch. He takes a seat.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

...Neil Diamond has "You Don't Bring Me Flowers", Dylan has that turd of a tune, "Lay Lady Lay". And Rod Stewart has everything he's ever recorded after 1972. Me, I have the Winslow Job. My worst hit by a long-shot. Literally.

BLACK SCREEN. A beat... then the SUPER:

THE WINSLOW JOB

TV SCREEN

A 70s era CAMPAIGN AD with all the standard bullshit photo-ops: SENATOR WINSLOW shaking hands with blue-collar folk, kissing babies, posing at a construction site with his sleeves rolled up, and then the slogan:

VOTE FOR THE MAN YOU KNOW. VOTE TO RE-ELECT SENATOR WINSLOW.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

Senator Winslow represented one of those states where schools can't pledge allegiance to the flag but it's your civic duty to burn one, where they execute the unborn but the death penalty is cruel and unusual, where illegals get amnesty and natural-borns get audited, hell, you know the place...

A burst of ELECTRONIC NOISE. Another recording coming through. The picture settling on a HOME VIDEO:

A hairless DUDE on a bed in a speedo. A line of coke where his "happy trail" should be. Senator Winslow putting a straw to his nose, making the line disappear.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But even in the most liberal of states, a politician can't expect to be re-elected when he's caught on tape sucking coke and snorting cock...

PULL BACK from the TV SCREEN to see we're in...

SENATOR WINSLOW'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

Senator Winslow watching the INCRIMINATING VIDEO. Teary-eyed, humiliated, frightened: a fucking cliche. Coop by his side, giving him his options.

A younger Hoof in the corner, his back to everything but a glass of bourbon and a framed PORTRAIT. The latter featuring THE WINSLOW FAMILY (dog included). **Current time: 1976.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

...not when he's got a wife, two kids, and a dog named FDR. The public can put up with a lot, but being force-fed bullshit and told it's caviar, that's a little much for any constituent to swallow.

AN EMPTY PARKING LOT

Winslow making a meet. Trying to be inconspicuous. Handing a bag to the EXTORTIONIST (the Dude with the cocaine on his abdomen).

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 Winslow paid off his co-star twice.
 Neither time took. The threats kept
 coming.

The Extortionist unzips the bag. Flush with CASH. He smiles.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That's when he decided to pay me.

FANCY HOTEL. EXTORTIONIST'S ROOM

The Extortionist eating lobster, drinking champagne straight from the bottle, living high off of Winslow's money.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 The target got a room at a five-star downtown.

SEEDY HOTEL. LOBBY

The NIGHT CLERK busy watching TV. Barely noticing Hoof exchanging cash for a key.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 And I got a room at a half-star across the street. The kind of place where you pay by the minute, and no one pays attention to your face.

SEEDY HOTEL. HOOF'S ROOM

You can practically smell the bodily fluids left behind. Wallpaper peeling, ceiling leaking, air conditioner rattling, and bed bugs waiting. Hoof's RIFLE at the window. His eye at the scope, trained on...

A WINDOW (AT THE FANCY HOTEL)

THROUGH THE CROSSHAIRS: The Extortionist in Hoof's sight, snorting some blow, oblivious to what's to come.

HOOF

Pulling the trigger -- *Pfftt!* -- a shot FIRED. And we PAUSE.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 Twelve hours earlier...

THE NANTZ RESIDENCE. BEDROOM

An early morning glow seeping through the blinds --
WHOOOMPAAAAM! -- A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION DOWNSTAIRS -- Jill & Bill Nantz jolted awake.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
...Jill and Bill Nantz woke...

THE NANTZ RESIDENCE. DOWNSTAIRS

A cautious Bill creeping down the stairs, his eyes widening at the sight of...

A GIANT REDWOOD in the middle of his living room. The roof in bits and pieces all around.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
...to find their sequoia no longer in their backyard.

FANCY HOTEL. THE NANTZES' ROOM

Bill with the luggage. Jill with the BABY.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
The insurance company put them up in a five-star downtown.

The BELLHOP showing them the amenities. The Nantzes noticeably impressed.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They decided to make the best of a bad situation...

LATER THAT NIGHT

The Nantzes lounging around in complimentary robes. Eating ice cream sundaes. Watching HBO. Truly making the best of it.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
...unaware of just how bad it was really going to get.

EVEN LATER

The Baby CRYING. Jill and Bill suddenly awake. Jill getting out of bed. Bill giving her a supportive pat on the back before drifting back to sleep.

Jill cradling the Baby, beginning to breast-feed.

HOOF

Right where we left him. At the window of the SEEDY MOTEL. The Extortionist in his sight, trigger pulled -- *Pfftt!*

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
I knew as soon as the bullet left,
something was wrong.

THE BULLET

Slowed down so we can ride along:

Whoosh! Through the air...

Chink! Through the glass window of the FANCY HOTEL...

BAM! Between the eyes of the EXTORTIONIST...

Splat! Out the back of his HEAD...

Thunk! Through the blood-spattered WALL, and into...

THE NANTZES' ROOM (NEXT DOOR)

Bill sound asleep -- *THUD!* -- not anymore. Turning on the table lamp, discovering...

His wife and child now on the floor. NEITHER MOVING.

FANCY HOTEL

An addled Hoof amongst a crowd of ONLOOKERS, watching the PARAMEDICS load two ambulances. One with a BODY BAG. The other with Jill. A distraught Bill climbing in with her.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
I took their son.

HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

An anxious Hoof, eyeing the ENTRANCE doors. They swing open. And out comes Bill pushing Jill in a wheelchair, discharged.

THE NANTZ RESIDENCE

Bill helping Jill out of their car, and into their home. Hoof watching from afar. Wanting to do something. *But what?*

MONTHS LATER

Now with snow on the lawn. An excited Hoof RINGING the doorbell, running to hide, watching from a safe distance...

The door opening. Jill and Bill in pajamas and robes.

TWO CORVETTE STINGRAYS in their driveway. One pink. One blue. Both brand new with bows on top. A CARD included.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
I started to give them things.

A bewildered Bill opens the card. No signature. No explanation. Just the prerequisite greeting: *MERRY CHRISTMAS!*

ANOTHER DAY

THROUGH A WINDOW: Jill doing housework. Suddenly overcome with emotions. Tears gushing. Can't make them stop.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
But no matter what I gave, it could never make up for what I took.

A guilt-ridden Hoof, walking away.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RANCH HOUSE. DAY

Current time: Today. And today is OPEN HOUSE. No furnishings except for three card tables: one with drinks, one with finger foods, and one with brochures and a sign-in sheet. Lots of PEOPLE drinking, eating, eyeing the property.

Hoof enters, aviator shades up over his eyes, collar up over his face. Grabs a brochure. A SHRILL VOICE stopping him cold:

LADY REALTOR
Yoo-hoo! Don't forget to sign in!

A LADY REALTOR, in Tammy-Faye make-up and poodle hair, calling from across the room:

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)
Hancock your John, mister. Or no
deviled eggs for you.

She wags a playful finger at Hoof. He obliges, signing
RANDOLPH SCOTT before ducking into the...

DINING ROOM

Head down, brochure up, most of Hoof's face covered. Gazing
out a massive PICTURE WINDOW. A perfect view of...

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

Right across the street. Surrounded by a massive fence. TWO
SECURITY GUARDS positioned at the gate.

LADY REALTOR

Appearing beside Hoof, handing him a cup of punch and a
napkinful of goat cheese and deviled eggs.

LADY REALTOR
That's Big Blu's place.

She gives a knowing nod. And he gives the appropriate eyebrow
raise.

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)
But don't let that scare you. He's
really a sweetheart, hardly the
monster the media likes to portray.

Hoof eyes the HIGHEST WINDOW. One of many. He can see the
Nurse reading her book. And Mike (the Window Guard) eyeing
the grounds from within.

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)
You know what he did when the
owners of this reasonably priced
property had to move? He offered to
point one of his camera-thingies
right this way. Just to be
neighborly.

Hoof notices that CAMERA(-thingy) aimed right this way. One
of MANY CAMERAS. The others panning Blu's property.

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)
That's a perk they don't mention in
the brochure.
(MORE)

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)

The best security money can buy and
you'll practically be getting it
all for free, just by moving in.

Hoof notices an armed SECURITY GUARD on the rooftop with a walkie-talkie.

The Lady sizing Hoof up. He's old. But so is a '69 Charger. And those V8s have more steely kick than half the Jap-made electrics on the recall list. That's what Hoof would say.

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)

Is there a Mrs. Randolph Scott? I
hope you don't mind, but I noticed
your name on the sign-in sheet.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Not at the moment. Just me.

LADY REALTOR

*O-really? Isn't this a pretty big
place for just one man?*

HOOF HARRINGTON

Well, I'm a pretty big man.

That's it. She's sold. A hot-flash in progress:

LADY REALTOR

Oh, my... you... goodness...

A giggle. And a quick retrieval of a BUSINESS CARD.

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)

That's got my name and cell. If you
ever want a more *private* tour, just
give me a ring-a-ding-ding.

She gives his biceps a parting squeeze before scuttling after a WEALTHY LOOKING COUPLE who have just entered:

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)

Yoo-hoo! Don't forget to sign in!

INT. APPLIANCE STORE. BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR. DAY

Coop retrieves a cylinder tube. Flattens the contents over the desk. It's A FLOOR PLAN. Hoof looking it over, each BOX representing a room in Big Blu's estate.

HOOF HARRINGTON

No renovations.

COOP

Not since '82. Added a bedroom when Riley was born.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Should've added a padded one.

COOP

So what do you think?

HOOF HARRINGTON

I think it's Fort-fucking-Knox. Security out the ass and ears. You can't hardly make it down the street without getting sketched. And to makes things worse, they got Rapunzel in his own tower cell.

(pointing to BLU'S ROOM)

And he never comes out. Not even to piss. Absolutely no shot from outside. Got at least one gunman by his bed. Another above his head.

(pointing to the ROOF)

Not to mention, two by the gate. And lord knows how many inside.

Coop lays a transparency on top. A BLUEPRINT of exact dimensions. Lined up perfectly -- new details revealed -- TINY CONES in the corners of each ROOM. Hoof tapping them:

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

And these are the cameras?

COOP

One in every room. Installed two days after you hit Riley.

Hoof noticing something. Tapping the stairwell:

HOOF HARRINGTON

What about the main stairs?

COOP

(double-checks)

Well looky there, you got yourself a blind-spot.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Then I've got a starting point.

COOP

Not if you're trying to reach the second floor. Which you are.

(MORE)

COOP (CONT'D)
 Every room and every window is
 rigged with CCTV 20/20 vision.
 You'll have a pair of eyes on you
 at all times.

HOOF HARRINGTON
 What's the rotation? Two...? Three
 seconds?

COOP
 Try no seconds. The interior cams
 don't pan and scan. They're static.
 A complete panoramic view: morning,
 noon, and night.

HOOF HARRINGTON
 That's gonna be tricky.

COOP
 Like a three-handed whore.

Hoof admires the schematics, almost impressed:

HOOF HARRINGTON
 They got the sonuvabitch in a box.

COOP
 Well, you know what they say. When
 what you want is inside a box. And
 you're not...

Hoof starts to smile.

HOOF HARRINGTON
 You got to think. Outside the box.

INT. HOOF'S APARTMENT BUILDING. HALLWAY. NIGHT

The sound of a bright idea -- *Ding!* -- as the elevator doors open. Hoof exiting, a sack of groceries in his hands.

Stops at his apartment. Digs out his keys -- *but the door is already open* -- he pushes it the rest of the way, sees...

BETTY RAGE, arched against his wall, waiting. Mod bangs, jet black hair in a ponytail. Heart-shaped lips a glossy red. A black corset tied tight. Fishnets with matching opera gloves. And a GATLING GUN strapped to her back. She's a 6-foot pinup ready to pounce.

BETTY RAGE
 They call me Betty Rage. And you
 must be Hoof Harrington.
 (MORE)

BETTY RAGE (CONT'D)
Full disclosure, I'm a fan. In
fact, I've been dreaming of this
moment since I was a little girl.

HOOF HARRINGTON
...*thanks*...

BETTY RAGE
So, you ready to get licked?

A lick of the lips for emphasis. Hoof paralyzed by an
onslaught of what-the-fucks.

Rage with the weapon retrieval. In one motion, the MACHINE
GUN unholstered and on FIRE -- *BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!* --
Hoof SLAMMING the door. Hitting the floor. The wood barrier
BLOWN to bits. *BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!*

A sudden ceasefire.

Hoof, covered in splinter and soot. His heart racing. His new
stent throbbing. He clutches his chest, eyes THE ELEVATOR.

BETTY RAGE

Admiring the HOLE she just made. Adjusting her aim. Heels
CLICKING as she heads for the hallway.

HOOF

Gripping his sidearm. Eyeing that ELEVATOR. Heels CLICKETY-
CLACKING, closer and closer. One deep breath. A silent
prayer. And Hoof makes a run for it--

BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG! Drywall turning to dust. A
barricade of BULLETS. Hoof taking cover. His PIECE skidding
across the floor. *BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!*

BETTY RAGE

BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG! Squeezing the trigger. Shredding
the wall between her and Hoof. All exposed flesh jiggling
from the recoil. Kind of hot if you're not in her crosshairs.

Another ceasefire.

HOOF

Heaving. His chest pulsating, burning. Reaching into his coat, he pulls out a bottle of pills. Takes two. Heels CLACKING closer. He spots his PIECE down the hall.

Makes a run for it -- *BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!* -- Hoof back on the floor. More bullets. More holes. More obstacles keeping him from that goddam gun. *BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!*

Another ceasefire.

Hoof opening his eyes, covered in rubble. Debris all around. Heels CLICKETY-CLACKING. Rage cornering the old man.

Hoof looking up. Long legs leading to a sexy smile. He returns an awkward one. The GATLING aimed his way. Hoof just a finger squeeze away from an eternity in hell.

BETTY RAGE

Well, color me disappointed. Here I was hoping you'd play harder to get.

HOOF HARRINGTON

We could start all over again. You go back into my apartment. I go back into the elevator.

He smiles something sheepish. She can't help but return it.

BETTY RAGE

You're cute for a dead man.

His smile fades. This is it. Ready, aim -- *Ding!* -- the elevator doors opening. Rage adjusting her sights. But it's empty. No one inside. Just a distraction. The MAN responsible for said distraction coming up from behind. Coming up fast.

In an undertaker's suit. All black except for a dash of red, his socks, playing peak-a-boo as he glides towards his prey.

Rage sensing something, whips around, but it's too late -- anaconda arms wrapped around her neck. Rage BUCKING like a bronco, her gun knocked to the floor.

A BLADE. Across her throat. And a GUSH of red.

Hoof ready with his piece... but no need. The Man carving away. A blood flow down her front. Her knees buckling, collapsing like a gazelle bled-out by a lion.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Hey...

Betty Rage twitching. The Man still working, back and forth.

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
...that's enough.

The Man doesn't seem to think so, gripping a handful of hair. YANKING. The head off with a TEAR. Landing at Hoof's feet.

Hoof can't believe his eyes. The Man staring back, wipes away some blood, revealing a twisted smile.

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
 Who are you?

GRAND GUIGNOL
 I'm Grand Guignol. And you have
 three days to kill Big Blu, before
 I kill you.

He tosses a BUSINESS CARD. Eggshell with Romalian type:

BANG!

Hoof flips it over:

YOU'RE DEAD.

Hoof with a question. But no one to ask. Just Rage, left open like a spilt bottle of ketchup. There's a taut beat before Hoof finally finds the words. They come via VOICE-OVER:

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 Three days to kill Big Blu. That's
 what I do. Used to do it for money.
 Now I do it to stay alive. Hard to
 believe there was a time when I
 didn't do it at all. Greatest Hit
 Number Three: Alias Arthur Rimbaud.

Screen goes BLACK. There's a beat... then the SUPER:

NO. 3

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD

A TOYOTA HILLUX

Riddled with pockmarks and bullet holes. A Toubou DRIVER in Bootsy Collins shades. A cloud of Sahara dust in his wake. The TIBESTI MOUNTAINS on the horizon.

In the back bed, Big Blu holding onto his Stetson, a smile on his face.

Beside him, a younger Hoof -- no smile, no nothing, the constant curmudgeon, no matter his age. **Current time: 1978.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Back in the day, between jobs, I used to work for Blu. He called me his "long distance bodyguard". But what I really was, was his proxy. My job was to take out his competition. And back then, Blu had no bigger competition than a man named Alias Arthur Rimbaud.

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD'S ESTATE. LIBRARY

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD, part Peter Sellers/part Jean-Paul Belmondo, posing with his trilby hat. One foot resting on a stool. A shotgun resting on his shoulder.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Alias Rimbaud was the Big Blu of the French Riviera.

Pulling back, we see an ARTIST painting Rimbaud in some fucked-up Cubist fashion. The stool has been replaced by what looks like a DEAD LION.

FLN HEADQUARTERS

Algiers, Algeria. A lighthouse turned into a war room. A FLN flag on the wall. A transistor radio on the desk. A photo of Charles de Gaulle converted into a dartboard. Rimbaud shaking hands with HOUARI BOUMEDIENE. A crate of WEAPONS at their feet. **Current time: 1962.**

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
He was a gunrunner of the highest order, loyal to no one. To no country. To no cause. And to nobody.

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD'S ESTATE. DINING ROOM

It's a birthday party. FRIENDS and FAMILY gathered around Rimbaud's YOUNG SON. The five-year-old opening one of his many presents. It's a TOY HELICOPTER! He thanks his father and his mother. Rimbaud and his WIFE giving their son kisses.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
The only exception he made was for his wife and his young son.
(MORE)

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They were everything to him. And
everything was hunky-dory...

A MAP

Of CHAD and LIBYA. Two countries in Africa that share a border. We PUSH IN on that border, getting a closer look at the AOZOU STRIP...

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
...until Uranium was found in a
patch of sand called the Aozou
Strip.

...TINY SOLDIERS from Libya invade Chad. TINY SOLDIERS from Chad fight back until a FLAME appears burning a hole in the center of the map ala "Bonanza".

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This discovery caused a property
line dispute.

ON TV

A NIGHTLY NEWS ANCHOR in a pompadour and a pornstar stache reports on the CHADIAN-LIBYAN CONFLICT. Over his shoulder a cheesy BOX GRAPHIC appears. We see footage of both countries fighting. It's a sad sight.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Who was right, who was wrong didn't
matter. What mattered was who sold
to who.

BIG BLU

Shaking hands with MUAMMAR AL-GADDAFI. Gaddafi, a blowhard in epaulets, medals, and gold sashes.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Blu dealt to Libya.

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Shaking hands with FELIX MALLOUM. Malloum trying to appear Presidential in a hand-me-down suit and a pair of horn-rims that take up most of his face.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
And Rimbaud dealt to Chad. And when
they went to war, Blu got the
bright idea to deal to both.

FRAME FREEZES and a RED EX is drawn over Rimbaud. Kind of
childish, but that's Blu.

A CONFERENCE ROOM

An oak table. Big Blu on one side. Rimbaud on the other. Blu
backed by a SCARY LOOKING DUDE. Rimbaud backed by an EQUALLY
SCARY LOOKING DUDE.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
So he went to Rimbaud with an offer
he felt was fair.

Blu hands over an ENVELOPE. Rimbaud opens it. It's a piece of
paper with a ZERO on it (a big fat "goose egg"). Rimbaud
smiles, pulls out an ENVELOPE of his own.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And Rimbaud countered with an offer
of his own.

Blu opens it. Another ZERO. Blu doesn't smile. Not at all.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Turned out he had the same bright
idea as Blu. And like Blu, he
wasn't going to take no for an
answer. That's when Blu went to
Plan B...

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

The main door opens and we see Hoof.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
...Me.

Blu is genuinely happy to see him, gives him a hug as he
enters. Hoof wishing he wouldn't.

BIG BLU'S STUDY

Hoof going over the intel. Blu pointing out particulars,
giving his two-cents, all the while bouncing a BABY on his
knee, one of his many sons.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

Whenever Blu hired me for one of these gigs, he always made the same stipulation: they must be performed out in the open, where everyone could see. Because in his mind they weren't just hits, they were PSAs.

BIG BLU

We have to make an example of this dickweed. I don't need anymore pups nippin' at my ass. This Rimbaud, he worries me. He's worse than the rest. That means this Public Service Announcement has to be big.

Blu's big-haired Wife enters, serving the two men refreshments as they discuss.

HOOF HARRINGTON

How big?

BIG BLU

David Lean big.

HOOF HARRINGTON

You mean, epic.

BIG BLU

With a capital "E".

Hoof considers this. Continuing via VOICE-OVER:

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

Now, if capital "E" is what the client wants, there is really only one option...

A BOWLING BAG

Overflowing with C-4. HOOF'S HANDS zipping the bag shut.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

...Explosives.

A HANGAR

In the middle of the night. In the middle of nowhere. Hoof, toting the BOWLING BAG, following Blu. Passing a couple of SPORTS CARS that are probably stolen, and a VINTAGE BI PLANE that probably doesn't work, stopping at...

A HELICOPTER -- an early 70's Jet Ranger -- the kind used by local news crews to cover car chases.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Is that it?

BIG BLU
Yep.

HOOF HARRINGTON
You're sure.

BIG BLU
A hundred percent. Always the same routine. Arrives in a truck. Leaves in that.

HOOF HARRINGTON
And the pilot...?

BIG BLU
He knows not to touch the red tape. After he lands, he'll go off somewhere to "take a shit", won't resurface until it's over.

Sounds good. Hoof unzips the bowling bag, pulls out a BRICK of C-4, and gets to work.

LATER

The bowling bag is empty. The passenger door paneling is off, Hoof having gutted it. The innards replaced with C-4, packed tight inside. Hoof attaching the BLASTING CAP to the CLAY. Blu watching over his shoulder:

BIG BLU
Can I be the one to do it?

HOOF HARRINGTON
Do what?

BIG BLU
Blow his ass up tomorrow.

Hoof shakes his head. Snips a CORD. Attaches it to the BLASTING CAP.

BIG BLU (CONT'D)
Why not?

HOOF HARRINGTON

Two reasons. One: I always use the detonator as a bull's-eye, let the mark set it off. It's the only way to assure accuracy. Two: not setting it off allows us to be Zen about the whole damn thing. This way, Rimbaud's life isn't in our hands -- it's in his own. Literally.

Hoof holds up the DETONATOR and demonstrates, pressing it again and again. Blu is impressed:

BIG BLU

So how are you going to get him to push it?

HOOF HARRINGTON

By making it into something else.

Hoof attaches the DETONATOR to the CORD.

BIG BLU

But how do you do that?

HOOF HARRINGTON

With a little American can-do'ness. Everyone knows in the land of the free, if you have a dream and a drive, you can be anything you want to be. Same is true with this little fucker right here. It can be a cuff link. A light switch. A radio dial...

Hoof attaches the DETONATOR to the interior DOOR HANDLE.

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

...Or the handle on the door of a helicopter. Doesn't matter. Because whatever you make it, in its core, it's still the trigger. Only instead of going bang, it goes boom.

BIG BLU

And that's the trick.

Hoof reattaches the interior paneling, hiding the C-4 and all the wires stuffed inside.

HOOF HARRINGTON

That's the trick. Getting the mark
to pull the trigger without knowing
it's a trigger.

BIG BLU

(smiles)

It's going to be big, huh?

Hoof nods. It's going to be big. Blu practically salivating:

BIG BLU (CONT'D)

How big?

Hoof ponders, and we leave the HANGAR to see for ourselves...

...ending up near the TIBESTI MOUNTAINS, the sun beating down on the always cool Alias Arthur Rimbaud. Felix Malloum handing over a briefcase full of money. Rimbaud excusing himself, heading to the HELICOPTER on standby.

It's empty. The pilot nowhere to be seen. Rimbaud deciding to wait inside.

A piece of RED TAPE on the door. Peels it off. The HANDLE revealed. PULLS it -- KAAAAAABOOOOOM! -- a BALL OF FIRE leaving nothing behind but twisted metal and charred bones. We've seen enough, returning...

...to the HANGAR, where we finally hear Hoof's answer:

HOOF HARRINGTON

Bridge on the River Kwai big.

That is big. Blu can't help but beam. All done, Hoof covers the HANDLE (detonator) with a piece of RED TAPE.

THE TIBESTI MOUNTAINS (BORDERING CHAD AND LIBYA)

(Note: If you want to know what the Tibesti Mountains look like, just pop in Star Wars and fast-forward to the part where Luke gets his ass handed to him by the Sand People. That's pretty much it.)

Parked on a peak is the Toyota Hillux. Lord knows how the hell they got it up there. The Touhou Driver waiting on the hood, puffing on a stick of ganja. Blu actually brought a lawn chair, and a cooler. He sits in the former, grabs a beer from the latter, looking primed for a tailgate party.

Perched on the ledge is Hoof, his trusty Model 70 on a tripod, aimed at the ants far below...

THROUGH THE CROSSHAIRS: We see the ants up close. Felix Malloum backed by CHADIAN SOLDIERS in Guerilla gear. Waiting beside a HELICOPTER (the Jet Ranger rigged with C-4). A TRUCK arriving. The Soldiers unloading MILITARY GRADE WEAPONRY from the back. Rimbaud exiting the front. AND HIS WIFE AND YOUNG SON RIGHT BEHIND!!!

HOOF

Struck white:

HOOF HARRINGTON
What the hell are they doing here?

Blu looking through his binoculars:

BIG BLU
Who?

HOOF HARRINGTON
His wife and kid. They're not supposed to be here.

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Receives a briefcase from Malloum. Flips it open. Flush with CASH. Notices his Young Son by the HELICOPTER. The kid can't wait to get inside; it's almost identical to the one he got for his birthday, only bigger. Rimbaud can't help but smile.

HOOF

Quickly loads a ROUND in the chamber.

BIG BLU
What are you doing?

HOOF HARRINGTON
If he sets that off, they're all dead.

BIG BLU
But if he doesn't...?

Hoof pulls back the bolt, RACKING the round, ready to fire.

HOOF HARRINGTON
I'm not killing a kid.

BIG BLU
You mean, not another one.

Hoof shoots him a look, a heart-stopper. And Blu nearly shits his pants:

BIG BLU (CONT'D)
Jesus, Hoof. It was a joke. Do what you have to. But just make sure you tag that French fuck. I need him gone. Yesterday.

Hoof flicks the SAFETY off.

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Shaking Malloum's hand. Heading for the Helicopter. His Young Son jumping up and down. Can't wait to get inside.

HOOF

Taking aim. Blu over his shoulder:

BIG BLU
That looks pretty far.

It is. 2,500 yards to be exact. A hell of a shot.

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Looking inside. It's empty. Scans the vast desert for the pilot. His Young Son tugging at his pant leg.

HOOF

Starting to sweat. His eyes starting to burn. Gauging the distance. Factoring in the wind. Anticipating Rimbaud's every move/gesture, one inch is a mile at this range--

BIG BLU
Has anyone ever even made a shot
like this before?

Hoof's concentration breaking. Can feel Blu hovering:

HOOF HARRINGTON
No.

Hoof taking a deep breath. Steadying himself. Continuing via VOICE-OVER:

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That was a fact. No one had. It
 would be a record. A goddam
 miracle. Two-thousand and five-
 hundred yards...

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Notices the RED TAPE. Peels it away. Reveals the HANDLE. His Young Son trying to grab a hold. But it's just out of reach.

Rimbaud picking him up. The kid's tiny fingers finding the detonator, ready to pull -- *SPLAT!* -- Rimbaud's head EXPLODING like one of Gallagher's grapefruits.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 ...record set...

Rimbaud collapsing. His Young Son still in his arms. His Wife SCREAMING. The Soldiers scattering.

HOOF

Taking a deep breath. All done. Blu dropping his binocs, disappointed -- wasn't as big as he'd wanted.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 ...a record I held for nearly five
 whole seconds. As I said, Rimbaud
 was like Big Blu in every way. And
 like Big Blu, he too, had his very
 own "long distance bodyguard"...

Hoof hears something. A WHISTLING. Realizes what it is. But it's too late. A deer caught in the headlights -- *WHACK!* -- an EXPLOSION of red, Hoof propelled backwards--

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...a helluva shooter. Broke my
 record by three inches. And my
 collarbone in three places.

--*WHAM!* Hoof BOUNCING off the truck. LANDING in the sand. Coughs some up. Some blood, too. Hears more WHISTLING!

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
 GET DOWN! GET DOWN! GET DOWN!

Blu does as he's told. Unfortunately, the Driver doesn't speak a lick of English -- *SPLAT!* -- brain-batter and a BULLET out the back.

Hoof crawling to his RIFLE, leaving a snail-trail of red in his wake. BULLETS BUZZING. ROCKS EXPLODING. Pops a single shell in the chamber, pulls back the bolt, adjusts his aim...

THROUGH THE CROSSHAIRS: Rimbaud's LONG DISTANCE BODYGUARD revealed, aiming his high-powered rifle right this way -- BANG! -- the SOUND of Hoof's bullet. The distance is far. Takes about three seconds for Hoof's slug to finally find its target -- SPLAT! -- like cracking an egg with an anvil.

BIG BLU (O.S.)
Did you get him?

HOOF

Sits up. Not looking so hot. A cautious Blu peeking out from underneath the truck:

BIG BLU
Hey Hoof, you okay?

Hoof lifting his RIFLE one more time. Looking through the sight, finding...

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Dead in the sand. His Young Son hysterical. His wife tugging at the child, trying to get him to let go. But he won't. He won't let go of his father.

HOOF

Dropping his weapon. Closing his eyes. And collapsing hard.

FADE TO BLACK.

BUNGALOW. BEDROOM

Hoof waking. Bandaged-up and sore as hell. A box fan BUZZING in his ear. Big Blu seated beside him, taking notice:

BIG BLU
Thank god you're awake. About time.

Hoof takes in his surroundings. Minimal, to say the least. But still, 5-Star status in 1970's South America. And then he remembers, lurching forward in a cold-sweat:

HOOF HARRINGTON
The kid? What happened to the kid!?

BIG BLU

Nothing. Jesus, calm down. He's fine. You got Rimbaud, and they got gone. Nice shot, by the way. You could hit a flea off a tick's ass--

HOOF HARRINGTON

So, where the hell are we.

BIG BLU

Where extradition is sacrilege. Where escaped Nazis go to spend their golden years. Where even the great Hoof Harrington isn't worth a second look.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Brazil.

BIG BLU

Sao Paulo to be exact. It got ugly back there. Had to get you out quick. Played hot potato with your ass all the way here. You're going to need to lay low. Heal-up.

HOOF HARRINGTON

For how long?

BIG BLU

Long enough for you to get some much needed R & R.

Big Blu gets up, turns on the TV: the BRAZILIAN WALTER CRONKITE reporting on Alias Arthur Rimbaud's murder. Blu pats a stack of cruzeiros (Brazilian banknotes):

BIG BLU (CONT'D)

I left you more than enough dough for a dump like this. If you need more, wire me. I also left you a pair of trunks. Enjoy yourself.

And with that, Blu is out the door. Hoof left alone, staring at those "trunks" (a floral swimsuit hanging from a chair).

SAO PAULO BEACH

Hoof wearing those swim trunks. A matching floral button-up as well. His arm in a sling. No longer looking like Hoof, looking more like a poor man's Magnum P.I.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 I tried to do as Blu said. But it
 wasn't easy. Enjoying myself wasn't
 really my thing.

Waiting at a BAR. The shanty kind with no inside. Just an awning, some stools, and a BARTENDER. Hoof handed a drink. Something fruity with an umbrella and a straw. No way in hell he ordered this. Looks like he's going to kill the Bartender, decides to take a sip instead, nearly spits it out...

A COUPLE strolling by, al naturale, not a stitch of clothing. The man's junk just hanging out. Hoof eyeing the rest of the locale. Disgusted. It's a goddam NUDIST BEACH.

Hoof suddenly distracted by something else, something more frightening than uncovered penises...

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And then I saw her...

The most beautiful woman Hoof has even seen, staring back. CATHERINE ELIZABETH in a one-piece. The only other person who bothered to dress today. She releases a smile. Hoof tries to return it, problem is, he hasn't had much practice.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...and everything changed.

A FANCY RESTAURANT

The BRAZILIAN WAYNE NEWTON croons something American in Portuguese. Hoof and Catherine seated in the back. A candle illuminating their faces. An apparent staring contest has ensued.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
 So what do you do, Hoof?

HOOF HARRINGTON
 I'm retired.

An exchange of smiles. The first genuine smile we've seen Hoof wear.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And as soon as I said it, I was.

Catherine takes Hoof's hand. And before he knows it, he's on the dance floor, being taught the Texas two-step. It's simple, but he's a slow learner, stepping on her toes. She just giggles, doesn't seem to mind at all.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was whatever she needed me to be.

She rests her head against his shoulder. And he rests his cheek against her hair.

A CATHEDRAL

Hoof and Catherine standing before A PRIEST. Coop the only other person in attendance, handing over a ring. Hoof putting it on his wife's finger. A kiss follows.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Six months later I was a husband.

HARRINGTON'S ESTATE. THE BABY'S ROOM

Hoof and Catherine putting their BABY in a crib. Cooing, giving kisses, all sorts of stuff you'd never expect Hoof to do. Turning off the lights on their way out, pausing at the door. Admiring their son one more time, hand in hand.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
A year after that I was a father.
And for a little while, I was the
happiest sonuvabitch alive.

INT. MOTEL. ROOM. DAY

A CLOCK RADIO SOUNDS. Hoof waking. Admiring his new residence. Your standard \$79 a nighter. **Current time: Today.**

MOTEL. DINING AREA

Hoof in aviator shades. Eating his complimentary breakfast. A herd of OUT-OF-TOWNSERS in tourist tees and sweatpants pilfering the buffet with their fat fingers. Hoof trying not to notice. Instead, concentrating on Guignol's BUSINESS CARD:

BANG! YOU'RE DEAD.

Pshaw. Puts the card away. Moves on to today's pills.

MOTEL. ROOM

Hoof unpacking his boxes, settling in. Replacing a painting on the wall with his CHALKBOARD. Stares at it. Gets an idea. Starts to jot stuff down: lines, numbers, shapes.

A LITTLE LATER

The CHALKBOARD now completely filled. To the layman it might appear to be the musings of an architect, or a physicist, or maybe even a football coach; anything but the handiwork of a highly skilled assassin. But that's what it is.

Hoof seated at the table. Been there a while. TYPING away. Adding another page to his growing STACK.

A KNOCK at the door. Hoof griping his PISTOL.

Checks the peephole -- *sighs* -- opens the door as far as the CHAIN LOCK will allow.

TWO PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS in tweed and polyester. They flash their shields. Hoof too tired to flash anything. Holsters his piece and unhooks the chain.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT. DAY

Hoof outside. Hesitating. Everything Hoof tries to avoid is in that building there. The Plainclothes Officers holding the door open. Against better judgement, he goes inside.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT. OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Hoof led inside. Two chairs facing an oak desk. "Take a seat." He does. And the Plainclothes Officers close the door.

Left alone, he scans the cluttered office. Noticing PHOTOS. All of Tony T. Apparently, he's a cop (actually, Chief of Police). And this is his office. Hoof doesn't seem surprised.

Instead, he's fixated on particular picture: Tony T with Maddie. He's seen it before. It's the one that got him to kill Blu's son. Hoof letting the image soak in: the little girl with her father -- so happy -- no idea what life had in store for them--

TONY T
Hoof Harrington!

--Tony T charging inside. Hoof on his feet, extending a hand, getting a bear-hug instead. Tony overcome with emotion, practically lifting him off the ground. Hoof not the touchy-feely type, wants no part of this, but has no choice.

TONY T (CONT'D)
So good to see you, Hoof.

Tony getting a hold of himself, claiming the chair behind the desk. Hoof taking a seat, getting to the point:

HOOF HARRINGTON
So what can I do for you?

TONY T
Do for me? I don't think so. You're done doing for me. It's my turn to do for you.

Hoof doesn't get it.

TONY T (CONT'D)
I took the call last night. I saw your place. And the mess you left.

Now he does. He was expecting that, but hoping against it. He prepares for the inevitable, gets in "interrogation mode". Puts on his poker-face, one of his better ones.

TONY T (CONT'D)
Kind of surprised. Didn't think beheadings were part of your M.O., a lady no less -- *Jesus, Hoof* -- But not to worry. The lease was under another name. Still is, by the way. And you wiped everything clean. Did a pretty good job of it too, almost left it spotless.

HOOF HARRINGTON
...almost...

Tony T grins. Pulls out a piece of paper. Hands it over:

TONY T
You left that. Never took you as the tell-all type.

It's one of Hoof's typewritten sheets. We see the heading: *GREATEST HIT NO. 4: SON OF BIG BLU*. Filthy with fingerprints, names, and dates. Hoof can't put it away fast enough.

TONY T (CONT'D)
But that's not why I brought you here. I brought you here so I could tell you I know about Big Blu. I know he's turned you into a scratch-off ticket. And I know it's because of what you did for me and my Maddie. But most importantly, I brought you here so you could tell me what you need.

HOOF HARRINGTON
I don't need anything.

TONY T
You sure about that?

Hoof nods. Tony T gives him a hard look, gauges his sincerity. But Hoof is a hard read, especially when he's in "interrogation mode".

TONY T (CONT'D)
Live by the sword, die by the sword. Is that the plan?

Hoof pleads the Fifth. And Tony plops his penny loafers on the desk, leans back, and decides to get all anecdotal on Hoof's ass:

TONY T (CONT'D)
You've heard of Evel Knievel, right? Used to jump cars for a living, sometimes canyons, sometimes sharks; would jump just about anything if you paid him enough. And he did it with nothing but a helmet, an American flag, and a two-wheeler--

HOOF HARRINGTON
I know who Evel Knievel is.

TONY T
But did you know he holds the World Record for broken bones? It's true. Four-hundred-and-thirty-one fractures in 1972 alone. That's some serious wear-and-tear. You'd think enough to kill him. But you'd be wrong. Because it wasn't a single crash, or concussion, or even a coma that put Evel under. You know what it was?

Hoof couldn't care less.

TONY T (CONT'D)
Cock-rot. A goddam STD. Hepatitis C. Went through two livers before finally calling it quits. Stunt after stunt after stunt, and barebacking the wrong piece of ass is what finally got him.
(MORE)

TONY T (CONT'D)

Live by the sword, die by a bolt of lighting, or a slip in the shower, or a tumor in the brain. But rarely the way you want, or expect. Some up-and-comer looking to make a name? Probably not. A grieving father looking for revenge? Doubtful. Someone, or something you least expect? More than likely. Point is, you got shit coming after you from every corner, whether you know it or not. Some you'll see, some you won't. Those you won't, that's when you'll need me.

Tony T turning to the portrait on his desk. The one of him with his little girl. Hoof's poker-face peeling away...

TONY T (CONT'D)

Now, I know I'll never be able to repay you for what you've done. But that doesn't mean I can't try. So, whenever you finally wise-up and realize you do need help, don't you dare hesitate to ask. You got me?

INT. VIDEO-TASTIC. DAY

The type of mom & pop shop Blockbuster made extinct a decade before Netflix did unto them. Wall-to-wall shelving filled with dusty VHS BOXES. Old-school titles like *Chopping Mall*, *Neon Maniacs*, *Bloodsucking Freaks*, etc. Not a customer in sight. Never is. Just a lone clerk...

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN in lace gloves and leggings. A tulle tutu with a corset top. Red lips under a Maybelline mole. Smacking on a wad of Wrigley's, flipping through the latest issue of Cosmo, not bothering to look up when the door JANGLES and...

Hoof marches in, indiscriminately grabbing a rental from the shelf, plopping it down on the counter.

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN
You gotta membership?

Hoof pulls out a CARD, and the Material Girl finally takes notice. Watermarked and laminated: the Video-Tastic logo along with a set of numbers and letters. She types the sequence into an old-school TI/99 and a confirmation appears:

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN (CONT'D)
Wait right here.

She disappears, returns with the UKRAINIAN BEN GAZZARA. Intimidating, even with the coonskin toupee, the butterfly collar, and the Yakov Smirnoff accent:

UKRAINIAN BEN GAZZARA
Can I help you?

HOOF HARRINGTON
I need to see Raketa.

Ukrainian Gazzara smiles:

UKRAINIAN BEN GAZZARA
I do not know anyone by that name.
Perhaps there's something I can
help you with.

Another smile from Gazzara. Hoof sizing him up. Not much to size up, so he gets to it:

HOOF HARRINGTON
Let's cut it with the cloak and
dagger shit, okay? I'm on a
schedule. And I don't have time for
this. I need to speak to Raketa.
And I need to speak to him now.

The man takes a breath. A deep one. Probably counting to ten in his head. Not used to being talked to this way. Hoof doesn't seem to notice or care, just taps his watch:

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Today, comrade.

Gazzara keeping his cool:

UKRAINIAN BEN GAZZARA
Hands on your head, feet apart.

Hoof assumes the position and Gazzara gives him a pat-down. Discovers a PISTOL -- one of Hoof's handmade specials.

INT. VIDEO-TASTIC. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Hoof escorted into the back -- a warehouse full of MILITARY GRADE WEAPONRY, namely EXPLOSIVES, some of which are being loaded onto Sara Lee trucks. Not a videotape in sight.

RAKETA
Hoof Harrington, you old
sonuvabitch...

More 80s Flashback. RAKETA sucking on a Rocket Pop, backed by 6 SLAVIC SPRINGSTEENS circa '84. All wearing acid-washed denim -- jackets, jeans, and button-ups -- one asshole even has on a headband. The TWO HAIRIEST step forward, stopping Hoof cold.

RAKETA (CONT'D)
...how are you still alive?

Ukrainian Gazzara tosses Hoof's handmade PIECE. Raketa catches it, admires it, gets some popsicle juice on it:

RAKETA (CONT'D)
You make this?

Hoof nods. And Raketa makes a fart noise with his mouth:

RAKETA (CONT'D)
This is America, man. Here, if you need a gun you don't build one. You just pick one from the trees.

The Slavs laugh. Hoof doesn't:

HOOF HARRINGTON
It's a Borz, what the Chechens use against the Russi--

RAKETA
I know what a fucking Borz is, man.

Suddenly serious. No more laughter. Just hard faces. Hoof uneasy, scanning the armory for a way out. There isn't one. Raketa doing his best Tony Montana:

RAKETA (CONT'D)
But what I don't know is, why shouldn't I just kill you dead.
Right here, right now. And collect that bounty from Big Blu.

The 6 Slavs (7 counting Gazzara) COCKING their ASSAULT RIFLES. Very dramatic. Desired effect reached: Hoof with the hard swallow, eyes locking in with Raketa's. Just one word and it's all over. Hoof taking a breath, making his play:

HOOF HARRINGTON
Because you want him dead.

Raketa forces a laugh. Some of the Slavs join it. Hoof doesn't. He's fucking serious.

RAKETA
Now why would I want Big Blu dead?

HOOF HARRINGTON

Because you're Pepsi and he's Coke.
 Because he's got the market
 cornered and you don't. Because
 what you're making right now is
 chickenfeed compared to what you
 could be making. And because this
 is America, man. And here, if you
 can't compete, you merge. If you
 can't merge, you take-over. And if
 you can't take-over, then you find
 someone who can.

RAKETA

And that someone is you?

HOOF HARRINGTON

That someone is me. That's what I
 do. I'm a proxy. I take him out.
 And you take over.

RAKETA

Let's say you're right. Let's say
 all I need is Big Blu out of the
 way. Why can't I just do it myself?

HOOF HARRINGTON

Because if you did, it would start
 a war. And that kind of war would
 be bad for business.

Raketa sucking on his Rocket Pop, considering Hoof's proposal.

The 7 Slavs, their rifles ready, waiting for orders.

A taut beat (or two) before Raketa's silver caps finally shine. His smile turning into a laugh. A hearty one. The 7 Slavs following his lead. Guffaws all around.

RAKETA

You got some balls on you, old man.
 So what do you need?

Hoof taking a breath, not big enough to show his hand, but big enough to keep from passing out.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Plastiques in porridge form: hot,
 cold, and just right.

Raketa a bit surprised. That's a tall order, and a strange one for Hoof.

RAKETA
Anything else?

HOOF HARRINGTON
And a cooler, if you got one.

Even stranger.

INT. DIVE BAR. DAY

Hoof's hands inside a MINI ICE CHEST, molding a BRICK OF C-4. Attaching the BLASTING CAP to the DETONATOR. Apparently, Raketa came through with the plastiques and the cooler.

Gus watching from the other side, understandably uneasy.

Coop studying Guignol's BUSINESS CARD. Holding it up to the light, inspecting it.

COOP
I don't get it. He saved your life.
Then he threatened it. Then he gave
you this?

HOOF HARRINGTON
That's about it.

COOP
But he didn't give you a name?

HOOF HARRINGTON
No, he gave me a name. Grand Goon,
Granny Goo-ball, something like
that.

Coop struck-frozen, all the color leaving his face:

COOP
...*Grand Guignol*?

HOOF HARRINGTON
Yeah, that's it.

COOP
And he told you he was going to
kill you.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Yep. In three days. Unless I kill
Big Blu.

Coop looks winded, even sick. Gus taking notice, instantly forgetting the highly explosive material in Hoof's hands, focusing on the much worse sounding Grand Guignol instead:

GUS
What? Who is he?

COOP
You know how people are always wondering what would happen if Superman and Wonder Woman had a baby. Well, Grand Guignol is what would happen if Hoof Harrington and... I don't know, Annie Oakley, had a baby.

GUS
Holy shit. He's a super assassin.

Coop gives a slow nod, the kind reserved for funerals and wakes.

Hoof just rolls his eyes, takes a break from the C-4 to give himself a re-fill. Has to, Gus is too busy wrapping his mind around the whole "super assassin" thing to do anything else.

COOP
I always thought he was a myth, like some sharp-shooting Sasquatch. Or a fairy tale invented by European handlers to ward off American competition -- like a Golem with a gun. Hoof, you got to end this. This is worse than an open contract. Having every wannabe with a pistol auditioning to be you is one thing. That, you can handle. But this guy... Grand Guignol, he's a whole other breed. He's the real deal. He doesn't have to audition. He's already got the part.

HOOF HARRINGTON
If he's so goddam great, then why haven't I heard of him?

COOP
Because it's not 1976. And you're not really up to snuff on the current feed.

It's true. He isn't. Shrugs it off. Kind of proud of the fact.

GUS

So, what has he done?

COOP

It's not what he's done, it's how he's done it. The first time I heard of him was about five, six years ago. There was this job making the rounds...

PRISON CELL (SOLITARY CONFINEMENT)

A BOX wrapped in twine. ANOTHER 300 POUND SAMOAN on a cot (a Tweedledee to the earlier Tweedledum), very similar scenario.

COOP (V.O.)

...It was a target in a box. With a real specific client. He wanted no outsourcing. That meant no guards or inmates could pinch-hit. Had to be a hundred percent professional. The client wanted there to be no question he'd ordered the hit.

The Samoan opens the box: A KEY, A KNIFE, and A CAR KEY.

PRISON CORRIDOR

The Samoan holding the KNIFE against the Warden's throat, heading for the EXIT. The Guards following. The Prisoners CHEERING from their cells.

COOP (V.O.)

So Guignol set a plan in motion:
get the target to leave the box.

STATE PEN

The Samoan and the Warden outside. A gate separating them from the Guards. The Samoan flashing a smile. And we wait for that bullet we know is coming...

COOP (V.O.)

But getting the target out of the box wasn't enough. Guignol wanted more than just a clear shot.

No bullet. Just an ESCALADE parked out front. The Samoan pulls out the CAR KEY. And right there on the handle, wouldn't you know it, a Caddy symbol.

COOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He knew the target's wife and
 children had recently moved,
 relocated to be closer to their
 father.

THE ESCALADE

The Samoan behind the wheel, literally SCREAMING with joy!
Yippie-ki-yay!!! A freeman gunning it all the way...

COOP (V.O.)
 And he knew the target wouldn't
 leave without his family.

HOME

The Samoan's. He enters with the biggest smile of his life.
 Belts out his best Ricky Ricardo:

300 POUND SAMOAN
Honey, I'm home!!!

And then, it's gone. The biggest smile ever, replaced by
 something indescribable--

COOP (V.O.)
 So Guignol had the target come to
 him.

--his house redecorated with the body parts of his family.
 Imagine Dahmer getting into Dadaism: a wall-to-wall collage
 of organs and limbs. We only see a glimpse, but it's enough
 to know we don't want to see anymore.

COOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And Guignol went well beyond what
 was required.

And from the shadows, the artist appears -- Grand Guignol --
 Keyser Soze in an undertaker's uniform. A bloody HATCHET in
 his hand, by far the least bloody thing on him. He's drenched
 in the shit.

300 POUND SAMOAN
But why...?

GRAND GUIGNOL
 Because practice makes perfect.

Guignol tosses one of his BUSINESS CARDS. The Samoan SCREAMS.
 And Guignol goes to work -- *CHOPPITY-CHOP-CHOP!*

COOP (V.O.)
Guignol spent the next five years honing his skills. Making a name for himself. Each hit more brutal than the last.

BACK TO:

DIVE BAR

Coop finishing his story. Gus about to wet himself.

COOP
But now the question is, why does he want Blu dead? And why doesn't he do it himself?

GUS
Who cares? Just do what he says.

All eyes turning to Hoof. But he's already out the door.

EXT. PARTY STORE. DAY

One of many STORES on this busy strip. Hoof exiting with his gear: the mini ice chest, his attache case, and now a ton of helium-filled BALLOONS.

Stops at a payphone.

Flips through the Yellow Pages.

Finds PIZZA DELIVERY.

Dials the first set of numbers he sees.

INT. TREE HOUSE. DAY

Wood planks forming four walls and a floor. A tin roof overhead. Enough room for 3, maybe 4 kids. But not nearly enough for Hoof, squatting beside the window.

Tying the helium-filled BALLOONS to the mini ICE CHEST.

Finished. He aims his RIFLE. Using the scope to see...

A DISTANT ROAD

Empty asphalt. At least two football fields away. And...

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

TWO GUARDS at the gate. ONE GUARD on the roof. And Mike watching from the WINDOW. Same set-up as last time.

HOOF

Checking his watch. It's almost time. He attaches TWO THINGS to the ice chest:

1. A TINY BUTTON (detonator). Duct-taping it to the inside of the handle.
2. A HANDHELD FAN -- the battery-operated kind. Duct-taping it to the back, upside down, like the motor on a speed boat.

Gauging the wind with a finger -- there is none -- he releases the contraption into the air like some make-shift homing pigeon.

THE ICE CHEST

Floating with purpose. The BALLOONS keeping it above the trees. The HANDHELD FAN keeping it on schedule. The CHEST keeping it from leaving the atmosphere.

HOOF

With the RIFLE. Hand to stock. Finger to trigger. Eye to scope. Aimed at...

THE DISTANT ROAD

A HATCHBACK appearing. A sign on the side: PIZZA DELIVERY. Heading straight for...

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

The Guards at the gate. ONE noticing the Hatchback. The OTHER noticing something in the sky.

The Hatchback pulling up. The Guard questioning the DRIVER, asking him to step outside.

HOOF

Two hundred yards away. Ready, aim -- *Pfftt!*

THE ICE CHEST

POP! POP! POP! Balloons BURSTING. Plummeting towards...

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

WHAM! Landing HARD on the front lawn. The Gate Guard busy with the Driver. The Window Guard (aka Mike) busy with his walkie. The Roof Guard noticing...

THE OTHER GUARD

Giving the fallen ICE CHEST a tap with his foot.

Then, another.

Grabbing the handle.

The Roof Guard SHOUTING for him to stop.

Too late -- THE TINY BUTTON DETONATED -- *KABOOOOOM!* -- flesh confetti and flames. The Guard gone. Just a patch of charred earth where he once stood.

A hornet's nest struck -- MORE GUARDS FROM INSIDE -- forming flanks. Their RIFLES searching for a target. A mini-militia of about FIFTEEN -- well-trained and ready.

HOOF

Taken aback. Wasn't expecting that. Way more guards than he had anticipated. Way better prepared, too. Realization hitting quick: he doesn't stand a chance.

THE WINDOW GUARD

(aka MIKE) now on the lawn. Raising his RIFLE -- *BANG!*

HOOF

Watching through the scope. Hearing something familiar. THAT GODDAM WHISTLING SOUND -- *BAM!* -- KNOCKED off his feet. A RINGING in his head. Cupping his ear. Bloody but intact. Just a flesh-wound. Taking a deep breath. Collecting himself...

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! -- MORE BULLETS! -- Hoof flat on the floor. Planks pelted with lead. Splintered wood raining down.

Hoof leaping for the ladder. Missing it...

BACKYARD

...landing with a THUD. TWO WIDE-EYED KIDS, watching in awe as their TREE HOUSE gets shot to shit. Easily the coolest thing they've ever seen.

Hoof over the fence. Running for dear life. Now, he's certain: he doesn't stand a chance in hell.

INT. APPLIANCE STORE. BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR. NIGHT

Coop behind the desk, pitching to a client. A blonde-haired, blue-eyed twenty-something dressed like a BACKLOT NATIVE AMERICAN: feathers, war-paint, suede pants with ribbon trim, and a pair of matching moccasins.

COOP

It's a drop-shot. In and out. No periphery marks. No shills. Just you, the target, and more moola than you deserve.

The Backlot Native American looking over the file.

BACKLOT NATIVE AMERICAN
What about tools.

COOP

They'll be delivered on site. You tell me what you want. I tell our man in Albuquerque. And voilà, you're up to your ass in the highest of high-tech hardware. Which means no bows, no arrows, no tomahawks, none of that anti-cavalry bullshit you're always trying to get away with. You understand?

The kid looks disappointed.

COOP (CONT'D)

I'm serious, kid. This ain't the little Injun that could. That last stunt of yours with the wigwam cost you three months work. And me -- three months worth of finder's fees. And that, I cannot have. Because if you're not earning, I'm not earning. And if I'm not earning, I'm not getting paid.
(MORE)

COOP (CONT'D)

And if I'm not getting paid, then
I'm not getting laid. And if I'm
not getting laid--

THE PHONE RINGS. And Coop answers:

COOP (CONT'D)

Appliances To Go, your one-stop
shop for all your home electronics
needs. How can I help you?

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

I got a problem.

Coop covers the mouth-piece, aims a finger at the door. And
the kid lets himself out.

COOP

Lucky for you there's a solution.
Kill. Big. Blu.

EXT. PHARMACY. NIGHT

Hoof on the payphone. His collar up. His ear bandaged. His
eyes tracking EVERYONE who passes, all possible hitters:

HOOF HARRINGTON

But that's my problem. I can't.

COOP (V.O.)

Can't? Hoof Harrington doesn't know
the meaning of the word "can't".

HOOF HARRINGTON

He's moved his family out. And an
army in.

COOP (V.O.)

What does that mean?

HOOF HARRINGTON

That means he's gone Colonel Kurtz.
He's got his own little Blackwater
in there, a bunch of itchy-fingered
vets just waiting to break the
Geneva Convention on some asshole.

COOP (V.O.)

Need I remind you: Escobar had an
army.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Need I remind you: I was backed by
the entire Columbian National
Police Force when I took that shot.
Now, I'm backed by a heart stent
and more arthritis than a packmule.

COOP (V.O.)

Look, it's like they say, when what
you want is inside a box and you're
not...

HOOF HARRINGTON

(pause)

Fuck you, Coop.

Hoof hangs up. Takes a breath. And ducks through the SLIDING DOORS.

INT. PHARMACY. CONTINUOUS

Muzak in the air. Aisles of powder, pills, and junk food. A GROUP gathered around the PHOTO COUNTER. Hoof among them.

The doors SLIDING open. A COWBOY making an entrance. A ten gallon hat on his head. Five o'clock shadow on his face. A sheepskin vest over a shit-kicker shirt. The Marlboro Man lives and breathes, and he's on the hunt. Spurs JANGLING. Eyes scanning the store, stopping on...

HOOF

Spotting The Cowboy's belt. TWO SIX-SHOOTERS hitched to a rodeo buckle. The word HITMAN engraved in gold.

THE COWBOY

Pulling out a WANTED POSTER. Double-checking. It's a SKETCH of Hoof. Not the best representation. But it could be him.

Their eyes locking. Like the last reel of any Leone flick.

HOOF

Ready. His fingers twitching, itching for the draw. He knows that look, worn it himself many times.

THE COWBOY

Taking a stance. Thumbing the handle of his holstered piece. The OK Corral in 3, 2--

VOICE (O.S.)
Joel McCrea?

All eyes on the CLERK holding stacks and stacks of PHOTO ENVELOPES. He reads the name again:

PHOTO CLERK
Joel McCrea?

Hoof to the counter, paying for his items. The Cowboy reluctantly moving on, searching for that elusive Hoof Harrington.

INT. MOTEL. ROOM. NIGHT

The door opening. And a gloomy Hoof entering.

Plops down on the bed. A PHOTO ALBUM in his lap. Flipping through... PHOTOS of Neil Nantz at different stages of his life... all taken with a telephoto lens.

Hoof opening the ENVELOPES he just bought. Sifting through one: MORE "STAKE-OUT" PHOTOS of Neil. Hoof placing a select few inside his ALBUM, admiring them. A sadness in his eyes, more than usual. Has to look away...

Notices the CHALKBOARD. A clusterfuck of scribblings and schematics. All nagging reminders of the mission at hand.

Frustrated. He erases them. Writes one word:

IMPOSSIBLE!!!

Over his shoulder, the bathroom door opening. A SHAPE emerging from within. Coming hard. Coming fast.

Hoof's Spidey-sense tingling. But it's too late -- a SYRINGE to the neck -- propofol INJECTED. Hoof out like a light.

FADE TO BLACK.

HOOF

Seated at a table. Waking to the sound of TYPING. A HATCHET within reach. But he can't reach it. He's tied-up with rope.

Grand Guignol (pronounced *Grahn Geen-yahl*) seated across from him. Using his typewriter. Wearing the same undertaker's outfit he always wears. Reads what he just wrote:

GRAND GUIGNOL
"How many babies does it take to
paint a house?"

Looks to Hoof for an answer. But Hoof isn't playing along.

GRAND GUIGNOL (CONT'D)
Depends on how hard you throw them.

Smiles. Rips the page from the feeder and slides it over.

GRAND GUIGNOL (CONT'D)
That's for you. Free of charge.
Include it with "The Winslow Job".
A dead baby joke to go with your
dead baby chapter.

Flipping through Hoof's STACK of typewritten pages:

GRAND GUIGNOL (CONT'D)
That's what this is, right? A book.
A manifesto. Hoof Harrington hoping
to be the next Holden Caulfield, or
the next Earl Turner, inspiring a
whole new generation of Mark David
Chapmans and Timothy McVeighs.

No response from Hoof.

GRAND GUIGNOL (CONT'D)
Well, whatever it is, consider me a
fan. Hope you can finish it in the
next two days. Because that's all
you have left, old man. Two.
Fucking. Days. Two days to kill Big
Blu before I kill you.

Hoof sizing his captor up. Taking his time...

HOOF HARRINGTON
What did Blu do to you? Sell you a
bad batch of guns.

GRAND GUIGNOL
Let's just say I have my reasons.
As do you. That gives us a common
goal. So why not finish what you
started, and make us both happy.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Because it's impossible.

GRAND GUIGNOL
Define impossible.

HOOF HARRINGTON
I think you already know. I think
that's why you haven't done it
yourself.

GRAND GUIGNOL
Bullshit. Nothing is impossible.
Not for the great Hoof Harrington.

Hoof smiles. Then starts to laugh. A laugh that lasts way longer than it should. Guignol starting to look irritated:

GRAND GUIGNOL (CONT'D)
What's so funny.

HOOF HARRINGTON
You. All of you. Young, dumb, and full of cum. Dressing up like it's fucking Halloween, or it's Mardis Gras, or it's your Sweet Sixteen.

Guignol looks at himself, costumed-up like a 19th century undertaker. Hoof just getting started, growing more comfortable with his captor, maybe too comfortable:

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
Seriously, you know what all this fluff and faggotry reminds me of?
The seventies. Back then, music wasn't about the music. It was about the spectacle. Wigs, lipstick, and leotards. You had David Bowie claiming he was from Mars, Elton John dressing like he was Donald Duck, and those KISS assholes painted-up like a bunch of Thai Town trannys I wouldn't fuck with your dick. Everybody trying to be anything but who they really were: vapid, talentless fucks. Just like you. Sequins, glitter, and no substance.

Guignol on his feet, grabbing the HATCHET from the table. Hoof so utterly unimpressed he can hardly keep from yawning.

GRAND GUIGNOL

You know, Hoof, I don't think
you're taking me seriously.

HOOF HARRINGTON

It's hard to take a man seriously
when he's counting down your
execution like Casey Kasem counting
down the Top 40. *Three days, two
days...*

GRAND GUIGNOL

I thought you liked count-downs. I
thought that was your thing.
*Greatest Hit Number Five, Greatest
Hit Number Four, Greatest Hit
Number Three...* My apologies for
the misunderstanding. Allow me to
explain. It's in my nature to
prolong the inevitable, to savor
it: to sniff, taste, then spit it
out like a glass of bordeaux.
Doesn't matter if I'm killing the
great Hoof Harrington or a goddam
fly. I take my time. And when I'm
ready, I take it apart, piece by
piece. First a wing, then a leg,
then its fucking head--

Hoof's hand SEIZED -- THE HATCHET SLAMMING DOWN -- *CHOP!* Four
fingers SEVERED in half. Hoof HOWLING. Guignol in his ear:

GRAND GUIGNOL (CONT'D)

--take me seriously, Hoof. Do not
mistake a fetish for a fear. You
have two days to kill Big Blu
before I kill you. Piece by piece.

Hoof's heart POUNDING. His stent throbbing. Biting down,
trying to control his breathing. Guignol letting himself out:

GRAND GUIGNOL (CONT'D)

Au revoir, monsieur Harrington.

INT. HOSPITAL. OPERATING ROOM. NIGHT

THREE FINGERS on ice. Hoof on the gurney. Coop by his side. A
DOCTOR reattaching Hoof's pointer.

COOP

I told you he didn't fuck around.

Hoof biting down, refusing to comment. Gus entering with a bottle of Hoof's favorite booze -- bourbon. Fills four dixie cups. The Doc declining his, disapproving with a look.

Hoof taking one. Tossing it back. Fear showing on his face for the first time in a long time. Maybe ever.

INT. DIVE BAR. BACK OFFICE. NIGHT

Hoof, drunk as a skunk, stumbling inside. Propped up by a sober Coop. His injured hand, a mitten of gauze. Gus following, carrying one of Hoof's BOXES, helping him move in. Coop helping Hoof onto a cot. Hoof, slurring and blubbering:

HOOF HARRINGTON

Hey Coop...? You still checking in on him?

Hoof struggling to get his boots off. His eye-hand coordination taking a hit tonight. Coop helping him out:

COOP

Who?

HOOF HARRINGTON

Neil. That's who.

COOP

The first Monday of every month;
you know that.

HOOF HARRINGTON

How are his finances?

COOP

Better than yours.

HOOF HARRINGTON

How about the kid? Did you set up that thing we talked about? That truck form...?

COOP

The trust fund?

HOOF HARRINGTON

Yeah, that.

COOP

As soon as he turns eighteen he can retire.

HOOF HARRINGTON

And how are they otherwise? Are
they good...? Are they doing good?

Coop suddenly serious, if not a little exasperated:

COOP

They're fine, Hoof. You've done a
real good job taking care of them.

HOOF HARRINGTON

(instant sulk-on)

Yeah, but they don't know that.

COOP

Doesn't matter. Look at me...

But Hoof can't look, his neck is a noodle, his head all over
the place. So Coop grabs a hold, keeps him steady:

COOP (CONT'D)

...it's time you start taking care
of yourself. You're the one with a
target on his ass. Not them. You
got to get your head back in the
game; take care of Big Blu before
he takes care of you. Or worse.

HOOF HARRINGTON

I can't. I'm too old.

COOP

Bologna. You're Hoof Harrington.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Yeah, but maybe I got it coming.
You ever thought of that?

COOP

The only thing you got coming is a
good night's sleep.

Hoof on the verge of tears.

HOOF HARRINGTON

I killed his son, Coop... I killed
a lot of people's sons.

Hoof really seems eaten up by this, like he's ready to make
penance. Or maybe he's just feeling sorry for himself. It's
really hard to tell when someone is this drunk.

COOP

You killed a pedophile who was off his leash. You did the world a favor.

HOOF HARRINGTON

A father won't see it that way. A father can't see it that way.

And with that, Coop let's go. Hoof's head hits the pillow and he's out. Coop and Gus putting the rest of him on the cot:

GUS

Who's Neil?

Coop isn't listening. He's noticed Hoof's CHALKBOARD sticking out of the box. And he doesn't like what he sees. Erases the word "IMPOSSIBLE". Replaces it with the familiar phrase:

THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX

Gus has noticed something, too. Hoof's STACK of typewritten pages. And his PHOTO ALBUM. Grabs the latter. Flips through it. White patches where photos should be. But they aren't. They're missing.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DIVE BAR. BACK OFFICE. DAY

Current time: Today. Hoof on the cot, waking to a RINGING PHONE. Remembering last night. Ugh. A pounding in his head. And cotton mouth. A hell of a hangover. Gus in the doorway:

GUS

It's for you.

DIVE BAR

The PHONE on the counter. A baggy-eyed Hoof picking it up:

HOOF HARRINGTON

Who's this.

GRAND GUIGNOL

That's who. But where he's calling from, we can't tell. And what he's fixated on (something in his hands), we can't see.
INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO:

GRAND GUIGNOL

How's the hand?

HOOF HARRINGTON

Back together again.

GRAND GUIGNOL

It wasn't your shooting hand was it?

HOOF HARRINGTON

They're both my shooting hands. Is this my daily reminder? You going to tell me how much time I have left?

Guignol smiles.

GRAND GUIGNOL

Would it matter? You don't really seem to care one way or the other.

HOOF HARRINGTON

It's not that I don't care. It's just that I'm old. Living doesn't have the same appeal it once did.

GRAND GUIGNOL

That's what I thought. You know, when I knocked you out yesterday, I decided to seize the moment as they say. Get to know the real Hoof Harrington. Answer some questions. For instance, how come the greatest assassin of all time, and arguably the highest paid, lives like such a bum in such a shithole?

HOOF HARRINGTON

Wine and women, I guess.

Hoof smiles. And so does Guignol, like two old friends shooting the shit.

GRAND GUIGNOL

The wine, I believe. But the women, no way. I think that torch you've been carrying for the past thirty-odd years would burn the ass off any little bitch who got too close.

Hoof loses the smile, doesn't appreciate the reference:

HOOF HARRINGTON
What's your point.

GRAND GUIGNOL
I know about your son, Hoof. I went through that book you're writing, and your photo album. And I finally figured it out: one-plus-one equals Neil Nantz.

Hoof has to sit. Looking woozy. Worse than a hangover:

HOOF HARRINGTON
That doesn't concern you.

GRAND GUIGNOL
All your money, all you've ever earned, you've given to him. And he doesn't even know. It's like some fucked-up Victorian novel.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Look, you want Blu dead. He's dead.

GRAND GUIGNOL
It reminded me of my father.

And we finally see what Guignol is looking at, what he's holding in his hands. It's a stolen PHOTO from Hoof's album. A younger, happier Hoof with Catherine and their Baby.

GRAND GUIGNOL (CONT'D)
I'm sure, had he lived long enough, he would have done the same for me. I imagine there's nothing a father wouldn't do for his son. Nothing you wouldn't do for Neil.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Did you hear me? I'm going to kill Blu. Consider it done. Today.

GRAND GUIGNOL
I hope for Neil's sake, you're right.

Hoof is starting to tremble, his breathing heavy, hoping against hope...

HOOF HARRINGTON
Why do you say that?

GRAND GUIGNOL

Because if I know Blu as well as I think I do, he's already got a contract signed, dated, and notarized.

HOOF HARRINGTON

You didn't.

GRAND GUIGNOL

I did. Anonymously, of course. Just like last time -- when I told Blu you killed his youngest son.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Why are you doing this?

GRAND GUIGNOL

You better hurry. You still have a day left on my clock. But I imagine on Blu's, Neil has far less.

DIALTONE. Guignol with the hang-up. Hoof left reeling. His worst fear coming true.

INT. BIG BLU'S ESTATE. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY

THE PHONE RINGING. Big Blu answering:

BIG BLU

Hello.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

Blu, tear it up and I'll do whatever you want.

Blu knows that voice, his heart monitor RACING:

BIG BLU

Fuck. You.

HOOF

Still at the bar. Desperate. His voice cracking:

HOOF HARRINGTON

Just call it off and I'll come to you. Unarmed. You can put that goddam bullet in me yourself.

BIG BLU (V.O.)

Not good enough.

HOOF HARRINGTON
He's done nothing to you.

BIG BLU (V.O.)
And my boy did nothing to you.

Hoof having to bite his tongue, taking a deep breath.
Frustrated. Angry. Trying to stay in control.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Blu, please don't do this.

BIG BLU (V.O.)
You remember the African job? You
and me. That goddam desert. That
helicopter ready to blow. And you
wouldn't let it. I think about that
a lot. About how you couldn't kill
that French fuck's kid.

Hoof's mind working...

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
...Rimbaud?

BIG BLU

Stewing. Fuming. Ready to blow:

BIG BLU
Alias Arthur Rimbaud. I remember it
like it was yesterday. How you
couldn't kill his son. *But mine?*
Mine, you could, no problem. You
remember that? You remember how you
had no fucking problem killing my
boy? *But his...? HIS YOU COULDN'T!*
BUT MINE YOU COULD! ISN'T THAT
RIGHT!? ISN'T THAT RIGHT!!!?

DIVE BAR

No response. The phone left off its cradle. BLU'S VOICE
screaming for Hoof. But he's long gone.

EXT. BUSY STREET. DAY

Overcast. Burly clouds portending something god-awful. Neil
Nantz, Sara Nantz, and their Young Son making their way to a
red-brick building. A restaurant called THE BEES KNEES.

A cautious Hoof watching from afar. His eyes peeled.

INT. THE BEES KNEES. CONTINUOUS

This is the type of restaurant with glass tabletops, postcards and stock photos stuck underneath. Plastic steins full of soda pop placed on cardboard coasters. A color coordinated staff with Oxycontin smiles. And entrees with names like "Hootenanny Ham Rolls" and "Chicken & Yumplings".

Hoof hovering between a hat rack and a HOSTESS. His eyes on a booth in the back...

His son, daughter-in-law, and grandson being seated.

Hoof psyching himself up. Building up the courage to make his move. Taking out his bottle of pills. Pops two.

Neil helping his Son use crayons on a kiddies menu. His attention shifting to the STRANGER hovering nearby...

Hoof, awkward as hell, like we've never seen him before. Having trouble getting out that first syllable.

NEIL NANTZ
Can I help you?

This is the first time Hoof has ever heard him speak. A tremble and a smile, Hoof struggling to keep his emotions in check:

HOOF HARRINGTON
I know this is strange, but you
have to trust me. You're not safe
here. You need to come with me.

Neil smiles awkwardly, can't tell if he's being punk'd or not, looks around for the hidden cameras.

NEIL NANTZ
What's going on? Who are you?

Hoof really didn't want to tell him like this. *But what choice does he have?* A hard swallow and a deep breath:

HOOF HARRINGTON
Look, I didn't want you to find out
like this. I wanted you to have a
choice, but right now, we don't
have that luxury. So, here goes, my
name is Hoof Harrington and I'm
your--

A VOICE (O.S.)
HOOF HARRINGTON...!!!

All eyes on DANDY ANDY at a booth in the back. Just as Coop described; a Dillinger stache, a Baby Face Nelson mug, and a Damon Runyon VOICE:

DANDY ANDY
...YOU DIRTY RAT!!!

Dandy with a 1926 TOMMY GUN -- *RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT!* -- SCREAMING PATRONS. A COUPLE caught in the line of fire now a Pollack painting. Hoof with a KICK -- *WHAM!* -- A TABLE landing sideways -- BULLETS ripping into it.

Hoof pulling Neil and his family onto the floor -- *WHAM!* -- another table brought to its side -- *RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT!* -- MORE BULLETS deflected. Dandy leading his own chorus:

DANDY ANDY (CONT'D)
*My mamma, she calls me Andy! The
ladies, they call me randy! The
fellas, they call me dandy! But
when it comes to killin', they all
call me handy!*

A Mad Hatter's HOWL. Neil and his family terrified. Hoof with the volley -- *BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG!* -- FIRING back. Unable to see his target, missing terribly. The Ghost of Gangster Past moving towards the barricade. His museum piece SPITTING lead and shells -- *RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT!*

HOOF HARRINGTON
Dandy!

DANDY ANDY
Yeah!?

HOOF HARRINGTON
If I come out, you promise to let
everyone else go!?

DANDY ANDY
Sorry, pops! No can-do! I'm not
just here for you! I'm here for
Neil Nantz, too! Gonna make the St.
Valentine's Day Massacre look like
a Christmas Pageant!

HOOF

No longer keeping his fingers crossed. His face flooded with emotion. Looking for a way out. But there isn't one.

NEIL NANTZ
How does he know my name?

Good question. But there really isn't any time to answer it. A last-ditch effort by Hoof, returning FIRE with a fury -- BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG! -- but it's no use. Dandy getting closer... the bullets getting nearer...

And then, SILENCE. Followed by a string of CURSES.

DANDY ANDY

Frustrated. His gun jammed, just as Coop predicted. SLAPPING the magazine, pulling the trigger. Nothing coming out. More CURSING. More SLAPPING.

Hoof peeking over the table...

Rising...

Approaching...

Dandy about to piss his pants. Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. A gun to his head. Dropping to his knees. BEGGING like Cagney in the last reel of *Angels With Dirty Faces*:

DANDY ANDY
I'm sorry, Hoof. Real sorry! It was
a mistake!! Ya gotta believe me--

BANG! Curtains for Cagney. Hoof returning to his son. Expecting a ticker-tape parade, getting something else instead...

Neil shot, gasping for air. A RED DOT on his chest. Getting larger. Soaking through.

Hoof in shock. Sudden paralysis. Except for his hands. Shaking. It hasn't registered yet. Not fully.

Sara SCREAMS. Like a kettle of steam. And that does it. Hoof awake. His eyes lit up. A starter pistol fired.

BUSY STREET

Sara with her Young Son, CALLING after Hoof. But he doesn't stop, marching through the intersection, Neil in his arms -- CARS BRAKING in the nick of time, HONKING -- Hoof heading for...

A PARKING LOT

Making a beeline for a COROLLA. A FAMILY OF FOUR getting out. Hoof placing Neil in their backseat, lifting the keys from THE FATHER'S hand--

THE FATHER

Hey!

--closing the door, starting the engine. And SPEEDING away, leaving the Family in his wake. Stunned. Wondering what the hell just happened.

INT. COROLLA. SECONDS LATER

Hoof driving like a mad man. One hand on the steering wheel. The other, clutching Neil.

EXT. HOSPITAL. MOMENTS LATER

The Corolla JUMPING a curb. SCREECHING to a halt.

THE EMERGENCY ROOM

A clusterfuck of the uninsured. The sick packed in like sardines. Everyone taking a number. Hoof holding his son:

HOOF HARRINGTON

My son needs help.

No one hears him. The other INJURED are so much LOUDER.

And now, Hoof has to break a rule. Getting noticed goes against every fiber of his being. But he has no choice. His son is dying. Eyes welling, he gives it a whirl:

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

MY SON NEEDS HELP!!!!

Success. All eyes on Hoof.

WAITING ROOM

Hoof in a plastic chair. Red-eyed and red-stained. His right leg a piston: up and down, up and down. Coop entering:

COOP

How is he?

HOOF HARRINGTON
They'll only talk to family.

Coop catching the irony, moving on:

COOP
Wait here. I'll go find out what--

HOOF HARRINGTON
I'm not waiting anymore.

Hoof on his feet. Rage trumping reason.

COOP
What does that mean?

Coop knows damn-well. Hoof halfway out the door.

COOP (CONT'D)
Hoof! Don't hit when you're angry!
That's one of your rules,
remember!?

EXT. HOSPITAL. CONTINUOUS

PARAMEDICS unloading a 400 POUND WOMAN from the back of an AMBULANCE. Hoof making a beeline for the DRIVER. Tossing him onto the pavement. Taking his place behind the wheel.

All eyes on the jacked Ambulance SPEEDING away.

EXT. BIG BLU'S ESTATE. NIGHT

A starless night. Darkness set to the SOUND of crickets...

FLASHING LIGHTS in the distance, growing LARGER and LARGER. The faint SOUND of a siren, getting LOUDER and LOUDER...

The Gate Guard and Roof Guard taking notice...

It's the AMBULANCE. A raging Hoof behind the wheel. The Gate Guard directing him to stop. But he doesn't -- *WHAAAAAAAM!* -- EXPLODING through the gate -- *THUNK!* -- the Guard EATING the grill -- *BANG!BANG!BANG!* The Roof Guard SNIPING from above--

Bullets RIPPING through the top. Barely missing Hoof. His arms up, preparing for impact in 3, 2, 1 -- *CRAAAAAASH!*

MASTER BEDROOM

Big Blu startled by the EXPLOSION below. Eyes on the...

SECURITY SCREEN

A B/W GRID -- 4 views of 4 rooms on a 5 second cycle. Blu hits a button and we see half an AMBULANCE parked downstairs, wood and brick all around, the rear tires still SPINNING.

THE WINDOW GUARD

(aka MIKE), barking into his walkie:

MIKE
TAKE HIM DOWN!!!

DOWNSTAIRS

The Ambulance STUCK, the motor REVVING, going nowhere. Debris and dust everywhere -- *WHAM!WHAM!WHAM!* -- Hoof KICKING the windshield. Breaks away in one piece. He climbs through--

BANG!BANG!BANG! A swarm of INTERIOR GUARDS FIRING assault weapons. Hoof FIRING back. A pistol in each hand (yeah, even that one). Heading for the stairs. Finally getting a decent head-count: WAY MORE GUARDS THAN HE HAD ORIGINALLY THOUGHT!!!

(Note: Earlier, Hoof was overwhelmed by the prospect of confronting 15 Guards. Now, he's facing up to 40. He should be freaking out right about now. But he's not. Because right now, he's only concerned with one thing: BODY-BAGGING BLU.)

BANG!BANG!BANG!BANG! Hoof is a fucking machine: no fear, no mercy, and no pain. And they're fish in a barrel -- ONE GUARD after the other HITTING the floor, ready for the meat wagon.

Bullets BUZZING by. Walls RIDDLED with lead. *BLAM!* Hoof's shoulder SQUIRTING red. Lucky shot. Returns the favor -- *BANG!* -- right between the eyes.

For the first time we see what separates Hoof from the rest. They're "shooters". And he's a "shootist". They pull a trigger, leveling anything and everything. He pulls a trigger, hitting only what he needs to.

BLAM! Another lucky shot. Hoof's leg HIT. He shifts to his good one. Pivots -- *BANG!* -- another toe to be tagged.

Marching onward. Full-on berserker mode. MORE GUARDS meeting their maker. *BLAM!* Ribs CRACKING. Another bullet. This one lodged deep. *Not good.* Blood SOAKING his shirt. GUSHING... winded, swaying... finding the shooter with his piece -- *BANG!* -- bull's-eye. Another one bites the dust.

Touching A STAIR. Only 25 more to go and he's got Blu. Reloading with one hand. FIRING with the other. A hard thing to do, if you're not Hoof Harrington.

HOOF HARRINGTON
BLU, I'M COMING FOR YOU!!!

MASTER BEDROOM

Blu heard that. Getting anxious. Staring at the...

SECURITY SCREEN

A blood-thirsty Hoof taking the stairs. Disappearing. Off the grid. The BLIND-SPOT Hoof had predicted.

BIG BLU
Where the hell did he go!?

MIKE

Looking worried as well. Asks the walkie:

MIKE
Where is he!?

STAIRWELL

Hoof climbing the stairs. A GUN pointed up. The other pointed down -- *BANG!BANG!BANG!* -- FIRING at those still alive. A GUARD at the top, FIRING BACK -- *BAAAAAAAAAANG!!!*

Hoof, over the railing, hanging from the banister. The stairs SHREDDED. He aims through the balusters. Stretching. His gut-wound opening. The Guard ready to spray again--

BANG! Won't get the chance. Toppling down like a limp slinky.

Hoof with a chin-up. Wincing. That gut-shot is draining him dry. MORE GUARDS below, FIRING upward.

MASTER BEDROOM

The heart monitor in a FRENZY. Blu watching the...

SECURITY SCREEN

Hoof reappearing, limping onto the...

SECOND FLOOR

He made it. A bloody mess. Near death. But he made it. BLU'S BEDROOM straight ahead. Hoof taking a breath. Preparing himself for the final showdown. Guns COCKED and ready.

Goes to open it... but there's nothing to open. NO DOORKNOB. No nothing -- *WHAM!WHAM!WHAM!* -- KICKS having no effect -- *BANG!BANG!BANG!* -- BULLETS even less. The door is fucking steel, inches deep, the kind built for a vault...

BIG BLU (O.S.)
Hoof Harrington, so close yet so
far away.

Hoof swaying. Light-headed. Blu's VOICE booming from a WALL SPEAKER:

BIG BLU (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Door only opens from the inside.
Thick as my dick, too. But don't
feel bad. You never stood a chance.

Hoof sliding to the floor. Defeated. He can't get in.

All sounds dropping out -- replaced by the RHYTHM OF HOOF'S HEART -- slow and pained, the BEATS getting fewer and farther between. Hoof starting to fade. His eyes fluttering. And then, suddenly...

TONY T

An apparition. Standing over him.

TONY T
Hoof, you hang in there. You hear
me.

POLICE OFFICERS rushing in with riot gear. EMTs following with a stretcher. Blu CURSING. Hoof's eyes closing.

Everything going BLACK. A beat... then the SUPER:

NO. 2

DUDLEY DINKINS

INT. COOP'S RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Current time: 1981. Coop's Residence reeks of the usual 80s era bachelor pad banalities: lots of wood paneling, lots of leather, way too many Alberto Vargas prints, etc.

Coop sitting at the head of the table, finishing a glass of Chardonnay. Seated at the other end is TALA, a Filipino in a metallic halter gown and a bleached bob, unaware that she's humming (rather loudly) something by Giorgio Moroder.

The rest of the table is filled with the Harringtons. Hoof, looking the most content we've ever seen him. His wife, Catherine, making faces at him from across the table. And their Baby seated in a highchair playing with a couple of string beans. The silence is deafening--

Psst! -- silence is broken -- Coop getting Hoof's attention (as well as everyone else's), indicating with his head that they should retire to the study. Hoof excuses himself.

COOP'S STUDY

The men have retired: Coop, Hoof, and the Baby. The latter in Coop's possession. Hoof and Coop smoking cigars. Somehow, the Baby has gotten a hold of one, teething on it. Hoof quickly confiscates it, returning it to the humidor.

COOP

I got this job, Hoof. A real beaut.
No pomp. No circumstance. Just a
simple tap. You're in and you're
out--

HOOF HARRINGTON

I'm retired, Coop. You know that.

COOP

Yeah, I know. But they asked for
you by name. And this one is *sweet*,
pudding without the skin. In-state.
No timestamp. Just you, the target,
and more moola than--

HOOF HARRINGTON

Not interested.

Hoof reclaiming his kid.

COOP

Well, if you change your mind.

HOOF HARRINGTON

I won't.

COOP

But if you do, you know where to
find me.

HOOF HARRINGTON
 Thanks for dinner. *Say goodnight to Uncle Coop.*

Hoof waves the Baby's hand. The Baby giggles. And so does Coop.

STATION WAGON

Rain HITTING the windshield. The wipers on amphetamines. Hoof with one hand on the wheel. The other holding Catherine. Their Baby in the back, sucking on a PACIFIER. Phil Collins on the radio, just sucking.

A STOP SIGN.

Hoof pressing the brake. Looking both ways.

CATHERINE
 So, how long have they been dating?

HOOF HARRINGTON
 Who?

CATHERINE
 Coop and that Tala girl.

HOOF HARRINGTON
 Coop doesn't date. He pays by the hour.

CATHERINE
 Nooooo.

HOOF HARRINGTON
 Yep. He was married once. Says in the end, this is cheaper.

Catherine erupts with laughter, shaking her head:

CATHERINE
 Classic Coop.

Hoof agrees. It is "Classic Coop". The Baby CRYING. The PACIFIER on the floor. Catherine unfastening her seat belt.

Another STOP SIGN.

Catherine straddling the seat. The PACIFIER just out of reach. Hoof looking left, looking right, pressing the gas--

WHAAAAAAAAAM! -- a TRUCK out of nowhere. The passenger side PUMMELED -- SCREECHING TIRES, SCREAMS -- No headlights.

No brakes. No warning. The station wagon FISHTAILING --
BAAAAAAAAAAAM! -- into a tree. BLACK ON BLACK.

HOOF

Regaining consciousness. His nose broken. His face the color of Christmas. His eyes racking focus, locking in on...

DUDLEY DINKINS. The other driver. In a smashed-up TRUCK. Without a scratch. Without a chance in hell of passing a breathalyzer. Just a drunken bobblehead, mumbling to himself.

Hoof turning to Catherine. *Are you okay?* She opens her mouth to speak... lets out her last breath instead. Hoof waiting for something more. But that was it. There isn't anything more. The light out in her eyes.

A RAGE LIT IN HIS.

Hoof out of the car. Reaching for his gun. But it's not there. Hasn't been for over three years now. Looking for something else... finding a ROCK. Thick. A two-hander. Big enough to crush the skull of any drunk driver.

Picks it up. Carries it. Over his head. Over Dudley's. Ready to smash -- A BABY CRYING -- Hoof stopped. Remembers HIS SON!

Hoof back to the car. His son still in his seat. Not a mark on him. The PACIFIER still on the floor. Places it in his son's mouth. Takes him in his arms. Holds him tight.

SIRENS BLASTING. Police Cars and Ambulances approaching.

CEMETARY

Hoof, a dry-duct zombie. The Baby in a stroller. The tombstone we saw earlier. Now we see the name. Etched in granite: *CATHERINE ELIZABETH HARRINGTON*.

Hoof lays down a bouquet of flowers. The first of many.

DINKINS' RESIDENCE

Middle of the night. The front door UNLOCKING. Hoof quietly entering, pocketing the blade he used to break in with, illuminating SPECIFIC OBJECTS with his flashlight...

DINKINS' STUDY

Opening the liquor cabinet, focusing on a bottle of SCOTCH...

DINKINS' BATHROOM

Inspecting a tube of TOOTHPASTE...

DINKINS' LIVING ROOM

Picking up the LANDLINE, checking underneath the base...

Noticing a LIGHT FIXTURE, standing on the coffee table, getting a closer look inside...

DINKINS' KITCHEN

Opening the fridge, taking out the MILK CARTON...

DINKINS' BEDROOM

Dudley in bed. Having no trouble sleeping.

Hoof watching. Having nothing but trouble.

COURTROOM

A JUDGE with a gavel. A sympathetic JURY. Hoof in the gallery, keeping his shit together. Not an easy task. Dudley Dinkins in the witness stand, cross-examined by the D.A. He's a blubbering mess. Turning to Hoof:

DUDLEY DINKINS
Mr. Harrington, I am so sorry. You
have to believe me. If I could take
it back I would. If I could bring
her back I would--

Hoof already out the door.

DINKINS' RESIDENCE

End of the day. The front door UNLOCKING. Dudley entering...

DINKINS' STUDY

Pouring himself a glass of SCOTCH...

DINKINS' BATHROOM

On the floor beside the commode, puking. Takes a breath.
Feeling better...

Uses the TOOTHPASTE...

DINKINS' LIVING ROOM

Racing to the LANDLINE. Vomiting BLOOD. Dialing 9-1-1...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Nine-one-one. What is your
emergency?

Dudley gasping, obviously in excruciating pain:

DUDLEY DINKINS
Something's wrong. I'm really sick.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
And what is your name, sir?

DUDLEY DINKINS
Dudley Dinkins. Please help me...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Of course. And what seems to be the
problem, Mr. Dinkins?

DUDLEY DINKINS
I'm vomiting blood. My throat and
my mouth are burning. And I'm
having trouble breathing. Please
send help.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Help is on the way. It sounds like
it might be poison. Do you have any
milk?

DUDLEY DINKINS
Yes.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Now, Mr. Dinkins, this is very
important. I need you to drink as
much as you can, force yourself if
you have to. Milk is a natural
diuretic. It will help offset
whatever you've ingested, slowing
down whatever harm is being done to
your body.

DINKINS' KITCHEN

Grabbing the MILK CARTON from the fridge. Chugging it. Dairy down his chin, all over his clothes. Finishing it as directed. Waiting for the effects...

MORE VOMITING -- violent heaving -- an explosion of red and white all over the tile.

DINKINS' LIVING ROOM

Stumbling back to the LANDLINE. Sweat seeping from every pore. His skin the color of lime:

DUDLEY DINKINS
I think it's worse.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Did you do as I said?

Collapsing, his head beside the receiver:

DUDLEY DINKINS
...yes...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Then, it's definitely worse.

DUDLEY DINKINS
...what...?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
It's definitely worse. You just
drank a quarter-gallon of botulinum
in less than 5 seconds. That's bad.
Real bad.

He starts to shake, convulse.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And before that, you had enough
iodine and aconitine to kill a
horse. Or at the very least a large
pony. The iodine was in your
scotch. Undoubtedly, the first
thing you hit when you got home,
being on trial for second-degree
murder, and all. But don't worry,
there wasn't enough to kill you,
not straight away, just enough to
make you sick. Make you vomit. Make
you want to brush your teeth.

Paralyzed. Tears down his face, unable to move or speak.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Which brings us to the aconitine. I put that in your toothpaste. You should've had a tingling sensation right away. Then, your throat should've tightened, closed up like a vise. Then you should've started to heave again, seen your insides outside in vivid technicolor. Now there is no antidote for aconitine. And it's a slow-burner. But as slow as it is, it's not slow enough. Not for my tastes.

Blood beginning to seep from the sides of his mouth, from inside his ears. His green skin turning blue. His eyes glistening with pain.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That's where the botulinum comes in. That's what was in the milk. By now, everything but your heart, mind, and nerves should have ceased. This is the poison that will kill you, Mr. Dinkins. But not for at least a couple of hours. And not without causing more pain than you ever thought imaginable. Slowly but surely, and as painfully as possible, you will die.

Dudley staring at the LIGHT FIXTURE overhead. Upon closer inspection, we see the lens of a CAMERA aimed his way...

SMALL B/W TV SCREEN

BIRD'S EYE VIEW: Dudley flat on his back, unable to move.

HOOF

Inside A CAR. Watching his prey on the SMALL B/W TV. An old-school BLOCK CELL PHONE to his ear. His voice disguised. But not anymore. Now, he speaks as Hoof Harrington:

HOOF HARRINGTON
 Goodbye, Mr. Dinkins.

At that moment, a BABY CRIES. Hoof extending a finger to the back. His son grabbing a hold. Hoof comforting him with a lullaby... The Baby crying no more.

Hoof watching through the REARVIEW. The innocent face of his son staring back, watching him... a realization hitting quick... a burst of guilt and fear.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then, it hit me. For the first time, I saw myself as I really was.

HARRINGTON HOUSE. BABY'S ROOM

Hoof placing his son inside his crib. Turning off the lights, pausing at the door. Admiring his son like he did with Catherine, but now, without her -- a sadness in his eyes.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
I was a monster.

A FEVER DREAM

Pederecki PLAYING. Hoof covered in blood. BODIES at his feet. All his handiwork. His son CRYING in his arms, the only unbloody thing in this hell. Hoof humming a lullaby, but it's not working. His son still CRIES.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
And all I could think about was him. What happens when he finds out? Will he grow up to fear me? Hate me? Blame me?

MASTER BEDROOM

Hoof jolted awake. Gasping. Eyes welling. Knows what he has to do. Doesn't want to.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
I couldn't let that happen.

BABY'S ROOM

Hoof watching his son sleep. He looks peaceful. Hoof doesn't.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
He deserved better than that.
Better than me.

THE NANTZ RESIDENCE

DING-DONG. Jill Nantz answering the door, can't believe her eyes. There on the front porch...

A Baby. A note pinned to his onesie. Jill taking the infant. Bill taking the note:

BILL NANTZ

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Nantz, my name is Neil. Like the astronaut. I am here because I need a good home with a good mom and a good dad. Please take care of me as if your life depended on it."

The couple exchange glances. Their prayers answered.

THE NANTZ RESIDENCE. KITCHEN

Coop at the kitchen nook with the Nantzes. Handing them papers to sign. The Baby in a highchair. Jill and Bill beaming -- couldn't be happier.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

I gave away everything I had. Paid a debt I never thought I could.

THE NANTZ RESIDENCE. FRONT LAWN

Hoof at a distance, watching. A grateful Jill and Bill playing with a young Neil, no longer a Baby, now a toddler.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

And not a day has passed that I haven't thought about what I've done. Or regretted doing it.

A misty-eyed Hoof unable to mask his true feelings. No poker-face today. He has to walk away.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL. RECOVERY ROOM. DAY

Current time: Today. Hoof wakes. Adjusts to his new surroundings, to the pain, and to the tubes. Tony T seated by the door, reading the sports section. Some of his fellow OFFICERS seen through the glass, loitering outside, keeping a look-out. Coop by his side:

COOP
How do you feel?

HOOF HARRINGTON
Like a can of paint.

Hoof starts to get up. It hurts like a motherfucker. Coop and Tony T helping him back in bed.

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
I need to check on Neil.

TONY T
Not now, you don't. He's safe. I've got the whole wing under lock-down. Not even a younger-you could get through.

HOOF HARRINGTON
How is he?

COOP
He's gonna make it. Just like you.

HOOF HARRINGTON
So am I under arrest.

TONY T
Nope. Just under "observation". You're lucky Coop called when he did. We showed up in the nick of time.

HOOF HARRINGTON
How many did I get?

COOP
You tagged fifteen, sixteen if the guy in ICU doesn't pull through.

HOOF HARRINGTON
That's not bad -- almost half.

COOP
Almost half? Jesus, Hoof. You are getting old.

That earns smiles all around. Somber smiles, but smiles nonetheless.

TONY T
That half you didn't get, we hauled off to County. We can hold them for two, maybe three days.
(MORE)

TONY T (CONT'D)

But that's it. Once you're back on your feet, you need to start moving, and fast. These hotheads aren't going to rest until you're dead, contract or no contract.

HOOF HARRINGTON

What's that?

Hoof stopped listening a while ago. Noticing one of his boxes on the floor. The CHALKBOARD sticking out.

COOP

We brought some of your things over, thought it might make you feel more at home.

Coop pulls a bottle of bourbon from the box. A red bow fastened to the neck. Hands it over:

COOP (CONT'D)

This is from Gus. A get-well gift. He said you liked the cheap shit.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Yeah, when I'm buying.

Forced laughter, the kind used to cover elephants.

LATER

Visitation hours are over. And the lights are out. A POLICE OFFICER snoring beside the door. Hoof waking, noticing the CHALKBOARD. Apparently, Coop hung it on the wall. His message intact, loud and clear:

THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX

Hoof yanks out his tubes. Gets out of bed. Takes a closer look. And just like that, inspiration hits. Hoof erasing the word "OUTSIDE". Replacing it with "INSIDE". And voilà:

THINK INSIDE THE BOX

An idea is born.

HALLWAY

Hoof leaving his room. ANOTHER POLICE OFFICER asleep in the corridor. Hoof limping past, towards...

THE CONNECTING HALLWAY

Tony T guarding A DOOR. A pump-action in his lap. Hoof approaching. The two men sharing a moment. No words. Just two fathers saying thank you.

NEIL'S RECOVERY ROOM

The room Tony T is guarding. Neil asleep in bed. Drawings and "get well" cards on a nearby stand. Hoof approaching. Eyes welling, something percolating... a father's sadness replaced by a father's rage.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE. NIGHT

Vacated due to foreclosure. Not a single furnishing. The Lady Realtor forced to fuck her GENTLEMAN FRIEND on the floor. But she doesn't seem to mind. Her cell RINGS. And she pauses just long enough to answer:

LADY REALTOR
Rhonda Realty, how can I help you?

INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING ROOM. NIGHT

Hoof at the payphone. The Realtor's BUSINESS CARD in hand:

HOOF HARRINGTON
Hello, this is Mr. Scott. We met the other day at one of your open houses, the ranch house across from Mr. Blu.

LADY REALTOR (V.O.)
Oh yes. *The "big man".*

Hoof forces a chuckle. It's hard. Hoof doesn't "chuckle":

HOOF HARRINGTON
That's me. I was wondering when you were planning on showing that house again.

LADY REALTOR (V.O.)
Tomorrow at ten. But if you want a more private tour--

Hoof with the hang-up. Got what he needed.

INT. VIDEO-TASTIC. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

Still keeping the 80s alive. Raketa and his fellow Slavic crew loading MILITARY GRADE WEAPONRY onto Krispy Kreme trucks, rocking out to Gary Nuwman on the tape deck--

AN ALARM SOUNDS -- SECURITY BREACHED!

All AK-47s turning on the INTRUDER in the back... a stone-faced Hoof. His hand gripping Susan's wrist and all the jelly bracelets thereon.

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN
Raketa, I'm sorry. He just barged
in.

Hoof letting her go. Susie high-heeling it to Raketa's side. The gunrunner should be pissed, probably is, but smiles anyway. The audacity. The balls. He lowers his weapon. And so does everyone else.

RAKETA
Seriously, man. How in the hell are
you not dead yet?

HOOF HARRINGTON
I still got shit to do.

Raketa nods, the logic is sound.

RAKETA
So, what do you need from me?

HOOF HARRINGTON
A re-fill.

INT. DIVE BAR. NIGHT

Closed for the night. Hoof entering, pulling a hand trolley packed with WOOD and TOOLS. Holding a Video-Tastic bag packed with C-4. A FLICK of the switch and we got light...

Grand Guignol waiting in the corner. Tips his hat. Hoof doesn't seem surprised. Doesn't seem scared either.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Time's up?

Guignol nods, sauntering towards Hoof like a slow-moving train. Twirling his HATCHET for added effect.

Hoof standing his ground, poker-face intact.

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

What if I told you I found a way
in. A way to kill Big Blu, once and
for all.

GRAND GUIGNOL

I'd probably think it was just a
sad attempt by a pathetic old man
to postpone the inevitable.

HOOF HARRINGTON

But what if it wasn't.

GRAND GUIGNOL

Then, I guess I'd ask how.

HOOF HARRINGTON

(beat)

By killing me.

Guignol stopped, dead in his tracks. Lowers his hatchet.

LATER

Hoof left alone, and alive. That "sad attempt by a pathetic old man" seems to have worked. Now it's time to set his plan in motion. He accomplishes the following via a MONTAGE:

1. Hoof SAWING and HAMMERING the wood he just hauled in. Building a BOX, a very big box.
2. Hoof building a zip-gun, what he likes to call a "Borz". HOLLOWING OUT the barrel and the cylinder.
3. Hoof making his own CARTRIDGES, using only powder and primer.
4. Hoof TYPING. Hits the last KEY. Pulls the last sheet from the feeder. Places it inside a MANILA ENVELOPE along with the rest of the stack. Signs, seals, and adds stamps.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DIVE BAR. BACK OFFICE. DAY

No clock radio today. No need. Hoof is already awake, raring to go.

INT. RANCH HOUSE. DAY

Another OPEN HOUSE. Packed to the gills. Quite a turn out for a rainy day like today. The Lady Realtor policing those that enter, making sure they take off their shoes.

DINING ROOM

Hoof standing at the PICTURE WINDOW. Rain BEATING against it. His steely eyes on...

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

Part of the gate GONE, thanks to Hoof. No Gate Guards either, another point for Team Hoof. A LARGE TARP covering the hole he left. The ROOF GUARD at his post, braving it in a poncho. Not nearly as many guards as last time. But they were never really the problem. The problem is that goddam vault door.

LADY REALTOR
Mr. Scott, look at you.

The Lady Realtor on the prowl. Approaching.

LADY REALTOR (CONT'D)
Want a tour of the upstairs closet?
Built for one, but two is so much
more fun.

She giggles. Squeezes his bicep, likes the feel.

HOOF HARRINGTON
You think that sonuvabitch would
let me borrow some sugar?

LADY REALTOR
...What?

HOOF HARRINGTON
Being neighbors and all.

LADY REALTOR
I don't--

HOOF HARRINGTON
Good point. I'll go ask.

Hoof heads for the door.

LADY REALTOR
Wait.

He doesn't.

GRAND GUIGNOL

Nearby. And out of sight. Spotting...

HOOF

Bursting from the Ranch House. Charging across the street. The Lady Realtor poking her head out, calling out:

LADY REALTOR
Mr. Scott! Wait!

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

The Roof Guard taking notice. Grabs the walkie:

ROOF GUARD
Mike, we got a problem.

MASTER BEDROOM

Mike into his two-way:

MIKE
What's that?

ROOF GUARD (V.O.)
Channel two.

Mike hits a button on the...

SECURITY SCREEN

The view changes from interior to exterior. We see HOOF HARRINGTON approaching. Stopping as soon as he fills the frame -- the Grim Reaper without his cloak.

Big Blu watching. Wide-eyed. His heart monitor BEEPING AWAY.

BIG BLU
What in the hell is he doing?

MIKE
I don't know.

The walkie-talkie asks:

ROOF GUARD (V.O.)
Do you want me to take the shot?

BIG BLU
Yes!

MIKE
NO-wait!

BIG BLU
What do you mean wait!?

HOOF

In the pouring rain. Staring at the CAMERA aimed his way. Pulls out a PISTOL. Points to the sky -- *BANG!BANG!BANG!* -- making sure all eyes are on him:

HOOF HARRINGTON
Big Blu! Why don't you come down so we can settle this ourselves!?

MASTER BEDROOM

Big Blu about to shit himself:

BIG BLU
He's gone crazy! Why don't you shoot him already!?

Mike works a knob on the REMOTE, adjusting the...

SECURITY SCREEN

The camera ZOOMING past Hoof. Focusing on the RANCH HOUSE across the street. The Lady Realtor and several POTENTIAL HOMEOWNERS watching from the front porch. Several MORE WITNESSES watching from the PICTURE WINDOW.

MIKE
Because we're not as crazy as him.
There's at least twenty eyes on us.

ROOF GUARD

Looking through the scope. Hoof in the crosshairs.

ROOF GUARD
I got him. Say the word and he's dead.

MIKE (V.O.)
Do not fire. I repeat. DO NOT FIRE.

The Roof Guard with an expletive, itching to end this.

BIG BLU

Shaking. Fiending. Staring at HOOF on the Security Screen.

BIG BLU
What do we do!?

MIKE
We wait for him to cross that gate.
As soon as he does, we take him
out. But not a second sooner. He
has to trespass.

BIG BLU
Trespass, goddamit! Cross that
gate, you sonuvabitch! CROSS THAT
GATE!!!

GRAND GUIGNOL

Raising Hoof's RIFLE. Ready, aim...

HOOF

Rain streaming down his face. Looking like tears. His teeth
clenched. His eyes closed. Waiting...

BANG! -- A SHOT -- and Hoof is on his knees.

BANG! -- ANOTHER -- and Hoof is face-down.

MIKE

Horrified, into his walkie:

MIKE
I SAID NOT TO SHOOT!!!

ROOF GUARD

Lowering his rifle, befuddled...

ROOF GUARD
...I didn't...

SECURITY SCREEN

Hoof crawling -- *BANG!* -- another SHOT. And Hoof is laid-out.

MIKE
Goddamit! Who's doing that!?

Grand Guignol appearing for all to see, practically taking a bow. Smoking RIFLE over his shoulder. Grabbing Hoof by the collar. Dragging him out of sight.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BIG BLU'S ESTATE. NIGHT

It's stopped pouring, just sprinkling now. The Roof Guard in position, sipping hot coffee from a thermos. His attention caught... something in the distance.

MASTER BEDROOM

Mike, the Nurse, and TWO ARMED GUARDS huddled around Blu's bed. Hours have passed but the tension hasn't. A palpable silence. Blu's heart rate going beep... beep... beep...

ROOF GUARD (V.O.)
MIKE!

A collective jump. Mike grabbing his walkie:

MIKE
What?

ROOF GUARD (V.O.)
Channel two.

Mike hits a button on the...

SECURITY SCREEN

Guignol is back, a vision from some Gothic nightmare, heading straight for them. Pulling the hand trolley. Hauling a LARGE BOX (the one Hoof built last night).

MIKE
(into the walkie)
Pete, see what he wants.

DOWNSTAIRS

DING-DONG. PETE, a no-neck gorilla with an ASSAULT RIFLE, checks the peep hole. JAKE, his doppelganger with a bandito stache, guards the stairs. OTHER GUARDS mill about. Maybe FOUR in all -- the rest, still in County courtesy of Tony T.

The door opened. Guignol beside the BOX. The box looking eerily like a coffin. Guignol just looking eerie.

PETE
What do you want?

GRAND GUIGNOL
(with his hand out)
The bounty for Hoof Harrington.

PETE
That's what you got in the box?

GRAND GUIGNOL
Yep.

Pete eyes the coffin, skeptical...

PETE
Hoof Harrington?

GRAND GUIGNOL
Yep.

PETE
Dead?

GRAND GUIGNOL
Yep.

Pete steps away. Whispers into his walkie:

PETE
He says he's got Hoof in a box.
Dead. Wants to be paid... Okay.

Pete returns.

PETE (CONT'D)
Leave him here and if everything
checks out we'll get you the money.

GRAND GUIGNOL
Nope. No money. No Hoof.

Pete eyes Guignol. It's obvious he's not going to budge. He steps away again, whispering into his walkie:

PETE
He won't leave without the money...
I don't know. Because he's a
fucking freak... Okay.

Pete returns. Notices the PADLOCK on the box.

PETE (CONT'D)
Open it up. If it's Hoof. And he's
dead. Then, you'll get the money.

GRAND GUIGNOL
Nope. I get the money now. Then, I
give you the key. Then, you do
whatever you want.

Pete sighs, stepping away again:

PETE
No-go. He wants to get paid up-
front... You sure...? Okay.

Pete returns.

PETE (CONT'D)
Turn around.

Guignol obliges. Pete with the pat-down. He's clean.

PETE (CONT'D)
Follow me.

Guignol does, BOX in tow. Pete and Jake helping him lug it up
the stairs.

SECURITY SCREEN

Grand Guignol, Pete, and Jake hitting the BLIND-SPOT.
Disappearing. Mike hitting a button, the view changing to
their destination: the empty SECOND FLOOR.

MASTER BEDROOM

All anxious eyes on the EMPTY SCREEN, waiting.

BIG BLU
We've got to fix that damn blind-
spot.

Everyone agrees with a nod.

SECURITY SCREEN

Finally, Guignol resurfacing on the SECOND FLOOR. Just him and the BOX. No Pete. No Jake. They've disappeared.

BIG BLU
Where did they go?

MIKE
(into his walkie)
Pete...? Jake...?

SECOND FLOOR

Guignol pulling the BOX. It's damn heavy. Stopping at the VAULT DOOR. Knocking.

MASTER BEDROOM

The Two Armed Guards with their RIFLES ready. Mike letting Guignol and the BOX in:

MIKE
Where's Pete and Jake?

GRAND GUIGNOL
Who?

MIKE
The two men. From downstairs.

Guignol can't seem to recall. Mike growing impatient:

MIKE (CONT'D)
They escorted you up here.

GRAND GUIGNOL
Doesn't ring a bell. Where's my
money.

Guignol with his hand out. Mike trying to stay calm:

MIKE
Frank, go look for Pete and Jake.

One of the Guards leaves, the door SHUTTING behind him. Guignol's hand still waiting to be filled. Mike struggling to keep his blood pressure down:

MIKE (CONT'D)
Open the goddam box. And I'll give
you the goddam money.

GRAND GUIGNOL
Money first.

Mike about to lose it, turning to Blu.

BIG BLU
Go ahead.

Mike groans. Removes a family portrait from the wall. Reveals a SAFE. Works the combo. And removes a SUITCASE...

Guignol opening it. Discovering stacks and stacks of bills.

Now it's Mike's hand that's out.

Guignol removes a KEY from his boot. Hands it over. Mike handing it to the remaining Guard.

MIKE
Open it.

The Guard obviously doesn't want to, but inserts the key anyway. Everyone, except for Guignol, taking a step back, preparing for the Ghost of Hoof, or, at the very least, a boatload of spring snakes.

The key turns. The padlock opens--

MIKE (CONT'D)
Wait.

Mike raising his PISTOL -- *BANG! BANG! BANG!* -- THREE SHOTS into the upright coffin. If Hoof wasn't dead, he is now.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Okay. Go ahead.

The Guard does. And TWO BODIES tumble out. It's Pete and Jake. Bound, gagged, and now with THREE BULLET HOLES courtesy of Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this!?

The upright coffin: EMPTY. No Hoof Harrington. Mike in a fury. Aiming his GUN at Guignol. Guignol couldn't care less.

MIKE (CONT'D)
WHAT IS THIS!?

The Guard taking a closer look inside, his nose -- *CRACK!* -- BROKEN by a FALSE-BOTTOM flung open -- HOOF OUT WITH HIS GUN!

Mike adjusting his aim -- *BANG!*

The Guard rasing his rifle -- *BANG!*

The Nurse rushing for the door -- *CLICK* -- Hoof's hammer COCKED. The Nurse stopped cold.

HOOF HARRINGTON
I don't want to kill a lady.

THE NURSE
Then, don't.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Open that window and I won't.

Damn-good deal. She does as he says. Opens the window directly behind him -- *AAAAAARGH!* -- Hoof's boot KNOCKING her through. Her ass landing in the garden below.

BAM!BAM!BAM!BAM! The remaining Guards BEATING their fists against the steel door. CALLING OUT to the recently deceased. Not getting an answer.

Hoof lifting his coat for Guignol. Revealing a zip-gun, the "BORZ" he made last night. Grand Guignol taking it.

BIG BLU (O.S.)
You think this makes you right?

Forgot about him. Big Blu's eyes burning a hole into Hoof's. Hoof returning the stare, but without malice. Just empathy:

HOOF HARRINGTON
No. I haven't been right for a long time. But neither have you. You put a hit on my kid.

BIG BLU
And you killed mine.

Blu no longer scared. His heartbeat STEADY. His breathing measured. He's ready for the inevitable.

BIG BLU (CONT'D)
Get on with it.

HOOF HARRINGTON
No way we can work this out?

BIG BLU
Maybe in hell.

Blu closes his eyes. Juts his chin. And takes it like a man -- *BANG!BANG!* -- one to the heart. And one to the head.

Finally, it's over -- Click -- maybe not -- another hammer COCKED. Hoof turning to find...

The "BORZ" aimed his way. Tables turned. Guignol at the head.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Careful where you point that thing.

GRAND GUIGNOL
At this range, you don't have to be
careful. Drop the gun.

Hoof obliges, letting it fall outside the OPEN WINDOW. He takes a seat on the seal. Tired. Getting too old for this shit. His chest agreeing with a skipped beat; he rubs it.

HOOF HARRINGTON
Blu's dead. You got a suitcase full
of cash. What more do you want?

GRAND GUIGNOL
The man who ordered my father's
death is dead. But the man who
pulled the trigger is still alive.

And Hoof says what he's been thinking all along:

HOOF HARRINGTON
Alias Arthur Rimbaud.

Guignol confirms with a nod.

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
He was your father.

GRAND GUIGNOL
He was.

HOOF HARRINGTON
And this is your revenge. Use me to
get to Blu. Use Blu to get to me.
And you get whoever's left
standing.

GRAND GUIGNOL
I've been planning it since I was a
kid. That's a lot of time to get it
right. Spent most of it studying
you. Copying you. Becoming you. I
waited for you to get old. Waited
for you to get soft. Waited for you
to fuck-up. And in the end, you did
not disappoint.

Guignol smiles, obviously proud of himself.

HOOF HARRINGTON

You don't have to do this, you know.

GRAND GUIGNOL

This isn't going to be the part where you beg for your life, is it?

HOOF HARRINGTON

It's the part where I tell you I'm sorry.

GRAND GUIGNOL

Sorry for what? For what you did to my father? For what you did to my mother? Or for what you did to me?

HOOF HARRINGTON

For everything.

GRAND GUIGNOL

Come on, now. You're Hoof Harrington. And Hoof Harrington can't be sorry. Because you have to feel something to be sorry. And we can't feel a damn thing. We're monsters, you and me. And we can't change that.

HOOF HARRINGTON

But we can, Guignol. This is America. And in America, with a dream and a drive, anybody can be anything they want to be. I can be sorry. And you can be something other than a monster.

GRAND GUIGNOL

Christ-on-crack. Is this really how the great Hoof Harrington is going to go out?

Hoof without a poker-face, as sincere as we've ever seen him:

HOOF HARRINGTON

I don't want to go out at all. I have a son. And I've missed out on too much already. I'm an old man getting older. Contract or no contract, I don't have much time left. Whatever little time I do have, I want to spend it with him.
(MORE)

HOOF HARRINGTON (CONT'D)

That's all I want. And I'm sorry
for what I've done to you, and your
father. Truly sorry. But you don't
have to do this. You don't have to
repeat my mistake.

GRAND GUIGNOL

Thank you, Hoof. That means a lot.
Knowing you want to live. Knowing
you have something to live for.
Knowing you will say and do
anything to stop the inevitable
from happening makes this more
gratifying than I could have ever
hoped. America or not, this is how
it's going to end. I'm going to
shoot you in the head like you did
my father. Then, I'm going to cut
your carcass into bite-size bits.
Then, I'm going feed them to your
son. Then, I'm going to kill him
and his family and let them know
why. Goodbye, Hoof Harrington.

HOOF HARRINGTON

Goodbye, Guignol.

We go to SLOW-MO as Hoof prepares for something other than a bullet. Something bigger. Much bigger. His thoughts via VOICE-OVER:

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And like I've said before, anyone
in this country with a dream and a
drive can be anything it wants to
be. Same is true with a detonator.

The TRIGGER pulled. And we see the smallest of SPARKS flash from the chamber. But NO bullet.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It can be a cuff link. A light
switch. A radio dial. Or the handle
on the door of a helicopter.
Doesn't matter. Because whatever
you make it, in its core it's still
the trigger.

Grand Guignol's EYES going Dangerfield. Realizing his mistake. FLAMES trailing up his arm, towards his face.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Only instead of going bang, it goes
boom.

KAAAAAAAABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The pistol EXPLODING. Shock waves BLASTING. Hoof FLYING. A FIERY BALL OF DEATH -- ALL ENCOMPASSING -- TRAILING HIM OUT THE WINDOW.

EXT. NIGHT SKY. CONTINUOUS

Hoof, his boot on fire, thrust from the FLAMING house. Seeming to hang in mid-air. Like an astronaut lost in space.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Which brings me to my greatest hit.
Number One: Hoof Harrington.

Hoof discovering gravity. Plummeting back to earth. There's a beat... then the SUPER:

NO. 1

HOOF HARRINGTON

RILEY'S BEDROOM

Big Blu cradling Riley, his dead son. Still warm. A lot of blood and a lot of tears.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Once upon a time, a grieving father wanted justice.

HILLSIDE

Hoof taking PHOTOS of Neil from afar, a longing in his eyes.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
A guilt-ridden father wanted a reunion.

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Lays dead in the sand. His Young Son won't let go. His arms wrapped around his father's corpse. His mother tugging at him. This is Grand Guignol as a child.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
And a fatherless son wanted revenge.

ALIAS ARTHUR RIMBAUD'S ESTATE. DINING ROOM

A Young Guignol blows out ELEVEN CANDLES on a cake. He does not smile. He only closes his eyes and makes a wish.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
He grew up fast, every birthday
making the same wish.

One of his gifts: a PUPPY with a bow on its collar.

AN 11-YEAR-OLD BOY'S BEDROOM

Guignol's to be exact. He flips through a SCRAPBOOK. Newspaper clippings collected from all over. Headlines declaring: "ARMS DEALER RIMBAUD MURDERED", "DRUNK DRIVER POISONED BEFORE CONVICTION", etc. Guignol adding another one: "ASSASSINATION OF DICTATOR". It seems Hoof has been busy.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
He kept tabs on his target.

The PUPPY sleeps at Guignol's feet.

A FIELD

A Young Guignol trekking where he can't be seen, a STICK in his hand. The PUPPY following.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
He practiced when he could.

Guignol raising the stick, swinging hard, but before the Pup is struck we CUT TO:

A LIVING ROOM

An older Guignol. Now in his signature undertaker suit, HATCHET in hand. Resting in a blood-stained ottoman. SPLATTERINGS everywhere. He tosses one of his BUSINESS CARDS.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
And when he got old enough, he
graduated.

RESIDENTIAL STREET

Hoof rounding the corner, a sack of groceries in his hands. Far enough away not to be seen, Guignol watches.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
He tracked his target.

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

Hoof climbing out RILEY'S WINDOW. Escaping with the only witness to Riley's murder, the 8-Year-Old Girl.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Waited for the target to slip up.

Far enough away not to be seen, Guignol watches. Smiles.

BIG BLU'S ESTATE. MASTER BEDROOM

Blu in his hospital bed. Mike hands him the Anonymous Note: *WHO SLEW LITTLE BOY BLU? HOOF HARRINGTON, THAT'S WHO.*

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Turned two old friends against each other.

HALLWAY

Betty Rage, left headless on the floor. Guignol hovering nearby. Hoof reading the business card: *BANG! YOU'RE DEAD.*

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
Waited for one to remove the other,
so he could move in. And get his revenge.

HOSPITAL ROOM

Hoof bandaged and bruised. Looking at the CHALKBOARD. Having an epiphany. Writing: *THINK INSIDE THE BOX.*

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
But the target got wise. Realized the only way he'd ever find peace was in death.

DIVE BAR

Hoof building his COFFIN. Making the "BORZ". Placing SQUIBS underneath his shirt.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
So the target became the assassin.

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

Rain pouring. Hoof waiting. BLANKS fired. SQUIBS going off. Hoof on the ground. Guignol appearing, dragging Hoof away.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
And the assassin became the mark.

DIVE BAR

Hoof laying inside his COFFIN. Guignol lowering the FALSE-BOTTOM, covering him completely. Fastening the PADLOCK.

BIG BLU'S ESTATE

Pete answering the door. Guignol with the COFFIN.

STAIRCASE

Pete and Jake helping Guignol cart the COFFIN. Clearing the SECURITY CAMERA, entering the BLIND-SPOT.

The back swinging OPEN. A magician's trick door. Hoof leaping out. NEEDLES to necks. Propofol INJECTED. Bound, gagged, and unconscious; both Guards stuffed inside.

MASTER BEDROOM

Only Hoof and Guignol remain. Guignol aiming the "BORZ".

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
When the time came, he gave the
mark a choice. Left the mark's life
in his own hands.

Guignol pulls the trigger. And the gun EXPLODES. Hoof PROPELLED outside. FLAMES EATING EVERYTHING.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The mark chose. And Hoof Harrington
finally found peace...

CEMETARY

A Funeral. A smattering of PEOPLE gathered around, all familiar faces: Coop, Gus, Tony T, Raketa, etc.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
...in death.

A tombstone with HOOF HARRINGTON's name. Beside his wife's.

The Cowboy (from the pharmacy) at a distance. Watching. Rips up the WANTED POSTER and walks away. The search for the elusive Hoof Harrington is officially over.

HILLSIDE ESTATE

Neil back home. Bandaged up, but healthy. Sifting through a stack of mail. There's the MANILA ENVELOPE. He opens it. Pulls out Hoof's STACK of typewritten pages. The title page: MY GREATEST HITS BY HOOF HARRINGTON. Neil begins to read.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

I've lived my life, earned my living, making decisions most would consider the hardest a man could ever make: pull the trigger or don't pull the trigger.

DIVE BAR

The night before death. Hoof at his Smith Corona. TYPING with purpose. Finishing the last page.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

And for whatever reason, this was never hard for me. Most of the time, I never even thought about it. I just did it. Or I didn't. Didn't consider the consequences and didn't care. Just aimed and shot.

HARRINGTON HOUSE. BABY'S ROOM

Hoof staring at his son's crib. His face full of regret.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)

There was only one decision I ever made that was really ever hard. And it's the one I think about every day.

We see inside the crib. It's EMPTY. And we FLASH to several images from Hoof and Neil's past. Listed below are some of the highlights of that MONTAGE:

1. NEIL (AGE 4) on his BIKE. Bill walking along. Letting go. Neil swerving. Gaining control.

Steady and straight. Learning to ride. A proud Hoof takes a PHOTO.

2. NEIL (AGE 10) at bat. A pitch. A swing. And a HIT. The CROWD and his TEAMMATES cheering him on as he takes FIRST, then SECOND. A proud Hoof takes a PHOTO.
3. NEIL (AGE 18) in a cap and gown. Accepting his DIPLOMA. Waving at FAMILY and FRIENDS. A proud Hoof takes a PHOTO.
4. NEIL (AGE 24) leaving a church. Arms around his bride, Sara. GUESTS and FAMILY throwing rice. And once again, where he can't be seen, a proud Hoof takes a PHOTO.

HILLSIDE ESTATE

Neil reading the last of Hoof's typewritten pages. His face a smorgasbord of emotions. So much information, so quick.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.)
 These were my Greatest Hits. A way
 for you to get to know a little bit
 about me, find out if you want to
 know more.

Paperclipped on the last page -- a PHOTO of Hoof, Catherine, and Neil as a baby -- the family that never was.

HOOF HARRINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I hope you want to know more.

AN UNDISCLOSED BEACH

A TINY HOUSE on the sand. Neil walking to the door. KNOCKS.

It opens and we see Hoof. Some bandages and some burns, his foot in a cast; but definitely not dead. His son extends a hand. But that's not good enough. Hoof gives him a hug instead, a hug he's been saving up for a while now.

THE END