

Shit Assassins

By

Alejandro W. Orellana

213-447-2261

Alejandro.Orellana.76@my.csun.edu

FADE IN.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

THROUGH THE LENS OF A CROSSHAIR:

NO CARS and FEW PEOPLE on the boulevard as a MOTORCADE of BLACK SEDANS turn the corner.

Down the street in formation as they settle alongside a LANDMARK HOTEL.

Doors open and BODY GUARDS emerge. Stone faced killers neck strapped with ASSAULT RIFLES.

They secure the area and make way for their sponsor: PAT O'TOOL, a silver fox in a sharp three piece.

He hands off his cocktail and swaggers inside; the entrance closing behind him with a wall of BOUNCERS.

A group of chatty BUSINESS MEN arrive later and try to snake through but are PRESSED BACK by the statues.

They stand stupefied at the impasse wondering how to get in.

One of the business men offers CASH and a HAND SNATCHES IT AWAY.

The foremost guard directs them to turn around and they do so HANDS UP.

The guard frisks them hard, molesting them with his metal detector.

SOUR FACED the business men endure.

SATISFIED with their humiliation, the guard finishes up then slaps them on the back for the "okay."

The men bedraggled with their pockets out shuffle inside.

INT. LANDMARK HOTEL -- LOBBY -- DAY

Cavernous. High ceilings, glass walls. Afternoon sun shines on the center of the room.

Against a wall in the back's a tiny CAFE.

O'tool sits with an over the hill looking fella named CHARLIE OSWALD: terrible skin, great suit. He raises his three fingered hand to sip some macchiato.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL
Coffee's great ain't it?

OSWALD
Yeah, pretty strong stuff.

O'TOOL
Wait till you go to the john you'll
be shitting out ya ears.

Oswald feigns an amused laugh.

O'TOOL
And while you're in there maybe you
can slap hands with that
Scheissenator guy.

OSWALD
Scheissenator guy?

O'TOOL
Yeah the vigilante everyone's
worried about.

OSWALD
Never heard of him.

O'TOOL
Guy's like Bat Man minus the gay
shit. You know, striking fear into
the hearts of evil and all that.

OSWALD
Sounds tough.

O'TOOL
More like stupid. Imagine, some guy
killing you in the middle of the
days most important ritual.

OSWALD
That takes balls, he just walks in
and shoots you or what?

O'TOOL
Nah, that's the thing. Nobody knows
what he does. He just shows up and
you die somehow.

OSWALD
Spooky.

O'TOOL

I know right? But get this, when they find the body the place stinks like shit.

OSWALD

Well it's the restroom ain't it? Place is supposed to smell bad.

O'TOOL

Yeah but there's bad and then there's this.

OSWALD

Whaddya mean?

O'TOOL

I mean this stench'll burn ya nose and make your eyes water it's so bad.

OSWALD

Uh huh.

O'TOOL

Guys vomiting and passing out if they get close enough.

OSWALD

Maybe it's mustard gas or something.

O'TOOL

No there's no cans or anything like that left over. I think it's something else.

OSWALD

Like what?

O'TOOL

Well rumor has it the guy lays a mean deuce.

OSWALD

A mean what?

O'TOOL

A mean shit, Charlie.

OSWALD

So?

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL
Do I gotta spell it out for ya?

OSWALD
No...It's just I don't see the connection.

O'TOOL
What're we talking about?

OSWALD
Some guy, like Bat Man. The Scheiss-a-whatever.

O'TOOL
Yes, Scheissenator.

Oswald stares stupid.

O'TOOL
You know what Scheisse means right?

OSWALD
Uhh...

O'TOOL
It's German for shit. Hence, Scheissenator's a play on terminator, get it?

Oswald snaps his fingers and points.

OSWALD
Oh...this guy's killing people with his shit, that's what you're saying.

O'TOOL
Yes, hence the name.

OSWALD
Oh that's pretty fucking weird. You think somebody can actually do that?

O'TOOL
I don't know. But it's already happened a few times this week.

OSWALD
Coincidence maybe?

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL
No, I don't think so. Whoever this
guy is he's got a plan. He ain't
reaching for no low hanging fruit
if you know what I mean.

OSWALD
Uhh...

O'TOOL
He's going after people that count.
The leaders and lieutenants of the
families. Understand?

OSWALD
I do.

O'TOOL
We, are one of the families.

OSWALD
Uh huh.

O'TOOL
So he's probably going after us
too.

OSWALD
So...

O'TOOL
I want you, to go after, him.

OSWALD
I can do that.

O'TOOL
Good. And when you catch him don't
kill him. Find out who he works for
first. Get all the contact
information and details I need,
then make an example out of him.
Kapeesh?

OSWALD
You got it boss.

O'TOOL
And you be careful out there, this
guy's like the grim reaper, you
hear about him but ya never see
him. Take some of my boys with you
just to be safe.

(CONTINUED)

OSWALD

I appreciate that, God forbid I run
into the guy.

O'TOOL

If you do, you'll never know.

INT. LANDMARK HOTEL -- MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Spacious, bright and busy. MEN on the go make use of the place. They wash at the sinks, comb in the mirrors, piss in the urinals and shit in the stalls. It's all business as usual.

Oswald ENTERS followed by his troops and EVERYONE FREEZES. NERVOUS EYES and FACES stare at the guards and their ASSAULT RIFLES.

The sudden silence irritates Oswald to snap his fingers.

OSWALD

(to guards)

Boys, boys get outside. I'm good
here.

The troops break from clearing the room and retreat out.

Life returns and everyone's back to normal.

Satisfied, Oswald takes up a sink and washes his hands working up a lather and a little bit of song.

As he rinses, he feels a HEAVY SHADOW FORM over him.

Close enough to be someone he knows.

Oswald turns around to face the broad chest of a powerfully built MAN.

He GAWKS at the sinewy physique and skin tight clothes wondering how they haven't torn.

A STONE FACE covered with CIRCULAR MIRROR SHADES stares down at him then takes a chomp out of a BROCCOLI HEAD.

Before Oswald can bring himself to meet eyes he looks away to dry off his hands.

When he finds the courage to look back THE MAN'S GONE.

Confused, Oswald touches the air where the man was standing then the sink. He was real wasn't he?

(CONTINUED)

He scans about the room meeting the EYES of onlookers but the guy's nowhere to be found.

Oswald steps back as if to leave when his hand brushes against something. He looks down to see...THE HALF EATEN BROCCOLI HEAD.

He picks it up from the sink and dangles it in front of him.

HYSTERIA creeps into Oswald's face as he ponders what just happened, the thought intense, so intense a LONG WINDED FART escapes his behind.

OSWALD

Oh...that fucking coffee.

Oswald looks around sheepishly. Nobody cares.

His stomach turns over with a gurgle and he winces.

Re purposed Oswald makes his way to an open stall at end of the row and misses a pair of PLATOON BOOTS under the stall next to his.

He closes the door and sits down.

The two pairs of feet sit side by side motionless when Oswald's start to SHAKE VIOLENTLY.

FROWNS OF DISGUST then dismissal as GAZERS look elsewhere.

Oswald GASPS, GAGS then GROANS INTO SILENCE. His feet go flat and droplets of BLOOD TRICKLE on the floor around him.

A toilet FLUSHES.

The stall door of platoon boots opens and THE MAN emerges looking both ways before disappearing.

INT. LANDMARK HOTEL -- LOBBY -- DAY

The entrance to the restroom's in the corner of the lobby.

People meander in and out, some fanning their noses as they leave.

TWO GUARDS, assault rifles, stand nearby, distracted on their phones.

THE FACE OF ONE OF THE GUARDS, totally absorbed in whatever he's doing, flicks away at his screen as a SHADOW PASSES BY IN FRONT OF HIM.

(CONTINUED)

The guard's smile fades as his face crinkles in disgust. He lets out a cough and covers his nose.

GUARD

Fuck. Do you smell that?

The guard looks over at his partner passed out on the floor.

GUARD

Aww shit.

He mounts up his rifle and storms inside the restroom.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A quiet intersection with few cars. The landmark hotel in the backdrop.

The man, marches across, stealing the occasional glance back at the hotel.

The guards have collected at the entrance, flustered and out of ideas. They break off in groups and head in different directions down the street. Some on foot and others in sedan.

The man turns back around and paces straight ahead. His demeanor cool and controlled. With a RAG he wipes a sheet of sweat from his forehead then tosses it aside.

THE RAG lays clumped on the dirty concrete.

RATTLES and HISSES OF A SNAKE as a burnt shoe STEPS INTO VIEW.

A CHARRED HAND REACHES DOWN and scoops up the rag.

PRIMAL SNORTS of pleasure followed by a hungry GROWL.

The man continues down the street unaware SOMEBODY'S now following him.

The THING shambles at first then fades into a stalk.

The man disappears down a flight of stairs to the underground.

INT. SUBWAY STOP -- DAY

The waiting area: benches, trash cans and posters. Tile columns and of the course the track line.

Aside from a HOMELESS MAN asleep in the corner the place's deserted.

THE MAN, descends INTO VIEW from a flight of stairs and makes his way to the back area of the platform.

Wind from the tunnel flaps newspapers through the air.

The man leans against a post and waits for the train.

It's not long before a HEAVY SHADOW forms over him with a low SIZZLE.

THING

(O.S.)

Excuse me.

The man pretends not to hear.

THING

(O.S.)

I think, you dropped something.

He remains still.

LIGHTS FADE ON the tunnel wall and the track WHINES. The train's coming.

THING

(O.S.)

Lex, I'm talking to you.

The man grimaces then turns around to face CRAZY EYES glaring right at him.

This man, IS LEX WILLIAMS.

THING

That a boy. Forget about me? Forget about, us?

A hideous laugh from the monster. Lex stares burning mad.

THING

We want you. We want him. Join us.

The monster sticks out its burnt hands and goes for Lex's throat.

(CONTINUED)

HE EXPLODES, in one quick movement and hurls the creature overhead, through a glass divider, on to the tracks.

IT crashes in a hail of shards and settles after a roll.

At the other end of the line the TRAIN WAILS INTO VIEW.

The creature moves, slowly climbing to its feet, back around to face Lex, IT reaches for him.

THING

Forever!

The train plows over the thing then SCREECHES to a halt.

INT. BREADLOAF HOUSEHOLD -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

California king, dresser with a plasma, treadmill in the corner with folded laundry atop.

A big boned man, lays in bed next to a trophy of a woman.

His face strong, noble even with a double chin, but looks troubled, caught in the throes of a terrible nightmare.

This, IS HENRY BREADLOAF.

He gasps awake, startled by his surroundings, his eyes do a slow lap around the room then settle on his wife, MARGARET BREADLOAF.

She lets out a grunt and turns over to her side.

Henry rubs his face and gets out of bed.

INT. BREADLOAF HOUSEHOLD -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Henry flips on the light.

Everything's white tile and ceramic. Nothing cutting edge or hip, just traditional.

He opens the medicine cabinet and reaches for some pills, taps a few into his hand and pops them down. A relieved groan after he swallows.

He shuts the cabinet--

IN THE REFLECTION OF THE MIRROR: the silhouette of the charred creature. It's CRAZY EYES fixed on him.

INT. BREADLOAF HOUSEHOLD -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

GOLD LIGHT and the moan of a LAWN MOWER comes through the window. An SUV drives by.

A GASP as HENRY'S FACE VAULTS INTO VIEW.

Out of breath, he paws off some sweat and tries to relax when a thought hits him.

Henry twists around and grabs his ALARM CLOCK.

HENRY

Shit.

He gets up.

A CALENDAR on the wall: every day X'ed out except the last of the month. It's CIRCLED IN RED.

EXT. CITY FREEWAY -- DAY

A wide multi-lane highway between the space of two hills. At the peak of the road, the CITY LOOMS LARGE ON THE HORIZON.

AUTO'S snail up the slope in a sea of RED LIGHTS.

One of the lanes moves faster than the others.

A BEAT UP CONVERTIBLE, tears out from it's slot and slides over to the fast track.

INT. HENRY'S CAR -- DAY

Worn out leather interior, dirty windows, something smooth and sexy plays out the stereo.

Henry shifts gears, steers the wheel and swigs coffee.

The last hit makes him grit his teeth and take a good look at the cup.

His stomach BUBBLES and he knows that means trouble.

His phone GOES OFF. Somehow he answers it while still driving.

HENRY

Hey baby.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (V.O.)
Morning sweetie, I just wanted to
wish you luck.

HENRY
Thanks, honey.

MARGARET (V.O.)
I know you've been stressing out
about the presentation, but
whatever happens we're in this
together.

HENRY
I appreciate that, baby.

MARGARET(V.O.)
Don't let that asshole put you
down. You deserve this. We deserve
this. God knows we need it.

HENRY
I'll blow them out of the water
baby, just you wait and see.

Henry's face winces as a FART escapes him.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Corporate and boring. Drab gray carpet. Plastic cubicles and
tables. EMPLOYEES sit at their desks, stand by the water
cooler and wander about. It's all work.

Henry comes around the corner, briefcase in hand, greets a
few people and makes his way to his cubicle.

HENRY'S EYES fixate on the CONFERENCE ROOM: PIE CHART on the
wall, BUSINESS MEN chatting, the PRESIDENT'S CHAIR EMPTY.

He makes the turn and arrives at his workspace.

Accolades and awards decorate the walls.

He places down his case, takes off his coat and sits down to
fire up his computer.

The fan inside whines to warm then BREAKS all together.

Henry lets out a sigh and taps his desk when a HISS followed
by a GURGLE comes from his belly.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

God, won't you stop?

Henry twists around in his chair to get something out from one of his drawers when...

A HEAVY SHADOW FORMS over him.

Henry stops and turns around nearly jumping out of his seat when he sees...

PAT O'TOOL'S FACE.

O'TOOL

Hey ya champ! Didn't scare ya did I?

Henry adjusts himself, reaching deep into his inner sanctum of bullshit to play this off.

HENRY

No, just really, really, pumped.

O'TOOL

Well that's really, really good. We're gonna need that spark of yours to light these guys on fire.

HENRY

Well as long you douse them in gas I'll turn'em to ash, boss.

O'tool and Henry erupt in cries of fake laughter. It's painful.

O'tool pipes down followed by Henry.

O'TOOL

Whew, that was good. But hey listen, bullshit aside, where the fuck have you been?

HENRY

What do you mean?

O'TOOL

I mean, I fucking told you to be here at eight. It's eleven fucking thirty. Are you on China's time or what?

HENRY

No, I just uhh, got into a fight with the lady, I'm sorry.

O'TOOL

Oh god. She giving you grief about working late again?

HENRY

Yeah.

O'TOOL

You need to man up Breadloaf, stop taking shit from her and just say 'hey, fuck you, I'm doing things my way.' You know, like Sinatra. Do that and she'll respect you, same with the boy.

HENRY

Yeah, I'll try that.

O'TOOL

Now lucky for you, the main guy's running late. Missed his flight out here so we got about another hour and a half to twiddle our thumbs and blow hot air up ass. Go get yourself cleaned up, relax and let's fucking kill these guys alright?

HENRY

Yeah cool.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY -- DAY

Somewhere near the back of the building. The lights are dim and the carpets frayed. Scuff marks on the walls and stacks of cardboard boxes.

THE UNISEX SYMBOL hangs on a door at the end of the walk.

Henry looks over his shoulder as he approaches the door, his stomach TWISTING and CHURNING, bubbles and gas.

He yanks on the handle and the door fails to move.

HENRY

Bitch.

He pulls again, harder but it stays shut.

(CONTINUED)

Henry looks around then knocks on the door.

HENRY
Hello, anyone in there?

Silence.

Henry walks away cursing.

LATER.

Henry approaches the door with KEYS in hand. Twists the lock over and pulls the door open with a RUSTY WHINE.

Air and dust escape along with A RAT.

HENRY
Whoa, shit.

Then another RAT and then a TARANTULA.

Henry watches the CRITTERS scurry along the wall then disappear into a hole between some boxes.

He looks back to the DARKNESS beyond the door and steps forward.

A LOW GROWL greets him from the shadows.

Henry steps back and shuts the door.

HENRY
Man, fuck this.

INT. OFFICE -- BREAKROOM -- DAY

There's more space in a closet than in here.

A foldout table's in the middle of the room with a fridge in the corner and a small kitchen counter along the wall.

A HIGHBALL GLASS, fills with pink liquid.

Henry sits at the table, topping off his pepto-cocktail with two unremarkable guys: BOB and LARRY. Below the line in every way.

BOB
So you really only go once a month?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Yeah.

LARRY

That ain't natural. You should go to the doctor

BOB

He's right you might have cancer.

LARRY

I go four to fives times a day.

BOB

Yeah me too.

HENRY

Four to five times a day? Maybe you guys should go to the doctor.

LARRY

Yeah well at least we ain't afraid to go in public.

Larry and Bob share a laugh at Henry's expense then pipe down cause they want to know more.

HENRY

It ain't that I'm afraid, it's just I can't. When people are around I just don't go. I've tried trust me, it just don't work. Don't matter how bad if people're around it ain't happening.

LARRY

Sounds like a pain in the ass.

BOB

Literally.

HENRY

I don't even know why I'm talking to you guys about this.

LARRY

Cause we're your friends.

HENRY

Yeah, right.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

And you shouldn't worry about
shitting yourself. I got diapers.

HENRY

Very funny.

LARRY

Aww don't look so down now. There's
a silver lining to this.

BOB

Yeah.

HENRY

Like what?

LARRY

Well seeing as how privacy so
important to you, ya weirdo, I know
a place. Where you can go.

HENRY

If it's in your mouth you're gonna
have to pay me.

BOB

This guy.

LARRY

Whoa, I saw "the human centipede"
once okay? Relax.

BOB

Yeah C'mon Henry, I'm trying to eat
here.

HENRY

I was thinking more, "two girls one
cup" but okay.

BOB

God, did you see the sequel to
that? what was it? "one guy one
cup," Jesus.

LARRY

I never saw forties the same way
again. Did you see how that thing
broke?

(CONTINUED)

BOB
And the blood?

HENRY
Guys, another time. I got business
to take care of.

LARRY
Right. How much money you got?

HENRY
What's that got to do with
anything?

LARRY
You wanna shit yourself at this
meeting or drop the kids off in
private?

Henry slaps a wad of cash into Larry's hand.

LARRY
Now this is a head of lettuce. You
creatives, make out pretty nice.

HENRY
Larry.

LARRY
Sorry, money excites me. Anyway,
it's on the roof. Nice little spot
nobody ever uses. Has a great view
too if you're into that.

HENRY
Oh yeah? And how am I supposed to
get up there?

LARRY
You can take the service elevator.
Here are my keys.

Larry hands his KEYS over to Henry.

LARRY
Now I normally don't go up there
around this time of day so there's
something you should be aware of.

HENRY
Alarms?

LARRY

No, no. But something kinda bad.

HENRY

Here we go.

LARRY

You remember that guy, in storage?
what was his name?

BOB

Waaalll-eee.

HENRY

The guy they caught doing the
stranger to kiddie porn?

LARRY

Yeah him.

HENRY

He's, up there?

LARRY

Yeah, he lives up there. Don't know
where exactly but he's around. Just
watch out.

HENRY

Is he gonna do something if I find
him?

BOB

Might have you do the stranger with
him.

LARRY

Bob, C'mon. I don't wanna picture
that. But yeah, he ain't right, if
you thought he was weird before
he's two-point-oh now.

HENRY

Why doesn't somebody just tell
security? I mean I know the guys
employee of the month, but C'mon.

LARRY

Yeah right.

BOB

I don't think he knows.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Knows what?

LARRY

Wally. He's the boss's son.

HENRY

Get the fuck outta here.

LARRY

Swear to God.

BOB

Yeah the boss was real heart broken when the stranger thing happened. He loves that kid more than his cock.

LARRY

Yeah very protective. Would probably be devastated if anything ever happened to him.

BOB

And heaven pray for anyone responsible.

LARRY

Oh yeah. He's be like Zeus with a thunder bolt.

HENRY

Yeah okay guys, I get the hint. I'm going up there to take a shit not kill somebody.

LARRY

Just be careful.

Bob hands Henry SOMETHING.

HENRY

The fuck you giving me this for? I don't need condoms.

BOB

You never know.

INT. DILAPIDATED ROOF HALLWAY -- DAY

The course's long and narrow. Leafs of peeled paint bush the walls while other portions sport SMASHED HOLES. DEBRIS in piles on the floor.

This place's been long forgotten, left to rot in the hands of time.

A RAT, follows the scent of SOMETHING, scurrying alongside the wall it stops to smell the air.

A few feet away, A CHARBROILED FINGER dangles from a string like candy.

The rat approaches cautiously and once it's close enough rises up on it's hind legs for a nibble.

It's hungry and this TASTES GOOD, it clutches on to the finger to really dig in--

An AXE, BARBARIC, CRASHES DOWN and THE RAT'S CHOPPED IN HALF.

It's little body squirms about the floor, trying to get away.

SOMEWHERE OUT OF VIEW, AN AMUSED LAUGH, SICK, SINISTER.

BLACK BOOTS, STEP INTO VIEW, ONE OF THEM LIFTS UP AND CRUSHES THE RAT DEAD.

THE BOOT GRINDS THE GROUND FOR A MOMENT TOO LONG THEN STEPS AWAY.

AN ELEVATOR CHIMES OPEN.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- DAY

Abandoned, with the dirt and decay to prove it. The walls gutted with studs, wires and pipe showing. The overhead fluorescent hangs out of place with an erratic SPARK.

RUSTED ELEVATOR DOORS against the wall GRATE OPEN and Henry steps out from inside.

The atmosphere, so bleak and creepy, he stops to take it in.

HENRY

Dude, are you serious?

A FEMALE MANNEQUIN, sits in the corner. One of her eyes burnt out and her mouth carved into a HIDEOUS SMILE.

(CONTINUED)

Henry takes a deep breath and steps past her, through a door frame into the hallway.

BLOOD SHOT EYES STARE. A DIRTY MOUTH GRINS: BROKEN, DIRTY TEETH.

HENRY glances into open doors and empty rooms, visible from holed walls as he treads past.

The SUN SHINES through a door at the end, silhouetting Henry as he steps into it's path. He goes through.

A moment passes then out from the shadows, A FIGURE STEPS INTO VIEW, A MAN, tall, skinny. The shape of an AXE on his shoulder. He stalks down the hall and through the door Henry went through.

EXT. MAINTENANCE LADDER -- DAY

An iron structure fitted to the side of the building. Platform on the bottom and a long thin ladder to the top.

Plastic bags and paper caught in barbed wire, FLAP against the MOAN OF WIND.

The platform door opens and Henry steps out. He inches to the handrail of the platform and gawks at the drop below.

He turns and stares up the ladder. He sees: BLUE SKY, BIRDS AND CLOUDS.

HENRY'S FACE WRINKLES then STRAINS: he curls inward and lets out a sharp gasp as a long FART ESCAPES him.

HENRY

Oh, Christ. C'mon just give me a little longer.

He bares his teeth and climbs the ladder.

HENRY'S HANDS clutch bar to bar then SLIP when one of the bars BREAK.

HENRY

Shit.

He falls backward then GRABS BACK ON.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF TOP -- DAY

SPECTACULAR VIEW OF THE CITY: buildings and streets made tiny by altitude.

HANDS CLUTCH ON to the last rungs of a ladder anchored to the roof.

Henry RISES INTO VIEW with a GRUNT and throws himself on to the graveled ground.

He's winded but relieved. Henry catches his breath and climbs to his feet.

THE SUN hits him in the face and he shields his eyes to look around.

Right smack in the middle of the roof LOOMS a CONCRETE STRUCTURE. The crown of the building: rusted, covered with graffiti and in need of repair.

Some PIGEONS flap out from the side.

HENRY'S EYES: trail down from the top to the door at the bottom.

IT FLAPS open and closed against the wind.

INT. ROOFTOP RESTROOM -- DAY

Surprisingly spacious. High ceilings and large windows. Daylight floods in from outside. The shadow of an overhead fan spirals against a yellowed wall and HENRY STEPS INTO IT. The fan, whirling over his face as he stares across the way at a row of pristine STALLS.

As he approaches them he notices a SINK off to the side. It's cluttered with CANS, KNIVES, CANDLES and DOLLS. The mirror above cracked. Henry stops, realizing he must be in someone's home.

HENRY

Hello? Anyone here?

His echo answers then his stomach GURGLES and BUBBLES.

HENRY

Last chance, anyone here?

Silence.

Henry lets out a sigh, slaps his hands together with a rub and waltzes over to the FIRST STALL.

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Classic pull toilet, stainless steel dispenser on the side.
Henry barely fits in as he drops his pants and sits down.
Immediately a FIERCE FART comes out.

HENRY

Oh...

Another FART, HARD, LONG, POPPY.

Henry closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

INT. ROOFTOP RESTROOM -- DAY

The shadow of the fan whirls against the wall.

FOOTSTEPS, HEAVY MEASURED ONES APPROACH followed by the
sound of METAL GRATING THE FLOOR.

SUNLIGHT on the SINK GOES DARK-- The MAN SLITHERS INTO VIEW.

IN THE BROKEN REFLECTION OF THE MIRROR HIS FACE APPEARS.

This man is WALLACE A.K.A "WALLY."

He mops back a wad of greasy hair and fingers his mouth for
food.

The junk on the sink where it should be lets him exhale in
relief.

MUMBLING, what sounds like prayer, gets him to turn around.

BLOODSHOT EYES stare at a pair of PENNY LOAFERS under one of
the stalls.

AN UGLY MOUTH: marred with a FROWN melts into a SMILE.

WALLY'S HAND: GRABS A KNIFE from the SINK.

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry's eyes closed, his face wrinkled in concentration.
Nostrils flaring as he takes deep, long breaths and CHANTS.

He's a warrior, meditating for battle, making himself ready
for the spirit.

HENRY'S FEET tremble with energy.

BLACK BOOTS SLITHER INTO VIEW under the stall NEXT DOOR.

INT. OPPOSITE STALL -- DAY

The SILHOUETTE OF WALLY'S FACE: rapt with an open mouth. Listening, trying to figure out what's going on. Then once he does a HIDEOUS SMILE twists over.

HUSHED, SICK LAUGHTER.

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry, gripped with INTENSITY, sucks in the air around him and holds it.

SSHHHHPLAAAAAAPPPPPP--PLOPADOP---BWOK---SHHHHAAAANKKKKGHH

SFX: TERRIBLE SHIT NOISES.

He exhales in a moan of ecstasy, throwing his head back for feeling.

SHAPADOODLEEEEE---SPLAT---BLEEEEEECKKK

SFX: MORE TERRIBLE SHIT NOISES.

INT. OPPOSITE STALL -- DAY

Wallace leaps back in fright, thoroughly disgusted and at HALF GAG.

He fans his nose.

The smell's horrible.

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry's possessed, it's like the devil's got a hold of him and WON'T LET GO.

His body tremors and trembles.

SFX: FORCEFUL LONG FART FOLLOWED BY MORE TERRIBLE SHIT NOISES.

HENRY

Uuuhhghhh...my god....fuck...

He braces his hands against the walls.

INT. OPPOSITE STALL -- DAY

Wallace fights the urge to vomit and covers his mouth.

He yanks his hand away when he feels BLOOD from his nose.

The sight of this does it for him.

He needs to get the fuck out of here.

But he can't.

His legs have given out on him.

He shakes them but they won't move.

HYSTERICAL he looks for help then tries to scream.

Instead he VOMITS all over himself.

He chokes and coughs then wraps his hands around his throat sinking OUT OF VIEW.

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry freezes with a cringe then gasps in pain as the last bits plop out.

SFX: FINAL TERRIBLE SHIT NOISE.

HENRY

Oh. Oh. Oh.

SFX: WATERMELON SPLASH.

HENRY

Ahhh.

Henry loosens up and recomposes himself. It's over.

He turns to flush the toilet only to find that it doesn't work.

HENRY

Fuck me, are you serious?

He checks for toilet paper. Nothing.

HENRY

Fuck.

He sits there and thinks a minute then sighs when he's figured it out.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls off his dress shirt and bites into it tearing off one of the sleeves.

He uses the fabric to wipe his ass.

INT. ROOFTOP RESTROOM -- DAY

Henry waltzes out of the stall like he's just won the Pulitzer prize.

He walks over to the sink and freshens up.

Splashes some water on his face and dries off.

KATINK!

Silverware?

Henry turns to the noise and spots a pair of stretched out feet under one of the stalls.

His mouth drops open.

HENRY

Hello?

Henry treads over to the stall and knocks on the door.

It opens by itself to REVEAL:

WALLY'S DEAD BODY!

His face's frozen in a scream and covered in blood.

Before Henry can take anymore he slams the stall shut.

He pauses to think a minute, paces around a bit then leaves.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- AFTERNOON

A boulevard somewhere in downtown. It's all gray and orange.

Henry's CONVERTIBLE cruises INTO VIEW on the empty street and stops at an intersection.

He's got the top down.

HENRY(V.O.)

I was trying to make sense of things. Why'd he do it? Why there? Why me?

(CONTINUED)

FRONT OF HENRY'S CONVERTIBLE

He's behind the wheel steering with one hand and messaging his head with the other.

HENRY(V.O.)

It just all felt very wrong. There was that cold sweat again but this time, it was fear.

Green light reflects off the windshield and he gets going.

HENRY(V.O.)

I couldn't take the rap for this. No way.

EXT. MOTEL ON THE ROAD--NIGHT

Long, beige, two story building.

Henry's convertible parked out front.

LIGHT comes from a nearby window.

INT. MOTEL ROOM--NIGHT

Good for sleeping and fucking.

There's a dresser with a cheap TV on it.

In the back there's a bathroom.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

And tonight more on this breaking story. Man found dead in rooftop restroom...

Henry pours himself a drink as he watches TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

Authorities believe foul play may have been involved. Now live from the scene Lisa Ann with more information.

The door's been trapped shut with a chair.

Nearby a TWELVE GAUGE leans against the wall.

ON THE TV:

(CONTINUED)

The reporter's a sexy woman in a business suit, her smile more inviting than a pair of spread legs. This, is LISA ANN. Behind her's the rooftop restroom covered in police tape. FORENSICS hovers around checking it all out.

LISA ANN

That's right Bill, what was supposed to be a routine check up for one man instead became a horrific discovery he'll never forget.

INTERVIEW FROM EARLIER:

The mans face's obscured with a censor effect but it's most definitely LARRY. From the neck down, the collar of a dress shirt and shoulder radio.

LARRY

Yeah I like to come up here to smoke cause it's quiet. Real peaceful you know? But today I couldn't. Something in the air was making me sick. So I decide to leave when I see these dead birds by the restroom. Smell was strong enough I had to know what the hell it was. By the time I found the guy I was in tears. The smell was just so bad. I've seen bodies like that before but back in the war. Probably mustard gas that got'em. Eyes popped out, brains drippin from the nose. Just a nasty way to go.

BACK TO LISA ANN:

She's not aware that she's back on live and there's this creepy blank smile on her face.

She winces and comes back to life.

LISA ANN

Yes, it certainly was. Now Bill, I have Detective Gary Pepper here and he has some more details for us.

A middle aged man, slight build, gray hair, plainclothes steps INTO VIEW.

He's smelling a rolled up fabric with BROWN SMEARS at the end.

(CONTINUED)

This, is GARY PEPPER

Lisa points the mic at him.

PEPPER

Thanks, Lisa. Yeah, so at this time of investigation we are not considering this to be a suicide. Foul play was definitely involved and who ever did this knew what they were doing. And let me tell you in all my years of work I've never seen anything like this.

Lisa pulls back the mic to talk.

LISA ANN

What makes you say that?

PEPPER

Just the manner in which things were found. This killer, whoever it is, wants to be caught.

LISA ANN

I doubt that.

PEPPER

Lisa, we found a huge and I mean fucking huge piece of shit here. It's bigger than Moby dick and covered in DNA.

LISA ANN

The suspect left it as a clue?

PEPPER

Possibly, but more than likely it's the murder weapon.

LISA ANN

A giant piece of shit?

PEPPER

Yes.

LISA ANN

I'm having trouble and I'm sure so are viewers at home on how that could be possible?

PEPPER

Well as you know, shit of any kind does not smell pleasant.

LISA ANN

Sure.

PEPPER

And this shit is unusually pungent. It melts paint.

LISA ANN

Wow.

PEPPER

Yeah. We flew in our HAZ MAT team to sprinkle fairy dust all over the place and it still stinks. Gas masks don't make much of difference either. I just don't know.

LISA ANN

Okay.

PEPPER

The victim, whom we've identified as Wallace O'Tool, was here when the bomb dropped. This thing's had hours to air out and flowers are still wilting. Now can you imagine how bad it must've been fresh out the oven?

LISA ANN

Sure.

PEPPER

The smell of it killed him. And whoever laid the egg knew it would. This was murder. Plain and simple.

LISA ANN

A wild theory but definitely within reason. Thank you Gary.

PEPPER

Yeah, great tits, Lisa.

Pepper returns to whatever it was he was doing moving OUT OF VIEW.

Lisa struts past a few POLICE OFFICERS and REPORTERS.

(CONTINUED)

LISA ANN

Bill, I have one more man that has something he'd like to say.

O'TOOL steps INTO VIEW right next to Lisa.

LISA ANN

This is Pat O'tool the victims father. Go ahead Pat.

Lisa points the mic at him and he TAKES IT FROM HER.

O'TOOL

Thank you. I just want to say that my son was a good boy. Never hurt nobody, never did nothing wrong. Was always out looking to help people. For a thing like this to happen to him. To my boy. Well it makes me sick. Sick and angry. What kind of world do we live in where a man can't take a shit in peace? My boy wasn't some bum on the street. He was a decent person. Whoever did this God help them. For all their days may they wander the earth afraid of their own shadow. You know why? Cause justice is coming straight for their balls.

LISA ANN

Strong words, Pat.

O'TOOL

Lady, my son just died, what the fuck else am I supposed to say?

LISA ANN

Back to you, Bill.

Henry changes the channel to something more upbeat.

HENRY(V.O.)

It dawned upon me that I was in deep trouble. I hadn't gone to the police and they had five pounds of my own makers mark. The boss's son was dead and I was missing. It was only a matter of time till people began to notice 'hey, where's Henry?' and connect the dots. O'Tool would kill me if he found out and Margarett would say

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY(V.O.) (cont'd)
something. No way they'd believe it was just an accident. They'd pin me for something. Honesty wasn't going to work unless I wanted to go to jail. I had to think a way out of this but all the roads were dead ends. What was I going to do?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK--DAY

Isolated. There's a big tree in the middle of a sea of grass. Henry sits on a bench nearby with his face buried in his hands.

A shadow FORMS OVER him.

LEX (O.S.)
Is this seat taken?

Henry looks up from his hands to see who it is.

The man's got circle shades on and an alligator skin trench coat.

HENRY
No, go ahead.

Lex sits down next to Henry with enough space between them so it isn't uncomfortable.

LEX
Beautiful day ain't it?

HENRY
If you like your days muggy, yeah.

LEX
I mean, beautiful in the sense that it's full of possibilities, like anything can happen.

HENRY
Like what?

LEX
Life. Death. Sex change. Anything really. Who knows? The point is it can happen today. Right now.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Yeah so what?

LEX

That doesn't excite you?

HENRY

No. Not really. What're you getting at? Are you trying to sell me something? Because if you are I don't have--

LEX

I know.

HENRY

That I don't have any money?

LEX

About you.

HENRY

What about me?

LEX

The rooftop restroom. I know.

Henry staggers to his feet.

HENRY

Are you a cop?

Lex motions for him to sit.

LEX

Relax, sit down.

Henry sits back down.

HENRY

How'd you find me?

LEX

I've been following you for quite some time.

HENRY

Like a few days?

LEX

Like a few years.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Oh.

LEX

Yeah it wasn't very hard.

HENRY

Well what's this about?

LEX

What you did, what you're capable of doing, what you can become.

HENRY

A CEO?

LEX

No. Something more.

HENRY

Well hopefully not a woman. You threw me for a curve with that sex change thing.

LEX

Shut up.

HENRY

Sorry.

LEX

You have a gift, Henry.

HENRY

I do?

LEX

A gift very powerful people are willing to kill for.

HENRY

My penis is no gift trust me. I haven't seen the thing in--

LEX

Your shit Henry.

HENRY

I'm confused.

LEX

Henry, your shit has the power to kill people.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

No I don't think so. I mean it smells bad but...

LEX

You saw what it did to that man.

HENRY

My shit didn't do that.

LEX

Well then what do you think it was?

HENRY

I dunno, maybe he set off a gas grenade in his face, people do it all the time.

LEX

Right, because hanging yourself has become so passe.

HENRY

Yeah, exactly, who wants to do that? if you're gonna go out you gotta do it in style.

Lex HITS the side of the bench and one of the panels BREAKS OFF.

LEX

Open your fucking eyes, it was you!

HENRY

No it couldn't've been.

LEX

Haven't you ever wondered why you're so afraid of public restrooms? Why you only go once a month? Why when it comes out you bleed?

HENRY

God. Stop. You're embarrassing me.

LEX

Think about it Henry. You're body and neurosis have been protecting you!

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

From what?

LEX

Killing people. That's what.

HENRY

I mean yeah I've never gone with someone else around but that doesn't mean my shit's deadly.

LEX

Yet the one time you do go with someone else around they die, horribly.

HENRY

Coincidence that's all.

LEX

Do you want me to show you?

HENRY

If it'll get you off my sac then yeah.

Lex takes out a small bag and hands it to Henry.

HENRY

Flax seed? The hell you carrying that around for?

LEX

Eat it.

HENRY

I just had milk.

LEX

Now.

HENRY

Okay.

Henry puts some in his hand and then stuffs it into his mouth.

HENRY

Wow. I can really taste the seeds. You get this at Trader Joes?

(CONTINUED)

LEX
Farmers market.

HENRY
Oh.
(BEAT)
Ohhhh.

Henry feels his stomach CHURN and BUBBLE.

LEX
You see that man over there? The
one with the coat.

Henry looks around and sees:

An older man sitting at a bench, reading the newspaper.

LEX (O.S.)
He's been following you.

HENRY (O.S.)
Who is he?

LEX (O.S.)
An informant for a very dangerous
group called the 'Sniffers.'

HENRY (O.S.)
The 'sniffers?' kind of name is
that?

LEX (O.S.)
One you should fear.

Henry's stomach bubbles some more.

LEX (O.S.)
I want you to go to the restroom
and see what happens.

HENRY (O.S.)
See what happens? I'm gonna take a
shit no mystery there.

LEX (O.S.)
No, I want you to see with your own
eyes what you can do.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM --DAY

Claustrophobic and dark.

Sunlight pours in from the entrance and through small ventilation holes.

The walls and floor blur together into a one piece blah texture. It feels very public. Whatever that means.

Henry passes a trough sink at the front and treads to the main area.

Stalls on one side and urinals on the other.

Henry does a double take when he see's that the stalls don't have doors.

His stomach churns and bubbles. Nowhere else to go. Fuck it.

He undoes his pants and hovers over the toilet seat.

A shadow moves across the wall coming from outside.

It's THE INFORMANT.

He acts like he doesn't know Henry's there and picks a urinal to piss on.

He stands there quietly holding his dick.

Henry watches him.

The informant turns his head back to see if Henry's there then looks back away.

Henry's stomach bubbles some more.

HENRY

Ughh. God.

Henry takes in a sharp breath.

SSSSHHHHHHHPLEEEEEEECHKKKK!!!

Hot bread!

HENRY

Ohhh.

The informant fans his nose then recognizes the smell.

He's about to yank something from his coat but passes out instead.

(CONTINUED)

Henry finishes up and flushes the toilet.

Henry walks over to the man and kicks to see if he's alive.

He flops over limply.

He's out cold.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK--DAY

Henry's back at the bench with Lex.

LEX

Now do you believe me?

HENRY

Why me? Why not everybody?

LEX

Gifts are for the few, not the many
Henry. You were chosen.

HENRY

But I can't help people with this.
'Having trouble Bob, here take some
of my shit.'

LEX

You're not seeing this for what it
is.

HENRY

That my shit kills people?

LEX

Yes, but imagine the possibilities,
what if you got paid?

HENRY

Like...an assassin?

LEX

Yes.

HENRY

I don't even know how I would go
about starting.

LEX

I can show you. We can show you.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Who?

LEX

Henry, I am a recruiter for a very secret and ancient group. A group with widespread influence and distinguished pedigree. Who's very name summons fear into the hearts of evil. We are known as the 'Shit Assassins.'

Henry erupts in laughter.

HENRY

You're joking right?

LEX

I will be, after I stick my dick in your face.

HENRY

Whoa.

Henry looks for a falter in Lex's stone expression. Nothing.

HENRY

My bad.

LEX

We touch the untouchable. The worst of the worst. The vile and inhumane. Those born out from the asshole of hell.

HENRY

Powerful imagery.

LEX

To be a shit assassin is to have death as your best friend. For he will follow you everywhere. Does that sound like something you can get used to?

HENRY

If I was a faceless rock up shit creek yeah.

LEX

Do you hear anybody laughing?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

No.

LEX

Then stop cracking jokes like you're at the laugh factory. This isn't stand up, this is life and the time is fucking serious.

HENRY

Sheesh, sorry.

LEX

Every jack off remark you make is another moment the danger scale increases. Do you understand?

HENRY

I do now.

LEX

Your life's about to become very difficult Henry. Up the side of Everest in a G-string. Do you want to go it alone?

HENRY

No.

LEX

Then let me help you.

HENRY

I will, but what's the catch?

LEX

Catch? There's no catch. It's a win-win situation.

HENRY

So I can go back to my job? My family? Continue on as normal while you show me the ways?

Lex laughs.

LEX

No. Now I see what you mean. Life's not going to be the same anymore Henry. You've got to make a choice right here and now.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

And that is?

LEX

You're a wanted man. The police haven't pinned you yet but they will. O'Tool too. But more importantly now **they** know.

HENRY

Who?

LEX

The sniffers. And they'll come for you just like I did. Only they won't be so nice and they won't give you a choice.

HENRY

Why's that?

LEX

Because they'll kill you. If you're lucky that is but if not, Lord help you.

HENRY

But I haven't done anything to them.

LEX

Your shit does things to them. It doesn't kill them like normal people. Instead it gets them high, makes them better, smarter, faster, stronger. They feed off it.

HENRY

That's disgusting.

LEX

But it's true. And if you're smart you'll come with me. Unless running for the rest of your life appeals to you.

HENRY

No. Not really.

LEX

I know I'm asking for a lot. To give up everything and take a risk but it's the only way. Any other choice's suicide.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

What about my family?

LEX

We can protect them. Hide them. But you might not be able to see them ever again.

HENRY

What? Why?

LEX

Because the sniffers'll use them to get to you. They do that. If you're okay with jeopardizing their lives to have a day at the park we can arrange something.

HENRY

No. I see what you're saying.

LEX

So then what'll it be?

Henry weighs the thought in his mind. Looks around the park as he puts his emotions into words.

HENRY

I...

Henry stares over at the public restroom.

HENRY SEES:

The informant stumble out with the help of a POLICE OFFICER. He's tells the cop what happened, looks around and lays eyes on Henry.

The informant points at Henry and the cop and him run Henry's way.

HENRY

Oh shit.

LEX

What?

HENRY

We've been had.

LEX

Quick make a run for it.

Henry and Lex take off sprinting as the cop and informant give chase.

EXT. PARK TRAIL -- DAY

A skinny concrete path leads to the fringes of the park. Where nature meets civilization. Where runners clear their heads and high school sweethearts have sex.

Lex's in the lead like a champion sprinter.

Henry lags behind second place.

The informant and cop trail in the distance.

HENRY (V.O.)

My heart pounded and my head throbbed. What a feeling it was to be alive for the first time.

LEX

Keep the pace Henry.

HENRY (V.O.)

But the moment was fleeting. Somewhere in all the excitement I had forgotten to button my pants.

HENRY

No. Son of bitch. No.

Henry's pants pull themselves down to his ankles. But he soldiers on even if it slows him down.

The path curves off out of view and straight ahead stands a waist high fence. On the other side's a steep grass slope dropping into a concrete channel.

Lex vaults over the fence and slides down the slope.

Henry's feet tangle and he hits the fence flipping over and into a roll down after.

The informant and the police officer stop at the fence. Look at the drop and shake their heads. They walk away.

Henry rolls to the bottom of the slope jumping to his feet when he gets there. But all the rolling was too much, he's off balance and stumbling. Lex straightens him out.

(CONTINUED)

LEX
You alright?

Lex looks Henry over to see that he's okay. Henry nods.

EXT. CONCRETE CHANNEL--DAY

High gray walls stand on either side of an artificial river bed. In the middle flows a neat little stream. To the side runs a cement walk way slopping off to a street exit.

Henry and Lex pace the slope to leave.

HENRY
You run like a motherfucker man.

LEX
In this line of work you have to.

HENRY
No shit.

LEX'S FACE GOES HARD. HE SEE'S SOMETHING.

LEX
Don't move.

HENRY
Huh?

Henry frightens off Lex's expression and looks ahead.

AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE: A MENACING SILHOUETTE.

CRAZY EYES STARE DOWN.

HENRY
What the fuck is that?

LEX
A sniffer.

The creature cracks its neck into the air and snorts. Its hands twitching as it makes sense of an aroma.

Henry's stomach bubbles and out comes a staunch FART.

Apologetic eyes to LEX.

HENRY
Sorry.

The creature SHRIEKS and IGNITES with black flames.

(CONTINUED)

Lex and Henry shield their faces as sudden wind blows back their clothes.

SCREAMS, THE MOANS OF TORTURED SOULS, FILLS THE AIR.

Henry covers his ears.

The creature strikes stance and GIANT CLAWS EXPLODE OUT.

FOLLOWED BY A SWARM OF BUGS HOVERING OVERHEAD.

FOAMING AT THE MOUTH THE CREATURE HURLS ITSELF AT HENRY. A BLACK BLUR TRAILING BEHIND AS IT MOVES.

Lex leaps airborne and crashes headfirst with the thing.

They exchange rapid fire blows moving faster then the eye can follow.

Henry watches stupefied.

Then it all ends with ONE STRIKE, a hay maker so hard and fast, farmer John would patent it.

KAPOW!

The creature's head peels back far enough it tears from the body. Limp paws rise up in late surrender as the creature flops to the ground. The screams stop, the bugs disappear.

The creature SEIZURES, POPS INTO BLACK LIQUID then DRAINS OFF into the stream.

A MOMENT PASSES AND...

Lex lands graceful by the side way.

HENRY

Holy shit. Are you okay man?

Lex rises to his feet and throws on his jacket in one move.

EXT. PARK STREET -- DAY

Lex and Henry pace down the street away from the PARK.

LEX

It's best we stay apart till things cool off.

HENRY
And when's that?

LEX
Give me till tonight and we should
be good.

HENRY
Works for me.

LEX
Keep your head low in the meantime
and whatever you do don't, I mean
do not, use the restroom.

HENRY
Why not?

LEX
Because you'll die if you do.

HENRY
What? why?

LEX
Just don't do it. I'll meet you
here at the bench tonight. Bye.

A METRO BUS pulls up and Lex hops inside. It takes off.

Henry watches the bus disappear around the corner.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT--DAY

A liquor store takes up most of the real estate next to a
small restaurant and dry cleaners.

It's the bad part of town where everything's dirty and in
need of repair.

The time of day where nobody's to be found.

At the corner of the store front there's a PAY PHONE.

Henry picks up the receiver and throws in some coins.

He looks around as he dials the number.

It rings.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET(V.O.)

Hello?

HENRY

Hey baby.

MARGARET(V.O.)

Henry's that you?

HENRY

Yeah.

MARGARET(V.O.)

My god I've been worried sick, I thought something had happened.

HENRY

No baby. Everything's fine.

Margaret relieved to hear his voice breaks down.

MARGARET(V.O.)

There's someone else isn't there?
you can't say it but that's what it
is isn't it?

HENRY

What? No baby. C'mon why would I go
and do that?

MARGARET(V.O.)

I don't know. You're always at work
and we never see each other.

HENRY

There's a lot going on that's all.

Henry listens to her cry.

HENRY

How's Jimmy? He okay?

MARGARET(V.O.)

He's fine. He wants you here.

HENRY

Well baby that's why I called.

MARGARET(V.O.)

Called? There's no need to call
just...

Henry watches traffic go by trying to find the words.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET(V.O.)

You're not coming home are you?

HENRY

No.

MARGARET(V.O.)

What's her name Henry?

HENRY

Margaret for Christ's sake, there ain't no 'her,' alright? It ain't about that.

MARGARET(V.O.)

Then what? Why can't you just come home?

HENRY

I killed a man, Margaret.

MARGARET(V.O.)

What? Why?

HENRY

It just kinda happened.

MARGARET(V.O.)

'Just kinda' happened?

HENRY

Yeah. I had to go to the restroom and I--

MARGARET(V.O.)

Oh my God Henry. The thing on the news that's you?

HENRY

I didn't know it was gonna happen baby you gotta believe me.

MARGARET(V.O.)

But the things they said.

HENRY

Baby, I ain't a killer.

Margaret cries some more then calms down.

MARGARET(V.O.)

Oh Henry.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Listen, I need you to go to the bank and take out all the money from the savings account.

Margaret blows her nose long and hard. Henry pulls the receiver away while she does.

HENRY

Go and stay with your mother till I call you.

MARGARET(V.O.)

What've you got us into Henry?

HENRY

Baby, it's better not to ask questions and just do what I'm telling ya. We can talk about it later.

MARGARET(V.O.)

Fine, Henry. But you should know I don't appreciate the tone you're taking with me. It ain't like you.

HENRY

Baby I'm sorry. It ain't me it's the situation.

MARGARET(V.O.)

You still love me right?

HENRY

Of course, Baby.

MARGARET(V.O.)

I get scared sometimes Henry.

HENRY

You shouldn't baby, I'm always gonna be there.

MARGARET(V.O.)

You ain't now.

HENRY

You know what I mean. Spiritually.

MARGARET(V.O.)

Just don't go quitting on me okay?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Never baby.

There's a pause as Henry thinks of what to say.

MARGARET(V.O.)

O'Tool was here. He was asking about you.

HENRY

Oh yeah? What'd you say?

MARGARET(V.O.)

The truth of course. I didn't know where you were.

HENRY

Yeah? How'd he seem?

MARGARET(V.O.)

He was okay. Concerned I guess. Said he found it strange you left without telling him anything.

HENRY

That it?

MARGARET(V.O.)

Well just that you must've had a good reason for not calling him or anything. Hopes you're okay and that you come home safe and sound.

HENRY

Was he mad or anything?

MARGARET(V.O.)

No.

Henry checks his watch not liking what he see's.

HENRY

Okay. Well baby I gotta go. Take care of things and I'll give you a call tonight.

MARGARET(V.O.)

Okay baby. I love you, be safe.

HENRY

Yeah baby you too. Bye.

Henry hangs up the phone and starts walking.

EXT. FREEWAY UNDERPASS --DAY

Cavernous and dark. The concrete belly of the highway overhead moans and whines with traffic. Forgotten cars litter either side of the wide street.

Henry crosses towards the other side when a luxury sedan cruises INTO VIEW. It lingers alongside Henry. He turns to see whats up.

The rear tinted window unrolls to REVEAL O'Tool

O'TOOL
Henry, what're you doing here?

HENRY
Oh my god, boss is that you? Wow small world.

O'TOOL
I been trying to reach you on your phone, everything okay?

HENRY
Yeah everything's great.

O'tool leans out the window to appraise the area then takes a long hard look at Henry.

O'TOOL
You sure about that?

HENRY
Course I'm sure.

O'TOOL
How bout you get in the car and we talk?

HENRY
Yeah okay.

Henry gets inside.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN--DAY

The world outside blurs by.

Inside: all leather interior, posh with that old school flair.

O'Tool makes space for Henry as he sits down.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL
So's everything alright with you?

HENRY
Yeah. Everything's good.

O'TOOL
You sure?

HENRY
Yeah of course.

O'TOOL
Anything you want to tell me about?

HENRY
Sure. What do you wanna know?

O'TOOL
I wanna know about the fuck doodle
called yesterday.

HENRY
Do I know this guy?

O'TOOL
I hope so, I'm talking about you.

HENRY
Oh.

O'TOOL
You left me hanging like socks out
to dry, what the fuck?

HENRY
Oh God, I'm so glad you brought
that up boss, you're never gonna
believe what happened.

O'TOOL
Try me.

HENRY
I blacked out.

O'TOOL
You're kidding right? Out of all
the bullshit excuses you can think
of you're gonna use that one?

HENRY
It's the truth.

O'TOOL
My ass. You got cold feet that's
what happened.

HENRY
Whaddya mean?

O'TOOL
You got scared, thought you'd look
like fool and took off.

HENRY
That's, what you think happened?

O'TOOL
Yeah, you're nebbish. It's
expected.

HENRY
I didn't know you felt that way.

O'TOOL
Listen, save the heart felt shit
for another time. I need to get to
the bone of this with you.

HENRY
Okay.

O'TOOL
Now, we've known each other for all
about six months. I'd like to think
within that time I've been pretty
good to you, don't you agree?

HENRY
Yeah definitely.

O'TOOL
Gave you days off when you wanted
them, adjusted your schedule to fit
your commute, even got you a desk
by the window so you could look
outside. Am I right?

HENRY
Without a doubt.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL

So then why is it, when I need something from you, it takes all this just to get it?

HENRY

All you gotta do is ask.

O'TOOL

No, ya see that's where you're wrong. I shouldn't have to ask for anything, it should be given.

HENRY

We talking about my virginity here or what?

O'TOOL

We're talking about your loyalty, your dedication to the business.

HENRY

What about it?

O'TOOL

You don't have any.

HENRY

So all the times, I stayed till three in morning, worked without pay, did janitorial work, that doesn't count for anything?

O'TOOL

It did, at the time, but Henry you know it's all about 'what have you done for me lately?' and really what have you done?

HENRY

Lots of things.

O'TOOL

Like?

HENRY

I brought you those donuts, I high-fived you in the hallway, I...

O'TOOL

Fucked up the meeting? Been late to work for the last two weeks? Fucking suck, period?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
Boss, c'mon that ain't fair.

O'tool runs a hand through his hair and snorts.

O'TOOL
You're fired Henry.

HENRY
Aww c'mon. I'm sorry, really.

O'TOOL
Just stop talking it's over okay?

HENRY
Fuck.

O'tool takes an ENVELOPE out from his blazer and hands it over to HENRY.

HENRY
What's this?

O'TOOL
You're last check. Consider it a favor.

HENRY
Thanks.

O'TOOL
You're welcome.

Henry peeks INSIDE to read the amount.

O'TOOL
That enough to get you through the month?

HENRY
Oh yeah, more than enough.

O'TOOL
You want me to take some back?

HENRY
Oh no, no, no. I mean, unless you want to, yeah then sure.

O'tool laughs to himself and shifts in his seat to look out the window.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOULEVARD -- DAY

The edge of the city. Run down buildings, graffiti, homeless people. Under the bed where the mayor hides all his trash.

O'TOOL's SEDAN comes to a stop and the door opens. Henry waves goodbye and jumps out.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN--DAY

O'tool watches Henry as he gets out to leave.

The door closes and O'tool's alone.

O'TOOL
Ariba derchi, motherfucker.

O'Tool reclines back in his seat and lights up a cigarette.

O'TOOL
(to DRIVER)
Johnson, take me back to sixth
street.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Fifty stories high, glass and steel framework, modern.

INT. DILAPIDATED STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

Stripped, cement walls. Bare concrete floor.

A light bulb hangs by a cord from the ceiling.

SCREAMS OF AGONY. THE DULL THUD OF A HAMMER.

A PAIR OF BLOODY FEET STRAPPED TO A CHAIR: the toes SMASHED. Nails buried in the hoof. A half used box a few feet away.

LARRY'S FACE: Swollen, purple and bloody.

He cries defeat.

A door on the other side of the room opens and O'tool steps through, wincing at Larry's condition.

O'TOOL
Jesus, Sammy, I said get him to
talk not crucify him.

(CONTINUED)

A wet haired MAN with rolled up sleeves, turns around and stands up. THIS IS SAMMY.

SAMMY

I was exercising my ability to problem solve.

O'TOOL

That's good, but this wasn't the kind of stuff I was talking about.

SAMMY

Oh.

O'TOOL

Now go get me a red bull, the sugar free one.

SAMMY

Right away, boss.

O'tool watches Sammy leave the room in a hurry. After the door shuts, he returns his attention to Larry.

O'TOOL

God, I'm really sorry about all this. You doin okay?

Larry's bloody head stays hung down.

O'TOOL

Larry? Can you hear me?

Nothing. O'tool swats the side of Larry's head and he wakes up.

LARRY

Please, no more.

O'TOOL

Hey, relax, It's me. O'tool. Your friend.

LARRY

Oh god, is this it? Are you gonna shoot me?

O'TOOL

What? no, what makes you say that?

LARRY

Have you seen my body? I don't think there's much else you could do.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL

I think we got off on the wrong foot here.

LARRY

No, I think you got both pretty well.

O'TOOL

Shut up. I mean, it was never my intention to hurt you, I just wanna know who killed my son.

LARRY

Well you're asking the wrong guy. I don't know anything.

O'TOOL

Oh I think you do.

O'tool takes a seat on a CHAIR across from Larry's. He stares into LARRY'S SCARED EYES. His foot inches over to a HAMMER on the floor. LARRY'S EYES GO WIDE.

LARRY

What're you doing?

O'TOOL

You, let somebody up to the roof, I want to know, who that somebody was.

LARRY

I don't know.

O'TOOL

You think you feel bad now? Wait till Sammy gets back and I tell him to make you scream.

Larry trembles at the thought.

O'TOOL

In the meantime, I can finish where he left off, secure these pretty feet of yours to the ground.

LARRY

Please...

O'TOOL

Just give me a name.

Larry licks his swollen lips.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL
Fuck the hero shit and be smart,
just spill it out.

O'tool reaches into his jacket and takes out a RUSTED NAIL to hang in front of larry's face.

O'TOOL
This nail, has seen a lot of
action. I like to think of it as my
great negotiator. It's been in the
bodies of various people, with
various disease, ranging from AIDS
to herpes.

Larry chokes on some saliva.

O'TOOL
I can take you to the hospital, pay
for your bills and make this all go
away, heck in a month it'll be like
none of this happened. But if you
test my patience for one more
second, I'll put this nail inside
of you and ruin your life for good.
What do you think about that?

Larry drops his head down to cry.

EXT. MOTEL ON THE ROAD--DAY

Henry's convertible's still parked out front.

He's at the motel door taking his keys out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM --DAY

The place's exactly like Henry left it. Nice and clean.

He closes the door and turns to find DETECTIVE GARY PEPPER sitting cross legged in a chair by the T.V.

Pepper doesn't even acknowledge Henry when he comes in.

A basket ball game on the tube has his attention.

He sips from a drink in hand.

HENRY
Oh. Sorry.

Henry opens to leave then checks the door number. It's his.

(CONTINUED)

Henry turns back.

HENRY

Yeah, hey... I think you're in the wrong room.

PEPPER

Oh?

HENRY

Yeah. Unless they started some kind of sharing program I don't know about. The room was pretty cheap...

Henry whips out his receipt and looks it over.

HENRY

Wait...are you house cleaning?

Pepper stirs his glass and takes a sip.

PEPPER

I'm sorry?

Henry finds that part of the bill.

HENRY

No, I didn't pay for housecleaning...

He looks up from the receipt at Pepper.

HENRY

I didn't pay for any services and you're sure as hell too old to be a stripper...Which means...

He tosses the paper aside.

HENRY

Oh what the fuck.

Henry yanks out the TWELVE GAUGE he had stashed away and aims it at Pepper.

HENRY

Who the fuck are you?

Pepper flashes his badge.

PEPPER

Detective Gary Pepper, LAPD.

(CONTINUED)

A smile plasters over Henry's face as he lowers his weapon and puts it away.

HENRY
My bad. Little jumpy. Sorry.

Henry pulls a chair aside to sit down.

HENRY
What can I do for you officer?

Pepper rattles the ice around in his drink as he thinks.

PEPPER
Up for a little friendly chat?

HENRY
Sure. If you can tell me what's it about?

PEPPER
You just drew a concealed weapon on me. That's a felony.

HENRY
I didn't know that.

PEPPER
Yeah well lets forget about it and just talk okay?

HENRY
Sure.

Pepper stares Henry over while crushing some ice in his mouth. He takes a view of the room as though for the first time.

PEPPER
You and the miss having trouble?

Henry's face twitches shriveling his smile into a scowl.

HENRY
A little. Why who's asking?

PEPPER
I am. Now answer the question.

He takes a long hard look at Pepper.

HENRY

Well wait just a goddamn second,
how do you know I have a wife huh?

PEPPER

You've got a ring on your finger.
Relax.

Henry gives the band a twist.

HENRY

That, I do. Sorry. Like I said I'm
a little jumpy.

PEPPER

Yeah? Why's that?

HENRY

Just a jumpy person that's all.

PEPPER

Haven't heard that one before.

HENRY

What? You don't believe me?

PEPPER

No.

HENRY

Well why's that?

PEPPER

Oh I don't know. Maybe it's cause
you're hiding out here. On the edge
of town with a shotgun and your
bags packed for presumably, Mexico.
That or the fact you abruptly left
work early yesterday around the
same time Wallace O'tool was
killed. Makes you wonder doesn't
it?

HENRY

Yeah a little, I guess. But I mean
I really can't see how any of that
would concern you anyway.

PEPPER

Well seeing as how I'm the lead
detective on the O'tool case I can
see very easily why I'd be
concerned.

(CONTINUED)

(BEAT)

I want to bring the killer to justice.

HENRY

Oh.

PEPPER

But I don't have any reason to be suspicious of you do I?

HENRY

None that I can think of.

Pepper takes a pen and notepad out from his blazer.

PEPPER

Good. Then you won't mind explaining to me your recent behavior.

HENRY

Well what's there to explain? I left work early yesterday, that's it.

PEPPER

Can you elaborate?

HENRY

I had a personal emergency of sorts. The kid had the flu and I needed to be home.

PEPPER

So you went straight home or what?

HENRY

Well no I had to stop for medicine. The boy was sick after all.

PEPPER

Okay what'd you get at the store?

HENRY

Whatever was on sale. I don't remember. Something cheap.

PEPPER

Any receipts or papers to prove that?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

No, but I think the sale ends this Friday. It's all over the internet.

PEPPER

No. Any papers or receipts to prove you were there, at the store?

HENRY

Oh. No. I paid cash. Receipts bother me.

Pepper writes something down.

PEPPER

So you take the kid the medicine then what?

HENRY

Well actually, I drove by and threw the medicine on the lawn. I had red boxed this movie and didn't have time to stop all the way.

PEPPER

Red box?

HENRY

Yeah you know, those red box's they have outside the liquor stores with movies you can rent? They're great but the late fee's Jesus Christ.

PEPPER

Oh those. Yeah okay. Go on.

HENRY

Well the red box was all the way out here and the thing was gonna be late.

PEPPER

So you drove out here? Some fifty miles, to avoid paying late fees?

HENRY

Yeah, plus I had like two dollars in my checking account. If the fee had gone through I'da been overdrawn and then there's a ninety dollar fee for that.

(CONTINUED)

PEPPER

But you probably spent that much or more on the gas you burned coming out here.

HENRY

Well I just hate paying fees. They make me feel stupid.

PEPPER

I'll make note of that. Go on.

HENRY

My car broke down. I mean literally right after I dropped off the movie the hood just went up in flames. It was bad.

PEPPER

And then?

HENRY

I tried to beat the fire out with my jacket but my arms got tired and I quit.

PEPPER

You left the car burning there?

HENRY

Well no. This guy showed up. A mechanic. He tried hosing the thing down when it exploded killing him.

PEPPER

Christ. What did you do?

HENRY

What could I do? The guy was dead and my car was ruined. I fucking split.

PEPPER

You left?

HENRY

Yeah. I went running along the highway. It was pitch dark and hot as hell. I thought I was gonna die.

PEPPER

Wait, wait. Back at the red box, there weren't any buildings nearby? Somewhere you could go for help?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Nope, nothing. It was in the middle of nowhere.

PEPPER

Well then where hell did the mechanic come from?

HENRY

He was passing by on his chopper and decided to help.

PEPPER

You flagged him down or he came to your rescue?

HENRY

I'm not sure. I had sorta passed out before he showed up. It probably looked like I had picked a terrible spot to take a nap right next to this burning car.

PEPPER

And you passed out because?

HENRY

I told you. I was tired.

PEPPER

And you wake up finding this guy trying to hose down your car?

HENRY

Yeah.

PEPPER

And then he dies and you take off running for what must be miles?

HENRY

Yeah. Epic right?

PEPPER

Oh without a doubt.

HENRY

Well anyway about halfway I realize I could've taken the guys chopper and gotten to where ever I was going a lot faster. I broke down at that point.

(CONTINUED)

PEPPER

And did what?

HENRY

Cried. I needed release.

PEPPER

Nothing wrong with that, go on.

HENRY

I ran some more and found the motel.

PEPPER

And by then what time was it?

HENRY

Oh I don't know, one or two in the morning.

PEPPER

Bullshit.

HENRY

What?

PEPPER

The visitors log says you got here last night at five thirty. O'tool was found dead at six. Forensics stating he died thirty minutes prior. The same amount of time it takes to drive out here from the city.

HENRY

Yeah well. I drive fast...even when I don't have to be anywhere, just give me a cassette and I'm cool.

Pepper reviews what he's written and then scribbles all over it and tears the page out.

PEPPER

So you leave work and go cruising like some bad boy and expect me to believe this tabloid of a story?

HENRY

Well it's the truth. If you can't handle it I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

PEPPER

I could arrest you right now but that'd be too easy.

HENRY

For what? I didn't do anything.

PEPPER

Have you ever watched an episode of CSI?

HENRY

Not really my kind of show but yeah I've seen snippets.

PEPPER

You've seen how they get all high tech? Goggles? Lasers and shit?

HENRY

Yeah.

PEPPER

Well me and my team spent some five hours analyzing a giant piece of shit with goggles and lasers.

HENRY

Strange hobby, but I'm listening.

PEPPER

And the whole time I kept singing just like on the show "whoooo are you? who? who? who? who?"

Henry laughs

PEPPER

We ran every kind of test you could imagine and cross referenced all the DNA until one name came out.

HENRY

And that was?

PEPPER

You. Motherfucker.

HENRY

Whoa. Who said it was me?

(CONTINUED)

PEPPER

Science, lasers and billions of tax payer dollars.

HENRY

Well that's just preposterous. You can't just stick your dick in some computer and expect an honest answer. You'll be shocked with disappointment.

PEPPER

Don't believe me do you? Well look at this.

Pepper whips out a zip locked bag of shit.

PEPPER

Behold.

HENRY

My god. What're you carrying that around for?

PEPPER

To prove my point, damnit. I knew you wouldn't believe me.

HENRY

I just can't see why you'd go and pick that off the street...

PEPPER

Idiot. That's you in here.

Pepper whips out a data sheet.

PEPPER

This document matches you to it.

Henry dismisses the evidence with a wave.

HENRY

Your elaborate props don't scare me.

PEPPER

Well maybe this will. Listen carefully.

HENRY

Okay.

PEPPER

I know, that you killed Wallace O'tool. You've seen the evidence now here's the motive.

HENRY

Hold on.

Henry gets comfortable in his chair.

HENRY

Alright go ahead.

PEPPER

You're what they call in certain circles, a "saboteur." Or what I refer to as a heartless son of a bitch.

HENRY

Ouch.

PEPPER

You've gone from company to company leaving a trail of destruction behind you.

HENRY

I'd give my two weeks notice...

PEPPER

Every company you've worked for goes belly up after you quit. Money disappears and the place caves in like a deck of cards.

HENRY

Coincidence that's all.

PEPPER

That money's moved into a secret account I have yet to find. But when I do it'll be like a fifty guy cream pie for you.

HENRY

I really don't need the visual.

PEPPER

Well imagine it, cause there's no better way to see how fucked you're gonna be sucker.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Okay...am I a blonde or brunette?

PEPPER

God damnit I'll destroy you don't you get it? I know your big elaborate plan.

HENRY

Plan? there is no plan. I just--

PEPPER

Shut up. You know that O'tool's senile. You know that he's emotional. And you know that he loved that boy. Which's why you killed him. Cause you wanted to strike him with grief and fill the role of his missing son.

HENRY

Pretty twisted but okay.

PEPPER

Suddenly you're like the left nut he never had and he listens to every word you say. Then like before, you do what you always do and jerk the company dry.

HENRY

Your metaphors make me sweat.

PEPPER

Well they should. That's the heat of the truth for you. And it's only gonna get hotter if you don't cooperate.

HENRY

I've been cooperating.

PEPPER

No you haven't. I don't need the "life's like a box of chocolates" bullshit, I need the truth.

HENRY

I've told you the truth.

PEPPER

You're a moron. An idiot. A retard who should've been shot in the face the moment he was born.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

That's wrong.

PEPPER

It's right just like everything else I'm saying god damnit.

Henry shuffles in his seat.

PEPPER

It doesn't matter if you don't believe what I'm saying. I got everything I need to prove you guilty in my two hands. Plus a yarn of a motive my team of lawyers can knit into a sweater. Get it? You're fucked.

HENRY

If you say so, I guess.

Pepper takes out a handkerchief and pats his forehead.

PEPPER

Now as you can see, I've very skillfully laid out what can become the rest of your life. As a death row inmate who's idea of a conjugal visit's when his shower buddy spits first. If that sounds like a day at Disneyland, I'll stop right there, but if not hear me out.

Henry crosses his arms.

PEPPER

I'm only telling you this, cause I want you to understand what I got and where I am. A pair of wire clippers around your balls.

HENRY

Jesus.

PEPPER

I didn't need all this evidence and high tech laser shit to know you were the one. Henry.

(BEAT)

All I needed was one good sniff.

Henry's taken aback.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

What?

PEPPER

And did it smell good. Like nothing I've ever smelled before. I'm still high. You're one of a kind Henry and I intend to keep it that way.

HENRY

You're...a sniffer?

A smile cracks over Peppers face and he throws his head back laughing.

Henry watches disgusted at this discovery.

PEPPER

Is that what they call us now? Never really cared for the name but yes. I live off shit. Have for years and know an opportunity when I see one.

HENRY

To?

PEPPER

Make use of you and your little gift. You're going to make me rich.

HENRY

I'm not going to anything with you.

PEPPER

You will if you want things to go back to normal. That is what you want isn't it?

HENRY

At one point yeah. But now things are different and I'm tired of guys like you telling me how it's gonna be.

Henry gets up and heads for the door.

PEPPER

You walk out and it's straight to the grave for you.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
Eat my shit, Gary.

Henry slams the door behind him.

Gary's left standing there with a zip lock bag of shit in his hands.

EXT. MOTEL ON THE ROAD -- DAY

Henry stops in his tracks when O'Tool's Sedan pulls INTO VIEW and parks.

O'tool and his guys come out.

HENRY
Boss, what're you doing here?

O'TOOL
I got a call. Some weirdo said the killer was here.

HENRY
That's strange.

O'TOOL
I know right?

O'tool's guys fan out and patrol the area leaving Henry alone with O'tool.

O'TOOL
Say Henry, let me ask you something.

HENRY
Sure boss.

O'TOOL
The other day when you was on your lunch break, Larry told me something or other offhand. I didn't think much of it at first but now it's kinda bothering me like sand in my ass.

HENRY
Shoot boss.

O'TOOL
Is it true you're afraid of public restrooms?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

What? No. Why would I be?

O'TOOL

Ya see I thought the same thing too. But then I got to thinking, every time I go in there you're nowhere to be found.

HENRY

Uh-huh and?

O'TOOL

Well that just ain't normal. Especially for a big guy like you. who I know has to shit at least once a day. But then another thought occurred to me.

HENRY

Oh yeah and what's that?

O'TOOL

What if he's fat cause all the shits trapped inside. And instead of like a normal person who goes every day, it comes out in bits, every month.

HENRY

I don't see where you're going with this.

O'TOOL

My shit smells bad and I go every day Henry. Your shit must smell other worldly. Like the fog that passed through Egypt killing everyone but the Jews. See where I'm going?

HENRY

Can't say that I do boss.

O'TOOL

Henry, I respect a man more when he confesses his sins outright. If I gotta take it out of him it ain't gonna be pretty.

HENRY

Still don't get what you're saying boss.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL
Henry, Did you kill my son?

HENRY
Oh is that what this is about?

O'TOOL
Don't test me.

One of O'tool's guys comes out from Henry's room.

GUY
Boss, I found something.

O'TOOL
The hell's that?

Guy hands O'tool the zip-lock bag and data sheet. O'Tool looks it over. Hangs the bag against the sun for closer inspection.

O'TOOL
Well. Well. Well.

O'Tool laughs to himself as he hands the bag back to his guy.

O'TOOL
Henry, how could you? Really?

HENRY
It was an accident.

O'TOOL
I bring you in as family. Groom you for success, even give you money pro bono and then as my reward you go and do this to me? Why?

HENRY
You gotta understand I never intended to hurt him.

O'TOOL
Well isn't that nice? I'm sure he didn't feel a thing when you melted his face off.

HENRY
I didn't even know he was there honest to God. When it was all over I found him the way he was. I didn't even know you had a son until earlier that day.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL

I toiled for years Henry. Trying to bring a boy into this world. But the women just wouldn't give. Do you know how that feels? Wanting something you can't control? It drives you crazy. When wally was born I couldn't help but cry. God was finally telling me that things were gonna be okay. And they were until he started having trouble. First with kids, then at school, and then with life in general. They told him he'd never be nothing. Not even a bag boy. It hurt, seeing my son denied his birth right. His life was full of promise, full of potential and you went and took that all away.

The pain of O'tools words wash over Henry. He's gonna be sick.

HENRY

I'm sorry Boss. I am. Really.

O'TOOL

Sorry doesn't fucking cut it Henry. He's dead.

HENRY

I'll tell you what. I'll turn myself in. Would that make you happy?

O'TOOL

Are you kidding me? I want real justice. Eye for an eye kinda justice.

HENRY

C'mon Boss.

O'TOOL

No. Get in the car. We're going.

Henry steps away to escape and bumps into a wall of O'Tool's guys. They strong-arm him into O'Tools sedan.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK--DAY

O'Tool's Sedan's parked out front. A paved walkway leads to the OUTDOOR RESTROOM. Two of O'Tool's guys stand at the entrance as ushers.

WHAP. WHAP. WHAP. WHAP.

SFX: MAN GRUNTING

O'TOOL (V.O.)

Enough.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM --DAY

Henry's tied to a toilet. His face's bloated purple and blue. Blood drips from the side of his mouth.

O'tool's guy steps back for the Boss to see.

O'TOOL

How ya feel Henry?

He spits out a gob of blood.

HENRY

Fuck you.

O'Tool's amused. He motions to one of his guys to hand him something.

O'TOOL

I did a little thinking you know?
What would be the appropriate
punishment for your crime?
Obviously you gotta die but I
wasn't sure how. Shooting you ain't
personal enough and using a knife's
too messy. So then I got a hell of
an idea. Why not have him shit to
death? Now that's fucking poetic.

O'Tool takes a neon bottle out from a bag he's holding and looks it over with a whistle.

O'TOOL

This thing'll clear sewer pipes.
I'm sure it'll be just fine for you
Henry.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

You. You monster.

O'TOOL

Open wide and taste the hydroxide.

Henry fights to keep his head away but a pair of hands keep him in place. Another pair pries his mouth open. Henry gags and chokes as the slime's poured down his throat.

O'tool tosses the empty bottle aside and looks Henry over with a smile.

O'TOOL

Ain't it sweet?

Henry trembles with rage spitting out the left over slime. He looks up at O'Tool.

HENRY

Not as sweet as when I get up out
of this chair to kill you.

O'Tool pats Henry on the cheek.

O'TOOL

Oh Henry. Hush, hush now. You had
your chance to do the right
thing now have some dignity and
take it like a man.

O'Tool and his guys gather around to watch Henry squirm and shake in pain.

O'Tool chuckles and points at the entertainment.

His boys join in on the laughter.

One of them takes out his phone and starts video taping.

HENRY

Oh. Oh God. It burns.

Henry's stomach bubbles and churns.

O'TOOL

Smile for the camera, Henry.

Henry gags and vomits up saliva. He chokes on it.

O'TOOL

Smile Henry, C'mon Wally wants to
know you're having a good time.

(CONTINUED)

Henry spits the saliva out.

HENRY

You know, Pat. I think your son. I think he was a retard fuck. A mistake begging to be put down. Idiot was out to rob me. Take my life. Suits him right a piece of shit would kill'em. Just like you. You maggot master no dick faggot.

O'tool's face flushes red.

O'TOOL

Why I outta.

O'Tool rushes over to Henry and grabs him by the collar.

SSSSSSSHHHHHHHHPLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCKKKK--DA-DA-DA-PLICKK

SFX: TERRIBLE SHIT NOISES

Henry cringes and cramps inward.

O'Tool lets go and stumbles back covering his nose.

O'TOOL

Quick someone flush the toilet.

Green vapors hiss out from Henry's ass. It fills the room.

One of O'Tool's guys tries the toilet.

GUY

It's broken.

O'TOOL

Shit.

Henry unleashes a guttural roar and the earth shakes.

Loose tiles fall from the ceiling and walls as the floor cracks.

Currents of electricity crackle in the air.

Henry's hair blows out of his face.

HENRY

Ahhhhhhhhhhh.

The green mist fogs up the room.

(CONTINUED)

O'Tool and his guys clutch their necks choking and drop to their knees.

The usher's from outside rush in to the rescue only to fall victim to the stench.

O'TOOL
Never in my life. Have I smelled
something so terrible.

O'Tool's nose gushes with blood and his eyes burn red.

O'TOOL
The horror.

His body's thrashed by a seizure and starts to smoke and smolder.

O'TOOL
The pain.

He claws his face as it melts off with a sizzle.

O'TOOL
Ahhhhh!!!!!!

O'Tool reaches for mercy then sinks OUT OF VIEW.

Henry hunches over the toilet and lets it rip.

Every now and then he whip lashes his head when it's too much.

Green smoke envelopes the room.

HENRY
Oh my god! Ahhhhhhh!!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK--DAY

A hipster walks along the paved walkway to the restroom. He's jamming out to his Walkman while lighting a cigarette.

Green smoke seeps out from the entrance to the restroom but the hipster's oblivious.

He walk's right in.

KABLOOM!!!

The restroom EXPLODES into an orange cloud that geysers into the sky.

(CONTINUED)

Moments pass before the sound of sirens FADE IN.

The flames settle, burning what's left of the building frame.

Standing charred but in one piece, the toilet Henry was sitting on.

The rope that held him undone.

The flames wasp and wisp then part to REVEAL OFF IN THE DISTANCE Henry fleeing the scene.

EXT. PARK TRAIL --DAY

Henry's hard on the trail. His clothes charred and his ass showing. But he's not fazed the slightest.

HENRY (V.O.)

I don't know how I was running. My ribs were broken and my feet were smashed. But I didn't feel it. Not then at least. I had to press on. For Margeret and Jimmy. For something better around the corner.

EXT. PARK TENNIS COURTS -- NIGHT

A red and green lot with a waist high net in the middle. Tall fences box in each court. Piles of trash and leafs litter the grounds.

Henry limps into one of the courts looking for Lex.

HENRY (V.O.)

When I didn't see him my heart sank. Had I been duped? Was I some pawn in an elaborate game? I felt foolish. I felt--

LEX (O.S.)

Henry. Over here.

Henry turns around.

Lex runs in from the street waving.

HENRY

You had me there for a second.

(CONTINUED)

LEX
Yeah sorry. I got tied up with--my
God. Your face. What happened?

Lex looks Henry over.

HENRY
O'Tool found out.

LEX
No shit. You look like Rodney King.

HENRY
That bad huh?

LEX
Nothing we can't fix but yeah you
look like an un-wiped ass.

Lex pats Henry on the shoulder and puts his arm over him.

They walk out of the court on to the street.

HENRY
I need to lay down.

LEX
We're almost there.

HENRY
Everything's getting dark.

LEX
Just try and relax.

INT. TRUCK CABIN -- DAY

All leather interior. Henry's laid out on a bench seat in
the back. He shuffles into place before passing out.

The engine purrs to life then roars RPMS.

Henry's out cold.

FADE TO:

TELEVISION SET

It floats in the dark.

A wash with analog static.

Then.

(CONTINUED)

Cuts clear to the park crime scene.

The flames out. Yellow tape everywhere. And the forensics people. God there's lots of them. Cops too.

This is serious.

Lisa Ann's there guiding the camera. Passing corpses and busy bodies.

LISA ANN

That's right Bill, in what appears to be the follow up to yesterdays slaying the so called shit assassin has struck again.

INTERVIEW FROM EARLIER:

Pepper addresses the press. He loosens his tie as he speaks.

PEPPER

Eight bodies have been identified so far. We're not releasing names at this time but will say they were under the employ of a one, Pat O'Tool.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Is O'tool among the slain?

PEPPER

No. His body has yet to be identified.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Any idea on how this went down?

PEPPER

From the looks of things. I imagine extended interrogation. Torture possibly. Then something went wrong. Explosives of some type were used.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM --DAY

In the corner's a gurney with an IV. A man lies atop covered in sheets breathing steadily. His face's wrapped in bandages and his lips burnt.

SFX: TOILET FLUSH

(CONTINUED)

The mummy gasps to life clutching the arm rail.

Pepper walks INTO VIEW and stands bedside with a glass in hand.

MAN

Water. Now.

Pepper hands the glass over and the mummy yanks it away.

PEPPER

Easy.

He chugs it down with a sigh of relief then flings the glass at the wall.

KAPISHHHH

Shards sprinkle across the ground.

The mummy lurches up from bed and strokes his bandaged face for skin.

His fingers linger over where his eyes should be and he GASPS.

MAN

So many colors, shapes, what, what did you do to me?

PEPPER

What I had to.

MAN

No, this isn't right, something's wrong.

PEPPER

I can hazard a guess.

MAN

What?

PEPPER

I took out your eyes.

MAN

You what?

The man leaps out of bed and grabs Pepper by the collar.

MAN

You did what to me?

PEPPER

I saved your life. You were burnt
pretty bad.

He lets go of him and staggers back against the gurney.

MAN

The fire? Henry? That was real?

PEPPER

Afraid so, Pat.

This man's PAT O'TOOL.

Hysteria washes over him. He claws at the bandages.

O'TOOL

Get me out of this.

PEPPER

No. Don't do that. You'll ruin your
face.

O'TOOL

It's already ruined.

O'Tool turns away from Pepper and unwraps the bandages. He
shudders as they come off.

His UGLY BURNT HEAD becoming more visible with each layer of
thread undone.

The last bandage's untied.

He touches his face with shaky hands and screams.

O'TOOL

The horror...horror--my God what's
that smell?

O'tool turns back around and sniffs the air.

PEPPER'S FACE CRINGES AT THE SIGHT.

A FLASH: CHARRED SKIN, BLACK HOLES, TEETH.

O'tool drifts past Pepper and out of the room.

Pepper stays where he is listening for O'tool.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL (O.S.)
There's shit in this toilet.

Pepper bursts out laughing.

PEPPER
That's my breakfast you're looking
at.

O'TOOL (O.S.)
Why, do I find it appetizing?

PEPPER
Maybe because it is?

O'Tool can be heard chomping away.

O'TOOL (O.S.)
This is by far the most disgusting
thing I've ever done.

PEPPER
Trust me it's only the beginning.

EXT. MANSION BALCONY -- DAY

Pepper and O'tool sit side by side.

O'tool wraps the last loop of bandage back over his head.

O'TOOL
I wanna make him wish he'd never
been born. Bring him so low death
would be a treat.

PEPPER
If you let me. I can help make that
possible.

O'TOOL
But you're a god damn cop. For all
I know you got it out on me.

PEPPER
I saved you didn't I?

O'TOOL
Yeah. Supposedly. But how do I know
you weren't fondling my body?

(CONTINUED)

PEPPER

I found you cause you were crying.
Kept saying 'one more chance. One
more chance.' Well now you fucking
got it.

O'tool hammers the arm rest of his chair.

O'TOOL

He ruined me god damnit. Took my
life and turned it into shit. I'll
kill him for what he done. Kill
him.

PEPPER

Which is why you need to trust me.

O'TOOL

But how? When you're tied to the
organization that wants to bring me
down?

PEPPER

Don't look at things that way. This
is an opportunity. For the first
time you got the inside scoop. I'll
keep you out of trouble.

O'TOOL

LAPD's got a lot of shit on me and
my company. You can make that go
away?

PEPPER

I can, if you help me get Henry.

O'TOOL

Okay but on one condition. I want
the wife and kid.

Pepper stares at O'tool's lip-less mouth and smiles.

PEPPER

Fine. But get me my man.

O'TOOL

Deal.

INT. BOILER ROOM -- DAY

Cement walls and floor. The ceiling's high up and dark. Metal rods hang down from the shadows with fluorescents at the ends.

Henry lays on a mattress in the corner out cold. Lex's hand wipes ammonia past his face and Henry gasps awake startled by Lex staring down at him. His bruises gone just a few bandages left.

Henry sighs.

HENRY

Oh my god. I must've had the longest dream ever.

LEX

What happened?

HENRY

It was like I was a ghost watching other people. I saw O'tool with Pepper and they were talking.

LEX

Fascinating.

HENRY

They were plotting to get me. I don't know if to kill me or what. But just get me. It was really weird.

LEX

Well believe it or not a lots happened since you were out.

HENRY

Like what?

LEX

We went to go check up on Margaret and Jimmy.

HENRY

And?

LEX

They're gone.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

If you're fucking with me, this
isn't funny.

LEX

The place was turned upside down.
They shot the dog and we found her
mother.

HENRY

God...and Margaret, Jimmy?

LEX

Taken.

HENRY

To?

LEX

I don't know but they're gone.

HENRY

O'tool and that Pepper faggot did
this.

LEX

You're sure?

HENRY

Well it wasn't Santa Claus.

INT. MAINTENANCE PASSAGE WAY --DAY

One can't help but feel like a rat when passing through
here. The space's cramped and dirty with terrible lighting.
Cords of pipe run along the walls punctuated by wisps of
steam.

Lex leads ahead like he's been here before.

Henry treads behind, watching where he steps.

HENRY

God. Where are we?

LEX

Deep in the belly of the city.

HENRY

I'm not gonna find any shit down
here am I?

(CONTINUED)

LEX

No, we run a clean operation.

HENRY

That's a relief cause I really like these shoes.

(BEAT)

You guys been down here long?

LEX

No. We relocate after every mission.

HENRY

So you guys are on one now?

LEX

We're prepping.

INT. BRIEF ROOM

Smooth concrete walls bracketed with iron studs. The ceiling a shadow.

A handmade projector screen hangs on the wall with the projector somewhere out of view.

Henry sits amongst a row of plastic chairs taking notes.

Lex stands to the side working the show.

ON THE SCREEN:

The haggard face of a middle aged man who must smell a rotten egg off screen.

LEX (O.S.)

This is our man of interest, the lynch pin to everything. The asshole every criminal has a finger in.

HENRY

Okay.

LEX (O.S.)

O'tool owes him money and he's the westcoast's gate keeper for the sniffers.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Sounds like a powerful dude.

LEX (O.S.)

He is and probably knows where your wife and kid are.

HENRY

You definitely have my interest now.

LEX(O.S.)

I want you to kill him.

HENRY

And what will that do? Aside from get me killed in the process.

LEX (O.S.)

It will bring the underworld to its knees and restore balance.

HENRY

Sounds a little too good to be true. Don't guy's like this grow back like weeds?

LEX (O.S.)

Not like this man. He's the knot holding all the threads together. With him out the picture it'll be years before someone comes to replace him.

HENRY

Why don't you just do it yourself?

LEX (O.S.)

He knows my face. Already has a hit on me.

HENRY

Oh, so killing him clears up your bounty.

LEX (O.S.)

Yes and also the possibility of him exacting revenge.

HENRY

Well yeah he'd be dead. It's kinda hard to do that when you're pushing daises.

(CONTINUED)

LEX (O.S.)

Shut up.

HENRY

What's his name?

LEX (O.S.)

Victor Puto, former north hollywood gigolo turned city director of sanitation. He runs a child prostitution ring called the 'leather boys' and guest speaks on the importance of morals. He's wanted dead for refusing to pay back a loan of one thousand dollars.

HENRY

One thousand dollars?

LEX (O.S.)

Correction, one hundred dollars.

HENRY

And the contract on this guy's worth how much?

LEX (O.S.)

A precentage of the original debt.

HENRY

Like single digit or double digit?

LEX (O.S.)

It doesn't really matter cause you're not going to see any of it. This is your first hit don't forget that.

HENRY

Right.

LEX

The plan's simple, an inside man will monitor Puto's status. He follows a strict routine of naps, jerking off and power dumps. Which is when you'll strike, when his pants are down on the john. While you do that I'll break into his office and find out where your wife and kid are. Everything goes according to plan we should be in and out in fifteen minutes.

(CONTINUED)

NEXT SLIDE:

Victor Puto, trashed, and being pulled out of some neon club.

LEX (O.S.)

Mr. Puto, has a thing for facials from older men with prostate cancer. What that has to do with this assignment I've yet to figure out.

NEXT SLIDE:

Victor Puto, helicopter shot of himself, smiling in some non descript place.

LEX (O.S.)

Fag.

NEXT SLIDE:

Victor Puto and Lex arm in arm, all smiles, outside of a building.

LEX (O.S.)

Oh how'd that get in there?

HENRY (O.S.)

Wait. You know this guy?

LEX (O.S.)

Yeah but that's irrelevant.

HENRY (O.S.)

No it's not. Were you two fucking?

LEX (O.S.)

No. We were friends.

HENRY (O.S.)

And?

LEX (O.S.)

And what?

HENRY (O.S.)

What happened?

LEX (O.S.)

Nothing. We just stopped talking. Happens all the time.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (O.S.)
Don't gimme that.

Lex can feel Henry staring at him and lets out a sigh then turns to him.

LEX
I may have had a relationship with him yes. But "he" was not always a "he" and "she" was not always a "she."

HENRY
The fuck? Are you implying you used to be a woman?

LEX
I'm implying that people change. And that's beautiful.

HENRY
Okay. So what happened?

LEX
It was a long time ago. Too far back to remember. I could still shit like an ace back then. Puto was my partner

HENRY
You guys used to work together?

LEX
Yeah. Until he fucked me.

HENRY
Like literally? or...

LEX
No. Over a hit he setup for me. After we made a name for ourselves the money came fast. Puto didn't know what do with himself. So he did drugs and instantly went pro...at fucking up.

HENRY
Oh?

LEX
One weekend, out for a RE up, he got stung by a narc. They made him an offer he couldn't refuse.

HENRY

He gave you up?

LEX

Like a whores panties in a harem.
They had a mountain of evidence on
us. Photos, recordings, dirty
underwear, anything you could think
of.

HENRY

So what'd you do?

LEX

I didn't put two and two together
until the heat was on my ass like
wax. I got the fuck out of there
quick.

HENRY

And Puto? Did you talk anymore?

LEX

Yeah I called him later. Told'em he
was a piece of shit and all this
other stuff. I was mad.

HENRY

And then that was it?

LEX

Pretty much. Then this thing came
up and here we are talking about
it.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP -- DAY

The blood red sun rises over the city bringing the heat of
life to this cold place.

Statues of mighty men and monsters pose along the ridges,
niches and rims of the roofs.

Henry stands amongst them, motionless, eying something out
of view while the cigarette in his mouth burns down to the
filter.

LEX (O.S.)

Henry? Did you hear a word I said?

He snaps out of it and turns to Lex who's eating Chinese.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Sorry. What'd you say?.

LEX

I said, this is the best damn kung pao I've ever had. Tastes like Lucy Liu's pussy.

HENRY

Oh.

LEX

God damnit boy will you stop thinking about titties and pay attention?

HENRY

I know, I know, sorry.

LEX

What's up with you anyway? Ever since last night you been acting all strange. Someone molest you?

HENRY

No.

LEX

Then what? Cause I can't be having this man. You gotta be present.

HENRY

I am.

LEX

This things about to go hot. Once we get word from our inside man ain't no turning back.

HENRY

I know.

LEX

Then get your head in the game.

HENRY

Alright jeez.

LEX

Motherfucker.

The sanitation building's across the street. An unremarkable twenty stories of corporate bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

Through the windows people work at their desks and have meetings.

The ground level has the usual security detail. Rent-a-cops in cheap suits with ear pieces. Stone faced with boredom and looking for an excuse to go home early.

They patrol the grounds, usher at the doors and post sentry in awkward places.

HENRY

These guys packing heat?

LEX

Yeah but nothing serious.

HENRY

As in?

LEX

You know, Tasers and shit. Pepper spray. One or two of'em might have hand guns.

HENRY

Well that's good news. Cause I'd much rather be Tasered or peppered in the face then shot in the balls.

LEX

There's still a chance of that happening.

HENRY

I fucking know. I'm joking.

LEX

Not funny.

SFX: SHORT PHONE VIBRATE

Henry paws his coat and yanks out his cell.

HENRY

Hey your phone vibrate just now?

LEX

Yeah.

Henry reads a message.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

It's time.

LEX

Here we go.

EXT. SANITATION BUILDING LOBBY -- DAY

It's a big space with high ceilings and columns. Polished black granite makes the walls and floors.

Traffic's low with a few people walking in and out.

Security's, two overweight guys, hanging out at the central desk.

One of them's watching porn and the other's pretending to do paper work.

The elevator lobby's two separate halls's right behind them.

Henry lets out a sigh as he walks in.

HENRY

Dear lord.

He saunters over to the desk, trench coat and shades on.

Both security guards ignore him once he's there.

HENRY

Hello and excuse me.

One of the guards looks up at him suspiciously.

GUARD

What's up man? Where you going?

Henry's face freezes as he sweats an answer.

HENRY

Suite...Twenty eight...Hundred.

GUARD

Dingle and Hurtch solutions?

HENRY

Yeah. Dingle. Hurtch. Solutions.

The guard flashes a stupid look at him as he checks something out on his computer.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD
Purpose of visit?

HENRY
Special delivery.

The guard looks him up and down and says his next line loud enough for his friend to hear.

GUARD
You ain't a stripper are you?

The friend and him smile amused at Henry.

HENRY
No. I'm a hit man.

The two guards laugh it up with Henry.

GUARD
Well send my regards if you see that Puto faggot up there.

HENRY
Victor Puto?

GUARD
Yeah that motherfucker almost got me fired last week.

The guard prints out a pass and slides it over the counter to Henry.

HENRY
Oh yeah? What for?

GUARD
Owes me a hundred bucks, doesn't want to pay up.

The guard winks at Henry.

HENRY
Oooohh.

GUARD
Have a good day sir.

HENRY
Yeah be seeing ya.

INT. FRIEGHT ELEVATOR -- DAY

About the size of a bathroom. Checker plate steel walls and floor. A tiny fan buzzes overhead.

Henry shares the space with a guard in a chair, UPS, DHL, FED-EX and a super mario looking PLUMBER.

Henry looks up at the floor counter as the numbers reflect off his shades.

Sweat drips from his brow.

INT. SANITATION BUILDING HALLWAY -- DAY

Drab gray walls and carpet floor. The passage's long and narrow with fluorescent light overhead.

Henry comes INTO VIEW as the freight door closes behind him.

He paces down the empty hall reading the various door numbers.

SFX: PHONE VIBRATING

Henry takes out his phone and answers it.

HENRY

What?

LEX(V.O.)

Get ready. He's waking up from his nap.

HENRY

Okay. bye.

LEX(V.O.)

Good luck. Bye.

Henry puts the phone away and turns around the corner back OUT OF VIEW.

Back down at end of the hall...

The freight door opens and the plumber comes out. He looks both ways and sneaks in Henry's direction.

INT. SANITATION BUILDING RESTROOM -- DAY

Henry enters the vestibule and stops in his tracks when he see's his reflection in the full body mirror.

He pauses to stare then goes through another door to the side.

Henry's taken aback by the splendor of the place.

Grand in size with windows along the ceiling that pour in sunlight. There must be fifty stalls in here each one with blinded doors and gold handles.

Fashionable sinks and mirrors deck the center wall.

Henry reaches into his jacket and takes out a filled sandwich bag.

He shoves some of the contents in his mouth giving it a hearty chew as he walks to the back of the room.

He opens a door against the wall and steps inside.

The plaque on the side reads: STORAGE

Back at the front the entrance door opens and two guards walk in.

They're better dressed than the regular detail. Well fed and muscular with short hair cuts.

These guys are HUEY and DELL from the bro factory.

Huey takes one side of the room and Dell takes the other and they go down stall by stall clearing each unit.

Any HUEY

Many DELL

Miny HUEY

Mo DELL

They do this till they get to the end.

(CONTINUED)

HUEY

Say, you ever had a spam Chai latte?

DELL

Can't say that I have, brother.

HUEY

Well let me tell you it is the most delicious thing I have ever had.

DELL

Yeah. What's it taste like?

HUEY

Spam and Chai but real salty. Like they got water from venice beach and took a piss in it.

Huey and Dell exit back outside.

It's quiet again and the ventilation system moans softly.

Henry pops INTO VIEW and sneaks into a stall at the end of the line.

On the opposite wall a pair of feet stick out from under a stall.

They wait.

Back at the front, the door opens again and this time Victor Puto steps INTO VIEW.

He looks like Francis Ford Coppolla after a three week bender on meth.

He wiggles a finger in his ear sobering up from his nap.

Bends over at a sink and practically takes a shower in it.

Then dries off with a towel and lets out some refreshing sighs.

He cracks a long fart clearing out all the air from his intestine and moans relief.

PUTO

Ohhh...ahhh

He turns around and fans it in his direction breathing it in.

(CONTINUED)

PUTO
Mmmm...yeah...

He does this until he's satisfied then makes his way to the stall at the end of the line.

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry sits there listening, captivated all twitchy faced from intense concentration.

INT. PUTO'S STALL -- DAY

Puto pulls his pants down and sits. Blows his nose on his sleeve then wipes off his mustache.

He smacks his lips a bit and starts rapid fire breathing.

His face grits and...

SPLAAAAAAAAADAAAAAAAAAAAAAPOCKKKKKKKKKK

SFX: TERRIBLE SHIT NOISES

PUTO
Oh....

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry prunes up in disgust and fans away the smell.

INT. PUTO'S STALL -- DAY

Puto catches his breath and composes himself.

SFX: SQQQREEEEEEEEEEEAAKKKKKKKKK

His intestines bubble up like seltzer.

PUTO
Ohhhh....

He keels over and grabs the handrail going into labor.

It sounds like he's being tortured.

PUTO
Ohhhh...God....

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry realizes this is his chance, takes in a deep breath and concentrates.

His mouth wrinkles, curls and shuts as he meditates deep.

The hiss of shit slithers out his ass.

INT. PUTO'S STALL -- DAY

Puto lets out a primal scream.

PUTO

HUUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNGGGGGGHHHHHAAAAA!!!

SSSSHHHHHPAAAAAADDDDDSHHHHHHHH-SPLAT

SFX: TERRIBLE SHIT NOISES

SFX: TRICKLE TRICKLE SPLASH

He shudders in relief as the redness flushes from his face.

Sitting there catching his breath he smells something.

Something terrible even by his standards.

PUTO

Good God, the fuck's that?

He fans his nose and coughs hard.

PUTO

Jesus.

The coughing becomes choking forcing him to grab his neck as he struggles to breathe.

His eyes go bloodshot as his veins bulge.

PUTO

Motherfucker.

He yanks out a walkie-talkie and spits into it.

PUTO

Get in here quick.

(CONTINUED)

HUEY(V.O.)
Roger that.

He tosses the mic and collapses against the wall.

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry's taken by surprise.

He mouths: "Walkie-Talkie?"

Then curses in silence.

His mouth twitches and twists as he thinks of what to do.

INT. SANITATION BUILDING RESTROOM -- DAY

Huey and Dell rush in through the front door, guns out.

They breach and clear each stall.

HUEY
Boss where are you?

DELL
God, do you smell that?

Dell stops to cover his nose with a handkerchief while Huey presses on.

HUEY
Boss?

Huey approaches the stalls near the end and falls backward coughing.

He drops his gun and it goes sliding under the stalls.

INT. HENRY'S STALL -- DAY

Henry looks down as the pistol comes to rest at his feet.

He stares down at it.

INT. SANITATION BUILDING RESTROOM -- DAY

Huey clutch's his neck kicking and screaming in pain.

HUEY

Arrghh!

Dell stops in his tracks and keeps his distance thinking of what to do.

DELL

Huey...?

Huey flips over on his stomach and claws the floor trying to crawl away.

HUEY

Make it stop. Make it stop.

His face bubbles and sizzles with smoke.

Dell aims his gun and...

BLAM!

Puts a bullet right between Huey's eyes.

He collapses dead on the floor brains gushing out everywhere.

Dell wipes off his brow and keeps his gun on the stalls.

He bends over to look under and see's two pairs of feet.

DELL

Whoever the fuck's in there come
out right now.

The feet remain motionless.

DELL

I'm gonna count to three and if you
don't come out I'm shooting.

Dell looks back down at the feet, still nothing.

DELL

One...two...three!

The far back stall fly's open and a blood covered body leaps out.

Dell's so jumpy it freaks the shit out of him and he starts shooting.

(CONTINUED)

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

He lands three .45's in the chest and two in the head.

It's not until the last bullet goes in that he realizes it's Mr. Puto.

The body tumbles across the floor and flops motionless.

DELL

Shit...

Dell's pistol pops unloaded and he ejects the clip.

The other stall door flies open and Henry dives out gun drawn.

Dell looks up at Henry stupid.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

His chest explodes with blood as he falls backward lifeless.

Henry crashes to the ground with his gun still on him.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Rubber shoes?

Henry twists over to face the noise and spots a pair of feet under one of the stalls.

The door flies open and it's THE PLUMBER!

With a shotgun, gas mask and Kevlar vest.

Henry's face goes wide as he rolls out of the way.

CHICK-CHICK-BOOM!

The ground Henry's on blown away.

He stumbles to his feet and takes cover behind the center wall.

Henry looks around for the guy.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Where the fuck is he?

PINK! DUNK! DUNK!

(CONTINUED)

A hissing smoke grenade comes rolling around the corner leaving a cloud behind it.

Henry darts his eyes around, squats down and waddles backward pistol ready.

The second this motherfucker shows he's gonna get it.

The room fogs up gray obscuring everything.

Suddenly Henry's a silhouette turning this and that way with his gun out.

He wanders aimlessly through the cloud.

PLUMBER (O.S.)

Do you know why I'm here?

Henry turns in the direction of the voice and points his gun.

HENRY

No and to be frank I don't fucking care.

PLUMBER (O.S.)

You killed my son.

Henry makes out a figure ahead of him.

CHICK-CHICK-BOOM!

Henry dives out the way.

A sink behind him's blown to pieces spewing water everywhere.

Henry rolls over on to his feet and faces the direction the figure came from.

HENRY

I don't know who you or your son are but trust me from the bottom of my heart, I'm sorry.

PLUMBER (O.S.)

Sorry doesn't fucking cut it.

The figure comes creeping from around the corner.

Henry points and...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The figure injured stumbles backwards then disappears.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY'S EYES: SQUINT. He peers into the mist. Pistol leading the way.

PLUMBER (O.S.)

I have dreams about you. Your face.
Talking. Laughing. At me. At my
pain. You laugh till I can't hear
you. Till your eyes turn black and
your face melts. I'm sick of it.
Sick of you.

SCRUNCH. Henry's eyes dart down to the ground, his foot on the plumber's discarded GAS MASK. He kicks it aside, keeps walking.

HENRY

Sounds like you got me mixed up
with someone else. Come out with
your hands up and we can talk about
this like reasonable people.

LAUGHTER, COLD AND SADISTIC.

PLUMBER (O.S.)

You really have no fucking idea, do
you? Not a god damned clue in the
world. You ever ask yourself why
you're so stupid? Why you need
every thing spelled out for you?

HENRY

No, you ever ask yourself why
you're a sick fuck?

MORE LAUGHTER, IRRITATED.

PLUMBER (O.S.)

Step a little more this way, I want
to show you something.

Henry freezes, winces in the direction of the voice then turns that way.

A FIGURE, OPEN ARMED, APPEARS BEHIND HENRY and GRABS HIM.

He shudders, stupefied, twists around for a good look.

THE PLUMBER'S FACE: lifeless, dead eyes.

Henry cringes, struggles to break free, gets an arm out and smudges the face.

(CONTINUED)

It slithers off, revealing: a bandage wrapped head. The mouth, the only thing visible. HIDEOUS, bare teeth, grit out.

IT'S O'TOOL.

O'TOOL
Gimme a kiss.

HENRY
If you had lips.

Henry pushes O'tools face away as he's strangled by powerful hands.

BLOOD SEEPS through the bandages from the pressure.

O'TOOL
You can press all you like, I can't
feel a thing. Fried nerves are
great aren't they?

Henry sinks his thumb into O'tool's eye socket and digs.

BLACK LIQUID gushes on to his hand.

O'TOOL
That all you got? You're gonna have
to try harder that.

Henry drops to his knee's, overpowered by the hands, his face purple with death.

O'TOOL
That a boy. Bow before your master.
You good for nothing loser.

HENRY'S FACE: bloated, sweaty, fierce eyed.

O'TOOL
When you die, I'm gonna shit all
over your face. See how the news
spins that one. And then after that
you know what I'm gonna do?

Henry's grip on the hands loosens.

O'TOOL
I'm gonna get your little boy, tie
him up and staple his eyes open.
That way he won't miss all the fun
I'll be having with his mother.
Ha-ha.

Henry cocks his free arm back and slugs O'tool in the face with a CRACK.

TEETH pebble the floor.

O'tool stumbles backward disappearing back into the fog.

MORE LAUGHTER, MANIC WITH ELATION.

Henry, nurses his throat, heaving in gulps of air.

O'TOOL (O.S.)

I got them upstairs, you know?
Didn't want to have to wait till I
got home to have my victory party.
C4 in their mouths, nice and
comfortable with barbed wire for
seats.

HENRY

Shut up. Just stop fucking talking.

O'TOOL (O.S.)

Doesn't matter what happens now.
We're all fucked. I kill you, have
fun with your wife and kid, then
what? Go on living? No, I don't
think so.

SOBS OF PAIN. UNBEARABLE.

O'TOOL (O.S.)

What's happened's just too much.
The memory. Permanent. You can't
fix this.

Henry picks his PISTOL up from the ground and follows the voice.

O'TOOL (O.S.)

She won't forget this and neither
will he. It's gonna eat away at
them Henry. Fuck them up, real
good. All because of you and your
stupid little ego that couldn't
swallow the truth.

Henry turns the corner of the blown out center wall, UP AHEAD amongst the rubble, O'tool kneels on the ground, back to him.

O'TOOL (O.S.)

This moment's gonna ruin you. Haunt
you for the rest of your life.
Every dream, here, in this place,
with me.

HENRY'S PISTOL settles against the back of O'tools head.

HENRY

Stop. Talking.

O'TOOL

Or else what? You'll blow out my
brains and end my suffering? Go
ahead, do it, make my day.

HENRY

Just fucking get up.

O'TOOL

Last chance Henry. Don't hesitate
now. Do it right and pull the
trigger. Kill me. You know you want
to.

HENRY

Get the fuck --

O'tool spins around and stabs Henry in the leg.

It drops him to his knees as he's knifed in the chest.

HENRY

Ughhhhaaa...

Henry hurls a punch into the O'tool's face and knocks him
down.

They go on the floor and wrestle each other for submission.

Henry rolls on top with all his power trying to strangle the
bastard.

O'tool yanks the knife out from Henry's chest and sticks him
in the back.

HENRY

Arrgghhh!!!

Henry curls up in pain and lets his guard down for a fist to
the face.

It hits him hard enough to tumble him over to the side.

(CONTINUED)

He claws about the floor dazed from the blow in an effort to get back on his feet.

O'tool stands up and kicks Henry down as he's about to rise.

HENRY
Huuuuugaahhh!!!

Henry hits the floor holding his stomach in pain.

He rolls over on to his strained face and tries to get up again.

O'tool hovers over him.

O'TOOL
I'm going to enjoy breaking you.

Henry faces up and gets fisted back down.

O'tool buries his blade into Henry's back and he squirms under the pressure.

O'TOOL
Now sit still.

HENRY
Arghhhhhh!

Henry watches the knife disappear into his stomach then gush blood.

He grabs O'tool by the collar and head butts him.

He stumbles backward as Henry climbs to his feet but before Henry can strike he's kicked in the head.

Henry drops back to the ground holding his bloody face.

O'tool marches over and kicks the wind out of him.

Henry clasps his neck moaning for air but his diaphragm's smashed.

O'tool helps him out with a flurry of stabs.

The knife cuts holes into him jetting blood out in spurts.

Henry grabs O'tool and looks into his faceless head trying to find something human.

O'tool shoves him off and shanks him some more.

Henry cries in agony.

HENRY
Ughhhhhhhhaa!!!

O'tool laughs in between the grunts of effort.

O'TOOL
This is for my son. For my pain and
your pleasure.

HENRY
I'm sorry, dear god I'm sorry for
everything.

Henry's a bloody mess, licked for the count. O'tool tosses
the knife aside and sits on top of him.

O'TOOL
Now that I've got you where I want.
Let me show you something.

BACK OF O'TOOL'S HEAD: A FAT KNOT where all the bandages tie
together. His hand twists on it bringing it undone.

Henry watches in horror as O'tool unwraps his head. UGLY
BURNT BLACK SKIN more visible with every loosened thread.

O'tool throws the bloody cloth at Henry's face.

O'TOOL
There. Now take a look see. Pretty
cool huh? Believe it or not, your
shit did this.

O'tool grabs Henry's face and forces him to stare.

O'TOOL
Take a good long hard look. Let it
burn in your mind. Everytime you
close your eyes I want you to see
this. Henry?

HENRY'S FACE: BLANK WITH DEATH.

O'tool slaps his cheek, gives him a shake, tries to wake him
up.

O'TOOL
Henry? Snap out of it. I'm not done
with you yet.

Henry's body's limp. He's gone.

(CONTINUED)

O'TOOL
No. It wasn't supposed to end like
this.

O'tool rises up and steps away, confused. He walks over to
one of the stalls.

THE SPLASH OF WATER. O'TOOL CHOMPING ON SOMETHING.

O'TOOL (O.S.)
You were the best. Man this tastes
good.

O'tool wanders back out, licking his fingers then stops in
his tracks.

HENRY'S BODY IS GONE.

O'tool hits his knee and lets out a LAUGH.

O'TOOL
Oh you clever boy. You're good.

CHICK-CHICK

O'tool turns around.

HENRY HAS THE SHOTGUN ON HIM.

BOOM!

O'TOOL'S BLOWN AWAY.

CHICK-CHICK-BOOM!

A CHUNK OF HIS ARM.

CHICK-CHICK-BOOM!

HIS GUTS.

CHICK-CHICK-BOOM!

HIS CHEST.

CHICK-CHICK-BOOM!

HIS COCK.

CHICK-CHICK-BOOM!

HIS HEAD.

Henry throws the smoking gun away. O'tool a heap of meat against the blood splattered wall.

INT. SANITATION BUILDING HALLWAY -- DAY

Long, narrow path. At the end's a window pane for a wall. The city laid out like a playset.

THE RUMBLE OF PROPELLER BLADES FOLLOWED BY THE TAIL END OF A HELICOPTER FLYING AWAY FROM THE BUILDING.

Henry stumbles INTO VIEW, dragging himself against the wall, streaking the surface with blood.

He sinks down to his knees and keeps moving with a slow determined crawl.

INT. SANITATION BUILDING -- STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

Low ceiling, columns here and there, blue carpet. Some chairs and other furniture in neat stacks, against the walls. Light comes in from the windows and shines on the HORRIFIED FACES of MARGARET and JIMMY.

They're bound together on a single chair, tied with barbed wire. C4 gagged into their crying mouths.

THE DOOR OPENS and HENRY CRAWLS IN, SHARING A CRY OF RELIEF WITH HIS FAMILY.

He gets to them, examines the explosives and yanks them out.

INSTANTLY...

MARGARET

Thank you.

She melts into violent sobs.

Henry undoes them, frees their bloody bodies from the barbed wire. They latch on to him, crying.

He lays on the floor with both of them, embraced and embracing.

LEX steps into the door frame.

LEX

Thank God. You found them. I went after Pepper but he got away. We need to do like wise. The cops'll be here any minute.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

What's he talking about Henry?

HENRY

I'll explain later, lets go baby.

Henry, Margaret, Jimmy rise to their feet.

EXT. BEACH SIDE PROPERTY -- DAY

Blue water. Sand. Palm trees. White Mediterranean style villa nestled on the coast line. A SPORTS CAR cruises INTO VIEW and parks alongside the entrance.

The door lifts up and Pepper hops out, straw hat, linen shirt, sandals. He smiles, champagne bottle in hand, walks around to the other side and opens the door. A BOMBSHELL, climbs out, giggling in a cocktail dress.

Pepper gawks at her ass with pained expression as she struts up the front steps.

He follows hypnotized.

INT. BEACH SIDE PROPERTY -- DAY

The door opens to the blue horizon beyond shadowed columns. Waves splash, softly on the coast a few yards away.

The BOMBSHELL'S SHADOW heads for the sand-- AN ARM GRABS HER, TURNS HER AROUND. PEPPER PULLS HER CLOSE THEN DEVOURS HER WITH A KISS. SHE MOANS WITH YEARNING THEN PUSHES HIM AWAY. PUTS A FINGER TO HIS LIPS. MOTIONS HIM TO WAIT. SHE WALKS OFF.

Pepper watches her disappear up a flight of stairs then shut a door.

He's unbuttons his shirt, whips off his belt and drops his pants.

SCREAMS OF TERROR, HYSTERICAL. SILENCE. A TOILET FLUSHES.

Pepper listens stupidly then darts over to one of his bookcases and pulls out a MACHINE PISTOL. Wipes sweat off his brow and marches up the stairs.

The door at the top, flapping open and shut from a draft.

He slides up against the door frame and peeks inside:
STILETTOS TWISTED ON THE FLOOR

An exhale of duress, He calms himself then bolts in.

INT. BEACH SIDE PROPERTY -- BATHROOM -- DAY

The bombshell's face down, sprawled out on the tile floor.

Behind her's a spectacular view of the ocean.

Pepper creeps in unable to take his eyes off her, pain on his face.

The shower curtain behind him flaps in the breeze, revealing: an arm, a leg, HENRY'S SUN GLASS COVERED FACE.

IN THE REFLECTION: Pepper kneels down and picks up the girls hand, kisses it.

Henry smiles.

Down in his hands a CHAINSAW.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

GRAPHIC TEXT CUTS IN:

SHIT ASSASSINS

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.