

**BOY 1**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - DAY

ONE, approximately 12 years of age, sits in a garbage-infested alley next to a green dumpster.

His face is dirty, clothes ripped and bloody. Pulled over his eyes, a black knit cap.

Flies buzz around his head and mouth. In his hand, he holds a gun(Beretta 87 Target). The boy pulls out a tape recorder from his green army jacket, lays it beside him.

He takes out a small dirty cassette tape, puts it in the recorder.

Pushes play...

His hand falls down beside it. Blood rushes to the ground.

Some rustling with the recorder is heard on the tape. Then a girl giggles, she speaks...

JUNE (O.S.)  
Tell me your story.

One pulls the clip out of the gun.

JUNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Go on.

One holds up the clip so the light can pass through it.

ONE  
(to himself)  
Empty. I'm all out of luck today.

One SLAMS the clip back into the gun.

ONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So what's my story?

EXT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - MORNING

One walks down the same alleyway. His jacket is stainless and his face is considerably clean.

He stops at the green dumpster, looks underneath it, pulls out a tiny cassette tape.

ONE  
 (to himself)  
 Bingo was his name-o.

He pops the tape into the recorder, pushes play.

TAPE (O.S.)  
 I got a job for ya, kid. The risk  
 is low and the reward is high. The  
 way you like it. Turn the tape over  
 for more details.

One checks the time on his digital watch.

INT. THE SHOP - MORNING

One walks into a one story piece of shit building. This place is called THE SHOP. It's like a thrift store but this store carries shit even poor people would throw away.

The people waiting in line appear to be unconcerned with a man throwing up in one of the check out lanes.

They all have the same glazed over look. Like they're waiting for something to happen. Or someone to save them from poverty.

INT. THE SHOP - AISLE ONE - MORNING

One walks through an aisle with a sign over his head with the number, '1' on it.

He finds an old broken Indian in a barrel. A wood Indian figurine with chief fathers and war paint on his face, body's covered by a giant wooden removable barrel.

TRASHAE (O.C.)  
 Lift up the barrel.

One lifts up the barrel. The Indian's giant wooden penis pops up.

In the aisle next to his, stands TRASHAE, a middle-aged black woman. Her face and body are partially covered by all the junk on the shelves.

ONE  
 So what brings you here, Trashae?

TRASHAE (O.C.)  
You know me, I'm always up for a  
good deal.  
(cough)

Trashae lets out the most disgusting cough ever heard. You can hear the chunks of phlegm stuck in her throat.

We hear her cough up and cough out whatever was in her mouth.

TRASHAE (CONT'D)  
I believe you got offered a job  
today, am I right, child? You  
should go see Rob.

ONE  
I hate going there. He gives me a  
weird feeling.

TRASHAE (O.C.)  
We all serve this organization in  
some ways. Be it small or large.  
But like any family, we do have our  
black sheeps.

One walks with Trashae separated by the one aisle. They meet at the end.

Trashae has a device attached to her. It's a urine pan taped to her neck. Inside is everything she spat out.

Right in front of One, she coughs up another oyster and spits it in the pan.

ONE  
Careful, Trashae. You could  
dehydrate yourself like that.

TRASHAE  
Child, that's the least of my  
troubles.

EXT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - MORNING

One stands in front of a store. A sign hanging above his head reads: Rob's Ammo & Porn Shop.

One takes a deep breath, walks inside.

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - MORNING

Rob's shop seems like any other army navy store with ordinary army fatigues hanging on the walls. But in the back of the store there's a neon sign that lights up the words: This way to heaven.

Up front, behind a glass display case, stands ROB. Sores cover his mouth. His hair's long and stringy. Wears a white wife beater t-shirt covered in unknown stains.

ROB  
What can I do for you today, kid?

ONE  
I need bullets, Rob.

One lies his Beretta 87 Target on the glass counter.

ROB  
It's gonna cost ya.

ONE  
How much?

ROB  
Whatcha got?

Rob gets real close to One's face. One picks the gun back up and advertises it to Rob's head.

ROB (CONT'D)  
I kid, I kid. Only a joke. You really need to learn to laugh, kid.

One presses the gun harder.

ROB (CONT'D)  
All right.  
(beat)  
Ammo.  
(beat)  
Here.

He reaches under the counter, pulls out a box of bullets. With the gun still to his head, One pulls out a dirty twenty dollar bill.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Hey, wanna see what I got in the back?

ONE  
No.

One removes the gun from Rob's head and walks away.

ROB  
I think you'll like her. She's  
about your age. And she's Asian.

One stops, turns around.

ROB (CONT'D)  
You into Asian chicks? Me? I can't  
get enough of 'em. They're like  
their food, the more you eat, the  
hungrier you get.  
(beat)  
So, you in? Wanna see?

ONE  
Show me.

Rob smiles and does a strange little happy dance.

He reaches down behind the counter, pulls out a sign that  
reads: On my fuckin' lunch break.

ROB  
Let's go to heaven.

Rob leads One over to the neon sign.

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - PORN ROOM - MORNING

They walk into a room covered from floor to ceiling in  
pornography. The shelves hold hundreds of porno flicks. From  
midget to bukkake films. He also has a good collection of  
hentai movies and bishoujo PC games.

In the middle of the room is a wooden chair.

Rob stands next to a small closet with a bunch of janitor  
keys.

ROB  
It's strange, even now I can smell  
her skin. Even through this door.  
She smells like...  
(smells the air)  
Cinnamon. Can you smell her?

Rob unlocks and opens the door. To reveal...

JUNE, a small Asian girl in a schoolgirl outfit. She looks  
young in that outfit but she's at least sixteen.

There's duct tape around her legs and hands, with one antisocial piece of tape on her mouth with black writing that reads: Whore.

Her eyes are blindfolded.

ONE

You're sick, Rob. Get her loose.  
She's coming with me.

ROB

Hold on, shorty. I don't think so.  
I found her. She's mine. Besides.  
We haven't had time to play yet.

One aims the gun at Rob's head.

ONE

She's coming with me.

ROB

Yeah, sure thing, kid.

Rob whips out a switchblade.

One cocks the gun.

ROB (CONT'D)

Easy, firecracker. Don't want you  
going off.

He cuts the tape around her legs and hands. As Rob pulls the tape off her mouth, she bites his hand, chews a piece off, spits it back at him.

ROB (CONT'D)

You bitch! You bitch!! My GOD DAMN  
hand!!

One (morally justified) laughs at him as Rob dances around the room, holding his hand as blood sprays from it.

ONE

Look, Rob. I'm laughing.

One hides his gun, takes June's hand. She gets up, takes off the blind fold, stares at One, then at Rob. She runs over to Rob and kicks him in the crotch.

JUNE

Okama!

The cute Japanese girl, picks up her purple book bag with a Japanese character on the back, throws it over her shoulder.

One and the girl run to the exit. Rob can be heard yelling in the background.

ROB (O.C.)  
My porn! You got blood on my porn!!

EXT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They run out holding hands. They stop to look at each other. One lets go of her hand.

ONE  
Do you speak English?  
(beat)  
What's your name?

She stares at him.

ONE (CONT'D)  
You should get home.

JUNE  
My name's June.

ONE  
Like the month?

JUNE  
My father wanted an American name for me. June sounds nice to me. Don't you like it?

ONE  
(sarcastically)  
Yeah, it's great.

One reaches into his pocket, pulls out a cassette tape, puts it in the recorder. When he's done, he checks his watch.

JUNE  
Is that music?

ONE  
No. This is something else.

JUNE  
I love music. I love American music the best.

June reaches into her backpack, pulls out an MP3 player attached to some headphones.

She hands him one of the earpieces.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Here, you listen to one side and I  
listen to the other.

She puts the right side of the headphones in her ear and  
hands the other to One.

He looks at it.

ONE  
Sorry, but I gotta feed my cat.

JUNE  
You got a cat?! Can I see her?

ONE  
You wanna come with me to feed my  
cat?

JUNE  
Yes! I love cats.

June turns to face him. She puts her hands on his shoulders,  
looks him straight in the eyes.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Thank you for saving me. Please,  
show me your cat.

One looks at his watch and back at her.

ONE  
Okay. But this will only take a  
second.

JUNE  
Goody. Let's go.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

They've entered a shit-house masquerading as a place to live.  
June doesn't seem to mind though.

ONE  
It's best that you go home after  
this. Okay?

JUNE  
You wouldn't say that if you knew  
my home. I like yours better.

ONE  
 You're jokin', this place? It's a  
 piece of-

One trips over a bag of garbage.

ONE (CONT'D)  
 Shit! God damn it, you old hag!

One bangs on the door that the garbage must belong to.

ONE (CONT'D)  
 I've told you not to lay your  
 garbage out here! I tripped over it  
 again!

(beat)  
 Ms. Peters?  
 (beat)  
 You dead?

MS. PETERS (O.C.)  
 Fuck off! Get out of my house!

JUNE  
 Who is that?

ONE  
 She's no one. She'll be dead soon,  
 so it would be pointless to  
 remember her name.

One kicks the bag of garbage and walks off to his apartment.

INT. ONE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

One's apartment looks as bad as everything else that we've  
 seen so far. There's stains on the floor, walls, and even the  
 fan on the ceiling.

JUNE  
 Wow.

ONE  
 I know it's not much. But it's all  
 I got.

JUNE  
 You live here? All alone? But  
 you're my age. What about your  
 parents? Or school?

ONE

I don't need any of those things.  
My job pays good enough, I don't  
need to rely on anyone like parents  
or teachers.

JUNE

You got a job too? Cool!

One's cat comes in from the fire escape.

June makes some cute sounds at it. One prepares a dish of cat  
food in the kitchen.

June picks the cat up, walks over to One.

ONE

(to cat)

Here's your food.

(to June)

I've got somewhere to be. You can  
stay here if you like. But your  
family might want to know where you  
are. I don't have a phone, but  
there's a pay phone down there.

One points to the outside. To Rob's Ammo & Porn Shop.

JUNE

I'm not going back down there.

ONE

It's all right. Stay here and when  
I get back, we'll make a call.

JUNE

Okay.

ONE

Okay.

One walks over to the door.

JUNE

You said you have a job.

ONE

Yeah.

JUNE

So, what is it?

One doesn't say anything. He makes his hand look like a gun,  
points it at her and...

ONE

Bang.

INT. LIMO(MOVING) - MORNING

Sitting in the back of a very lavish limo is VINCE POMELO. He wears a very nice suit that must cost more than the limo he's driving in.

He takes a sip from a glass of whiskey while yelling at the DRIVER.

VINCE

Hey! Driver! How long till we're there?!

DRIVER (O.C.)

Soon, sir.

VINCE

Speed the fuck up!

Vince waves a hand decorated in tacky rings at the Driver. The Driver hits a button to roll up the window between them.

Sitting across from Vince is his best friend and bodyguard, AL. He wears gold chains around his neck, and an open silk shirt to show off his chest hairs.

A phone rings inside the limo. The Driver pulls out a cell-phone.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What? Who is it?

DRIVER

(to Vince)

It's your brother. He says the meeting has been moved to a bowlin' alley downtown.

VINCE

Are you shittin' me?!

AL

They want to bowl?

VINCE

Give me that.

The Driver hands it over.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What the fuck-

He looks at the phone?

AL

What?

VINCE

--Fucker hung up on me.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT - MORNING

Vince and Al get out of the limo. They put on their expensive Versace sunglasses to protect their eyes from the sun's harmful rays. And to look damn cool doing it.

They look over at a rundown bowling alley.

AL

What are we doing here?

VINCE

Look at this fuckin' place. I'm not stepping foot in there.

AL

You want me to go in first? Check things out?

VINCE

I'm calling my brother.

Vince walks around the parking lot dialing furiously on his cell-phone.

Al hangs back leaning on the limo.

AL

Anything?

VINCE

Fuck! He won't answer.

Vince kicks a can on the ground.

AL

Wanna leave or do the deal?

VINCE

Fuck it! I'm calling my father.

INT. BALLROOM - MORNING

MR. POMELO, mob boss of the Italian Americans Syndicate. He's in his 50's, very tall hair, tap dances in a huge empty hall. He seems to be alone...

Until a Latin woman steps out from behind him.

THEY TANGO-

We hear a door open and footsteps echo through the empty ballroom.

LUCKY, Mr. Pomelo's bodyguard, walks over to them. He's tough lookin', wears sunglasses and a military haircut.

MR. POMELO  
(dancing)  
What's the problem, Lucky?

LUCKY  
Sir, your son is on the phone. He says there's a problem with the meeting.

MR. POMELO  
(still dancing)  
Can't you see I'm busy?

LUCKY  
He seems very upset.

MR. POMELO  
He's a moron, he's always upset.

LUCKY  
He says it's been moved to a bowling alley.

MR. POMELO  
(still dancing)  
What's wrong with a bowling alley?  
Does my son think he's too good for a bowling alley?

LUCKY  
He thinks it feels suspicious.

MR. POMELO  
Remind him what his last name is. Everyone knows you don't fuck with a Pomelo. You tell him that. Suck it up and do the fuckin' deal. Tell him that too.

LUCKY  
Yes, sir.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT - MORNING

Vince throws his phone in the backseat of the car.

VINCE  
Fuck!

Al walks over.

AL  
So? What he say?

VINCE  
Fuck it. We do the deal.

AL  
I don't like this, Vince. They've never changed a meeting place on us before. Something doesn't feel right.

(beat)  
Somethin's off.

VINCE  
I'm a Pomelo. No one fucks with a Pomelo.

WE GO INTO SPLIT SCREEN

<u>LEFT</u>	<u>RIGHT</u>
Vince checks his watch.	At the same time, so does One.

ONE	VINCE
It's about time.	It's about time.

WE ARE FORCED OUT  
OF  
SPLIT SCREEN

Vince and Al head into the bowling alley.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MORNING

Vince walks in with Al right behind him.

There's about fifteen people in the joint. Most of them wearing cowboy hats.

A group of people in the second to last lane seems to really stand out.

Vince and Al walk over to them.

Sitting at the bench are five Spanish guys. TACO BROTHER #1 holds a silver briefcase on his lap. He smiles up at them.

TACO BROTHER #2 bowls. He kisses his bowling ball.

It rolls down the aisle...

He prepares for the strike. The ball smashes into the pins like a cannon ball.

VINCE

(to Taco Brother #1)

I thought we were gonna meet at the restaurant.

TACO BROTHER #1

(with the case)

My little brother wasn't hungry. And he felt like bowling. I could never deny him the things he wants in life.

TACO BROTHER #2

(bowling)

You've got drinks and food here. It's like a restaurant.

VINCE

But it smells like ass and feet.

AL

You two don't really seem like the bowling type.

TACO BROTHER #2

(bowling)

You should try it.

VINCE

I think we'll pass. So you got the money?

Taco Brother #1 stands up and walks over to Vince.

TACO BROTHER #1

What's your hurry? You just got here, bro. Sit and enjoy the entertainment.

Taco Brother #1 throws his arm around Vince and leads him to the bench.

TACO BROTHER #1 (CONT'D)  
Come sit with my friends. They would love it if you would have a drink with them. I know I would.

VINCE  
What about the money?

TACO BROTHER #2  
The money, the money, always the money. Don't you wanna hang out with us?

Taco Brother #1 sits back down where he was sitting.

VINCE  
I would love to sit here all day and drink piss warm beer with your fuckin' friends, but I've got things to do. There's things that I need to get done. Do you understand that?

TACO BROTHER #1  
Sure, I understand that. Bro, do you understand that?

TACO BROTHER #2  
Yeah, I understand that. Why don't you show him the money? That's what he's here for. So show him the money.

Taco Brother #1 SLAMS the briefcase on the table in front of Vince. The loudness of it hitting the table startles him.

Slowly the Taco Brother #1 opens the case. Vince sits down.

Inside is...

AL  
(relieved)  
Money. It's only money.

They look up at each other. They both look relieved. Smiles all around.

TACO BROTHER #1  
Of course it's money. What else would it be?

Taco Brother #2 walks up to Al and shows him the blue bowling ball he's holding.

TACO BROTHER #2  
You wanna hold my blue ball?

Al shoots a look at Vince like "what is his deal?".

AL  
I'll pass.

VINCE  
I think we should go now.

TACO BROTHER #1  
Hold on, amigo. You haven't seen my friend's belt buckle.

Vince moves the open case to his lap.

VINCE  
Which friend?

AMIGO  
Me. Amigo.

AMIGO stands up and flaunts his grotesquely large belt buckle with a pig sitting on a recliner drinkin' a beer. In big letters, it reads: Happy as a pig in shit.

VINCE  
Yeah, that's great.

AMIGO  
You really like it? Then you'll really fuckin' love this.

Amigo pulls out a HUGE MUTHERFUCKER of a gun(a Colt Python Elite with six in the barrel)and puts it to Vince's head.

VINCE  
What's going on?!

TACO BROTHER #1  
You don't think we know what you call us behind our backs? The Taco Brothers? You fuckin' Italian shit.

VINCE  
I'm a Pomelo!

TACO BROTHER #2  
What you are is a fucker with no head.

Vince quickly pushes the gun away. It fires and blows the Taco Brother #2's head off.

Pieces of his head splatter on Al.

AL  
Jesus Christ!

Vince struggles with Amigo's gun. He gets it over the case and slams Amigo's hand in it.

Vince presses down as hard as he can.

He tugs...

The case and Vince fly back, toppling over onto Al.

TACO BROTHER  
My brother! You killed him!  
(to his goons)  
Shoot those motherfuckers!

Amigo stands there checking out his now stub of a hand. Blood spews from it.

A CHALK OUTLINE HIGHLIGHTS WHERE THE HAND SHOULD BE.

AMIGO  
My hand!

Vince and Al get up and run to the only nearby cover.

The bar.

The Taco Brother's goons pull out their guns. They fire without aiming. A woman at the bar gets shot in the back. A drunk guy has his beer explode in his hand.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - BAR - CONTINUOUS

The BARTENDER ducks behind the bar. He's a big man, missing some teeth.

Hiding on the floor, he sees Vince and Al.

BARTENDER  
(to Vince and Al)  
Don't worry, boys! I'll take care  
of them mexies!

The Bartender pulls out a two barrel sawed off shotgun.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Bartender jumps over the bar, fires into the goon in front of him.

The goon's chest explodes.

The Bartender stops to reload.

BARTENDER  
You illegals think you can come in here and do what you like! This ain't Mexico, motherfuckers!

The Taco Brother walks up to him.

TACO BROTHER  
Fuck! You!

The Taco Brother shoots him in the head.

Every one-tooth in the joint pulls out some kind of weapon. Some have guns. Others have knives. Others carry broken bottles.

Blood flies everywhere.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - BAR - MORNING

Underneath the bar stools hides Vince and his buddy Al.

VINCE  
Did you bring a gun?

AL  
Yeah, here.

Al whips out a small little pistol from his shoe.

VINCE  
What the hell are we supposed to do with that?

AL  
I don't know. Shoot them?! Don't you have a gun?

VINCE  
You know I don't carry!

Vince takes a look at the briefcase. Blood's smeared on the left side of it.

Vince opens the case to reveal Amigo's hand and the gun his hand's still holding on to.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Amigo.

Vince tosses the hand to Al.

Al throws it at the Taco Brother. It slaps him in the face, fueling his rage to new heights.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Die, you motherfuckers!!

Vince and Al both rise up to fire at anyone in their way.

Bottles explode, blood is spilled. Everyone turns on each other, bodies fall left and right without direction.

Amigo pulls out a knife from his boot and runs after Vince.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Vince, holding the briefcase to his chest and Al with his tiny gun, run for the exit.

Vince makes it outside with Al right behind him. Before Al can get out, Amigo comes up from behind and stabs him in the back repeatedly.

AMIGO  
You took my fuckin' hand! Now I  
take your fuckin' life!

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT - MORNING

One slowly sips from a giant cup filled with cola, as he walks to the bowling alley parking lot we hear gunshots and yelling.

Vince runs out of the bowling alley. His limo drives off in a hurry without him.

VINCE  
Where the fuck are you going?!

Vince is left all alone.

One walks up to him, pulls out his Beretta 87 Target.

Vince turns to face him.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this?

One shoots him in the head.

VINCE POMELO IS DEAD.

Before his body can hit the floor, a black unmarked van pulls up. In the back of the van, pours out ten men in black business suits. Each armed with machine guns(Steyer TMP's).

MR. Q steps out with them, he fusses with his sunglasses. He brushes the dandruff off his black velvet jacket.

GOON  
Mr. Q, what about the kid?

MR. Q  
(points to his men)  
You and you take those three and go after him. I want the rest of you to go inside and kill whoever's left in there.

One drops his drink and withdraws into the bowling alley's alleyway.

Q stops one of his men.

MR. Q (CONT'D)  
I don't wanna sound like a fuckin' cliché, but no loose ends.

Five of the groups of ten, run into the alley. The other five go inside the bowling alley.

Mr. Q stands there looking at the body of Vince. Even more gunshots can be heard from inside the bowling alley.

A smile grows on Q's face. He takes the case of money.

He cracks his knuckles and steps inside the bowling alley for some bowlin'.

INT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING

One darts down the dark alley avoiding garbage and homeless people.

Mr. Q's men are a heartbeat away from him. His men slide in firing at everything in the alley.

One fires behind him without aiming. He ducks behind a trash can and waits.

Q's men stop to look around. Tucked behind another trash can is a HOMELESS MAN.

The men walk by not noticing the man covered in newspapers.

HOMELESS MAN

(to himself)

Thieves. They've come for my teeth.

(beat)

Quiet kitty, they'll hear you.

He pets a very dead cat.

As they walk by, the man pulls out a razor blade. He cuts the front man's Achilles tendon. The goon falls to the ground screaming out in pain.

Q's men take no chances. They shoot him and his already dead cat to hell.

They ignore and walk by their own hurt man. The last one in the row puts a bullet in the injured man's head.

The men walk carefully checking every corner. One sits there waiting behind the garbage-can.

Waiting.

Waiting..

Waiting...

One sprints out firing at them.

One's able to shoot the first one in the crotch, finishing him off with one through the eye.

Q's men fire right back at One, shooting the brick wall beside him.

One turns to see an entrance for a mall right across the street. Quickly and without looking back, he dashes to it.

EXT. BUSY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

One enters the building while Q's men try to avoid getting hit by oncoming traffic.

INT. SHOPPING MALL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

One runs up the escalator. Q's men spring in with their guns tucked inside their black buttoned up jackets.

GOON #1  
(to other goons)  
He can't be far. Check the toy stores.

They spread out searching the crowd for One.

INT. SHOPPING MALL ESCALATOR - MORNING

One has his head down with his gun tucked in his army jacket.

Two teenage girls in front of him giggle over a teen magazine.

A goon decides to take the escalator up to the second floor. The only thing between the goon and One is a FAT WOMAN eating nachos and enjoying every second of it.

The goon tries to look around her but all he sees is ass. If the goon moves left, the woman shakes left. If the goon moves right... you guessed it. She shakes it to the right. Shacking her ass to the pleasure that the cheesy nacho brings her.

The goon manages to catch a glimpse of a green jacket.

GOON #2  
You fat cow! Get out of my fuckin' way!

The Fat Woman turns around and dumps the nachos over the goon's head.

FAT WOMAN  
That should teach you not to say such things to a lady.

The goon wipes the cheese off him and pulls out his gun.

GOON #2  
You fuckin' bitch!

FAT WOMAN  
Bitch?! I'll show you a bitch!

The Fat Woman punches him in the head, the goon flies down the escalator.

INT. SHOPPING MALL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The goon's on the first floor hears all the commotion being had on the escalator.

They see One.

GOON #1  
There he is!

The goon's pull out their guns and fire at the crowd on the escalator.

INT. SHOPPING MALL ESCALATOR - CONTINUOUS

One tackles the two teenage girls in front of him.

ONE  
(to the Fat Woman)  
Get down!

Bullets bounce off the metal siding of the escalator.

One pulls out his gun and shoots her in the leg. The Fat Woman falls to the steps of the escalator.

Bullets fly overhead.

The escalator makes it to the top floor.

ONE (CONT'D)  
(to everyone on the  
escalator)  
Stay down!

The three goons quickly run up after him.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

One and Q's men fire at each other hitting everything but their initial targets.

One runs into a nearby flower shop.

INT. SHOPPING MALL FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

One waits for them to turn around the corner to fire. He shoots the first one to pop his head out.

The bullet flies through his head (the one covered in cheese) grazing the cheek of the goon behind him.

One jumps back firing...

The grazed cheek goon uses nacho cheese goon's corpse as a shield.

One ducks under a table with an arrangement of beautiful orchids.

The two remaining goons shoot everything insight.

A female ASIAN FLORIST runs out yelling.

ASIAN FLORIST

Kichigai!

The goons quickly shoot her down.

One jumps out firing at the grazed goon. He hits him in the ankle, shooting off his foot.

The goon goes down...

One scurries out the back exit, still firing.

The goon puts a bullet in the injured goon's head and runs after One.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL ALLEYWAY - MORNING

The goon swings open the door to the back alley of the mall.

One is nowhere to be seen.

GOON

Shit.

Behind the open door hides One.

The goon steps out, looks around. The door SLAMS shut. He turns around and sees One.

One runs for the goon with a switchblade. He stabs him in the stomach, jumps up, slides the blade to his neck, slits his throat.

The goon falls to his knees trying his best to hold the blood from pouring from his throat.

The goon's stomach inflates to the size of a pregnant woman.

Small geysers of blood shoot out from his stomach. The goon aims his gun at One.

One quickly grabs the gun, forces the goon to put the gun to the side of his own head.

The goon gives him a pleading look. One grants the man's wish and fires a round. At the same time his intestines spill out of his gut.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MORNING

Everyone that was fighting is now dead. Everyone but the remaining Taco Brother and his amigo Amigo.

Q's men have them on their knees with guns to their heads.

MR. Q  
Get them up. Put them over here.

Q's men pick them up, walks them over to the bar.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - BAR - CONTINUOUS

They throw the dead bodies off the bar stools and sit the Taco Brother and Amigo in the seats.

MR. Q  
You like tequila, right? All you spics drink tequila.

Q pours a bottle of tequila in both their mouths.

MR. Q (CONT'D)  
Drink up, drink up now. Baby needs his bottle.

They gag from the alcohol.

Q lights a match and presents it to Amigo's face. Quickly, Amigo blows it out.

MR. Q (CONT'D)  
You can't do that.

Q looks at Amigo's hand.

AMIGO  
See something you like?

MR. Q  
I think you can add clapping to the list of skills you no longer possess.

Amigo, grins. We see a row of ugly yellow teeth.

MR. Q (CONT'D)  
That and proper hygiene.

TACO BROTHER  
What about the deal?!

MR. Q  
What about it?

TACO BROTHER  
Money!

MR. Q  
I have your money.

TACO BROTHER  
I can get you more!

MR. Q  
That's the problem with people. We  
think money can solve our problems  
in life.

TACO BROTHER  
Take it all!

MR. Q  
Money can't solve your problems.

Q strikes another match.

TACO BROTHER  
Hold on, god damn it! We held up  
our end of the fuckin' deal.

MR. Q  
No you didn't. He got away. Thanks  
to some fuckin' kid, he finished  
the job for you.

TACO BROTHER  
What fuckin' kid?

MR. Q  
This is why we're no longer doing  
deals with the Mexicans.

TACO BROTHER  
Who else you gonna get to buy your  
outdated guns and weak ass drugs?  
Where would you be without us,  
motherfucker? Where?

MR. Q  
Once I'm running things, it's all  
gonna change. In this new vision I  
have, I don't see people like you.

Q blows out the match.

He smiles.

MR. Q (CONT'D)  
All right. Let's get out of here.

He and his men walk to the exit.

TACO BROTHER  
That's it! Walk away! You'll be  
seein' me real fuckin' soon,  
motherfucker!

MR. Q  
Only time you'll see me, is when  
I'm pissing on your grave.

Mr. Q quickly turns around and fires.

He hits the bar.

AMIGO  
You missed, gringo!

Mr. Q smiles.

The bullet engraved in the wood of the bar, ignites the  
liquor and spreads over to Amigo and the Taco Brother's  
mouths. Their faces light up, burning it to the bone.

MR. Q  
I don't fuckin' miss.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT - MORNING

Q looks at his watch. He pulls out a cigarette, lights it up,  
blows the smoke in the face of one of his men.

MR. Q  
(to a goon)  
Where are the men I sent after that  
kid? They should have been here by  
now. Go see where they are.

GOON  
Yes, sir.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING

One stumbles around searching for a way out. He sees light and heads for it.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

One slowly walks to his apartment. He opens the door to find a squirt gun in his face.

JUNE

Bang. Now you're dead.

Water shoots on his face.

One collapses to the floor.

June looks at her gun with complete amazement.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I was only kidding. It's not real.  
See?

She continues to shoot him with water as he lays unconscious.

FADE OUT.

BLACK FRAME

JAPANESE HAIKU APPEARS:

Old battlefield, fresh with  
spring flowers again  
All that is left of the dreams  
Of twice ten thousand warriors slain

-Haiku by Matsuo Basho-

HAIKU FADES OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ONE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A nasty ceiling fan slowly spins. The ceiling looks like it might cave in.

One turns his head to find June in his face.

JUNE

Hey.

One lies on the couch in his living room. He sits up and runs his hands through his hair.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You weren't bleeding, so I figured you were tired. I put you on the couch. You know, for someone your size, you sure are heavy.

ONE

Thanks.

One gets up and looks outside. A beautiful night sky is spread across the city.

ONE (CONT'D)

It's night out?

JUNE

You slept a long time. But I got dinner.

One walks over to the dinner table. On it, is a box of noodles.

ONE

Chinese food?

JUNE

I only had enough for one. So we can share it. That okay?

One picks up the box of noodles and sits back on the couch. June lies on the floor next to his feet.

One's cat rests beside her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Your cat likes me. I didn't know her name, so I named her Flower.

One shovels food into his mouth.

ONE

She's a he. And his name is Luke.

JUNE

She doesn't look like a Luke. More like a cute name.

ONE

What's wrong with Luke?

JUNE

It isn't cute.

One hands her the box of noodles. She takes a noodle out, feeds it to the cat.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You don't have a TV, so I watched you sleep. Is that strange?

ONE

If you need to ask, you already know the answer.

JUNE

I don't mind if people watch me. I'd welcome it. At home I'm invisible.

(beat)

No one notices me. It's like I don't exist.

ONE

Rob sure noticed you.

One stops eating.

ONE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(beat)

Who doesn't notice you?

JUNE

My father.

INT. BOSS TAKAHASHITA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BOSS TAKAHASHITA sits behind a huge oak desk, looking out into the dark night. He's an older man, Japanese, tough, pull blooded yazuka.

YOSHI, a nervous little Asian man, steps in clinging to a photo.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA

(in Japanese)

What do you want, Yoshi?

YOSHI

(in Japanese)

Boss Takahashita.

Yoshi lays the photo on Boss Takahashita's desk.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA  
 (in Japanese)  
 What is this?

He holds it up. It's a picture of Rob in a long black wig with a Cheech moustache.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA (CONT'D)  
 (in Japanese)  
 Who is this?

YOSHI  
 (in Japanese)  
 Sir, your daughter wasn't at school. And she hasn't come home yet. We believe this man has her. The police haven't been informed yet. But the school is asking questions.

Boss Takahashita stands up furiously. He SLAMS his fist on the table.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA  
 (in Japanese)  
 What! Leiko? Where is my daughter?!  
 Who does he work for?!

YOSHI  
 (in Japanese)  
 We don't know.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA  
 (in Japanese)  
 Get me Gun. Now!

His anger startles Yoshi.

YOSHI  
 (in Japanese)  
 Yes, sir.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

GUN, a Japanese man, decked out in all black, walks down a dark, narrow hallway. His long black hair cover his face, putting it in darkness. He pulls out a gun(Beretta U22 NEOS) and stops at a moldy green door.

His pocket rings.

The people from behind the door open fire.

Completely oblivious to the bullets flying past his head, he pulls out his cell-phone.

YOSHI (O.S.)  
(in Japanese)  
Gun.

GUN  
(in Japanese)  
I'm busy, Yoshi.

YOSHI (O.S.)  
(in Japanese)  
Boss Takahashita needs to speak  
with you.

Gun kicks open the door.

Inside the room are three Asian guys with guns in hand. Drugs can be seen on a table in the background.

Still talking on the phone, Gun quickly takes out all three by shooting them in the head.

Three more men from the room across from him, dash out with guns drawn.

GUN  
(in Japanese to Yoshi)  
Please hold.

All three men are aligned perfectly behind each other.

Gun shoots the first man in the head.

FLASH X-RAY: The action stops. We see a black & white x-ray photo of the bullet lodged deep in the center of his brain.

The X-RAY fades as the bullet moves through each of the three heads. The backs explode from the force.

INT. DRUG DEALER'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gun sits down on a white sofa, bloodied by one of the dead Asian guys next to. He grabs the arm of the dead guy to check his watch.

It's one o'clock.

GUN  
(in Japanese)  
Do you know what time it is?

Gun lies back and closes his eyes.

YOSHI (O.S.)  
 (in Japanese)  
 He says jump, you jump. He says  
 dive, you dive. Roll over, beg.  
 You're his castrated dog.

GUN  
 (in Japanese)  
 Give me thirty minutes.

Gun hangs up the cell-phone. One of the drug dealers isn't completely dead yet. He twitches around on the floor.

Gun shoots him again. The twitching stops.

INT. BOSS TAKAHASHITA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gun stands in the middle of the room completely without emotion and completely silent. He could almost be mistaken for a statue.

Boss Takahashita nervously paces around the room. Yoshi hangs out by the desk.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA  
 (in Japanese)  
 You may use a gun instead of a  
 sword, but you are a samurai. You  
 are one of my samurai. You possess  
 a skill like no other before you. I  
 am asking you to use that skill to  
 bring back my daughter Leiko.  
 Alive.

GUN  
 (in Japanese)  
 Who has her?

Boss Takahashita walks over to his desk. Yoshi hands him the picture of Rob.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA  
 (in Japanese)  
 This man.

He holds up the picture for Gun to see.

GUN  
 (in Japanese)  
 Who does he work for?

YOSHI

(in Japanese)

We believe it's the Pomelo family.  
The younger one has been selling  
his shit in our territory. So we  
threatened him. He ignored it. So I  
had him taken out. And now-

BOSS TAKAHASHITA

(in English)

And now my daughter is missing.

GUN

(in English)

You think this is how they  
retaliated? If that's true then we  
go to war.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA

(in English)

If they harm her. We go to war.

Boss Takahashita hands Gun a picture of June and the picture  
of Rob.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA (CONT'D)

(in Japanese)

If you find her alive.

(beat)

I will grant you permission to be  
with Takara.

Boss Takahashita puts his hand on Gun's shoulder.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA (CONT'D)

(in English)

Please, bring her back to me.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Mr. Q and two of his goons are at the morgue checking up on  
five dead bodies.

A man in a lab coat walks in.

MORTICIAN

Who are you?

MR. Q

Friends.

A goon steps behind him, twists a silencer at the end of his  
gun.

MORTICIAN

I'm gonna have to ask you three to leave.

The goon grabs him from behind, covers his mouth, puts five bullets in his back.

They drag his body off.

Q hovers over the body One cut up with his switchblade.

MR. Q

(to the body)

Who did this? Who slit you like a pig?

He looks at the chart beside the body.

MR. Q (CONT'D)

(goon on his right)

Send someone over to the mall. Get me the security camera footage. Maybe they picked up this kid's face.

GOON

Yes, sir.

INT. ONE'S APARTMENT - MORNING(RAINING)

One and June are in the same position as when we last left them. One on the couch, June laying on the floor.

The carton of noodles is on its side. Completely empty.

JUNE

You know, you grind your teeth when you sleep.

ONE

No I don't.

JUNE

How would you know, you're asleep?

One smirks at the notion that he, "ONE" could do something as silly as grind his teeth at night.

Quickly he changes the subject.

ONE

You said June is your American name, right? So what's your...

(MORE)

ONE (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Other name?

JUNE  
My Japanese name?

ONE  
Japanese. Yeah, your Japanese name.

She goes through her backpack and pulls out a student I.D.

On it, it reads: AGE, 16  
SEX, FEMALE  
LAST NAME, TAKAHASHITA  
MIDDLE NAME, JUNE  
FIRST NAME, LEIKO

He tries to read it.

ONE (CONT'D)  
Leek-Oh?

JUNE  
Close, but no cigar.

June pulls out a blue and a purple candy cigar from her bag, tosses the blue one over to him.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
It's gum. It's good.

ONE  
What else do you have in there?

JUNE  
It's not polite to go through a girl's things.

One lies down on the couch with the candy cigar in his mouth.

ONE  
You're a bit strange.

JUNE  
Look, it's morning.

June gets up, opens the window to the fire escape.

ONE  
It's raining.

JUNE  
Yup.

ONE

You should call your dad. Tell him where you are. Someone's gotta be worried about you. Invisible or not.

JUNE

I doubt that. But I guess I should tell him I'm okay.

She turns around.

JUNE (CONT'D)

But first, let's eat breakfast.

ONE

This is my breakfast.

One chews on the bubble gum cigar.

JUNE

You can't just eat that. You need real food.

(beat)

I'm hungry.

ONE

Wait for the rain to clear up.

She shoots him an impatient look.

ONE (CONT'D)

What?

INT. THE SHOP - MORNING(RAINING)

One and June enter The Shop. Everything's the same as before. The vomit's still on the floor, the same zombie-like people stand in line, a man on a ladder hits a flashing neon light on the ceiling with a broom.

JUNE

What is this place?

June wanders around the aisles looking at all the useless junk on the shelves.

One keeps his distance behind her.

ONE

This is The Shop. If you've ever thrown something away, chances are you'll find it here.

(MORE)

ONE (CONT'D)

This place has a way of doing that.  
Keeping memories.

June runs to the back of the room, picks up an old World War 2 gas mask.

One walks up to her. Her back is to him.

JUNE

Memories?

She puts on the mask.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(muffled)

What do you mean by that?

One picks up an old bottle of cologne.

ONE

Like this. This once belonged to someone. I'm sure it has some connection to someone's past. It must hold a memory for someone. Right?

JUNE

(muffled)

I'm not getting it.

She struggles to get on the mask.

ONE

Maybe wearing this helped him to get a date or he wore this on his wedding day. Maybe he wore this when he cheated on his wife. It has a past. Like everything in here, something is connected through a memory.

June finally gets the mask on. She gets up close in One's face. The mask she wears is green and old. Some of the leather material is cracked. We can see her eyes looking out through the green glass eye sockets.

JUNE

(muffled)

And you think I'm strange?

She pulls off the mask and grabs One's hand.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Let's go get something to eat now.

She runs to the exit, holding One's hand.

EXT. THE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

They leg it out of the building holding hands. The rain has stopped and the sun shines bright.

ONE

I told you, I don't have any money.

She lets go of his hand, gets behind him, throws her arms around him, gets close to his ear.

ONE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JUNE

You said you have a job, right? I'm hungry, Otokonoko.

ONE

What?

JUNE

You never told me your name. So I named you.

ONE

Is it Japanese?

JUNE

It means BOY. So? Wanna get something to eat, Otokonoko? With me?

She blows in his ear, rests her head up on his shoulder.

JUNE (CONT'D)

A girl needs to eat. I'm about to faint.

ONE

I don't get paid for the job I did yesterday until noon. Can you wait that long?

(beat)

I could always steal something.

JUNE

Stealing is wrong, Otokonoko.

ONE

If you're worried about the cops,  
don't. They don't ever come around  
here.

JUNE

It's still wrong, Otokonoko.

ONE

It's not wrong if you don't get  
caught.

June stops leaning on him and spins him around to face her.

JUNE

That's a poor philosophy to live  
by.

ONE

It's the only one that works around  
here.

Their faces get so close to each other it looks as if their  
lips might touch.

JUNE

Running through the forest.

ONE

What?

June waves her hands beside his face. Her hands move so fast  
they blur. June keeps her malicious grin in view.

JUNE

(dream-like)

You're running through the forest.  
Feel the wind as it brushes through  
your hair and kisses your face.

One's in a trance. He's comfortable in the world June's  
describing to him. Nothing can harm him here.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You're running through the forest.  
You're running through the forest.  
Tree!

June's right hand FLIES out and SMACKS him in the face.

One holds his nose.

ONE

Why'd you do that?

JUNE  
I'm gonna change your philosophy.  
That's how I'll repay you.

Wearing a huge grin, she takes his hand.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
But first I want you to show me  
around.

INT. MR. POMELO'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Pomelo sits on his white leather couch. The room is bright. The sun shines through a large window to the outside.

Mr. Pomelo taps his red slippers together. He holds in his hand a glass of orange-juice and a piece of toast.

Across from him is Q.

MR. POMELO  
Heard you went on quite the killing  
spree last night.  
(sips from the glass)  
Your brother's dead. Now you see  
this as a chance for us to be best  
friends. Am I right?

MR. Q  
I want to get the one that killed  
Vince.

MR. POMELO  
I'm sure you do.

MR. Q  
What does that mean?

MR. POMELO  
It means you and your half-brother  
never got along.

MR. Q  
He was still my brother.

MR. POMELO  
Yes, he was. Still doesn't mean you  
didn't hold some resentment towards  
him.

MR. Q  
If I hold any kind of resentment,  
it would be towards you, not him.

Mr. Pomelo smiles.

MR. POMELO

You even refuse to have our last name. You make your men call you Mr. Q like you're some kind of James Bond villain. It's pathetic.

MR. Q

You want to use our real names in this business? You're pathetic. And so was my brother. He didn't have the vision or the balls.

MR. POMELO

Shut the fuck up! That was my son you're talking about, you ungratefully son of a bitch! If you ever fuckin' talk about him like that again, I'll cut your fuckin' balls right off! You understand me!

MR. Q

I'm sorry.

MR. POMELO

Do you know who did it?

MR. Q

It was a hit.

MR. POMELO

By who?

MR. Q

A kid.

Mr. Pomelo puts down his drink and finishes off the piece of toast.

MR. POMELO

You sayin' a kid killed your brother and five of your men? Give me a fuckin' break.

MR. Q

I'm serious. I sent one of my men to pick up the security camera tape. It should be here soon.

MR. POMELO

You must get your crazy from your mother.

MR. Q  
I'm telling you the damn truth.

A woman's voice breaks through on the intercom.

INTERCOM (O.S.)  
Sir, someone is here to see you.

MR. POMELO  
Show him in.

One of Q's men walks in holding a black VHS tape.

MR. POMELO (CONT'D)  
What is this?

MR. Q  
Proof.

Q sits down beside his father. The goon puts the tape in the VCR. He pushes play and leaves the room.

On the TV is a BLACK & WHITE picture of One. He fires at the goons on the second floor. The camera switches to inside the flower shop.

MR. POMELO  
(amazed)  
Jesus.  
(beat)  
Christ.

Q gets up and pauses the tape. The screen stops on One's face.

MR. Q  
Like I said. Only a kid.

MR. POMELO  
A child hitman. Amazing. No one would ever suspect a kid.  
(beat)  
Why didn't we think of that? So, now what? You wanna find him?

MR. Q  
He killed my brother. Your son.

MR. POMELO  
He could end up killing you as well. Ever think of that?

Q goes over to the window. He's engulfed by light from the morning sun. Looking out, he closes his eyes.

His eyes snap open.

MR. Q  
(to himself)  
Let him try.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NOON

One holds a shiny but scratched quarter.

ONE  
You wanna call daddy?

One flips the coin in the air. June catches it.

JUNE  
Later. I'm still having fun.

One checks his watch.

ONE  
It's twelve.

JUNE  
Food!

ONE  
Go pick a place to eat. I'll get  
the money.

JUNE  
I'm gonna eat pancakes. I love  
American food.

ONE  
Go. I'll meet you there.

One walks off.

June runs to a restaurant across the street with a sign that  
reads: Grease-E-Food.

EXT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - NOON

One, with his hands in his pocket, walks down the same dark  
alley towards the green dumpster.

He reaches under the dumpster, feels around, pulls out a wad  
of money and another cassette tape.

ONE  
(to himself)  
Another job?  
(checks the money)  
There's only half.

TRASHAE (O.C.)  
I heard what happened last night.

One looks over. A shadowy figure leans against the brick wall to the entrance. It's Trashae. She has a shopping cart full of bottles and cans

ONE  
What is going on, Trashae?

TRASHAE  
There's another job.

ONE  
Who?

TRASHAE  
The brother of the one you killed.

ONE  
The guy that sent those guys after me?

TRASHAE  
The ones you publicly obliterated for all the happy mall shoppers to see?

ONE  
I had no other choice.

TRASHAE  
They have you on tape, child. Malls have cameras everywhere.

ONE  
I didn't know.

TRASHAE  
These tapes though have gone missing.

ONE  
Thanks.

TRASHAE  
We aren't the ones that took it.

ONE

Then who?

TRASHAE

The other brother perhaps. That's why we want him dead.

ONE

What about the rest of my money?

TRASHAE

You'll get the rest of your money when he's dead. But until then, go buy that girl some pancakes.

ONE

I can explain.

TRASHAE

Make sure you send her on her way. We don't like having unannounced visitors in our little part of the world.

She pushes her cart down the road.

JUNE (O.C.)

Hey, Otokonoko! Over here!

He turns to find June waving at him.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You get the money?!

One holds out the wad of beautiful green cash.

INT. GREASE-E-FOOD - NOON

They sit at a booth together. Both eat pancakes and bacon.

Like a pi chart, the pancakes are cut into slices. Quickly in STOP MOTION they disappear.

A cash register dings and we follow our hero outside.

EXT. GREASE-E-FOOD - DAY

June stretches out her arms and back. Quickly she jumps back to her old self.

JUNE

Do you mind if I change my clothes?

ONE  
What? Now? Outside?

JUNE  
No. In a store.  
(beat)  
You should think about changing  
your clothes too. You're like a  
cartoon character. You never  
change.

ONE  
There's a clothing store over  
there.

One points to a store across the street.

JUNE  
Then, let's go.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Inside the clothing store there's nothing that really sticks  
out. Except maybe there's more mannequins than people.

June dances around, picks up a pretty red dress and a pair of  
matching shoes.

JUNE  
I'm gonna go try this on.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

In the waiting room, One slouches in a shit-colored chair.  
June in front, changes in the dressing room.

ONE  
Tell me more about yourself.

JUNE (O.C.)  
Like what?

ONE  
Tell me about your mom.

JUNE (O.C.)  
My mom? Okay, her name was June.  
She named me after her.

ONE  
What was she like?

JUNE (O.C.)

I never knew her. She died giving birth to me. I think that's why my dad ignores me. He blames me for her death.

ONE

Your dad sounds like a real asshole.

JUNE (O.C.)

You would think so. But he worships my older sister, Takara. In Japanese it means treasure.

ONE

You've got a sister?

JUNE (O.C.)

Yup, I don't see her much anymore though. Not since my father found out she was in love with-

(beat)

--This guy that works for him.

One checks his pockets.

ONE

(to June)

Ah... June?

JUNE (O.C.)

What is it, Otokonoko?

ONE

When you moved me to the couch-

(beat)

--Did you find anything of mine?

JUNE (O.C.)

Like what?

ONE

Forget it.

June steps out dressed in a beautiful red dress. She shines.

JUNE

You like it?

His mouth drops open.

ONE

Yeah, it's nice.

June dances around showing off the dress to all the nude mannequins.

One gets up, walks up behind her, grabs her waist.

JUNE  
Otokonoko-chan.

ONE  
June.

One holds the price tag in his hand.

ONE (CONT'D)  
It costs too much. Get something cheaper.

One lets go and walks off.

ONE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Here.

One throws her a pair of old jeans, a pink shirt with a picture of a black Elvis on the front, and a blue sweater jacket.

ONE (CONT'D)  
This will do.

EXT. STREET CORNER SIDEWALK - DAY

June and One walk down the sidewalk. June in her new outfit and One with his hands in his pockets.

JUNE  
You can't tell.

ONE  
Tell what?

JUNE  
That it's fall.

One looks around.

ONE  
What?

JUNE  
In the city there aren't any trees.  
So it's hard to tell if it's fall.

ONE

I guess.

JUNE

It's like Christmas. When you go outside and see all the snow on the ground. It's the same with leaves. That's what I think.

ONE

You have a strange way of looking at things.

June puts her hands behind her back and skips.

JUNE

I know.

She skips in front of One, holds her hand out to stop him.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Stop right there. I've told you all about me. But I know nothing about you.

ONE

What do you wanna know?

She pauses, scratches her head.

JUNE

Um. So.  
(beat)  
You got a girlfriend?

One steps aside and walks across the street.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey!

June runs after him and jumps on his back. They fall to the ground with June on top of him.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I bet you're too young to like girls. I bet you're too young to like a lot of things, Otokonoko.

ONE

You're too heavy.

JUNE

You like me don't you? You bought me breakfast.

ONE  
I needed to eat.

JUNE  
You bought me new clothes.

ONE  
You smelled.

JUNE  
You like me, Otokonoko. You saved  
me from that man.

ONE  
A car could come. Kill us both.

JUNE  
Let it. Tell me, why do you carry a  
gun?

One pushes her off him. They get to their feet.

ONE  
You have it?

JUNE  
It's in my pack.

June opens her book bag, pulls out his gun.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
It's heavy. Can you use it?

One grabs it away from her.

ONE  
You should call your father.

One walks off into the alley.

JUNE  
Otokonoko?!

ONE (O.C.)  
Go home, June!

EXT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - DAY

One takes out his tape recorder, puts in the tape. In the background we see June confused, looking at him as he walks away.

He pushes play...

EXT. DOWN TOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

One walks down the sidewalk of another part of town.

People wearing business suits ignore him as they pass him by. Cars pass, people yell on their cell-phones. The bumbling working class people. The stocks market hierarchy.

This is the city.

TAPE (O.S.)

Go to the arcade downtown. We let it slip that you could be found there. He'll show up and when he does, you know what to do.

One gets to the arcade.

INT. ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

One swings inside searching for a familiar face. The arcade is full of kids and middle-aged white guys.

A man in black wearing shades, grabs a kid by the shirt.

MR. Q

Have you seen this kid?

One of Q's men(#1) holds up a picture of One.

KID

No! Let go, asshole!

One walks through the crowd of kids and grown-ups. He pulls out his gun and aims it at Q.

Goon(#1) sees him coming toward Q. He looks at the picture to draw a comparison between the two.

GOON #1

That's him!

One shoots Q in the shoulder. The goons whip out their machine guns(Steyer TMP) and fire into the crowd.

One ducks behind a corner, reloads, springs back out. He takes out two(#1,2), both shot in the chest.

One runs behind a video game console. He tries to finish off Q but his men drag him out of range.

The crowded arcade is now empty. One sneaks a peek out to count the goons left.

ONE  
(to himself)  
Three.

One JUMPS out FIRING at the three goons. He hits one(#3) in the chest and another in the hand(#4), forcing him to drop his gun.

EXT. ARCADE BATHROOMS - DAY

Q hides out by the bathrooms. He takes a gun(Desert Eagle) from one of his dead men, crawls out.

INT. ARCADE - DAY

One stops to reload. Bullets fly by his head. Pieces of the video game console explode around him.

MR. Q (O.C.)  
You missed, kid! I'm not dead! Who do you work for?!

Q signals the two remaining goons(#4/5) to go forward. Q heads right, behind a row of consoles.

One pulls out the empty clip. Quickly he puts in another one, throws the empty clip across the room.

Q's men fire at the sound. One briskly leaps out, shoots one of them(#4) in the chest. Promptly, he takes cover behind another game console.

Q springs out firing left and right. One rolls on the floor to avoid getting hit.

MR. Q (CONT'D)  
Did I get ya?!

One tumbles into the line of fire of the lone goon(#5). One's backed up against a video game console.

The goon nervously fires by One's head, into the console. One quickly slips down, shoots the goon in the belly five times. The goon flies back, smashes into the wall.

Q steps out shooting wildly. One rolls on the floor to the back alley exit. An alarm goes off as he opens the door.

MR. Q (CONT'D)  
Tryin' to leave, kid?!

Q holds his shoulder as it gushes blood. He fires repeatedly, hitting nothing.

INT. ARCADE ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

One runs down the alley. Q steps out firing.

One scoots around a corner.

Q runs after him. They return fire as they sprint down the dark moldy alley.

One tries to reload but Q's continuous firing makes it a little impossible.

Finally Q's gun runs out. He falls down from exhaustion and pain.

One limps out of the alley, into the forgiving light.

INT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - DAY

Breathin' like a mad man, One shuffles down the old familiar alleyway.

In his right hand, hangs the empty gun. His face is dirty and his jacket is smeared with blood.

Behind him, we see Q holding his shoulder. His glasses are cracked, white under shirt covered in his own blood. Sweat pours from his face.

He watches One walk back to his home.

MR. Q  
(quietly To himself)  
Got ya kid.

He smiles a sinister little grin.

A white van pulls up behind him. Two men pick Q up, throw him in the back and drive away.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

One stands in front of his door, fidgets with the door knob.

It opens by itself. One drops the gun, falls into June's arms.

JUNE  
You're bleeding.

ONE  
Don't worry. It's not my blood.

Quickly she shuts the door.

Beat.

Beat.

June opens the door and drags in the gun.

INT. ONE'S APARTMENT - DAY

June pulls One's army jacket and cap off. She struggles to lift him onto the couch.

JUNE  
What happened?! Where did you go?!

ONE  
My job.

June runs to the sink, grabs a rag. She wets it, dabs his forehead.

JUNE  
What job has you use a gun and come home covered in blood?

ONE  
A real shitty one.

One smiles.

June washes away the dirt and blood on his face.

JUNE  
Once again you came home and fell into my arms. This is a strange pattern for you. Good thing I stayed. You would still be tryin' to open that door.

ONE  
You shouldn't be here. It's too dangerous.

JUNE  
I'm not going anywhere. Tell me who did this.

ONE  
I'm dangerous.

She continues to wipe away the dirt.

JUNE  
You couldn't hurt a fly.

One sits up.

ONE  
My job is to kill anyone they tell  
me. I do it for money and I do it  
without remorse.

JUNE  
Please, lie back down.

One grabs her by the shoulders, stares her straight in the  
eyes.

ONE  
Don't you get it. I can't protect  
you.

JUNE  
I don't need you to protect me  
anymore.

ONE  
Get out of here.

JUNE  
I'm not going anywhere, Otokonoko.  
Not without you.

ONE  
Stop calling me that!

One stands up, stumbles to the open window.

JUNE  
Then what's your name, your real  
name?

ONE  
I don't have a name.

JUNE  
Everyone has a name.

ONE  
No name, no family, no identity. I  
don't exist.

JUNE

I know you exist. I gave you a name. I-

ONE

(turns to her.)

I'm not some dog you can name and call your own. It doesn't work that way.

JUNE

(quietly)

--I'm sorry.

ONE

Do you still have that quarter?

She reaches into her pocket.

JUNE

Yeah.

ONE

I want you to call your father. Tell him where you are and go with him.

She makes a fist around the coin.

JUNE

Why not leave with me?

ONE

I have a job to do. And I plan on finishing it.

JUNE

I told you, I'm not leaving you.

One laughs.

ONE

I've never met anyone like you, June.

JUNE

Let's get you cleaned up.

INT. GEISHA HOUSE - NIGHT(RAINING)

Everyone in the geisha house plays drinking games with beautiful geisha women.

INT. GEISHA HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT(RAINING)

By the bar sits Gun. He drinks from a wooden cup full of sake.

TAKARA, a beautiful Asian woman saunters up and sits down beside him.

TAKARA

Gun. What are you doing here? If father-

GUN

Takara.

TAKARA

This place has ears and they're always listening.

GUN

(in English)

Takara. Someone has taken your sister.

TAKARA

(whispers)

Who?

GUN

Your father thinks it's the Pomelo family.

TAKARA

What do you think?

Gun balances the cup of sake on the side of his finger.

GUN

You should know. I'm not paid to think.

TAKARA

Only to kill?

Gun gets up.

TAKARA (CONT'D)

I want you to know I still love-

Gun turns his back to her.

GUN

(in Japanese)

Damare-yo.

TAKARA

Why did you come here? Was it only  
to tell me to shut up?

GUN

I wanted to see you.

TAKARA

--If father is right. A lot of  
people will die.

GUN

I won't let anyone hurt you.

Gun walks away.

TAKARA

Only you can hurt me.

He stops.

GUN

Yeah, only me.

EXT. THE GEISHA HOUSE - NIGHT(RAINING)

Gun stands outside waiting for his car to pull up. The city  
lights light up the sky. The rain sounds like gun shots.

The rain drenches him, his wet hair cloaks his eyes and face.  
He lights up a cigarette. It gets soggy instantly.

Takara runs out with an umbrella.

TAKARA

Gun! Do you know where to look for  
her?

GUN

No.

TAKARA

Go see Michaelis. He might know who  
has her.

Gun turns to her.

GUN

How do you know Michaelis?

TAKARA

He's a client. He comes to us  
looking for young girls.

(MORE)

TAKARA (CONT'D)

Go to his club. Ask him about  
Leiko. If he doesn't have her, he  
might know someone who does.

Gun's car pulls up.

GUN

Your father said if I find her.  
(beat)  
We can be together.

TAKARA

Then make sure you find her.

INT. STRIP BAR - NIGHT(RAINING)

In the strip bar, girls dance topless flaunting their tits to  
potential customers with raging hard-ons.

Gun walks through the crowd. His hair and clothes still wet  
from the rain.

In the back sits MICHAELIS, a very fat unlikable white man.  
Four topless girls stand beside him. Two for each arm. They  
rub their fingers through his receding hairline.

GUN

Michaelis.

MICHAELIS

Gun?

Three men step out from behind a door to the kitchen.

MICHAELIS (CONT'D)

What brings you here?

GUN

I'm looking for someone.

MICHAELIS

You must really need my help. I  
know how much you hate me. You even  
tried to kill me once. Remember?

GUN

Things have changed.

More men step out behind Gun.

MICHAELIS

Is that why you're here? To finish  
me off.

GUN

If I wanted you dead, you'd be dead.

MICHAELIS

Is that a fact?

Gun whips out a picture of Rob. It's so fast it seems to appear in his hand.

Like magic.

GUN

I'm looking for this man. Have you seen him?

MICHAELIS

Nope. Never seen him before.

GUN

You're lying. You know him. What's his name?

MICHAELIS

I've told you. I've never seen this guy before in my fuckin' life. If that's all, I suggest you leave.

GUN

I'm not going anywhere until you give me his fuckin' name, Michaelis.

MICHAELIS

Then you're going to be here a long fuckin' time.

GUN

I could beat it out of you.

MICHAELIS

You can try.

GUN

You really want to make this hard?

MICHAELIS

My dick is always hard, Gun. Your girl at the Geisha house knows that all too well.

More men walk out. They circle Gun. There's a good twenty surrounding him.

GUN  
You never know when to give up, do  
you?

MICHAELIS  
Leave before my men kill you. Make  
you real fuckin' dead.

GUN  
There's one more thing before I  
leave.

MICHAELIS  
What's that?

Gun springs out a gun (USP) from his left sleeve.

His men quickly reach into THEIR jackets and pull out THEIR  
guns(Mac-10).

He blows away one on the left(#1).

The guy flies back into the crowd of perverts.

Gun quickly pulls out his Beretta U22 Neos from his jacket.  
He aims it at Michaelis, then to a guy standing beside him.  
The back of his head explodes.

Promptly, Gun kills five on his right.

Gun holds his USP all GANGSTA STYLE. He Shoots one(#2) in the  
gut.

FLASH X-RAY: We see the bullet hitting and shattering the  
spine.

The crowd rushes for the exit. Strippers are on the floor  
picking up money.

Gun takes out five more. One guy comes running out of the  
kitchen screaming. Gun shoots him in the head.

FLASH X-RAY: We see the bullet lodged in his brain.

With twelve of the twenty down, Gun aims his guns at the men  
surrounding him. He slowly backs away from them. They pace  
around ready for his next move.

Gun jumps behind the bar. They fire at him, filling the bar  
with holes.

INT. STRIP BAR - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Gun takes this time to reload. Bullets BUZZ and ZIP past his head. Bottles on the counter SHATTER over his head.

The men stop firing. They force one of their own to go to the bar for a look-see. He slowly walks over, takes a peek behind the bar...

Gun puts the HELL CANONS to each side of the goon's head. His eyes grow wide.

FLASH X-RAY: We see the two bullets lodged in his skull. The bullets touch and his head explodes.

The seven left, scurry after him. Gun bolts up shooting all seven dead.

Their dead bodies gush little geysers of blood. The floor's soaked in it.

INT. STRIP BAR - NIGHT(RAINING)

Gun slowly walks over to Michaelis.

Michaelis nervously shakes in his chair. He holds his hands up to stop Gun.

Gun reaches into his jacket.

MICHAELIS

Please.

(beat)

Gun.

(beat)

Don't!

Gun shows him the picture one more time.

GUN

Let's try this again. Tell me who this is.

MICHAELIS

Rob.

GUN

Rob.

MICHAELIS

He likes girls her age. Not too young, not too old.

GUN  
Where can I find Rob?

MICHAELIS  
He's got a shop. You might find her there. Please don't kill me.

GUN  
I wasn't sent here to kill you. I want to know where she is.

MICHAELIS  
Here!

Michaelis pulls out a little black book, hands it to Gun.

GUN  
What is this?

MICHAELIS  
All my clients info. He should be in there.

Gun puts the picture and book away and turns to the exit to leave.

MICHAELIS (CONT'D)  
Kiko!

INT. STRIP BAR - UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a small room with a window to the outside is...

KIKO, a Japanese girl with pigtails. She puts on a schoolgirl outfit.

In a bed beside her, lie two nude Asian girls.

NUDE GIRL #1  
Where you going, Kiko?

Kiko grabs a katana sword next to the bedroom dresser.

KIKO  
I've got to kill something. Wait her for me to finish you two off.

NUDE GIRL #2  
We like the sound of that. But if you take too long, we might have to finish each other off.

INT. STRIP BAR - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Kiko steps out to see the twenty dead guys bleeding on the floor. Some still gush blood. Others twitch around on the floor.

MICHAELIS

Kiko! Him! Kill!

Michaelis points to Gun as he walks toward the exit.

INT. STRIP BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kiko jumps down from the second floor. She lands on her feet, in a puddle of blood. Her legs get splattered as her skirt flies up, showing us her Hello Kitty underwear.

KIKO

(in Japanese to Gun)

Nani-yo anta?!

Gun turns around...

Kiko pulls out her blade and runs after him. Gun fires but she swats the bullets away with her sword.

She dives after him...

Gun manages to avoid getting cut but lands against the bar.

He drops his USP.

KIKO (CONT'D)

(in Japanese to Gun)

Tansho!

She bounces off the floor, ready for another attack. Gun gets to his feet, readies his Beretta.

SHE ATTACKS-

Gun grabs her hand, swings her around, puts the gun to the side of her head.

KIKO (CONT'D)

Kangaete-mite!

Gun pulls the hammer back. Her eyes grow wide as she takes a deep breath.

Gun shoots her in the head.

MICHAELIS  
Kiko! You killed her?!  
(crying)  
My Kiko, you shot her!

Michaelis pulls out a gun from his sock and fires at Gun.

INT. STRIP CLUB - KITCHEN - NIGHT(RAINING)

Inside the kitchen of the club, are ten Mexicans. They're playing loud Chicano music.

A CHEF walks around with a butcher's knife in hand.

CHEF  
(in Spanish to the Young  
Cook)  
Take the propane tank in the back.

The YOUNG COOK picks up the tank.

YOUNG COOK  
What the fuck is going on out  
there?

CHEF  
None of our business.

IN SLOW MOTION:

INT. STRIP CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT(RAINING)

A bullet flies from Michaelis's pistol. Gun jumps to the USP lying on the floor.

FIRES-

The bullet hits the other bullet in the air. It SLAMS through the wall and into the kitchen.

INT. STRIP CLUB - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The bullets flies through the wall and hits the propane tank in the Young Cooks arms.

The tank EXPLODES.

The kitchen fills with a huge fire ball.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The fire ball spreads out into the strip club. Quickly Michaelis is engulfed by the flame.

FORCED OUT OF  
SLOW MOTION:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The force of the explosion throws Gun out of the club. He smashes into the side of his own car.

EXT. GUN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gun lies still with his back against the car door. Rain falls on his face.

A sword spins out of the club, SLAMS into the side of the car, inches away from his head.

Gun looks over at it.

GUN

Bitch.

INT. MR. POMELO'S DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

Mr. Pomelo stands in his walk-in dressing room. He's dressed in a black business suit.

He picks out a green pair of shoes and a pair of yellow socks.

INT. MR. POMELO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He walks out showing his outfit to Q, who sits in a business chair with his feet up on a desk.

MR. POMELO

You want how many men?

MR. Q

As many as it takes.

MR. POMELO

Don't you think you're over doing it a little? Bringing so many men to kill only one kid sounds a little excessive. Don't you think?

MR. Q  
You haven't met this kid. You didn't see what he can do with a gun. The kid's good. The best I've ever fuckin' seen.

MR. POMELO  
Shame he's not working for us.

Mr. Pomelo sits down on his king-size bed, slides on the yellow socks and green shoes.

MR. Q  
The kid's a fuckin' monster.

MR. POMELO  
Don't you think it would be better to find the people who ordered the hit, instead of focusing all our attention to this one child?

Q angrily stands up.

MR. Q  
He killed my brother!

MR. POMELO  
I'm sure you would have killed him eventually.

MR. Q  
What?! How can you fuckin' say that?!

Mr. Pomelo stands up, takes a second to think.

MR. POMELO  
No, you didn't hire that kid. You hired those Mexicans. Didn't you?

MR. Q  
You're out of your goddamn fuckin' mind.

MR. POMELO  
You know, before they put a dog to sleep, they jack it off. I little bit of final happiness before you die. Do you think it will end like that for you, son?

MR. Q  
What about my men?

MR. POMELO  
What's mine is yours.

INT. ONE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

One lies on the couch.

June lies on the floor with his kitty on her tummy. She uses her book bag as a pillow for her head.

JUNE  
Do you like what you do?

ONE  
Like it? No.

JUNE  
Then why do it?

ONE  
I'm good at it. It's easy to kill someone. Maybe a little too easy.

JUNE  
I don't think it is. I could never kill anyone.

ONE  
I hope you never do.

One gets up and walks over to the window.

June gets up too and follows him. She walks up beside him.

JUNE  
Tell me a story.

ONE  
What do you mean?

JUNE  
Tell me about yourself.

One turns around, looks at her, shies away.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Okay, if you can't tell me, tell this.

She walks over to his jacket that's draped over the couch and takes the tape recorder out of his pocket. She rustles with it, aims it at him like a gun, and pushes the red button to record.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Go on, tell me your story.

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - MORNING

One walks into Rob's shop with a gun aimed right at his head.  
Rob throws his hands up.

ROB  
I give up.  
(laughs)  
You know, you can't sling that  
thing around and point it at anyone  
you fuckin' want. There's rules.

Rob wears a bloody bandage on his left hand.

ONE  
I need enough guns and clips to  
fill this bag.

One drops June's bag on the glass counter.

ROB  
You robbin' me, kid?

One cocks the gun.

ROB (CONT'D)  
I guess so.

Rob eyes the bag.

ROB (CONT'D)  
So, she still here?

ONE  
As many guns and clips this bag can  
hold. Now!

Rob smiles.

ROB  
Okay, here we go.

He reaches under the counter and one by one he pulls out five  
guns.

ROB (CONT'D)  
(points to the Glock)  
This one is a GLOCK 18.  
(points to the P228)  
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

This is a P228.  
 (holds up the Desert  
 Eagle)  
 This is a DESERT EAGLE.  
 (eyes the Berettas)  
 And your standard DUAL BERETTAS.

ONE

What's that?

One eyes a wooden box up on the shelf. Rob puts down the Desert Eagle, reaches up, and takes down the wooden box.

ROB

This is very special. Not as  
 special as yours but still equally  
 as beautiful.  
 (opens the box)  
 This is the FIVESEVEN.

A smile grows across Rob's face.

ROB (CONT'D)

You like?

ONE

Bullets.

ROB

I take it you're gonna be doin'  
 some killin' today.

INT. THE SHOP - MORNING

One walks in ignoring everything going on around him. He focuses all his attention on finding someone in the back.

In the back, is Trashae. She holds a bottle of cologne.

TRASHAE

Child, what can I do for you?

ONE

I need information.

TRASHAE

What kind of information?

ONE

My parents. Who are they?

TRASHAE

Why ask such silly things?

ONE

I need to know who they are. Will you tell me?

TRASHAE

They were junkies that owed money. So they sold you to us.

ONE

Where are they?

TRASHAE

Most likely dead.

ONE

You killed them?

TRASHAE

They were junkies, child. They all have very short expiration dates.

ONE

What's my name?

TRASHAE

They never said.

ONE

Brothers? Sisters?

TRASHAE

No one.

ONE

Thank you.

TRASHAE

Are you leaving us, child?

ONE

Yeah.

TRASHAE

We've spent time on you. We can't let you walk away.

ONE

Yeah, I know.

One walks away.

EXT. THE SHOP - MORNING

One takes a second to breathe. He looks up at the new sky. The rain has passed, the clouds seem whiter than ever now.

The sun breaks through, lighting up this hell on earth.

This slum.

JUNE (O.C.)  
Are you scared?

Across the street, he sees June. She stands there with a beautiful smile on her face, holding his cat.

ONE  
It may seem like a terrible place to you, but for me this is home.

She walks over to him.

JUNE  
Here.

She tosses a cassette tape to him. He catches it.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
You ready?

ONE  
I'm not sure.

JUNE  
Do you wanna stay here forever, killing?

ONE  
No.

JUNE  
Then we stick to the plan.

She smiles.

INT. ONE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

One lays out all the new toys he stole from Rob. He tucks the twin BERETTAS in his jacket pockets. The others are loaded and thrown back into the bag.

He walks over to the window.

Across the street he sees June by the pay phone. She looks up and sees him.

She waves to him and gives the thumbs up. He smiles at her.

Behind her stands Rob.

One's smile drops.

Rob GRABS June and DRAGS her into his shop.

ONE

No! You son of a bitch!

JAPANESE ANIME  
TITLE SEQUENCE:

EXT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - MORNING

In the style of a low-budget anime...

A black van pulls up into the alleyway to the north. Two more pull up beside it.

Ten anime style men in black suits with crewcut hair styles and skinny black ties, step out with machine guns(Steyer TMP). Twenty more step out from the vans beside it.

They carry MAC-10's.

IDENTIFYING CREDITS

"Introducing the players"

"SKINNY TIES"

as

Mr. Q's Men

I/E. ONE'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

An animated One steps out onto the fire escape with gun in hand.

STARRING

"ONE"

as

Boy 1

INT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Three vans pull up to the east and west sides of Dumpster Alley, all the exits are blocked off.

With ten men in each van, they run out. The east exit team is compiled of members with military issued machine guns (UMP45).

EXT. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS

Q steps out of the van with his hands in his pockets. He wears a dark pair of shades. A cigarette dangles from his lip.

FINAL CREDIT APPEARS

"Q"  
as  
The Villainous Mr. Q"

Q takes a long drag from his cigarette. He blows the smoke around in the air, lowers his shades, looks up at One.

MR. Q  
Hey there, kid! I brought some  
friends for you to play with! A  
warning though, they don't play  
nice.

The goons fire up at One-

I/E. ONE'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

One shoots out into the crowd. He takes out three. The teams run to the building. Before stepping back in, One spins the gun on his finger, stops it...

FIRES-

EXT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

One hits a goon in the head. Through the bullet hole we see One go back inside.

Q's men storm the building. They climb the fire escapes and SMASH through the windows to get in.

INT. ONE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

One grabs the bag full of guns and ammo. In his right hand, he holds a BERETTA 87 TARGET. In the left, he grips the GLOCK 18.

CUT TO:

BLACK FRAME  
TITLE CARD:

"ONE IN THE HEAD MAKES THEM DEAD"

BACK TO:

INT. ONE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

One kicks open the door. Immediately five goons fire at him. One quickly takes them out with his Beretta.

CUT TO:

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - PORN ROOM - MORNING

Rob has June duct taped to the wooden chair. He wraps a piece of tape around her mouth to keep her screams muffled.

BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

With his Glock, One shoots through the walls hitting the five goons in the next room.

Ten come out from around the corner.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

One takes cover inside a near-by abandoned apartment. Inside the room he finds three goons waiting for him.

Without hesitation, he kills the three with one in the head for each of them.

The ten in the hall open fire onto the room.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

One SLAMS through the bathroom door. The bathroom's missing the toilet. Only a giant hole in on the floor.

One rests up against the wall. Here he finds the time to reload.

CUT TO:

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - PORN ROOM - MORNING

Rob sets up a video camera in front of June. She struggles in the chair to get free.

Rob laughs at her.

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

When the time is right, One JUMPS out firing both guns. In a flash, he manages to kill all ten. But where ten fall twenty rise.

They each carry MAC-10's.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

One runs to them. He shoots a goon on the head and another in the throat. The goon falls to his knees holding his fatal wound.

One walks past him, puts a bullet in his head.

The goons spread out. One FIRES rapidly without aiming.

Six go down.

A man with a shotgun(M3super90) pops out of nowhere. He BLASTS his way through everything in its way.

One trips over a garbage bag on the floor. A shotgun blast hits the wall were One's head would have been if he hadn't tripped.

ONE  
(to himself)  
Ms. Peters.

One quickly gets to his feet and shoots the knob off the door.

INT. MISS PETER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

One darts in, presses himself up against the door, slides down to the floor.

Ms. Peters storms in with curlers in her hair.

MS. PETERS

Who are you?! What you doin' in my house?!

ONE

Get down!

A shotgun blast tares through the door. Ms. Peters falls to the floor unharmed.

ONE (CONT'D)

I told you to get down.

One reloads and fires over his shoulders through the door.

The shotgun goon takes a good twenty rounds in the chest before he falls to the floor.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Quickly, One hurries out of the room. He shoots at least ten more, killing them instantly.

One runs out of ammo for the two guns. He tosses them to the side and switches to the DESERT EAGLE. It's so heavy he has to hold it with two hands.

A single goon is left there unharmed. He checks himself for bullet holes.

He sees One and quickly takes aim.

One runs for him, drops down, slides on the floor into the LINE-OF-FIRE.

One SPLATTERS the remaining goon's brains all over the hallway wall. The force of the blast sends One sliding back into the door behind him. He shakes it off and takes a look at the DESERT EAGLE.

We hear the roaring of running feet in all direction from all the different rooms.

One puts away the DESERT EAGLE, whips out the TWIN BERETTAS. Fully loaded and ready to go, he waits in the hall with the 46 already dead goons. Blood fills the hallway. It covers the stained brown carpet and the rotting wall paper.

Suddenly five goons STORM out of the room beside him.

One swings around, kneels down, shoots them all in the crotch or stomach.

Five more pop out from another room beside him. A goon manages to shoot One in the shoulder.

One falls back, shoots every round he has in the chamber into the team of five. The pain from the gunshot wound forces One to drop a gun.

One Stumbles to get up, five of Q's men tot out with UMP 45's in hand.

One sees them and hastily makes a left turn. He runs off down the hall to the stairs that lead up to the roof.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - MORNING

Q looks around. He looks at the building and turns his attention to the building next to him.

MR. Q

I see what you're up to, kid.

Mr. Q smiles, tosses the cig in his mouth to the ground and snuffs it out with his shoe.

BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

One drops the Beretta, pulls out the Fiveseven. The bag ways on his shoulder so he leaves it behind, but not before he takes out a handful of gun clips.

CUT TO:

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - PORN ROOM - MORNING

Rob shows June a switchblade. He smiles and laughs as he brings it closer to her face.

BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

One waits for someone to show their head around the corner. Three goons step out. One takes their heads off.

One quickly climbs the stairs.

Five more goons and the military gun carriers run after him.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRS(UP) - CONTINUOUS

One stops every second or so to fire at them. He shoots one of the goons in the knee cap.

Another takes it in the chest and hand. He falls off the stair case. He smashes to the floor below.

The goons change their tactics. Instead of chasing, they fire wildly.

One dodges the gunfire-

He reaches the exit to the roof.

END OF ANIME  
SEQUENCE:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - MORNING

A news helicopter flies around One's head.

One checks his guns. He's out of ammo, he pulls out his most trusted BERETTA 87 TARGET.

MR. Q (O.C.)  
I thought you'd be here.

Across from One stands Q. They Immediately aim their guns at each other.

They stare deep into each others eyes.

Q smiles.

MR. Q (CONT'D)  
Did you really-

One shoots Q between the eyes. His mouth drops open, eyes roll back into his head, blood drips down his nose, onto his shoes.

CU of One's face.

ONE  
(to us)  
Wait for it.

The back of Q's head explodes. His lifeless body falls to its knees.

One has enough time to take a breath before the rest of Q's men storm out of the stair case. They circle him with their guns raised high. Laser pointers from their guns cover him like bees.

One aims his gun at us.

FIRES-

EXT. STREET - DAY - LATER

One stumbles across the street to Rob's shop.

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - DAY

Rob sits behind the glass counter eating a hamburger.

One walks in...

ROB  
Hey man. Some guy-

As One walks by Rob, he shoots him in the stomach. Rob flies back, hits the wall, knocks all the shit on the shelves off.

One heads toward that neon sign and goes around the corner.

There's a long beat. We can hear Rob whimpering in the background.

One's yell breaks the silence. Rob is still alive holding his bleeding stomach. He tries to crawl his way to the exit door.

One RUSHES out firing both guns into Rob. He fires round after round into him until both guns run out.

EXT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - DAY

One walks out and falls to his knees. Tears and blood dripping down his face.

He drops the gun in his left hand. The other hangs from his trigger finger.

BACK TO:

EXT. DUMPSTER ALLEY - DAY

One sits in a garbage-infested alley by a green dumpster.

Flies buzz around his head and mouth. In his hand he holds his gun(Beretta 87 Target). His face is dirty and his pants are ripped. Pulled over his eyes, lays a knit cap.

Blood gushes from his shoulder. One hits the stop button.

A white limo pulls up beside One. The door opens and a pair of green shoes come into view. The shoes walk over to One.

MR. POMELO (O.C.)

In Rome, the king's son would always kill the father so he could be king. That's what I see here. They wanted power. And what they got in return was a bullet in the head.

One lifts his head to see the man's face. It's Mr. Pomelo.

MR. POMELO (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Did you do all this yourself?

Mr. Pomelo kneels down to look One in the eyes.

MR. POMELO (CONT'D)

I take it you killed my other son as well?

ONE

Are you gonna kill me?

MR. POMELO

You seem to be taking that trip already.

(beat)

Lucky! Get out here!

Lucky steps out of the limo and walks over to Mr. Pomelo's side.

MR. POMELO (CONT'D)  
(to One)  
So what's your name, kid?

ONE  
They call me One.

Mr. Pomelo laughs.

MR. POMELO  
That's not a name, kid. It's a  
number. So you got family? Mom?  
Dad? Uncle? Fuckin' step dad?

ONE  
No. Nobody.

Mr. Pomelo stands up and turns to Lucky.

MR. POMELO  
Lucky.

Lucky pulls out a gun with a silencer.

MR. POMELO (CONT'D)  
(to One)  
Let's make a deal, kid. You can  
either come with me, get you all  
cleaned up, have that wound taken  
care of so you don't bleed to death  
or Lucky can put a bullet in your  
head. What do ya say?

ONE  
What do you want me to say?

MR. POMELO  
I've got a business opportunity for  
ya. So? You gonna take it?

Police sirens are heard in the background.

MR. POMELO (CONT'D)  
Tick-tock, kid. What's your answer?

ONE  
You want me to kill for you  
instead?

Mr. Pomelo taps the watch on his wrist.

ONE (CONT'D)  
Deal.

Mr. Pomelo gives Lucky the signal to lift One up.

Lucky puts away the gun and lifts One up over his shoulder. He takes him to the back of the limo.

INT. LIMO(MOVING) - DAY

One rests against the window. His shoulder bleeds uncontrollably.

Mr. Pomelo makes himself a cocktail.

MR. POMELO  
So what do we call you?

BACK TO:

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - PORN ROOM - MORNING

June's duct taped to a wooden chair in the middle of the room. A video camera is shoved in her face. A piece of tape covers her mouth.

ROB  
Smile.

We can hear the gun fire in the background. Rob salivates as he looks June over.

Rob shows June a switchblade.

June struggles to get free.

ROB (CONT'D)  
You wanna say something? You want me to take that piece of tape off your mouth? Well fuck you! See this?!

He shows her the hand she bit.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Don't think I forgot about that. I'm pretty sure it's infected. I'm gonna cut your face up with this knife and I'll be filmin' it the whole time! So your boyfriend can watch it later. But I doubt he'll live long enough to see it. Sounds like he's got himself into quit the pickle. Not even he can get his ass out of this shit.

A big grin grows on his face.

ROB (CONT'D)  
It's time to play.

GUN (O.C.)  
(in Japanese)  
Nande sonna-koto shita-no?

We hear a gun cock. It comes into view as it's pressed against Rob's head.

GUN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
Tape!  
(in Japanese)  
Itta-tori-ni shiro-yo!

With a shaky hand, Rob pulls the tape off June's mouth.

JUNE  
Gun!

ROB  
(to June)  
Friend of yours?

Gun shoves Rob across the room, he SLAMS to the floor.

Gun frees June's feet and arms.

Once she's free, Gun turns his attention back to Rob. He's curled up in the fetal position.

Gun aims his pistol at him.

GUN  
(in Japanese)  
Yowa-mushi! Kerio tsuke-yoze! Nanka  
yo?!

ROB  
I don't speak Jap, man. Don't kill  
me, please!

JUNE  
Let's go, Gun. No killing. He isn't  
worth the bullet.

Gun lowers his weapon.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Gun and June walk outside. We can hear the gun fire coming from One's building.

JUNE  
We have to help him!

June tries to run but Gun grabs her arm.

GUN  
Who do we need to help?

She turns to him, looks him straight in the eyes.

JUNE  
You need to save him.

GUN  
Who?

JUNE  
Otokonoko. He saved me. He's a good guy. Like you, Gun. Please, help him.

Gun cocks his gun.

GUN  
What does he mean to you?

June looks at him with pleading eyes.

GUN (CONT'D)  
Your father will never approve.

JUNE  
I don't care what he says.

Beat.

GUN  
Go to my car. Wait there.

June walks to Gun's car. She goes to the passengers side, sees the huge dent pressed in the side of the door along with the tip of the katana blade.

JUNE  
What happened here?

GUN  
Something hit it.

JAPANESE ANIME  
SEQUENCE:

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

One drops his gun on the ground. He looks completely exhausted.

The remaining thirty-three of the 90 goons circle him. They aim their machine guns at his chest and head.

One pulls out his HANDY DANDY SMALL BUT DEADLY SWITCHBLADE.

ONE  
C'mon.

The team look at each other. In a domino effect they drop their guns, pull out their US NAVY COMBAT KNIVES.

They move in...

A goon(#33) attacks first. One swings around, slashes his wrist. Blood sprays from the wound.

Out of the picture.

Another goon(#32) behind One, runs for him. One turns to dodge the attack. One slices his leg. Blood sprays out as he falls to his knees. One slits his throat.

Out of the picture.

Three step into the circle. They quickly attack him. One cuts the wrist of another(#31). He throws the switchblade at the goon(#30)ahead. It hits him in the stomach.

One quickly slides over to him, takes out the knife, runs for the other goon(#29).

Quickly One swings around him, STABS him in the back.

All three out of the picture.

The whole TEAM comes after One.

One dodges attacks left and right, at times getting cut. Before anyone notices it, he incapacitates six. He uses the same move every time. Cutting the wrist, leg, or stomach.

Three goons team up(#20,19,18) against him. A goon(#20) grabs One and holds him in an HALF-NELSON.

Two more(#18,19) run for him, ready for a stabbin'.

One shoves his knife in the throat of the guy that's holding him.

He releases One.

One grabs a pistol attached to the goon's back. He FIRES at the two coming for him, hits them both in the head. The rest look at the gun in One's hand, drop their knives and run for their guns.

Gun steps out from the exit. With his guns aimed, he quickly shoots them down.

One joins in the shooting.

ANIME SEQUENCE  
ENDS.

When everyone is dead, One and Gun stand there aiming their guns at each other.

ONE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Gun puts away his gun.

GUN

I'm Leiko's protector.

One drops the gun.

ONE

Lei... June? June!

GUN

I'm sorry. I didn't get to her in time.

ONE

What do you mean?! Is she-

GUN

I'm sorry.

One drops to his knees.

ONE

Can I see her?

GUN  
No. If you knew her, it would be better to remember her the way she was. I'll be taking her remains back to her father.

Gun walks to the exit.

ONE  
What about Rob?

Gun stops.

GUN  
He's alive.

ONE  
Good.

Gun continues to the exit.

GUN  
What's your name?

ONE  
I don't have one.

And with that, Gun disappears into the darkness.

INT. GUN'S CAR(PARKED)- MORNING

June fidgets with her fingers, tosses in her seat. She sees One's cat outside. She gets out, grabs him, takes the cat inside the car with her.

Gun gets in.

JUNE  
Where is he?

Gun starts the car.

GUN  
Sorry. They've already killed him when I got there.

Tears form in her eyes.

JUNE  
You're lying!

The car drives off.

Gun whips out his cell phone.

GUN  
(in Japanese)  
Sir, I have her. Alive.

INT. BOSS TAKAHASHITA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Boss Takahashita sits at his oak desk. He looks out the window into the vast city.

BOSS TAKAHASHITA  
(in Japanese)  
Good job, Gun.

GUN (O.S.)  
(in English)  
Thank you, sir.

Boss Takahashita hangs up the phone. He turns around to reveal Takara waiting silently behind him.

He nods his head to her. She smiles and bows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

One stumbles across the street to Rob's porn shop. He holds his bleeding shoulder. He leaves a blood trail on the pavement.

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - DAY

Rob sits behind the glass counter eating a hamburger.

One walks in...

ROB  
Hey, man. Some guy-

As One walks by Rob, he shoots him in the stomach.

We follow One around the corner.

INT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - PORN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One runs to the lone chair in the middle of the room. He notices a drop of blood on the floor.

ONE  
June.

More tears run down his cheek. He yells. One pulls out his second gun.

EXT. ROB'S AMMO & PORN SHOP - DAY

One walks out and falls to his knees. Tears and blood dripping down his face.

He drops the gun in his left hand. The other hangs from his trigger finger.

JUNE (O.S.)

Tell me your story. Go on.

ONE (O.S.)

So what's my story? That's easy. I don't have one.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END