

HIPSTER & THE SCHOOLGIRL

by
Brenton Charles Lonkey

FADE IN:

I/E. CAFE - MORNING

In a crowded half inside, half outside café, two young people seem to stand out as they have the world's most awkward blind date.

A HIPSTER, male, 20's, wears a black leather jacket, and a pair of black sunglasses.

He quietly sips from a cup of coffee.

To his right, THE SCHOOLGIRL, 20's, wears a tiny gold star on the left side of her cheek. She sports a hot pink wig and a short schoolgirl skirt. Draped over her chair, a red leather jacket.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

(pause)

Did you know that one sentence uses every letter in the alphabet?

The Hipster takes another sip from his coffee.

Awkward silence...

A MALE WAITER walks over to the two.

MALE WAITER

(to the Hipster)

Would you like a refill, sir?

HIPSTER

No.

MALE WAITER

(to the Schoolgirl)

You, ma'am?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

I'm fine, love.

The Male Waiter smiles politely and walks off.

She looks over at the Hipster.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
You should be nicer to the help.
You never know when they might get
it in their paid less than minimum
wage heads you deserve to have your
drink stirred with their dicks.

The Hipster looks at the drink in his hand.

HIPSTER
I doubt anyone would put their dick
in hot coffee.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Never underestimate the lengths
someone might go to get revenge.
Plus, there's a lot of sickos out
there.

HIPSTER
Company included?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Hey, I might have done some fucked
up things in my life, but not once
have I ever put my dick in someone
else's drink.

She smiles and gives him a wink.

She leans back in her seat, looks over the Hipster.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
You should care less about your
defiled cup of coffee and focus
more on me.

HIPSTER
You?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Yes, me, silly. This amazing
wonderful creature in front of you.

He shoots her a sarcastic smirk.

HIPSTER
I didn't know this was a date.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Of course it is. And, if you play
your cards right, you just might
get lucky.

(MORE)

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
 Don't think I haven't noticed what
 you got tucked in the front of your
 pants.

The Hipster looks around, shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

HIPSTER
 I don't know what you're talking
 about.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
 I scoped what you were packing the
 minute you sat down in front of me.
 Don't worry, no one else noticed.
 Are you nervous?

HIPSTER
 No.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
 No? Good. We can't have you going
 limp on me.

She licks her lips, smiles wickedly.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
 I wanna see it.

HIPSTER
 What?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
 Take it out and let me see it.

HIPSTER
 Here? Are you crazy?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
 (whispers)
 C'mon, no one will care.

HIPSTER
 I think they would very much care.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
 Do I have to do it for you?

She reaches over and plunges her hand down his pants.

HIPSTER
 Jesus. Be careful.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Don't worry, I know how to handle these kinda things. Wow, and it's a nice size too.

She pulls out a black standard Beretta pistol, sits it down on the table right in front of him.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)

Naughty boy, bringing out the big toys on the first date.

The Hipster covers the gun with a folded up newspaper.

HIPSTER

What are you doing? This isn't my first time. I'll get it done.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Good. You see those well dressed assholes over by that table?

She motions to the TWO MOB GOONS standing guard over TWO MOB BUSINESS MEN talking at a table behind them.

HIPSTER

Yeah, I see them.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Introduce them to your black metal cock, would you?

She gets up, grabs the red leather jacket off the chair and walks out. As she passes the two goons, the Mob Business Men take notice.

She points her finger like a gun at them and fires.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The Schoolgirl walks away down the sidewalk wearing a huge smile. She swings on the jacket and shuts it tight.

The Two Mob Goons keep a watchful eye on her as she walks away.

I/E. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The Hipster walks up to the Mob Business Man #1 and shoots him in the back of the head. His brains spray out onto the table.

Blood splashes the other Business Man on the face.

MOB BUSINESS MAN #2
Jesus fuck!

Mob Goon #1 jumps on the Hipster's back, wrestles with him.

The Hipster elbows him in the gut, swings around, shoots the Mob Business Man #2 square in the chest before he can get up to leave.

Blood splatters to the concrete.

The Mob Goons reach for their shoulder holstered guns.

The Hipster shoots goon #1 in the knee cap-

The goon stumbles to the ground, firing in the air. The Hipster puts a bullet in his head and gets a beat on the second goon...

Mob Goon #2 fires wildly, bullets punching through the walls. The Hipster nails him in the chest. A blood geyser erupts from the bullet wounds.

The customers stampede out the front door.

ELISE, THE CASH REGISTER GIRL quickly dials the police.

A black Cadillac pulls up to the curb of the café. The window rolls down, inside is The Schoolgirl.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
You comin', killer?

The Hipster looks around, hesitates.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
I don't have all day. Grab the fuckin' briefcase.

The Hipster grabs a briefcase next to one of the dead business men and runs to the car.

He jumps in and they take off.

HIPSTER (O.S.)
I had this dream last night.

CHERA (O.S.)
Was it about me?

People rush over to try and help the already dead.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Hipster lies on the floor, looking up at a glass table.

He talks on a pink princess phone. A very sexy voice is on the other end. Her name is CHERA.

HIPSTER

No. I've had this dream before.
It's not really a dream. More like
a forgotten memory.

CHERA (O.S.)

Yeah? Was it something dirty?

The Hipster reaches his hand up on the glass table, feels around for his pack of cigarettes...

He touches his gun instead.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE FARM - MORNING

A YOUNG BOY and his FATHER are dressed up tight and warm. The Young Boy wears a yellow winter jacket and a black knit cap. His cheeks are red from the cold.

They walk around checking out Christmas trees, their breath visible in the low temperature.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - MORNING

A pair of white sneakers with Hello Kitty socks run through a field of tall brown grass.

Heavy breathing...

...sniffles...

The shoes stop and make a left.

A NERDY BOY wearing glasses and armed with a machine gun, pops up from the grass.

NERDY BOY

Got you!

The shoes belong to a YOUNG GIRL holding a gun.

YOUNG GIRL

Not fair! You cheated! Time out!

The Nerdy Boy lowers his gun.

NERDY BOY
You can't say that every time I
find you.

A MUDDY BOY pops out of the grass. He too wears a yellow winter jacket and a black knit cap, his face is covered in dirt.

MUDDY BOY
What happened?

NERDY BOY
She called time out.

MUDDY BOY
Again? That's not fair. That isn't
how you play the game.

She lifts up her skirt, quickly shooting them while their eyes are occupied.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Hipster grabs the pack of cigs, gets up and lights it.

CHERA (O.S.)
Time's almost up, sexy.

The Hipster looks up at the clock on the wall.

HIPSTER
Looks like I lost track of time
again.

CHERA (O.S.)
Call any time, sweetie. Ask for
Chera.

The Hipster hangs up the phone, looks outside to the busy city night.

Suddenly, the phone rings.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The Hipster walks out from an alleyway and into a crowded sidewalk.

People come stumbling in and out of bars. They yell, shout and hang off of each other.

The Hipster walks past them and around the corner.

EXT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Schoolgirl waits for him as she leans up against the wall to a public bathroom.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Well?

HIPSTER

There's no other way in or out.

She checks the time on her phone.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Christ, he's been in there for almost 15 minutes.

(beat)

Fine, let's just do it here. Are you armed?

He lifts up his shirt, reveals a gun tucked into his waistband.

She smiles.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)

That's my boy. Always coming prepared.

He pushes past her, into the men's bathroom.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Hipster walks into a dim-lit, nasty as hell public bathroom. No one else is in sight. A single light flickers under a cracked mirror and slimy sink.

The Hipster walks over to it, washes his hands. In the cracked mirror, the view of four bathroom stalls.

He looks at himself in the mirror.

With a few blinks, he pulls a paper towel out from the dispenser and dries his hands.

He swings around with his gun aimed at the second stall.

BATHROOM STALL GUY (O.C.)
Someone out there?

The Hipster stops, lowers his gun.

BATHROOM STALL GUY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Could you hand me some toilet
paper? Been comin' out both ends.
(lewd noises)
I ran out of TP, could you give me
a hand?

The Hipster walks into the stall next to his.

INT. STALL 3

The toilet seat is nasty as hell, mixed with brown and green smears. Huge black flies buzz around.

The Hipster takes the toilet paper from its holder and holds it under the stall.

The BATHROOM STALL GUY reaches for it...

The Hipster keeps the toilet paper out of his reach.

BATHROOM STALL GUY (O.C.)
C'mon, man.

The Hipster presses his gun to the stall wall. With the Bathroom Stall Guy on the other side reaching for the toilet paper, the Hipster positions the gun to where his head should be.

BATHROOM STALL GUY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
You gonna give it to me?

The Hipster fires the gun into the wall. Blood pours out from the bullet hole like a water fountain.

EXT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Schoolgirl waits patiently outside smoking a cigarette.

The Hipster comes out with a silver briefcase.

He lifts up the case.

HIPSTER
Got it.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Splendid. Did you wash your hands?

EXT. CROWDED DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The Hipster and The Schoolgirl walk side-by-side up the sidewalk. She flicks her cigarette butt at a PASSERBY. It hits his shoulder.

PASSERBY
What the hell, bitch?!

The Schoolgirl turns around and clocks him in the nose.

The Passerby falls back, blood leaking down his face.

PASSERBY (CONT'D)
You broke my fuckin' nose!

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Who is the bitch now?

She turns back around with a smile.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
(to the Hipster)
You hungry? I'm starving.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The small dim-lit restaurant is packed way beyond the FDA limitations and standards. Indian music plays in the background.

The crowd is a mix of people in fancy suits, teens on first dates, old men with their air tanks, and lonely middle-aged women searching for mister right now.

At a table in the middle of the crowded room, sits the Hipster. By his side, a food shoveling Schoolgirl.

The Hipster watches her eat as he slowly sips from his cup of coffee.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
The nastiest job I ever did was when I had to kill this foreign diplomate. I went undercover as a hotel room attendant. To keep my cover, I had to actually do the room attendant job.
(MORE)

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)

One night this guy who was only meant to be staying a single night, ends up staying a full week. A full week I had to deal with him. The thing was, he liked to piss the bed. Of course being the new girl, they'd send me up with the new sheets. And there he'd be. Fully naked, still in bed, covered in piss. The sick fuck wouldn't even move for me to change the sheets.

HIPSTER

What did you do?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

What do you think I did? I slit his throat and stuffed his gross ass down the fuckin' laundry chute.

HIPSTER

(sarcastic)

I'm surprised you showed such restraint.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Do I not look restrainable?

She flashes him a smile.

He returns the gesture with a blank stare.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)

I know nothing about you.

The Hipster goes back to his coffee.

HIPSTER

And I know nothing about you. Isn't this how it works?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

You can be as anonymous as you like, baby. But it's good to know who I'm working with.

HIPSTER

What do you want to know?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Okay, so how did it feel?

HIPSTER

How did what feel?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

My finger up your ass. What do you think? Killing. Seeing your bullet entering their brains. Them firing back at you, the rush of adrenaline shooting through you. Musta felt pretty fuckin' great. I hear a lot of times it can cause unwanted erections. Have you ever-

HIPSTER

No.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

--It's a common response. Nothing to be ashamed of.

She laughs and hits his shoulder.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)

Come on! I'm joking! You're too damn serious!

HIPSTER

I'm not.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

You know what you need? You need a handle. Take me. My handle is The Schoolgirl. You need something like that.

HIPSTER

I don't think so.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

I got it.

(pause)

The Hipster. Cause you're so fuckin' cool all the time.

HIPSTER

Hipster and The Schoolgirl.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Sure. You do the killing, you get the top billing.

She smiles and continues eating.

The Hipster takes a sip of coffee, stares through her.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Two men sit at a red booth. A WAITRESS walks past them carrying a hot steaming plate of pancakes.

The place is crowded. A DISTRESSED MOTHER and her CRYING BABY eat in the booth next to the two men.

An ELDERLY COUPLE sip coffee and read the newspaper. The old woman looks around to see if anyone's watching. She quickly sneaks a bowl of sugar packets into her purse.

MASA, young, 20's, wears a leather jacket and a black T-shirt sporting the 60's band "Question Mark and the Mysterians".

OLD TIMER, late 60's, wears eyeglasses and a heavy blue coat, slowly sips his cup of coffee.

OLD TIMER
You're making a shit smoothie.

MASA
A what?

OLD TIMER
You're stirring shit up, Masa.

MASA
Wasn't me, Old Timer.

OLD TIMER
Don't bullshit me.

MASA
No bullshit, horseshit, dogshit,
pigshit, human fuckin' being shit,
no fuckin' lie. Wasn't me.

OLD TIMER
I don't believe you. And you know
who else doesn't believe you?

Masa rolls his eyes.

MASA
The King.

OLD TIMER
The King. Exactly. If he suspects
you even for a second... you're a
dead pound of fuckin' meat. I don't
care how bullet proof you think you
are.

The Old Timer reaches into his jacket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

MASA

What are you doing? You said you quit.

OLD TIMER

It's how I deal with stress. And dealing with you is fuckin' stressful.

MASA

Early grave, Old Timer. You're lookin' at an early fuckin' grave.

OLD TIMER

You'll be headed right there with me soon enough, kid, if you keep this shit up.

MASA

I'm telling you, I didn't do it.

The Waitress comes over with a plate of French toast. Masa looks up at her.

MASA (CONT'D)

(to the waitress)

Where's my food?

WAITRESS

Comin', honey.

She walks off.

The Old Timer lights his cig and grabs a fork.

OLD TIMER

Who you think they'll come to first?

He points to himself with his fork.

OLD TIMER (CONT'D)

Me. That's who.

MASA

You never listen to me.

The Old Timer takes a bite of his French toast.

OLD TIMER

I hear you, Masa. But those hits had your name written all over it.

MASA

Okay, I can prove it wasn't me. Where did you say the last one took place?

OLD TIMER

Downtown. Around twelve maybe. In a bathroom stall.

MASA

Then that settles it. Couldn't have been me. I was busy last night.

OLD TIMER

Doing what?

MASA

Killing a prostitute.

The Old Timer SLAMS his fist down on the table. He bends the cigarette.

OLD TIMER

Listen to me, you sick fuck! This shit is serious. You ain't no fuckin' freelancer. You can't kill whoever the hell you want and there not be consequences.

The old couple gets up and leaves.

The Old Timer reaches across the table and grabs Masa by the shirt. They land face to face.

OLD TIMER (CONT'D)

Where?

MASA

Where what?

OLD TIMER

The hooker you killed, you sick fuck. Where did you do it?

MASA

Hotel Love. Where else?

The Old Timer lets go of Masa.

Masa lights a cigarette.

OLD TIMER
Where did you get that?

Masa smiles.

The Old Timer checks his pockets, pulls out the pack of cigarettes and a cellphone.

INT. HOTEL LOVE - ROOM 7 - MORNING

In a dark nasty looking hotel room covered in pink hearts, a group of 5 COPS stand around eating donuts.

A ROOKIE COP steps in with a box of donuts.

ROOKIE COP
I got more donuts.

He sees all the gore covering the pink bed sheets, walls and ceiling.

ROOKIE COP (CONT'D)
Jesus.

He throws up on the carpet.

The Cops all laugh at him.

On a bloody bed lies a nude faceless prostitute.

JON, a scummy looking detective with a brown suit and long scrappy hair, hovers over the body.

In the background, a forensics team investigates the crime scene.

A Cop comes up to him with a donut in his mouth.

COP #1
(muffled with food)
You ever see anything like this,
Jon?

JON
You see that?

COP #1
What?

JON
That right there. I think I see
Jesus.

He points to the blood splotch on the bed sheet.

COP #1
I don't see it.

JON
Right there. See, his head, arms
out, halo.
(to the forensics team)
Do you guys see it?

Some Cops gather around eating donuts.

COP #2
I think I see something.

Jon's pocket rings.

He walks away from the other cops to answer his phone.

JON
I know why you're callin'.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Masa smokes the cigarette he stole from the Old Timer. The Old Timer talks on his cellphone.

OLD TIMER
Where are you?

Jon kneels down by the bed.

JON
In some shitty hotel room looking
at your boy's mess.

Jon reaches under the bed, pulls out a red purse.

OLD TIMER
She Asian?

JON
Can't tell. We still haven't been
able to find the face. But if
you're callin' I can guess the
answer.

The Old Timer slams his fist down on the table. The Distressed Mother gets up, walks over.

OLD TIMER
 (through his teeth)
 No face!

The Distressed Mother clears her throat to get Masa's attention.

DISTRESSED MOTHER
 Would you please put that out? It's getting into my breathing area.

Masa looks up at her. He blows smoke at her. She covers the Baby's head.

MASA
 Your breathing area? Lady, what about that fuckin' baby? His crying is getting into my hearing area.

DISTRESSED MOTHER
 He's a baby. They cry, that's what babies do.

MASA
 And I'm trying to have a conversation. It's what grown-ups do. So why don't you pull out one of those giant titties of yours and shove a fuckin' nipple in its mouth?

DISTRESSED MOTHER
 You are a disgusting human being!

MASA
 And you are a terrible mother!

She takes her baby and angrily storms out of the diner.

Masa spits his cigarette into his cup of coffee.

MASA (CONT'D)
 Fuckin' babies ruin everything.

The Rookie Cop dry heaves into a vomit bag.

ROOKIE COP
 That's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen.

Jon takes a photo ID out of the purse. The picture is of a beautiful Asian girl.

JON
(to his phone)
Found a picture. She's Asian. Cute
for a dead chick. Young too. Just
turned eighteen. At least she's
legal this time.

OLD TIMER
How many does this make?

Masa holds up six fingers.

JON
Six. Congratulations, he's
officially become a serial killer.

OLD TIMER
Can you cover this up?

Jon takes a deep sigh, throws the ID on the bed.

JON
(to cops)
Someone bag this.
(to the phone)
I don't think so. This shit is out
of my hands.

The FORENSICS TEAM walks over and bags the purse.

OLD TIMER
Do what you can. It's what we pay
you for.

JON
You don't pay me enough to cover
this shit up.

COP #1 (O.C.)
Holy shit!

Jon lowers his phone.

JON
What happened?

COP #1 (O.C.)
We found the face!

JON
Good, bag it.

He puts the phone back to his ear.

JON (CONT'D)
Good news, we found the face.

END PHONE CONVERSATION ON THE OLD TIMER

The Old Timer hangs up the phone.

The Waitress comes over to their table with Masa's food. She carefully lays it down on the table and pulls out the bill.

He looks at the Waitress and at Masa.

OLD TIMER
We should get going.

Masa smiles at the Waitress, reaches into his leather jacket, pulls out a gun.

MASA
I want you to be honest with me.
Did you spit in my food?

WAITRESS
Oh my God.

On instinct, she tosses her hands up.

MASA
If you don't tell me, I am going to
shoot you. Do you want that?

WAITRESS
No.

MASA
Then I repeat myself. Did you do
something to this food that I would
not enjoy?

WAITRESS
Yes. I did. But so did the cooks.

A dish in the background crashes to the floor.

EXT. DINER - MORNING

People scream and yell for help. Masa and the Old Timer step out. They quickly walk out onto the sidewalk.

Outside is beautiful. Birds chirp and cars drive by like little worker ants.

The Old Timer walks off.

OLD TIMER
You're a dead man, Masa! A walkin'
talkin' dead as fuck man!

MASA
I'll find the right guy. I promise!
I can make this up to you.

The Old Timer stops and turns to face Masa.

OLD TIMER
It's not me you need to make this
up to. It's the King. If he hasn't
hired someone already, he will.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The Hipster lies on the floor, head under the glass table. He talks on his pink princess phone.

CHERA (O.S.)
Are you thinking about me? Maybe
about what I'm wearing?

HIPSTER
No. Not really.

CHERA (O.S.)
Then what are you thinking about?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE FARM - MORNING

The Young Boy and his Father look over a nice Christmas tree.

The Young Girl that was playing in the grassy field skips through the trees.

The sound of feet running through the grass and mud.

A figure passes by in a flash behind a tree.

The Young Girl runs up to the Young Boy and his Father. The Young Boy's back is turned.

In her hand, a gun.

The Father is on the ground taking a saw to the tree. The Young Girl puts the gun to the back of the Young Boy's head.

YOUNG GIRL
I found ya, Masa.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The Hipster has his eyes closed.

He opens them.

The phone beeps.

HIPSTER
I got someone on the other line. I
gotta go.

He hangs up, walks over to the window.

The Hipster looks out at the city.

The phone rings.

He answers it.

AARON (O.S.)
We need to meet.

HIPSTER
Where?

INT. JUNK PLYMOUTH (PARKED) - DAY

AARON, an old filth covered man wearing a huge bulky trenchcoat and a leg brace, sits behind the wheel of an old junky Plymouth.

The Hipster slides into the passenger seat.

HIPSTER
What are we doing up here, Aaron?

AARON
I wanna show you somethin', kid.

Aaron points to a nightclub across the street called SLAP. Outside stands The Schoolgirl smoking a cigarette. After a few puffs, she checks her watch and throws the cigarette on the ground.

AARON (CONT'D)

It wasn't easy, but I finally found out where she takes the money.

HIPSTER

In there? A nightclub?

AARON

It's run by this cocksucker named Bolder. A few years back someone tried the same shit you two were trying. The mob got smart since then, started marking the serial numbers on all the bills. The thing you gotta remember is the mob are all a bunch of paranoid fucks. So say you got yourself a shitload of dirty marked bills. Which you do. That's where Bolder comes into play. He swaps it out for clean cash, goes off and circulates the marked ones through his club here, mob can't follow it. And the kicker, a real fuck you is this place is run by the mob. Their own stolen money is right under their fuckin' noses.

He chuckles to himself.

HIPSTER

If you already know where she keeps the money, why are you sitting on it?

AARON

I've been watching this place like a hawk. I've only ever seen her take money inside the club, never out. And seeing as I want to spend that money, the same as her, it's best to wait until it's all been cleaned.

HIPSTER

I'm getting tired of waiting.

AARON

I've got a plan, kid. I don't need you fucking it up. Remember, if I don't get what I want, you don't get what you want. Got it?

HIPSTER
Yeah, I got it.

AARON
Good, now get the fuck out of my
car.

HIPSTER
Is that what this is?

The Hipster turns to leave.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)
The ones that tried what we're
doing, what happened to them?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY

The Young Girl aims her gun at the Nerdy Boy. She shoots him
in the head. A pellet flies out, hits him right between the
lens of his eyeglasses. He falls to the floor yelling.

YOUNG GIRL
Got ya, Peter.

The Muddy Boy laughs at him. The Nerdy Boy stands up holding
his eye.

NERDY BOY
Shut up! You could have taken my
eye out!

MUDDY BOY
Don't be such a pussy, Peter.

The Nerdy Boy takes his revenge, shoots the Muddy Boy with
his machine gun for laughing at him.

The Muddy Boy dances around as the pellets bounce off his
skin.

The Young Girl and the Nerdy Boy laugh at him.

MUDDY BOY (CONT'D)
Shit! That hurt! You called time
out!

YOUNG GIRL
Too bad. I win. You're both out.

MUDDY BOY
Aaron, she's cheating again!

A YOUNG AARON walks over, his leg no longer encaged by a metal brace. He's all bundled up in a heavy winter jacket, knit cap and gloves.

He walks over to them.

YOUNG AARON
What's the problem?

MUDDY BOY
She keeps cheating.

NERDY BOY
Yeah, it's no fun if she cheats.

YOUNG AARON
You're not out here to have fun.
You think I'm having fun? I'm
freezing my dick off. Get back to
your training.

The Young Girl sticks her tongue at the two boys.

NERDY BOY
Let's play again.

YOUNG GIRL
Okay.

The kids run off.

YOUNG AARON
Fuckin' kids.

In the distance, a Christmas tree farm.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. NIGHTCLUB SLAP - NIGHT

Loud euro trash techno music vibrates the club. Young teens and men dealing with a mid-life crisis hang out by the bar, hitting on girls their daughters' age.

The Schoolgirl hangs out alone at a table. She takes long sips from a glass of whiskey.

BOLDER, a huge black man with a snake tattoo on the back of his bald head, walks up to her.

She stands up with her drink.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
So how we lookin'?

BOLDER
Lookin' good. Running out of clean
cash though.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I'll bring the rest of the money
tomorrow. Be ready.

INT. SECOND FLOOR

On the second floor of the nightclub sits MR. KING. A mob boss wearing a nice pea green suit with his gray hair slicked back.

Sitting beside him quietly is THE MONEYPMAN. He wears a thick pair of eyeglasses and a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist. He looks out at the dance hall, slowly sipping from a martini glass.

A WOMAN WITH A CAMERA films the two. Next to her sits SUZUKI. He looks, acts, talks and fucking walks like Andy Warhol. A white haired wig gives off the impression he's impersonating him.

Both him and the Woman With A Camera are dressed in tight black latex with dark as night leather jackets.

MR. KING
Do you mind?

SUZUKI
Mind what?

MR. KING
The woman with the camera!

SUZUKI
What about her?

MR. KING
Tell that bitch to stop filming me!

Mr. King angrily points his finger at the camera.

SUZUKI
So rude, father.

MR. KING

Damn it, Peter-

SUZUKI

Suzuki.

MR. KING

You and that damn film. What has it been, five fuckin' years? How long does it take to finish a single movie?

SUZUKI

This is art. You can't rush art. It's like an orgasm. When it's ready, it will cum.

MR. KING

The same can be said about a bowel movement.

SUZUKI

What I'm doing is revolutionary.

MR. KING

What you're doing is a waste of my fuckin' money. And what's with the name change, Peter? Suzuki? If only your mother was alive, she'd slap some sense into you.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Seijun Suzuki is a famous Japanese film director. Misunderstood and exiled for his work. We worship the man. A true god.

MR. KING

Can you tell her to leave, we need to talk business.

SUZUKI

She is the second half of my brain. Whatever you can say to me, you can say to her.

Mr. King rolls his eyes at him, drinks down a martini as fast as he can.

MR. KING

Let's get down to business then.

Suzuki claps his hands together.

SUZUKI

We haven't finished the
introductions yet, father.
(to The Moneyman)
And you are?

THE MONEYMAN

I'm-

MR. KING

His name doesn't matter. He's the
moneymen, that's all you need to
know.

The Woman With A Camera ZOOMS IN on The Moneyman. He tugs
uncomfortably at his tight buttoned collar.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Don't be shy, the camera loves you.

MR. KING

Enough! I'm here to hire you.
Something needs taken care of as
soon as possible.

SUZUKI

Payment first, daddy.

Mr. King gives the Moneyman a nod. He puts the briefcase up
on the table.

The Moneyman uncuffs his wrist and slides the briefcase over
to Suzuki.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)

(to Woman With A Camera)
Our funding has finally come
through, my dear.

The Woman With A Camera and Suzuki kiss.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)

What's the job, daddy dearest? Is
it boring?

MR. KING

Not goin' into too much detail. But
this guy is well known.

Suzuki perks up.

SUZUKI

A celebrity? How interesting.

MR. KING

It's Masa.

His smile grows.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

I want him dead, you hear me? Any means necessary. This cocksucker stole a great deal of money from me.

Suzuki looks at his watch.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

Am I boring you?

SUZUKI

Not at all. Old friends reuniting for the last time. A story with a tragic twist ending. Not boring at all. I like it. But I really must be going. Don't worry, Masa is already dead. He just doesn't know it yet. Now if you excuse us, we have somewhere we need to be.

Suzuki and the Woman With A Camera both stand up.

MR. KING

Peter.

SUZUKI

Yes, father?

MR. KING

Don't fuck this up. You understand me?

SUZUKI

Wouldn't dream of it.

EXT. BUSY DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

People are out in the street, overflowing the sidewalks. Teens and couples having a night out of town. They walk around checking out the department stores, holding hands along the way.

Suzuki stands with TWO BEEFCAKE ACTORS pointing out at the crowd.

Suzuki holds a script depicting something that isn't clear yet.

SUZUKI

I want you two to turn and meet eyes.

(to Beefcake Actor #1)

This was your best friend and he betrayed you.

(to Beefcake Actor #2)

He killed the one you loved.

Suzuki turns to the Woman With A Camera and gives her a thumbs up.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Ready.

SUZUKI

Wonderful. Let's get this motherfucker rollin'.

Beefcake Actor #1 gives the thumbs up and runs out into the crowd, takes his mark.

The other Beefcake Actor stays, checks his gun.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #2

This gun feels almost real.

SUZUKI

All movie prop guns are real but this is loaded with blanks.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #2

I really must thank you for this opportunity, Mr. Suzuki.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

It's Director.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #2

Thank you, Director Suzuki.

SUZUKI

Put this on.

Suzuki hands him a jacket.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

The jacket has a mic and blood packs sewed into it. All you have to do is aim and fire. We'll do the rest.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #2

What about the other guy?

SUZUKI
He already got his.

Beefcake Actor #1 gives them the thumbs up. Suzuki does the same.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)
(to Actor #2)
He's in place. Go.

Beefcake Actor #2 runs off into the crowd, takes his mark.

The crowd is loud, filled with yells and playful shouts.

Beefcake Actor #1 walks through the crowded street.

He looks serious.

Beefcake Actor #2 walks towards him.

The two see each other and stop in the middle of the crowd.

A circle forms around them as people try to get by.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR # 1
We finally meet again. After all these years.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #2
Did you really think you could kill her and I wouldn't come find you?

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #1
I suspected you would. That's why I did it.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #2
You're sick. What happened to you? We used to be best friends.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #1
Things change. I changed. We can't all be twelve forever... brother.

Suzuki grips the script tightly in his hands.

SUZUKI
(whispers)
This is great. They haven't fucked up a single line. We should move in closer.

Some people have started watching the two talk.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #2
It ends tonight.

The two Beefcake Actors pull out their guns.

The crowd gasps.

Some freak out and run away. Most stand around watching the show.

SUZUKI
Do it. Finish it.

The Beefcake Actors fire.

They run around blasting their guns at each other.

Someone watching gets shot in the head. Blood sprays out everywhere. The crowd freaks out and runs away.

A display window shatters.

Beefcake Actor #2 stops, looks at his gun and at the people shot dead around them.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #2
Is this part of the script?

Beefcake Actor #1 runs for Actor #2, shoots him in the chest.

SUZUKI
(to the Woman With A
Camera)
And scene! Perfect. Let's get out
of here.

Suzuki and the Woman With A Camera run away into a dark alley.

The cops show up, aim their guns at the Beefcake Actor. He throws his hands up.

BEEFCAKE ACTOR #1
It's all right! I'm an actor!

INT. SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

The Hipster stares out at the city. He has an arsenal of weapons spread out on a table.

He picks up a pistol, slaps in a fresh magazine clip.

The pink princess phone rings.

He walks over, answers it.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (O.S.)
Shake off the morning wood. We got
another job.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

The Hipster sits on the sidewalk smoking a cigarette.

The Schoolgirl pulls up next to him in her black Cadillac.
The passenger side door flings open.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
How much to suck my dick, pretty
lady?

HIPSTER
What's the job?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Get that pretty mouth of yours in
here and I'll tell you.

INT. BLACK CADILLAC(MOVING) - MORNING

The Schoolgirl drives fast, switching through lanes.

HIPSTER
You gonna tell me what the job is?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I got a tip. There's going to be a
handoff soon.

She slowly pulls the car over to the curb and sits idly by.

HIPSTER
Are you sure about this?

The Moneyman walks out of a building across the street
carrying a briefcase. He hands it to a man in a red Mercedes.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
What did I tell you!

She revs the engine.

The red Mercedes takes off down the street, The Schoolgirl
follows in pursuit.

The Schoolgirl come to a stop at a red light, pull up next to the red Mercedes.

The Hipster looks over, sees the MERCEDES GUY talking on his cellphone.

HIPSTER
What's the plan exactly?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
We follow him until he-

A white van quickly pulls out next to them. The side door slides open, revealing THREE MASKED GUNMEN, armed with M4 carbine machine guns.

They mow the car down with bullets.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
Get down!

The Schoolgirl grabs the Hipster and duck behind the dashboard.

Glass flies everywhere, bullets snap over their heads.

HIPSTER
Fuck!

The Hipster sneaks up, fires at them blindly.

The red Mercedes takes off down the road.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Fuck this!

The Schoolgirl shifts gears, takes off after him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The two cars speed off.

The Mercedes takes a hard left. The Schoolgirl flies the black Cadillac right up his ass.

She SLAMS into the back of him, glances behind her, sees the white van catching up.

The white van speeds up, shooting at them from behind, blasting out the back windshield, peppering the side with bullets.

The Schoolgirl bumps onto the sidewalk, grinds along the off-center surface.

The white van pounds away at them, shooting everything in sight, even civilians on their way to work.

The Schoolgirl veers back on the road, roars after the red Mercedes. She weaves her way past slower cars, the white van stays on her tail.

Bullets bounce off the hood of the black Cadillac.

She swerves-

Her windshield spiderwebs.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Shit! Shoot them!

The Hipster fires back, hits the driver in the white van. The van sideswipes a parked car, spins out of control, crashes into a passing semi, killing everyone inside.

Nose to tail-

The Schoolgirl RAMS into the back of the Mercedes.

The Mercedes SPINS into traffic, hits two cars, collides into a near-by office building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes SMASHES into the front entrance of an office building.

The Schoolgirl comes CRASHING into the back of him.

The Hipster jumps out of the car, loads a new clip into his gun.

The Mercedes Guy stumbles out. A cut on his forehead bleeds down his face. Pieces of glass stick out in his cheeks. He waves a pistol around, shooting blindly.

MERCEDES GUY
Stay back! Stay the fuck-

The Hipster walks up to him and shoots him in the chest repeatedly.

The Mercedes Guy spits out some blood before he falls to his knees.

The Hipster reaches into the front seat of the Mercedes and pulls out the briefcase. As he walks past, he shoots the Mercedes Guy once in the head.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Police sirens scream in the background.

The Hipster throws the briefcase in the back and gets in.

They take off down the street.

INT. BLACK CADILLAC(MOVING) - MORNING

HIPSTER
What the fuck was that?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I don't know. They set a trap for us.

HIPSTER
They know who we are. They're after us. We're fucked.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
We aren't fucked. They don't know shit. Check the money.

The Hipster reaches over in the back, opens the briefcase.

HIPSTER
Fuck!

The Hipster quickly tosses the briefcase out the car door.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Why the fuck did you do that?!

She looks back as the briefcase explodes, flipping a parked car over on its side.

She bangs on the steering wheel. Smoke rises from under the hood.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
Fuck me!

She pulls the swiss cheese car into a dark alley. Police cars speed by with their sirens blaring.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - MORNING

The Schoolgirl smashes in the rest of the windshield with a metal trashcan.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Fuck you! Fuck you!

HIPSTER
We need to get out of here.

She calms herself, laughs a little psychotically.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I told you shit was going to get
fun.

EXT. ROOFTOP PIGEON COOP - DAY

Aaron feeds pigeons from his hand. The Hipster paces around, frantic.

HIPSTER
She's insane.

AARON
Of course she's insane, she kills
people for money.

HIPSTER
No, I mean she's fuckin'
certifiable.

AARON
I get it, you two aren't
compatible. What about the money?

HIPSTER
They set a trap for us. We barely
made it out alive.

AARON
So you didn't get the money?

HIPSTER
No, Aaron. We didn't get the
fuckin' money.

AARON
I never said this was going to be
easy, kid.

HIPSTER

You never said the fucking mob
would be after me either.

Aaron sprinkles the seed out.

He grabs a pigeon, pets it.

AARON

Do you know how many myths there
are about birds exploding?

HIPSTER

What?

AARON

My favorite one is if you feed a
pigeon some uncooked grains of
rice, it will explode. Everyone
believes this to be true, even
outlawing rice to be thrown at
weddings. It's absolutely nonsense
of course. Yet people keep
believing it. I'm afraid the only
way to make a bird explode, is if
you feed it Semtex.

Aaron tosses the pigeon up in the air, watches as it flies
away.

HIPSTER

I don't see how-

The pigeon EXPLODES in the air.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

Jesus, Aaron! What the fuck was
that?!

AARON

Because something seems to be true,
does not make it true. There's no
one after you. In fact, the mob has
their sights set on someone else
completely. That being her plan all
along, I have no idea.

HIPSTER

Who? What are you talking about?

AARON

Never you mind. The point is,
you're in the clear, kid.

HIPSTER

When do we make our move?

AARON

Soon. Very soon.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - NIGHT

Beautiful girls are welcomed inside a gorgeous condo that is throwing one hell of a lavish party. Loud dance music fills the crowded penthouse.

TWO SEXY GIRLS grab two bottles of champagne, move through the crowd and up some stairs guarded by a security team.

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Suzuki and his companion, the Woman With A Camera sit alone at a park bench.

Across the street, the Old Timer enters a convenience store.

SUZUKI

Smoking is such a dreadful habit.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

But it does look cool on film.

Suzuki's pocket rings. He pulls out his cellphone, sees who is calling.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA (CONT'D)

Who is it?

SUZUKI

It's father. Should I answer it?

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. King paces around his massive bedroom, phone to his ear, wearing nothing but a robe and a tiny thong.

Two girls lie naked in his giant bed.

MR. KING

What the fuck are you doing, Peter?
This morning was a complete fucking
disaster.

The Two Sexy Girls enter the bedroom, slip off their dresses and get in bed with the other two naked girls. They start making out.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

Do you know how expensive it is to run a criminal organization? There are people I need to pay. I can't do that with this maniac running around. It costs me money to buy mercenaries. It costs money to clean up your messes. It costs money to fund your fucking movie projects!

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Suzuki hangs up the phone and looks across the street at the convenience store.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

I did vote not to answer it.

SUZUKI

Producers can be such pains in the ass.

The Old Timer steps out, peeling the plastic off a pack of cigarettes.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Look, our star has entered the stage.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Elise, the cash register girl is last to leave, grabbing her purse and heading for the door.

Masa surprises her, tapping on the glass entrance.

ELISE

We're closed.

Masa shows her a police badge.

MASA

Can I talk with you for a second?

ELISE

I was just leaving.

MASA

It's important. It will only take a minute of your time.

She mulls it over, unlocks the door, lets Masa in.

MASA (CONT'D)

Thank you. Was gonna do this this afternoon, but the place was a bit too crowded for my liking.

ELISE

Yeah, once everyone heard about the gunfight that happened here, all they wanna do is get a peek inside.

MASA

You can't beat morbid curiosity.

ELISE

I guess. Listen, I already told the other detectives everything I saw. I doubt I'll be any use to you.

Masa paces around the small café.

He notices an old jukebox by the wall.

MASA

That is a beauty.

ELISE

It's been here since ever.

MASA

It really doesn't go with decor. I mean, this is something you'd find in some diner or dive, not some fancy café like this place.

ELISE

The owner likes it.

MASA

But it still works, right?

ELISE

I don't know, man. Maybe. If there wasn't anything else, it's been a hard day, I really just want to go home.

MASA

Of course. I'm sure all you want is to get in a warm bath. Wash off today.

ELISE

Something like that. Yeah.

MASA

I have my hunches. Do you ever get those?

ELISE

Maybe.

MASA

Well, I get them all the time. And on this case I got the hunch that maybe there was a girl.

ELISE

A girl?

He walks closer to her.

MASA

The killer was a male, right? Maybe my height? Was there anyone with him?

ELISE

Like I told the other officers, there was this girl sitting with him. I thought it was a blind date gone wrong because she left right before all the shooting happened.

MASA

She left?

Masa smiles, invades her personal space.

MASA (CONT'D)

What did she look like?

ELISE

I don't know. Young. Was dressed kind of funny.

MASA

Funny how?

ELISE
She dressed like a punk rock
schoolgirl.

Elise backs up, brings her purse between them.

MASA
Schoolgirl? That is quite the
fashion statement.

Masa backs off, walks over to the door and locks it.

ELISE
You think you can catch this
psycho?

MASA
You know Ed Gein used to make
wallets out of women.

ELISE
What?

MASA
He had candy dishes made from their
skulls. He even had a belt made out
of nipples. Can you imagine that? A
belt made of nipples. Now that is a
fashion statement.

He walks closer to her, she backs away, gripping her purse
tightly again.

ELISE
I should go.

Masa backs her into a corner.

MASA
I feel like dancing. Will you dance
with me?

ELISE
My boyfriend is waiting for me.

MASA
Boyfriend?

ELISE
Yes. He gets really worried when I
don't call him.

MASA
Go ahead and call, I don't mind.

He touches her neck.

A single tear runs down her cheek.

Masa grabs her purse and pulls out her ID.

MASA (CONT'D)

Elise? Is that really your name?

She makes a run for the door.

He stops her, grabbing her by the arm.

ELISE

Please, take the money. Don't hurt me.

He spins her violently into the jukebox by the wall.

She falls to the floor.

MASA

I don't want your money, Elise.

Masa slides over, flips through the song list on the jukebox.

A smile grows on his face.

MASA (CONT'D)

All I want is to dance.

He adds a coin and the song "A letter to Elise" by The Cure plays.

ELISE

Help!

Masa picks her up and dances with her.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Help me!

MASA

Shut up!

She fights back, struggles to get free from his grip.

ELISE

Stop it!

MASA

I want to dance with you! And rip off that fuckin' face!

Masa tosses her through the glass entrance.

She lies on the floor, glass shards covering her bleeding face.

MASA (CONT'D)

Look at what you've done! Now
you've ruined that beautiful face
of yours.

Masa dances over to her, grabs her by the feet and drags her back inside.

INT. NIGHTCLUB SLAP - NIGHT

Strobe lights bounce off the ceiling and walls. People dance with rave sticks and pop ecstasy.

They dump bottles of water over two young girls dancing with each other and making out. Their white shirts become see through.

The Schoolgirl pushes her way through the crowd. Bolder waves her down in the back.

He enters a room.

She follows.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

The Schoolgirl walks in. She closes the door behind her. A machine quickly counts her money in the background.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

How are we doing, Bolder?

BOLDER

Almost ready.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Good. How much we got?

BOLDER

It's about 8 thousand per stack.
All together we're talking 2
million.

She smiles.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Fuck yeah.

BOLDER
Now about my fee.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Your fee... I've been meaning to
talk to you about that.

The Schoolgirl pulls out a switchblade, jumps at him, stabs him repeatedly in the face and neck.

BOLDER
Get the fuck off me, bitch!

He stands up, tosses her against the wall.

The Schoolgirl watches as Bolder bleeds out. She smiles and smears some flecks of blood off her face.

Bolder reaches for a gun on his desk, The Schoolgirl quickly jumps on his back, stabs his in the head.

She laughs manically as blood shoots out everywhere.

She pulls out the blade stuck in the mouth of his snake tattoo, slashes his throat open.

He falls back on a stack of boxes filled with cheap Mexican beer.

The Schoolgirl is drenched in blood.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Fuck me. That was a wild ride.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Aaron watches from the shadows as The Schoolgirl tosses two duffel bags stuffed with money into a storage unit.

AARON
(whispers to himself)
Got ya, honey.

She stops...

Grabs an empty duffel bag and tosses a few stacks of cash inside.

AARON (CONT'D)
(whispers to himself)
No. Damn it.

He watches as she tosses the bag in the trunk, gets in her new stolen car and takes off.

INT. THE SCHOOLGIRL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Schoolgirl comes skipping into her comfy apartment. All the lights are turned off.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Honey, I'm home! Sorry it's so
late!

She takes off her colorful wig to reveal her natural dirty blonde hair in a tight bun, letting it out with a swing of her head.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
Babe, are you asleep?

INT. KITCHEN

The Schoolgirl lies her backpack and wig down on the kitchen table.

She heads for the refrigerator, opens it and looks inside.

The light fills some of the dark room. Behind her sits a dark figure.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Hey! You eat the last cupcake that
was in here?!
(to herself)
Bitch, I wanted that.

MASA (O.C.)
Don't you know sweets past 12
O'clock turn you into a monster?

The Schoolgirl jumps back. The light from the fridge illuminates Masa sitting alone in the dark at the kitchen table eating her last cupcake.

She's frightened by the sight of him. A reaction we have not yet seen expressed from her. She's completely rattled.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Masa.

MASA
In the flesh.

He takes a bite of the cupcake.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
What are you doing here?

She walks over to the table.

MASA
Stay in the light.

Masa aims a gun at her. She steps back next to the kitchen sink, feels around for a dirty knife next to some dishes.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
The woman that was here?

MASA
You mean the crier? I call her that because all she did was cry the whole fuckin' time.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
What did you do to her?

MASA
You want details? Trust me, you don't want details.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Still sick as ever.

MASA
What can I say, I hate change.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Why are you here, Masa?

She manages to get her fingers around the knife in the sink.

MASA
I think you know.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Clueless.

MASA
You? Never. We have a lot to talk about you and me.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Talk about what?

MASA
How about that new toy you seem to
be playing with.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Not sure what you're talking about.

Masa laughs.

MASA
Don't be so difficult. All we're
doing now is talking. But that
could all change very quickly.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
What do you want me to say? What do
you wanna know?

MASA
You fucking him?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
That's your big important question?

MASA
Answer it.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
He's not interested.

MASA
Maybe you're losing your touch.

Masa takes a big bite out of the cupcake.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Does me liking him irritate you?

MASA
A little. But the fact that King is
up my ass because of your boy is
what's really irritating me.

She smirks.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Poor Masa. Use Preparation H.

Masa lowers the gun, walks over to her.

MASA
I heard an interesting rumor about
you.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
What's that?

He grabs her wrist before she can stab him.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
Fuck!

MASA
You were going to stab me with a
steak knife? That is rich.

He takes the knife out of her hand and flings it up into the ceiling.

Masa lets her wrist go, places his gun into her hand.

He presses the barrel to his forehead.

MASA (CONT'D)
Do it! Pull the trigger!

The gun shakes in her hand. She squeezes the trigger...

Stops.

Masa laughs.

MASA (CONT'D)
It's true! You can't do it anymore,
can you!

He takes the gun back, walks over to a plastic bag on the table.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Go fuck yourself, Masa.

MASA
No thank you. I'm still a little
spent after my time with your
girlfriend.

He takes a phone book out of the plastic bag.

MASA (CONT'D)
I wasn't sure if you had one. So I
bought one on the way here.

He SLAMS the book on the table.

She winces.

MASA (CONT'D)
Not as thick as they used to be,
are they?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
What are you gonna do to me?

Masa takes the phone book and walks slowly back over to her.
She backs away.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
(whimpers)
Stop.

MASA
I haven't even started yet.

Masa backs her into a corner, touches her face gently.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I'll tell you everything.

MASA
I know you will. This isn't to make
you talk. This is just for fun.

He SMASHES her in the face with the phone book, beats the
living hell out of her.

She flies across the room and hits the floor.

Masa kicks her in the gut, stands over her with a smile.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Stop.

MASA
You are so beautiful.

He beats her in the face with the phone book, hits her
continuously.

MASA (CONT'D)
But you're not so beautiful
anymore!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Loud music plays in a cramped vintage record store.

People dressed as goths and punkers walk around, checking out the CD's and vinyl.

Over by the cash register is The Schoolgirl and a GOTH CHICK with rings in her lips, nose, ears, eyebrow, and tongue.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
How long has he been coming in here?

GOTH CHICK
About two weeks now. You like?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I like everybody.

GOTH CHICK
Slut.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
You know it, bitch.

The Hipster walks by the import section.

GOTH CHICK
Go talk to him.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
You dare me?

GOTH CHICK
Double dog dare you.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Okay, I will.

She walks over to the Hipster as he flips through the Japanese imports.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
I've been thinking about what to say to make you fall madly in love with me.

He continues flipping.

HIPSTER
What did you come up with?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Knock knock.

He stops flipping.

HIPSTER
Who's there?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Opportunity. And you're letting me
slip through your fingers.

She smiles seductively.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

People pass by talking on their cellphones, ignoring each other as they pass one another.

The Schoolgirl and the Hipster walk side-by-side down the crowded street.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Look at them. They're all a bunch
of fuckin' zombies.

HIPSTER
When I answered your ad, I didn't
think you'd-

THE SCHOOLGIRL
What? Be a girl?

HIPSTER
Something like that.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
That's frowny face sad. Girls can
kill people too.

HIPSTER
Why meet at the record store? Do
you work there?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Even psychopaths need day jobs.
Plus, I needed to scope you out
first.

HIPSTER
So what's the gig?

They stop walking.

She points.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Them.

TWO MUGGERS come out of an alley beside them.

The Schoolgirl walks over to them.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
Okay, boys. Do it.

Mugger #1 whips out a switchblade, grabs The Schoolgirl around the neck, drags her off into the alley.

Mugger #2 pulls out a rusty pistol.

HIPSTER
What's going on?

MUGGER
Nothin' personal. Bitch paid us to kill you and rape her. There's some crazy fuckin' people on the internet.

HIPSTER
I know.

The Hipster shoots him through the eye, popping his head open like a melon.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Hipster follows the other mugger into the alley.

The Mugger swipes the blade at him.

MUGGER
Don't fuckin' follow me, man! I'll cut this cunt in half! I'll slit her fuckin' throat, man! I'm serious! Back the fuck off me!

The Hipster quickly shoots the Mugger in the hand, blowing off his fingers.

MUGGER (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He falls to his knees, holding his bleeding ground beef of a hand.

The Schoolgirl wipes some blood off her face.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Good shot! Now finish him.

The Mugger looks up at the Hipster, pleads with him.

MUGGER
Please, don't do this, man.

The Hipster shoots him in the head.

HIPSTER
That it? I pass?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
With a gold star!

HIPSTER
So what's the job?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Something fun. Here.

She hands him a card with a number and an address written on the back of it.

HIPSTER
What's this?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
This is the place you'll be staying. I'll call when I have a job for you.

HIPSTER
Staying?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I need you close by. Don't worry, the fridge is fully stocked and you can order as many dirty movies as you like.

She walks away.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
Answer the phone when I call. And be ready. The fun has only just begun.

The Hipster puts the card in his pocket and enters further into the dark alley.

Rats scurry and hide as he walks by.

A shadowy figure waits at the end of the alleyway.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

The Hipster walks over to the figure waiting for him.

It's Aaron.

He holds out an old empty rusted can with crumpled up dirty bills stuffed in inside.

AARON
Money for the poor?

The Hipster drops a folded hundred dollar bill inside the can and walks off into a crowd of people.

Aaron takes the hundred that was dropped in and unfolds it. The Schoolgirl's card falls out.

Aaron looks at the card and smiles.

AARON (CONT'D)
Good job, kid.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Police have the area blocked off, their red and blue lights strobe through the glass windows.

Jon walks into the building, follows a giant blood streak on the floor.

The trail ends with Elise dead, propped up against the wall, her face missing.

Jon looks away, covers his mouth in disgust.

A forensics team picks the piece of missing face out of the jukebox.

JON
Jesus, Masa.
(to fellow officers)
I want an APB out for the following suspect...

INT. OLD TIMER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...THE PUPIL OF AN EYE...

...Muffled yelling over heavy breathing...

The eye is out of its socket, still attached to the Old Timer.

The Old Timer has a piece of duct tape across his mouth.

He leans against the sofa on the floor, missing all of his fingers, two of them are shoved up his nose.

Suzuki holds the eye in his hand, looks at it very curiously.

The Woman With A Camera paces around Suzuki, capturing every disturbing moment.

Suzuki smiles and aims the eye at the Old Timer.

SUZUKI

Peekaboo. You see you.

She ZOOMS IN on the empty bloody eye socket.

Suzuki takes out a bloodied switchblade and cuts the cord to the eye.

The Old Timer screams but is muffled by the duct tape.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)

You must feel the chemistry between you and the camera. You were born to be a star.

Suzuki throws the eye behind him. It bounces against the balcony window.

Suzuki shows him his switchblade.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)

I like to think of myself as an original person. Wouldn't you say? I have so many options available to me. I'm not an expert on human anatomy, I'm more of a trial and error type of person. One thing I did find out...

Suzuki moves the switchblade down to the Old Timer's leg, cuts into his pants leg.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)

The kneecap is very special. Did you know they pop off? Just shove a knife under there and lift. Even makes a cool little popping sound.

(MORE)

SUZUKI (CONT'D)

(smiles)

After you remove that, the leg can basically be twisted off. It's a pretty simple task. This method also works with elbows believe it or not.

Suzuki taps the knife on his elbow.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)

It's all about the joints, you see. We're all just being held together by horse glue and popsicle sticks. You only need to know where to start.

Suzuki shoves the switchblade into the Old Timer's leg.

OLD TIMER

(muffled)

Okay!

Suzuki cups his ear with his hand.

SUZUKI

You say somethin'? Didn't catch that.

He digs the blade in deeper.

OLD TIMER

(muffled)

I said okay! I'll tell you!

Suzuki smiles, removes the tape from his mouth.

SUZUKI

Where is he?

OLD TIMER

I don't know.

Suzuki lifts up the blade, popping out the kneecap.

OLD TIMER (CONT'D)

Fuck! Wait! I don't know where he is. But I have a number.

SUZUKI

Phone.

The Old Timer looks over at the phone on the night stand by the couch.

The Woman With A Camera walks over to it and throws it on the floor next to him.

Suzuki takes the phone and hands it to the old man.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)

Dial.

He looks at the phone.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Director.

Suzuki turns around to face her.

SUZUKI

What?!

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Look.

He looks down at the Old Timer's fingers or lack thereof.

SUZUKI

Forgetful me. I'll dial.

He takes a finger out of the Old Timer's nose and uses it to dial the number.

INT. THE SCHOOLGIRL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Masa's pocket rings. He gives The Schoolgirl a kick to the gut as she tries to squirm away on the floor.

He dumps the phone book on the kitchen counter and answers his cellphone.

MASA

Crazy motherfucker hotline. Masa speaking.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

Suzuki holds the phone receiver to the Old Timer's ear.

OLD TIMER

How's the search goin', Masa?

MASA

If I'm remembering correctly, you said you were done with all this. Done with me.

OLD TIMER

I can't change my mind? How about we meet? Sometime tonight?

MASA

Can't, Old Timer. I got plans.

OLD TIMER

I can help you, Masa. I can talk to some people, get this whole damn thing figured out.

MASA

I already got it figured out. I got the guy responsible.

OLD TIMER

Good. That's good, Masa. Where is he? Maybe we can get him together.

MASA

I'm meeting him tomorrow at noon.

OLD TIMER

Where?

MASA

Coffee shop.

The Old Timer bleeds all over himself. Suzuki hovers over him.

OLD TIMER

What time exactly? Which coffee shop?

MASA

Why are you asking all these questions?

OLD TIMER

Please, Masa. You have to tell me.

Masa smiles.

MASA

They have you, don't they? Sorry, Old Timer. Best of luck.

Masa hangs up.

END PHONE CONVERSATION ON SUZUKI

Suzuki takes the phone away from him.

The Old Timer reaches for it.

OLD TIMER

Wait!

SUZUKI

What did he say?

OLD TIMER

He's meeting someone tomorrow at noon.

SUZUKI

Where?

OLD TIMER

At a coffee shop downtown.

SUZUKI

Which one?

OLD TIMER

I don't know! Listen, I've told you everything I know. Please let me go. I need to get to a hospital.

SUZUKI

A hospital? You must be joking. There's no getting out of this. Things have already been put in motion.

OLD TIMER

Please, I'm an old fuckin' man. What harm can I be to you?

SUZUKI

We've already started filming. For continuity's sake, we have to push onward. You understand, right? Say sayonara to that leg of yours.

OLD TIMER

No! Wait!

Suzuki stabs the Old Timer in the leg with the knife.

He pulls on the leg...

The Old Timer yells out.

OLD TIMER (CONT'D)

No! Fuck!

Tendons rip-

Cartilage pulls apart.

Muscle tears from the bone-

Blood squirts out everywhere.

Suzuki twists and pulls...

The leg pops right off.

SUZUKI

See? What did I tell you? Right off.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

This is getting messy.

SUZUKI

I know. Let's take five.

Suzuki stands up, tosses the leg aside.

He's covered in blood.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Director. Look.

Suzuki walks over to a grand piano in the corner. It's old and dusty.

SUZUKI

Look at that.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Play it for him.

SUZUKI

I can't. I'm shy.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA

Come on. Do it for your fans.

SUZUKI

Only for my fans.

Suzuki unzips his pants and pulls out his penis. He PLOPS it down on the piano keys.

Suzuki throws his hands up as he plays the piano with his penis.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA
Go, Director, go!

The Old Timer slumps over onto the floor.

He's losing a lot of blood quick.

His eyes fading...

He crawls over to a brown recliner, reaches under, drags out a sawed off shotgun.

He uses his mouth to position the rifle. His tongue acts as a finger to pull the trigger.

Getting into position, he FIRES-

The leg of the piano EXPLODES. It tips over on to the floor with a musical THUD.

Suzuki jumps back, swings around with his gun aimed, and shoots the Old Timer square in the chest.

SUZUKI
What the fuck was that?!

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA
I'm sorry, Director. I wasn't watching him.

Suzuki punches her in the face.

SUZUKI
Incompetence! How can anyone expect me to work like this?! This is unprofessional. Amateur hour!

INT. GENERIC COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Suzuki and the Woman With A Camera sit at a small table in a quiet coffee house.

The Woman doesn't have her camera. A huge bruise is spread across the left side of her cheek. She tries to hide it with her hair.

He looks around the shop.

SUZUKI
It's passed time. Where are they?

INT. THE COFFEE BEAN SHOPPE - DAY

Across the street from the coffee shop, The Schoolgirl and the Hipster.

She drinks a cup of coffee as the Hipster drinks nothing.

The Schoolgirl nervously taps her fingers on the table as they sit in silence.

HIPSTER

You're quiet.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Sorry. Had a late night last night.

HIPSTER

Too much drinking?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Old friend stopped by. We had some catching up to do.

She looks out the window.

HIPSTER

What's the job?

She lifts up her cup of coffee and smiles.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

No more jobs. Things got a little too out of hand last time.

HIPSTER

I thought you liked things to get out of hand.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

I do. But it's too dangerous now. Any place we hit, they'd just be expecting it. I got enough from them anyway.

HIPSTER

That's it? We're done? We go our separate ways?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

That was the deal if I remember correctly. I got your cut in the back of my trunk. 30 thousand sound good?

She puts down her cup of coffee, rests her hands below the table.

The Hipster carefully watches her and everyone else in the coffee shop.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)

You know, we could run off together.

HIPSTER

Where would we go?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Anywhere. Pick a destination. I doubt you planned on sticking around after all this.

HIPSTER

I like this city.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Staying here would be suicide.

HIPSTER

Whatever comes my way I'll handle it.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

You're an idiot. A fuckin' idiot.

(beat)

I want you to do something for me.

HIPSTER

Yeah, what's that?

The Schoolgirl holds out two fists. She shows them to the Hipster.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

I want you to pick one.

HIPSTER

What? Why?

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Do you believe in fate, that things happen for a reason?

HIPSTER

Maybe.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Then I want you to pick a hand. Let
fate decide what happens next.

HIPSTER
What's going to happen next?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
You tell me.

The Hipster fingers the gun he has at his side.

HIPSTER
Left.

She opens her left hand, car keys rest in her palm.

She slides the key over to the Hipster.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Trunk lock gets stuck sometimes,
you'll need to open it from inside
the car.

The Hipster hesitates, grabs the key and stands up. He looks
around suspiciously.

HIPSTER
What was in your other hand?

She opens her palm, hands him a piece of paper.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)
What's this?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
In case you change your mind.

Without saying another word, he walks out.

The Schoolgirl pulls out a cellphone and dials.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
It's done. He's headed out now.

She hangs up.

EXT. APARTMENT FIRE ESCAPE STAIRS - DAY

Aaron marches up the stairs on the side of a large apartment
building.

Slumped over his shoulder, something rifle shaped, wrapped in a dirty sheet.

He drags his metal encaged leg as it loudly thumps up every step.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Masa pulls his cool ass car up at a stop sign at the end of the road. He spots the Hipster walking out of The Coffee Bean Shoppe.

Masa jumps out of his car armed with a shotgun and a smile.

The Hipster gets inside The Schoolgirl's new car to pop open the trunk.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET ROOFTOP - DAY

Aaron sits perched on top of the roof, armed with a anti-materiel sniper rifle. He slaps in a giant ammo magazine, fully loaded with 20mm rounds.

This rifle was made to take out armored vehicles, bunkers, and enemy aircraft. The devastation caused by this weapon, particularly if it's used on human flesh is catastrophic at best.

SNIPER SCOPE

Aaron gets the Hipster in his sights.

AARON
Sorry, kid.

I/E. THE SCHOOLGIRL'S NEW CAR - DAY

The Hipster searches underneath the car seat for the button to pop open the trunk.

He finds it and pushes it.

The trunk springs open.

He looks up, sees Masa coming for him.

HIPSTER
Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET ROOFTOP - DAY

Aaron spots Masa.

AARON
Shit.

CUT TO:

I/E. THE SCHOOLGIRL'S NEW CAR - DAY

Masa BLASTS a hole in the windshield. The Hipster ducks underneath the car seat.

Masa shoots again-

Misses and hits the hood.

The car starts up.

Masa pumps the shotgun, racks in another shell.

The car speeds toward him.

Masa backs up against the window to The Coffee Bean Shoppe, shoots the front wheel as it peels by him.

The car swerves off and SMASHES into Masa's car.

MASA
You killed my fuckin' car!

I/E. THE COFFEE BEAN SHOPPE - DAY

The Schoolgirl aims a gun at Masa's head through the window. All the customers in the shop freak out, yelling and screaming for help.

The gun shakes in her hands, unable to pull the trigger.

Masa swings around to find the gun pointed at his head.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET ROOFTOP - DAY

Cops come screeching around the corner with their sirens blaring.

Aaron swings the sniper rifle around, gets them in his sights.

INT. POLICE CAR #1(MOVING) - DAY

TWO SQUAD CAR COPS spot Masa up ahead.

SQUAD CAR COP #1
That's him.

Squad Car Cop #2 gets on the radio.

SQUAD CAR COP #2
Suspect spotted on-

In an instant, they are blown away. The 20mm rounds shred the two cops in half, turning everything it touches into mush.

INT. POLICE CAR #2(MOVING) - DAY

Jon sits in the back strapping into a Kevlar vest. Two more SQUAD CAR COPS sit up front.

JON
This suspect is highly dangerous
and incredibly fuckin' insane. I
want everyone to proceed with
caution.

They spot the squad car in front of them veer off into traffic, crash into an oncoming car.

JON (CONT'D)
What the fuck are they doing? Did
you see-

The driver is blown up by the 20mm round. It thunders through the car body, goes right through the metal, upholstery, flesh, glass, out through the car seat, into the backseat.

Jon barely has time to react before another round is fired into the squad car.

The passenger explodes with gore.

Jon takes cover behind the seat as more rounds shred their bodies apart. The squad car spirals out of control, tumbling, skidding down the street.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET ROOFTOP - DAY

Aaron drops the heavy clip from the rifle. Empty.

He tosses the sniper rifle aside and turns his attention to another weapon being hidden by a sheet.

AARON
Time to play.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Aaron limps out into the middle of the road, armed with an old rusty M-32 grenade launcher.

He hobbles over to the upside down police car Jon is in. He takes a look inside, sees Jon still alive, swimming in the entrails of his chopped up fellow officers.

AARON
Hey there, Jon.

JON
Jesus fuckin' Christ, Aaron! What the fuck are you doing?!

More police cars come screaming his way.

AARON
Sorry, Jon. Can't stay and talk. I got something I need to take care of.

Aaron limps back to the middle of the street, blocks their way.

He smiles, aims the grenade launcher at the police cars.

They come to a screeching halt.

He fires a grenade at one of the police cars.

The car and the cops inside explode.

The burning car flips up into the air, lands on another police car behind it.

Two officers quickly get out of their squad car before Aaron can shoot another grenade at them.

The blast sends a cop soaring into a nearby clothing store display window.

The other squad cars in the back hit it in reverse to get away from the armed madman.

Aaron walks past the burning police cars, sets his sights on one of the speeding cars.

He FIRES-

The grenade blast FLIPS the car over on its side.

ROOKIE COP (O.C.)

Freeze!

Aaron looks over at the Rookie Cop who tossed his cookies at the Hotel Love crime scene. He nervously points his sidearm at Aaron's head.

ROOKIE COP (CONT'D)

Don't you fuckin' move!

AARON

Okay, you got me, kid.

He puts one of his hands up.

Another cop walks over to them. He holds his head as it bleeds down his face.

ROOKIE COP

I got him! I fuckin' got him!

Without looking, Aaron points the grenade launcher at the rookie, fires a grenade into him at point blank range.

The Rookie Cop is turned into pink mist and bloody chunks.

Aaron's face and trenchcoat gets splashed with blood. He spits out some of the Rookie Cop that got in his mouth.

AARON

Fuckin' hell. Won't try that again.

In complete shock and horror, the other cop bolts down the street.

Aaron points the grenade launcher at him, but it jams.

AARON (CONT'D)

Goddamn...

(bangs)

Rusty...

(bangs)

Piece of shit!

He bangs on the cylinder, accidently making it go off.

The grenade ZIPS past the cop, heads for a nearby gas station.

The fuel pumps explode, sending the whole place blazing into the sky.

The shockwave knocks the cop on his ass. A massive fireball spreads out into the streets.

Aaron drops the rusty grenade launcher on the ground and turns his attention to the coffee shop behind him.

INT. GENERIC COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Suzuki and the Woman press their faces against the window.

SUZUKI
I get the feeling we're in the
wrong fucking coffee shop.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA
I should really be filming this.

Through the window, they spot Jon covered in blood, staggering his way to the coffee shop.

Dazed, Jon walks in.

Everyone gasps as he takes a seat at a table.

He sits there in shock, covered from head to toe in blood and gore.

A female barista walks over squeamishly, hands him a bunch of napkins.

EXT. THE COFFEE BEAN SHOPPE - DAY

Masa steps out of the coffee shop dragging The Schoolgirl out by her hair.

MASA
You are so goddamn pathetic!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

Masa drags her out into the middle of the street. He pumps his shotgun and aims it at her. She crawls away bleeding from her mouth.

Masa shoots the shotgun in the air.

MASA
Stop right there!

She stops crawling.

He pumps it again, aims it at her face.

MASA (CONT'D)
You always fuckin' cheated!

THE SCHOOLGIRL
It's not my fault you never knew
how to play the fuckin' game, Masa.

MASA
This time I fuckin' win!

The Schoolgirl reaches into her sock and pulls out a
switchblade and swipes it at him.

He laughs it off, aims the shotgun at her.

MASA (CONT'D)
Rock beats scissors, sweetheart!

Aaron walks up behind Masa and puts a knife to his throat.

AARON
(whispers)
Hello, Masa. Still like picking on
little girls, I see.
(pause)
Drop it.

Masa lowers his gun and drops it.

MASA
Aaron? That you, you old crippled
fuck?

AARON
You might want to be nicer to the
guy with a knife to your throat.

Aaron presses the knife deeper against his jugular.

MASA
Fine, fine, fine. What can I do for
you?

AARON
What did I teach you, Masa? You
need to focus on the things that
matter.

(pause)
What matters?
(pause)
Her?

MASA

No.

AARON

Then who?

Masa looks over, sees the Hipster stumble out of The Schoolgirl's new car, blood gushing from his forehead.

MASA

Him. He matters.

Aaron smiles.

AARON

Good.

He lets the knife to Masa's throat go.

MASA

Yeah?

AARON

A dog will hunt.

Masa grabs his shotgun and runs after the Hipster.

The Hipster reaches into his jacket, pulls out his gun and fires at him.

Masa walks on, shotgun in hand. Bullets ricochet off the pavement.

MASA

I'm gonna fuck you up,
motherfucker!

The Hipster runs off.

It's only Aaron and The Schoolgirl now.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

What are you doing, Aaron?

AARON

I'm here to rob you, kid.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Masa races down the street in his smashed car. He avoids on-coming traffic like a pro.

The passing cars honk their horns as he speeds by.

INT. MASA'S SMASHED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hands tight on the steering wheel.

The tires squeal on the pavement.

Masa stomps on the gas. His shotgun slides around in the passenger's seat.

He nicks the side of a passing car.

MASA

Fuck!

Masa is in full hunting mode. He spots the Hipster running up ahead.

MASA (CONT'D)

Found you, cocksucker. Found you!

EXT. CROWDED SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The Hipster runs like a madman on fire down the crowded sidewalk.

People on the sidewalk try to avoid him as he comes running their way.

HIPSTER

Move!

INT. MASA'S SMASHED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Masa guides through traffic, punches through several red lights.

He reaches over, grabs the shotgun in the front seat.

Masa COLLIDES with a PEDESTRIAN crossing the street. The impact collapses the windshield, covers it in gore.

The car loses control, swerves and SMASHES into a heavy metal mailbox.

EXT. CROWDED SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The Hipster fires at Masa in his car.

Masa staggers out and fires back.

The Hipster runs as fast as he can down the street. Masa chases after him.

Masa lets off a few rounds from his shotgun.

The crowd scatters.

The Hipster stops running and opens fire.

Masa fires back.

A girl passing by gets in their way.

Masa shoots through her.

The Hipster runs over to an ELDERLY MAN getting out of his car.

ELDERLY MAN

What is going on? Someone call the police!

The Hipster pushes him aside and jumps inside the car.

Masa fires at the car as it speeds backwards down the road.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Masa runs after him, blasts round after round from the shotgun into the windshield.

The Hipster SMASHES into a passing car and SPINS around into another passing car.

Masa runs over.

The Hipster stumbles out of the car, his gun aimed.

Police sirens scream in the background.

The Hipster fires at Masa as he gets closer.

MASA

Shoot me! I fuckin' dare you, motherfucker!

The Hipster pulls the trigger. Empty.

He takes off with a limp down the street.

An old rust bucket screeches to a halt in front of Masa.

Masa aims the shotgun at the driver in the car, pulls the trigger-

His shotgun is empty.

He throws the gun down and pulls out a handgun tucked in his waistband.

The driver takes cover behind the steering wheel.

MASA (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of that car! Now!

The driver throws his hands up and steps out.

Masa pushes the driver aside and floors it in hot pursuit after the Hipster.

EXT. THE SCHOOLGIRL'S NEW CAR - DAY

Aaron walks over to The Schoolgirl's new car. The trunk is wide open. He reaches in and lifts out the black duffel bag.

He lays the bag down on the pavement and takes a look inside.

A smile grows across his bloodstained face as he pulls out a stack of hundred dollar bills.

He smells it deeply before shoving it back into the bag.

EXT. SURROUNDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

SWAT shows up in their armored vans. They block off and surround the vicinity.

The Schoolgirl lies on her stomach, hands taped behind her back.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Fuck you, Aaron. You can't do this to me!

AARON

I can't? Must I remind you all that you've taken from me?! Do I?!

THE SCHOOLGIRL

Look around. We're surrounded. You are so fucked.

She laughs to herself.

AARON

I could never teach those boys anything. But you...

(pause)

You always listened. You hung on to every word, every story I had to tell. What was the number one rule I always taught you kids?

(pause)

Always...

(pause)

Be...

(pause)

Prepared.

Aaron pulls out a detonator, flips the switch.

Cars surrounding the neighboring block EXPLODE.

SWAT gets incinerated.

Aaron limps over to The Schoolgirl, knife out.

THE SCHOOLGIRL

No... Wait... Stop! We can make a deal!

He cuts the tape around her wrists, setting her free.

Aaron tosses the duffel bag over his shoulder and walks off.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

The Hipster busts in, waves his gun around frantically. Everyone eating their lunch yells, jumps to the floor.

The SERVERS drop what they're doing to put their hands up.

HIPSTER

Get down! Get the fuck down! Don't look at me!

The Hipster grabs a Server, presses the gun against the back of his head.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

Tell me where the back exit is.

The Server stutters, too nervous to spit it out.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

Back exit! Now!

The Server points to the kitchen.

SERVER
Through there.

The Hipster shoves him to the ground and makes his way to the back when-

Masa comes storming in, car ramming through the front of the restaurant, firing through the windshield.

The Hipster takes cover behind the counter. He grabs an extra clip from his shoulder holster.

Masa kicks open the car door and crouch-runs to cover.

They exchange gunfire.

The Hipster quickly makes his way to the kitchen, bottles shattering overhead.

INT. KITCHEN

The Hipster runs into the kitchen, finds two armed cooks waiting for him with knives.

The Hipster points his gun at them.

HIPSTER
Back off me! Now, assholes!!

They move back as he walks forward.

Masa jump in, fires wildly.

The cooks attack the Hipster.

He tosses the cooks off him and exchanges gunfire with Masa, hitting him in the shoulder.

Some plates explode next to the Hipster's head, blinding him momentarily.

The Hipster swings around, gets tackled by a cook.

Masa pulls out his fake police badge.

MASA
It's okay, boys. I got this. Nice work.

Masa walks over to them and quickly shoots them in the head.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP PIGEON COOP - DAY

The Hipster sits on a rooftop holding a pigeon. He pets its head and feeds it some seed.

Aaron limps his way up to him.

AARON
They like it when you come around.
You always feed them too much.

HIPSTER
She finally got in touch with me.

AARON
Good, very good. I told you she
would.

HIPSTER
You sure she's the one?

AARON
She's the one alright.

HIPSTER
Now what?

AARON
Now we wait until she wants to set
up a meet.

The Hipster lets the pigeon go, watches as it flaps away.

HIPSTER
I wanna know everything you know
about her.

FLASH TO:

EXT. BARBERSHOP - MORNING

Two Japanese yakuza stand out front of a barbershop. A group of young schoolgirls walk by.

The Schoolgirl blends in with them, rolls around on a pair of roller skates.

AARON (V.O.)

She was the best. She was brutal.
She was fucking ruthless. She
didn't care how dangerous the jobs
were. The only thing she wanted was
to kill. She hungered for it.

She wears a purple backpack, has two innocent looking
pigtails tied with red and orange hair bands.

She rolls in front of the yakuza, shoots them both in the
head, shattering the barbershop window.

The Schoolgirl grabs a grenade from her pack, pulls the pin
and tosses it inside the barbershop.

She rolls away humming a tune.

The barbershop explodes, spitting out a giant fireball and
body parts.

BACK TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP PIGEON COOP - DAY

HIPSTER

What happened to her?

AARON

Have you ever heard of hoplophobia?

The Hipster shakes his head no.

AARON (CONT'D)

It's the fear of guns.

The hipster smirks.

HIPSTER

You're saying she has an irrational
fear of guns?

AARON

Not so much the fear of the gun,
but of pulling the trigger.

HIPSTER

An assassin that can't pull the
trigger. If she's as kill frenzy as
you say, how the hell does that
happen?

AARON

What do you expect to happen when
you play with a new toy for too
long... Somethin' in her broke.

FLASH TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Young Aaron lies on the dirty floor, nursing a gunshot wound
to his leg.

Blood seeps through his fingers as he tries to stop the
bleeding.

He crawls his way to a window.

Across from him, stands Mr. King. By his side, a TEENAGE
SCHOOLGIRL, MASA and SUZUKI.

On the floor behind them, the body of a dead woman.

Mob goons collect stacks of cash scattered on the floor.

King puts his hand on top of The Teenage Schoolgirl's head.

MR. KING

Do it.

She hesitates.

TEENAGE SUZUKI

Let me.

MR. KING

No, Peter. It needs to be her.

She walks slowly over to Aaron, points her gun at him.

YOUNG AARON

Don't do this, kid. You don't have
to do this.

Aaron gets on his feet, leans against the wall.

She laughs hysterically as she empties her clip into him.

He flies back, crashes through the window and falls out.

The Teenage Schoolgirl stands there crying and laughing...

Mr. King wraps his arm around her.

MR. KING
Good girl.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Young Aaron lies on the ground.

Lifeless.

His eyes spring open.

He rips off his shirt to reveal a Kevlar vest.

Slowly, he manages to crawl away to safety.

BACK TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP PIGEON COOP - DAY

AARON
You two have a lot in common. You
might be able to relate with her.

HIPSTER
I'm nothing like her.

AARON
You so sure about that? Like it or
not, you two are bound in blood and
misery. Thankfully it's an easy
bond to break.

Aaron points his finger at him like a gun.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

The Schoolgirl drives up to her storage unit, quickly gets
out and unlocks it.

She lifts up the rollup door to reveal...

It is completely empty inside.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Fuck!

INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

The Hipster hangs from a meat hook, his hands cuffed together. Next to him, large frozen slabs of cow parts.

Masa walks in with a cigarette dangling from his lip. His shoulder bleeds down his hand, onto the cold floor.

He drags over a chair and takes a seat.

MASA

I don't see it. I don't see the
resemblance at all. Actually,
you're kind of an ugly
motherfucker.

Masa takes one last drag before he flicks the butt at the Hipster.

MASA (CONT'D)

You got a name, asshole?

The Hipster glares at him.

MASA (CONT'D)

They must call you something.

Masa sighs, shoots the Hipster in the shoulder.

He yells out in agony.

MASA (CONT'D)

I'm not much for torture. Least
when it comes to dudes. I ain't gay
or nothing but torturing you seems
like a good way to release all this
anger I have building up. Which is
mostly your fault.

HIPSTER

Fuck you.

MASA

He talks!

HIPSTER

Who the fuck are you?

Masa points his gun at himself.

MASA

Me?

He laughs, gets up, walks around the room.

MASA (CONT'D)

Me? I'm a killer! I'm a winner! But most importantly, I'm a framed man.

HIPSTER

You're a fuckin' psychopath.

MASA

And you're not? Saints don't find themselves in these types of situations, motherfucker.

Masa spins the gun on his finger.

HIPSTER

What do you want with me?

MASA

I need to clear my name with the boss. While you were in dreamland, I made a call. He agreed to meet me here.

HIPSTER

Then what?

MASA

Then I'm gonna hand you over to him. What happens after that is better left up to my imagination.

HIPSTER

I don't think you're gonna live long enough to imagine much of anything.

MASA

Yeah? What makes you think that?

HIPSTER

Because there's a guy with a gun pointed at your back.

A shot is fired.

Masa falls to his knees.

Suzuki walks over, smoke rising from the barrel of his gun.

Masa pulls himself up.

SUZUKI

Hello, Masa.

MASA
What's goin' on, man?

SUZUKI
Nothing personal. I'm only doing my
job.

MASA
Wait! I'm not the guy! He's the
fuckin' guy you want! Not me! I
called the boss!

SUZUKI
And the boss called me.

Suzuki shoots Masa in the head.

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA
Great shot.

The Woman With A Camera films the gory details.

Suzuki whips out a cellphone and dials.

SUZUKI
He's dead.

He takes a snapshot with his phone and hangs up.

They turn their attention to the Hipster.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)
Look at you. You're as pretty as a
snuff film.

HIPSTER
Could you let me go?

SUZUKI
Let you go? Why should I do that?

WOMAN WITH A CAMERA
He could be in our movie.

Suzuki claps his hands together.

SUZUKI
I like that idea. What about it?
Would you like a starring role in
our film?

HIPSTER
The money. I know where the money
is.

SUZUKI
Interesting.

EXT. ROOFTOP PIGEON COOP - DAY

The Hipster pushes some pigeons out of his way. He holds his shoulder as it makes a blood trail behind him.

Aaron sits on the ground, surrounded by his stolen money.

The Hipster walks up behind him.

AARON
Didn't think I'd ever see you
again, kid.

HIPSTER
No? You thought that psychopath
would kill me?

AARON
I hoped.

HIPSTER
You should know by now you've got
shit luck, Aaron.

AARON
No more than you, kid.

The Hipster aims his gun at Aaron.

Aaron reaches for his gun.

HIPSTER
Stop.

AARON
That a gun I feel pointed at my
head?

HIPSTER
You think I don't remember you? I
told you from the beginning...
everyone responsible dies.

Aaron smiles.

AARON
Before you embark on a journey of
revenge, dig two graves.

The Hipster shoots Aaron in the back of the head.

HIPSTER
One for yourself and one for your
enemies.

EXT. SUZUKI'S CAR - DAY

The Hipster dumps the giant duffel bags of money into the trunk of an old black car.

He closes the trunk and walks over to the driver's seat.

There sits Suzuki and the Woman With A Camera.

HIPSTER
Happy?

SUZUKI
Extremely. Are you sure you don't
want to be in my movie?

HIPSTER
I'll pass.

SUZUKI
Your loss. I could have made you
famous.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Suzuki speeds off, leaves the Hipster alone in the street.

He reaches into his pants pocket, pulls out the piece of paper The Schoolgirl gave him with a phone number on it.

INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY

The Hipster sits in a waiting car. A sad song plays on the radio as he painfully looks at his gunshot wound.

He takes a cigarette lighter in the dashboard, presses it in and waits...

The lighter pops out.

The Hipster takes it, shoves it into his gunshot wound. He bites his hand to help silence his screams as it cauterizes the wound. He tosses the lighter on the floor.

The Schoolgirl steps out of an alley carrying her luggage. She tosses them in the back and jumps into the front seat with him.

HIPSTER
Every cop in the city is looking
for us.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
No, they're out looking for Masa.

HIPSTER
Did you plan this?

THE SCHOOLGIRL
If I did, I'd still have my money.

She smiles, looks over at him.

THE SCHOOLGIRL (CONT'D)
But at least I got you.

INT. STOLEN CAR(MOVING) - LATER

The Schoolgirl and the Hipster ride silently together in the
beat up stolen car.

She seems happy, unable to hide her happiness.

The wind blows through her hair. No more colorful wig.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Where are we going?

HIPSTER
It's a surprise.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I love surprises!

HIPSTER
Then you'll love this one.

The sun is quickly dropping.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TREE FARM - DUSK

The Hipster and The Schoolgirl walk through the forest to a
giant rock.

HIPSTER
Let's rest here.

They sit on the rock looking out at a closed for the season
Christmas tree farm.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
What is this place?

HIPSTER
My father took me here as a kid.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
That's nice. But it's getting cold out here. Let's go back inside the car.

HIPSTER
We would come here just the two of us. We'd search for hours for the perfect tree. This one year we thought we found the perfect one.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I think this is the most you've ever said about yourself.

HIPSTER
Listen carefully, because this is important. This is where he died.
(pause)
This is where you killed him.

She looks over at him, not surprised.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE FARM - MORNING

The Young Girl aims the gun at the Young Boy. She lowers the gun.

YOUNG GIRL
You're not Masa.

The Young Boy's Father sees the gun in her hand. He tries to grab it away from her.

They struggle with the gun.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
Stop it!

She shoots him in the neck. The gun she's using is a BB gun. The Young Boy's Father holds his neck as blood shoots out of the wound.

He falls to his knees gagging for air.

The Young Girl throws the BB gun on the ground and runs off.

The Young Boy walks over to the gun and picks it up. He looks over at his Father. Some people rush over to help him.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TREE FARM - DUSK

The Schoolgirl smirks, keeps her head down.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
I thought this was going to be a
love story.

HIPSTER
What made you think that?

They look out at the tree farm, their visible breath in the cold air.

THE SCHOOLGIRL
Then what now? Are you going to
kill-

The Hipster shoots her in the side of the head. She falls off the rock and hits the ground with a THUD.

He looks off in the distance, puts the gun in his mouth.

He closes his eyes and pulls the trigger...

Nothing happens.

The gun jams.

He opens his eyes...

HIPSTER
You're right. I'm not done yet.

EXT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

The Hipster sits in his idle car, watching people stand in line to enter the nightclub Slap.

INT. NIGHTCLUB SLAP - NIGHT

Mr. King shows Suzuki around the busy nightclub, loud music blasts as people dance and drink.

Suzuki holds two giant duffel bags in both hands. People headed for the dance floor bump into him.

MR. KING
What do you think?

Suzuki looks annoyed.

SUZUKI
I think I've seen it all before.

Suzuki drops the duffel bags on the floor.

SUZUKI (CONT'D)
Your money. As promised.

MR. KING
Listen, son... since Bolder got himself killed, I've been looking for someone to replace him. Someone to run things here.

SUZUKI
That person ain't me.

MR. KING
This nightclub rakes in about 5 million a year.

SUZUKI
I'm not giving up my dream to run a fuckin' nightclub.

MR. KING
You'd rather waste your life making snuff films with your creepy girlfriend?

SUZUKI
Yes.

MR. KING
If your mother was alive to see how pathetic you are...

Suzuki boils over with rage, digging his fingernails into his palms.

A gunshot goes off in the club, people yell out, rush to the exit.

The Hipster stands amongst the fleeing party people.

Suzuki spots him.

HIPSTER

King!

SUZUKI

Father, I believe this man is here
to kill you.

MR. KING

No shit, moron. Kill him!

Suzuki grabs a duffle bag of money and slips it over his
shoulder.

He calmly walks over to the Hipster and smiles.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Get back here!

SUZUKI

(to the Hipster)
He's all yours.

Suzuki exits the club with everyone else.

The Hipster shoots Mr. King in the leg to stop him from
running.

Mr. King grabs his leg in pain, gushing blood on the dance
floor.

MR. KING

What the fuck do you want? Who are
you?

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Jon cleans the rest of the gore off his face. Police have the
area blocked off.

A circling police helicopter lights up the night sky.

Jon is handed a SAT phone. He puts it to his ear.

JON

What?
(pause)
Where?

INT. NIGHTCLUB SLAP - NIGHT

The Hipster watches as Mr. King drags a blood trail on the
dance floor, colorful lights bouncing off him.

The Hipster shoots him in the other leg.

MR. KING

Who the fuck are you?! Say something!

HIPSTER

You've ruined a lot of lives.

MR. KING

Fuck you!

HIPSTER

You took kids and made them into monsters.

MR. KING

How much do you want? Tell me and I'll give it to you! Tell me what you want!

HIPSTER

This is pointless.

The Hipster shoots him in the face.

He walks calmly over to the body, pulls a cellphone out from his pocket.

He dials, paces around.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I haven't called in a while. I've been busy with work.

CHERA (O.S.)

What's wrong, you sound strange? Are you all right?

HIPSTER

I'm fine. Never been better really.

He laughs. Blood from his shoulder drips down onto the ground.

CHERA (O.S.)

What do you wanna talk about? Wanna know what I'm wearing for ya, baby?

He scoffs.

HIPSTER

No. Not really.

CHERA (O.S.)
 Wanna tell me that I'm being bad?
 Are you being bad?

HIPSTER
 Yeah. I'm being bad. I'm being real
 bad. I've killed a lot of people
 today. And I'm probably gonna kill
 more.

The Hipster takes a seat on the floor, tears run down his
 cheeks.

CHERA (O.S.)
 That doesn't sound like you.

HIPSTER
 That sounds exactly like me.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB SLAP - NIGHT

Police cars pull up outside the club. Frightened partygoers
 stay outside the club.

Jon jumps out of a squad car, his gun ready.

He bumps into Suzuki in the crowd.

JON
 Is it Masa? Tell me, goddamn it! Is
 it Masa?!

Suzuki smiles and disappears into the crowd.

JON (CONT'D)
 Fuck!

Jon fights his way to the entrance.

JON (CONT'D)
 (to his fellow officers)
 I'm going in!

INT. NIGHTCLUB SLAP - NIGHT

Jon enters the club, sees Mr. King dead on the floor.

JON
 Jesus, Masa. You've finally lost
 it.

He presses forward, spots the Hipster sitting on the floor, talking on the cellphone.

JON (CONT'D)
Get your fuckin' hands up, Masa!

The Hipster keeps his back to him.

HIPSTER
My name's not Masa.

The Hipster slowly stands up.

JON
Drop it!

The Hipster drops the cellphone.

JON (CONT'D)
Not the phone, asshole. Turn around. Let me see those fuckin' hands!

The Hipster looks over his shoulder.

HIPSTER
I remember you. Do you remember me?

FLASHBACK TO:

I/E. AMBULANCE - DAY

The Young Boy gets wrapped in a blanket by a paramedic. A younger looking Jon walks over and shoos the paramedics away.

The Young Boy is in a daze, looking at his feet hanging off the back of the ambulance rig.

JON
I need to ask you a few questions.

He snaps his fingers in front of the kid to get his attention.

JON (CONT'D)
Why did you kill your father?

YOUNG BOY
What? I didn't-

JON
Yes, you did. Point blank, kid.
Pretty cold blooded.
(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

He not wanna buy you something for
Christmas? That it?

YOUNG BOY

It was a girl. A little girl did
it.

JON

Don't lie to me. People saw you
holding the gun.

YOUNG BOY

It wasn't me. I didn't do it.

Jon shakes his head at him, walks over to Young Aaron who
hands him a wad of cash.

YOUNG AARON

Make this go away.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. NIGHTCLUB SLAP - NIGHT

The Hipster spins around, gun aimed-

Jon reacts, shoots the Hipster in the chest as the Hipster
manages to fire off one last round.

Jon and the Hipster fall to their knees.

Jon looks at the gaping hole in his chest.

The entire police force storms the club, aim their rifles at
the Hipster.

JON

Who the fuck are you?

The Hipster smiles.

THE END