

Opiate

by
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FADE IN:

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - NIGHT

A sappy love song stuck on a continuous loop plays on an old-fashioned jukebox by the entrance of a strip club.

The floor, walls and jukebox are blanketed in red sticky blood.

The place is narrow like a train cart.

BAR

A bar is across the entrance. Slumped over some bar stools, THREE DEAD GUYS.

Two are without their heads.

Another squirts blood from his shoulder blade.

Beer and blood mix together on the floor next to them.

The BARTENDER lies on the ground behind the bar. He's big, mostly muscle, grips a shotgun tight in his dead hands. The top of his head has a sledgehammer sticking out of it.

Glass is shattered everywhere.

STAGE

Next to the bar, a stripper stage. FIVE more bodies sit around the platform, each having hot plates of food in front of them.

VIRGIN (O.C.)

I thought you were a nice guy.

SPENCER (O.C.)

I am a nice guy.

A stripper full of bullet holes lies dead on stage, blood drips over, into the plate of another dead customer's food. Blood is smeared all over the stripper pole.

VIRGIN (O.C.)

You sure as hell aren't being very nice.

Across from the stage, several red booths. Like what you'd see at a nice family diner.

BOOTH

Sitting at one of these red booths is DETECTIVE SPENCER PRACKT. He's in his early 40's, wears a set of cracked eye glasses and hair that belongs on top of Andy Warhol's head. His skin is a pale sickly color. He wears a nice suit with a trench coat, both ruined with blood.

Blood gushes from a gunshot wound to his gut. The hand holding his wound has a bloody bandage wrapped around it. The other holds a gun pointed at-

VIRGIN. She's young, blonde, very beautiful, wears an all leather outfit with blood flecked all over her face. She too, holds a gun, aimed square at Spencer's chest.

Police sirens scream in the background.

VIRGIN

You hear that? They're coming to get you.

SPENCER

Me? I'll be called a hero.

Spencer laughs to himself, coughs up some blood.

VIRGIN

You don't look so good.

He smiles with a mouth full of blood.

SPENCER

You mean this?

He shows her his wound.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

It's nothing.

She smiles.

VIRGIN

If it doesn't kill you, I will.
You're not leaving here alive. I won't let you.

SPENCER

Okay then. On the count of three.

(beat)

One.

(beat)

Two-

She fires on two.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

Spencer walks into a filthy empty public bathroom. He slowly walks down the isle of polluted stalls, stops in front of one of the locked doors.

EDDY (O.C.)
Try the one next to mine.

Spencer opens the stall door beside it.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

The toilet is disgusting. Flies buzz around the stall. Writings of phone numbers are written everywhere.

Spencer spots a glory hole connecting to the stall beside his.

EDDY (O.C.)
You wanna suck or be sucked?

SPENCER
Sucked.

Spencer whips out a gun.

EDDY (O.C.)
I'm ready for ya, big guy.

SPENCER
Close your eyes.

EDDY (O.C.)
They're closed.

Spencer screws a silencer onto the end of his gun.

SPENCER
Open wide.

INT. EDDY'S STALL - CONTINUOUS

On the other side is EDDY. He's a flamboyant gay man with frosted hair. He's on his knees with his eyes closed and his mouth open wide.

EDDY
You must be big.

SPENCER (O.C.)
You could say that.

Eddy puts his mouth to the glory hole. The silencer slowly slides into the hole, into Eddy's mouth.

His eyes spring open.

SPENCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
If you move, you die.

EDDY
(muffled)
What's this?

The sound of the hammer being drawn back can be heard from the other side.

SPENCER (O.C.)
I want information.

EDDY
(muffled)
What kind of information?

SPENCER (O.C.)
The kind that keeps me from blowing
the back of your fuckin' head off.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer sits alone in his car praying. He has a small cross balled up in his fist. He keeps his eyes closed and the rosemary wrapped tight around his wrist.

SPENCER
(praying)
Please, forgive me. Forgive me for
all my sins. Forgive me for
everything I've ever done. Forgive
me what for what I am.

He opens his eyes, kisses the cross, slides it apart to reveal several little black pills.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Stones of Immortality.

He pops one of the opium pills into his mouth. He chomps down hard on it with his back teeth.

Spencer shakes it off and slides on a pair of leather gloves. He reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a map and a gun.

He checks the clip, shoves it back in, puts it in a holster hidden by his trench coat.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

FOUR GUYS of different races, sit around a poker table, gambling. Huge piles of drugs and cash stand as their winnings.

All the lights are turned off in the room. A porno plays on the TV behind them, the only thing acting as their source of light.

MAC, a black guy with gold chains around his neck is first to throw his hand in.

MAC

Fuck it. I'm out.

Beside him is AARHUS. An Arab man with huge rings around every finger and two huge pistols under both armpits.

Across from him is TONY ALFIERI. He's Italian, in his late 20's, wears a nice black silk shirt.

AARHUS

How come all you Italian fucks are always called Tony?

TONY

How come all you Arab mutherfuckers are always called Muhammad?

MAC

Got ya there.

AARHUS

My name is Aarhus. Not Muhammad. My father was called Muhammad.

Aarhus smiles.

MAC

Was that a joke?

Tony laughs.

Mac joins in with the laughter.

TONY

What are you laughin' at, Mac? You just lost a grand.

MAC

Don't worry. I plan on getting it all back by the end of the night, cocksucker.

TONY

What's that? You're gonna try to earn your money back by sucking our cocks? Better get started.

They laugh.

MAC

You'd like that, you bunch of gay ass motherfuckers.

AARHUS

Hey. What's wrong with Muhammad?

TONY

Nothing. Unless you're a terrorist.

AARHUS

I'm no fuckin' terrorist!

Aarhus throws his cards at him.

Tony jolts up...

Mac jumps in to separate the two.

TONY

What the fuck?!

MAC

Cool it!

AARHUS

I'm cool. I'm cool. It's him that needs to cool it.

MAC

Cool both your shit, dawgs.

Beside Mac sits the cool as a cucumber CHANDLER. He's young, white, wears no gold, no rings, no nothing. He sits nude in the chair holding up his cards, wearing only a pair of sunglasses. His cards reflect off the lenses.

CHANDLER

I'm here to have a good time and lose at poker. Not shoot holes in people. I do that enough at work.

They sit back down in their chairs.

MAC

Chandler.

CHANDLER

What?

MAC

We can see your cards, bro.

He lowers his hand of cards.

CHANDLER

Really?

MAC

What are you on?

CHANDLER

Mescaline. Want some?

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer cleans his glasses with his tie. He blows on them, wipes, checks for dust, then puts them back on.

He spots somebody walking up to the motel.

SPENCER

What do we have here?

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

CHIN, an Asian man smoking a cigarette while carrying two six packs of beer, struts up some stairs to the second floor of the motel. He wears a silky purple shirt, black pants, dark sunglasses.

He walks over to a room door, knocks with his foot.

With time, Mac eventually gets around to opening the door for him. The two enter and close the door behind them.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer leans back in his seat.

SPENCER
Was that him?

EDDY (O.C.)
Was he Asian?

SPENCER
Looked it.

EDDY (O.C.)
Then that's your guy. You gonna let
me go now?

SPENCER
You said there'd be six. That only
makes five.

EDDY (O.C.)
I was off by one. Shoot me.

Spencer looks in the backseat. There he has Eddy's left hand handcuffed to his right ankle. His face is beaten and bloody.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Just kidding. Don't kill me.

Eddy awkwardly smiles.

Spencer takes out a roll of duct tape, wraps it around Eddy's mouth.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chandler stands in the middle of the room nude, holding a microphone.

Light from the TV hits him.

Music comes on and he sings along with it.

Chin takes Chandler's place at the poker table.

CHIN
Great. Just in time for some nude
karaoke.

TONY
Cocksucker has been like that all
fuckin' night.

MAC
Cocksucker thinks he's Elvis.

CHIN
Hey, Elvis! You gonna play some
cards?

Chandler sings his heart out.

MAC
Yo! Chandler!

He completely ignores them with his melody.

AARHUS
Fuck him. Let's play.

TONY
What's the point? I'm just gonna
take it from ya again.

AARHUS
You wanna bet?

TONY
That is what we're here for.

EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer stares at his feet on the pavement. The black
concrete ripples like water around his shoes.

A SHARK FIN swims through the pavement.

Spencer is tripping hard.

The shark swims under the car.

Spencer stands up and traverses the liquid parking lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CHIN
(to Tony)
Where's Jake?

TONY
Pop's late.

CHIN
How can he be late? This was his
idea.

TONY

Technically, this was my idea. Get all you motherfuckers to stop beefing about petty bullshit and play some damn cards.

MAC

That's some Oprah type shit, man.

TONY

Fuck you, it's a good idea. No one has tried to kill anyone yet at least.

MAC

That not counting you and Aarhus?

TONY

Name one time Arabs and Italians ever got along.

MAC

Name one time niggas and Italians ever got along.

TONY

Easy. Fifth fuckin' grade.

Mac laughs.

AARHUS

What?

CHIN

Yeah, who farted? What's so funny?

TONY

Not sure if you guys know this, but Mac and me go way back. We went to the same schools for a while.

MAC

That was during Tony's ghetto phase.

TONY

Okay, so a bunch of these girls were beating down on this scrawny fuckin' black kid.

MAC

Okay, one, I wasn't no scrawny black kid.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

And second, these bitches were the meanest looking dykes you'd ever fuckin' seen.

TONY

They were like twelve.

MAC

Fuck you they were twelve. These bitches were pushing thirty, had like those lacrosse sticks with them and shit.

AARHUS

What is lacrosse?

TONY

Kinda like that game your people play but without the camels and severed human heads.

AARHUS

Okay, got ya.

TONY

So I see these schoolgirls beating on this poor black kid. And being the humanitarian that I am, I step in, beat the shit out of these three bitches.

MAC

Now you are just being fuckin' delusional, motherfucker. This dumbass little white boy right here comes up to one of these giant dyke bitches and kicks her straight in the cunt.

TONY

I didn't know girls don't have balls, I was like twelve.

MAC

Seeing as I hear you keep getting spotted at that tranny bar downtown, it looks like you still don't.

AARHUS

I've never kicked a girl in koos. Wonder if it hurts.

MAC
Getting kicked anywhere hurts.

TONY
Anyway, young little Mac here sees an opening, grabs my hand and we take off down the road.

AARHUS
Aw, how sweet. Holding hands is nice.

MAC
Those dyke bitches followed us for two blocks before they got tired and went home.

TONY
So I asked him, what the hell did you do to piss these bitches off? You know what he tells me?

MAC
I asked them if they've ever seen a big black cock before. I whipped that shit out right in front of them.

AARHUS
No wonder they were beating your ass. You fuckin' deserved it. No one wants to see that.

MAC
Your mom likes to see that.

AARHUS
If she did, I'd cut her fuckin' head off.

TONY
Look at you with the jokes tonight.

AARHUS
Who is joking? She sees a black cock, off goes her head.

TONY
Honestly, if my mother ever saw your black fuckin' cock, I think I'd cut her fuckin' head off too.

AARHUS

See, a lot easier and cheaper than therapy.

CHIN

You ever cut anyone's head off?

AARHUS

Me? Never. A hand once. You?

CHIN

Fingers, never a head. I hear Russians always cut your feet off.

AARHUS

Don't get me started on the fuckin' Russians.

TONY

Please don't get him started on the fuckin' Russians.

MAC

Tell me again why they aren't here with us tonight?

TONY

They said something about not wanting to share breathing room with sand niggers and regular ol' niggers. I'm paraphrasing of course.

MAC

I guess it's okay to sell drugs and guns to us, but to actually sit down and have a drink is out of the fuckin' question.

AARHUS

Fuck them.

They all take a shot of whatever kind of alcohol they have in front of them.

MAC

Let me ask you somethin', Chin. You ever been with a black woman?

CHIN

Today?

MAC
I'm serious. You ever fuck a black
girl?

CHIN
Never have.

MAC
Ever think about it?

Tony laughs with Chin.

CHIN
No. Never have.

MAC
Why not?

TONY
Have you looked at Chin?

MAC
What?

TONY
Have you seen him? I swear, you
brothas have zero fuckin' gaydar.

MAC
Holy shit, Chin. Are you fuckin'
gay?

CHIN
How can you look at me and think
straight man? Even Aarhus knew.

MAC
Fuck.

AARHUS
Yes, my people are very good at
spotting khaneeth.

CHIN
Another thing for your people to
cut the heads off of.

AARHUS
I get it, we cut the heads off a
lot of things. Have any of you
cocksuckers ever been to the middle
east?

(MORE)

AARHUS (CONT'D)

It's hot there all the time,
there's not a drop of alcohol and
all the women are covered up by
fuckin' sheets. It is not a fun
fuckin' place to be, my friend. If
you all lived there, you'd cut the
heads off of people too. That's all
I'm saying.

MAC

Hey, Chin. What's it like being a
fag?

CHIN

What's it like being a nigger?

MAC

Hey, man, you used ER, that ain't
cool, yo.

Tony laughs, pours himself another drink.

TONY

Stop being so sensitive. Have
another drink.

They all take another shot.

AARHUS

Are we playing cards or not?

MAC

What about you, Aarhus?

AARHUS

What?

MAC

You ever fuck an ebony sista?

AARHUS

I have.

Tony puts his cards down.

TONY

No fuckin' way.

AARHUS

I'm serious.

MAC

I don't believe you.

AARHUS

Abeed love me.

MAC

Abeed, abeed. What the fuck is abeed?

AARHUS

You know, the black ones.

MAC

You're full of shit. No self respecting black girl would ever fuck you.

AARHUS

No one said they respected themselves. I have fucked all kinds of bitches. Black bitches being one of them. It goes down as number three on my list of top favorite bitches.

TONY

What's number one a goat?

Everyone laughs.

AARHUS

Very funny, white devil.

Chandler finishes his song. Everyone applauds him. He takes a bow.

CHANDLER

Thank you. I gotta go take a shit.

He throws the microphone down and walks off to the bathroom.

MAC

What about Asian pussy?

CHIN

Why Asian pussy?

MAC

Obviously I'm not asking you.

TONY

(to Mac)

Wait, you've never been with an Asian bitch?

MAC

Believe me, I'd fuckin' remember if I had.

TONY

What's with black guys always wanting to fuck Asian bitches?

CHIN

Me love you long time.

MAC

That reminds me, I was collectin' the other day and this hopper motherfucker offers me his cassette tape collection as part of his fuckin' debt. Cocksucker had the balls to fuck with me, so I'm about to shove his fuckin' tapes down his throat when I spot 2 Live Crew. The best rap group ever formed.

TONY

I agree.

MAC

What the fuck you know about rap, white boy?

TONY

I grew up on that shit. You think all us fuckin' Italians listen to Mambo Italiano all the fuckin' time? 2 Live Crew was my shit back in da day.

AARHUS

They are no Al Saher.

MAC

Who?

AARHUS

You know, the Elvis of the Middle East.

MAC

Man, fuck you. I ain't even havin' this conversation right now.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Spencer goes through the garbage out front of the motel dumpsters.

GREAT WHITE SHARKS leap out of the pavement behind him. They get closer and closer...

Spencer pulls out a beat up old pizza box from the trash.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CHIN

Why aren't the spics here with us tonight?

TONY

Same fuckin' reason as the Russians.

MAC

I swear, you lot are a bunch of racist motherfuckers.

TONY

If I remember correctly, the BMF have done pretty fuckin' well for themselves thanks to the Cartel.

MAC

Man, fuck those Mexicans. They sell their shit where ever the fuck they please. Even on our turf. They're like fuckin' cucarachas, you shoot one, ten more take its place.

TONY

We've been trying to deal with them too. The Cartel can suck my Italian cock for all I care.

AARHUS

The Cartel, now that's a group that enjoys cutting off people's heads.

TONY

Your boss deal with the Mexicans, Aarhus?

AARHUS

Sometimes guns.

TONY

Hey, Chin, what is up with your boss?

CHIN

He's pushing ninety. I'm practically running things now anyway. Whenever I visit the old bastard he's always in bed, hooked up to a bunch of machines. Freaks me out. All I ever see him eat are these teething biscuits. Just fuckin' die already.

MAC

Shit, it sucks to get old.

TONY

I heard some shit went down in New York.

MAC

Yeah, I fuckin' heard about that from one of my boys.

CHIN

Just a bunch of bullshit. Some junkies came in with a bunch of guns and shot up one of our drug dens.

TONY

Yeah, but I heard it was just one guy.

MAC

I heard that too. Also heard he killed everyone in the room and stole a bunch of your shit.

CHIN

That's bullshit, no one steals from the Triad.

TONY

So just rumors?

CHIN

This is what happens when cocksuckers like you get together. They start to talk and spread hurtful rumors.

MAC

Tony, when the fuck is your pops getting here? This place needs women, man. I'm tired of lookin' at all your ugly ass mugs all night. I need some titties on my face.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The strange and magical night turns into a storm at the beach front.

Black waves crash over the railing as Spencer walks quietly to the motel room with the dented pizza box in hand.

He reaches into his jacket, pulls out his gun.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A knock is at the door. They all turn their attention to it.

AARHUS

Who's that?

MAC

(to Tony)

Your pops?

TONY

No, he wouldn't knock.

Mac jumps up and walks to the door, takes the chain off the hook...

MAC

Who is it?

SPENCER (O.C.)

Pizza delivery.

MAC

Calm the fuck down, bitches. It's just the pizza man.

Mac opens the door and takes out his wallet.

MAC (CONT'D)

You guys better fuckin' chip in on this.

AARHUS
You've been holding out on us, my
man.

MAC
This here is pizza, booze or sex
money.

AARHUS
Oh c'mon, we'll go easy on you.

MAC
Go easy on mah nuts, motherfucker.

Mac hands Spencer a wad of money.

Spencer hands him the pizza box. He gets a good look at
everyone-

...THEY'VE ALL BECOME HIDEOUS MONSTERS...

Their skin has turned scaly and green. They've all grown
horrifying horns out of their heads and bodies.

MONSTER TONY
Wait. Who ordered a pizza?

MONSTER MAC opens the box, looks inside...

SPENCER
Monsters.

MONSTER MAC
What is this shit? The box is
empty.

Spencer shoves a gun in Monster Mac's reptilian face, the
back of his head explodes.

His mutant body tumbles back, smashes into the TV.

The light goes out.

Spencer walks in blasting.

MONSTER AARHUS takes out his two guns holstered under his
armpits and fires back.

Spencer quickly takes him out with three rapid sessions to
his chest.

MONSTER TONY runs for the bathroom.

Spencer shoots him in the back.

His chest explodes all over the sink mirror.

Spencer sees Chin normally, nervously sitting at the poker table. He's shaking like a blood soaked leaf.

Spencer walks over to him.

CHIN

Don't fuckin' kill me, man. Please.

Spencer reaches into his jacket, pulls out a map. He lays it out in front of him on the poker table.

CHIN (CONT'D)

What's this?

SPENCER

In red are the dens I already know about. I want you to point out the ones I don't.

On the map, some areas have been circled in red. Spencer throws down a red marker.

Bugs rain down from the ceiling. Spencer tries brushing the imaginary insects off the map.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Insects. You eat insects?

CHIN

What the fuck are you talking about?

He cocks the gun and presses it against Chin's head.

SPENCER

Do what I tell you.

CHIN

Or you'll kill me? Do you know who I am? Do you know who they were?

SPENCER

Dead. And you'll end up just like them if you don't cooperate.

Chin grabs the marker and circles two places.

CHIN

There.

SPENCER

That's it?

CHIN

Yeah. The second one is Triad.

SPENCER

And the other?

CHIN

It's where we get supplied
sometimes.

SPENCER

Thank you.

He fires, brains explode out the side of Chin's gory head.

TIME FREEZES, Chin is frozen in the air, half his head
missing.

Puzzled, Spencer looks at the mess. Blood and skull fragments
are stuck flying out into the air.

Spencer gathers up the map, stashes the money and drugs into
a nearby duffel bag on the floor.

Chandler walks out of the bathroom, sees everyone dead.

CHANDLER

Fuck me, I-

Spencer shoots him in the head before he can finish his
thought.

TIME FREEZES on Chandler, blood slowly gushing out of his
bullet wound.

Spencer tosses poker chips up, watches as they get stuck in
the air.

Spencer, his duffel bag of drugs and money, leave the gory
scene frozen in place behind.

As soon as he exits the room, everything speeds back up.
Chandler flies back, hits the wall.

Chin flies out of the chair with a burst of blood spraying
the carpet.

The poker chip hits the floor.

INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

A BLACK MIDDLEWEIGHT uppercuts a YOUNG ITALIAN BOXER on the jaw. He staggers back, catches himself on the ropes. Blood leaks from his mouth and eye.

The Black Middleweight is fast. He backs off the Young Italian Boxer.

The Young Italian Boxer hits his gloves together.

They shuffle around the arena. The Young Italian Boxer moves in, swings...

He CRACKS the Black Middleweight across the face. Blood and sweat goes flying into the air, hits the floor with a SPLASH.

The Black Middleweight stumbles, gets his balance, SMASHES the Young Italian Boxer back with a ferocious punch to his already beat to hell jaw.

Blood gushes out everywhere. The crowd goes wild. Cheers ring off from every direction.

The TWO FIGHTERS attack at the same time. They punch each other in the eye. A cut opens up and even more blood falls to the arena floor.

The spectators go even wilder and blood thirsty.

The Black Middleweight gives the Young Italian Boxer a savage left hook. He picks up steam and furiously pounds away at him.

The Young Italian Boxer looks done for.

INT. BOXING ARENA - SPECTATOR SEATS - NIGHT

Sitting alone, eating out of a bag of pistachios is JAKE ALFIERI. He's an Italian man wearing a nice Italian suit.

He stands up in excitement.

JAKE

Kick his fuckin' ass!

(beat)

Fuckin' kill that mutherfucker!

(beat)

Fuckin' fight back!

(beat)

Do something, you fuck!

He throws his pistachio shells at the stage. JIMMY, a man in a cheap suit walks up to him. He looks a little nervous.

JIMMY
Mr. Alfieri.

Jake sits back down.

JAKE
Can you fuckin' believe this shit,
Jimmy?!
(to the Italian Boxer)
If you don't fuckin' beat his ass,
I'm gonna kill your whole fuckin'
family!

JIMMY
Mr. Alfieri. Sir.

JAKE
What, Jimmy? What is it?

JIMMY
The poker game was hit.

Jake turns to face him.

JAKE
My poker game?

JIMMY
Yes, sir, Mr. Alfieri.

JAKE
Who did it?

JIMMY
We're not really sure.

JAKE
Fuck, was anyone hurt?

Beat.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Spit it out, Jimmy. Was anyone-

JIMMY
Everyone was killed.

Jake looks hurt by the news. He turns his attention back to the fight.

JAKE
Everyone? Even Tony?

JIMMY
I'm sorry, sir. We need to get you
out of here.

JAKE
The fight's not over yet.

JIMMY
We need to get you out of here,
boss in case they were after you.

JAKE
Just leave me alone, Jimmy. Give me
a second.

Jimmy leaves Jake to process the news.

INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

The Black Middleweight gives the Young Italian Boxer one
final attack. He punches him in the ear.

The Young Italian Boxer goes down like a stack of bricks.

Blood gushes out of the Black Middleweight's glove. He
screams out in pain. Quickly, he takes off his glove, blood
leaks out...

The REF rushes over, taps the floor, counts to ten. The bell
dings and everyone stands up to cheer.

The Black Middleweight slides his hand out, every bone is
sticking out. His screams get covered up by the cheers of the
crowd.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer looks at his map and at what seems to be a train cart
remolded into a diner.

A huge neon sign hangs above the car. It flashes NUDE GIRLS &
HOT STEAKS in pink lights.

SPENCER
What the hell is this place?

EDDY
You gonna let me go now?

SPENCER
No. Tell me where we are.

Eddy tries to lift his head up but he can't see out the window.

EDDY
I can't see.

SPENCER
Here.

Spencer tosses the map over to him.

Eddy looks over the map.

EDDY
I don't know what the hell I'm looking at.

SPENCER
You're becoming not very useful, Eddy.

EDDY
God damn it! Just tell me where we are.

SPENCER
Don't blasphemy.

EDDY
Fine, just tell me-

SPENCER
In front of some diner.

EDDY
--It look like a train cart?

SPENCER
Yeah. Know it?

EXT. THE HASH HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls a car up to the front entrance, quickly jumps out to open the door for Jake.

EDDY (V.O.)
Guy named Jake Alfieri runs this as a distribution center.

Jake is quickly rushed by some GOONS and brought inside the diner.

Jimmy has his head on a swivel, eyeing any threat.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

SPENCER
Distribution for what?

EDDY
Anything and everything.

SPENCER
You're starting to be useful again,
Eddy.

EDDY
Good. Can you let me go now?

SPENCER
No.

EDDY
C'mon, man! I've done everything
you've asked.

SPENCER
Do they keep drugs in there?

EDDY
Drugs? Maybe, I don't know. I know
they get drop-offs here.

SPENCER
Drop-offs? Explain.

EXT. THE HASH HOUSE BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A small refrigerated truck pulls up to the back entrance to the diner.

EDDY (V.O.)
A truckload carrying food supplies
sometimes carries more than just
food if you get what I mean.

INT. REFRIGERATED TRUCK - NIGHT

TWO GOONS open up the back doors to the truck, look inside.

It's full of frozen boxes of hamburger patties.
The goons check the boxes, gun parts and bags of drugs.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

SPENCER
What else do you know?

EDDY
That's it! I'm just a dealer, man.
I'm not some major player.

Spencer reaches into the back and puts a strip of duct tape over Eddy's mouth.

He steps out of the car and leaves Eddy by himself.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - NIGHT

Spencer walks into The Hash House, a half diner half strip club. The place is pretty full. Customers sit around the stage eating their food.

A red velvet curtain keeps the stage a mystery.

BAR

Spencer walks over to the Bartender. His bald head has a huge tattoo of a snake eating a rat.

He looks Spencer over as he walks over to the bar.

BARTENDER
Thirsty?

SPENCER
A stiff hooker of whiskey.

BARTENDER
Hooker? We ain't that kinda place,
pal.

SPENCER
Whiskey.

The Bartender SLAMS a shot glass down on the bar. He pours a bottle of Jack in the glass and slides it over.

Spencer glares at him.

BARTENDER
What's your problem?

SPENCER
Just noticing your tattoo. Where
did you get it?

BARTENDER
Prison.

SPENCER
You must really like tattoos if you
went to prison just to get one.

Spencer reaches into his trench coat. It looks like he's
going for his gun in its holster.

The Bartender reaches under the bar. He has a shotgun taped
underneath.

Virgin's song comes on.

Spencer turns his attention to the stage.

STAGE

The red curtain slides open to reveal Virgin in her angel
costume, with halo, wings, tight white latex leather, and a
bright red wig.

The customers cheer her on.

She licks the stripper pole, straddles it, spins around.

The customers cheer louder.

She unzips her outfit down the middle, licks her finger to
drive them all wild.

Slowly, she opens the front of it and shows them her breasts.
They throw money on stage at her. She gets down on her knees
and slides the money into her G-string.

She stands back up, takes the leather suit off.

BAR

Spencer turns his attention back to the Bartender. He pulls
out some money, lays it down on the counter.

The Bartender takes his hand off the shotgun and grabs the
money.

BARTENDER
You like her?

SPENCER
Who is she?

BARTENDER
That's Virgin.

SPENCER
Virgin.

Spencer smiles.

BARTENDER
She's a bit famous around here. You
want a dinner date with her?

SPENCER
A what?

BARTENDER
Just tell me and I'll hook you up.

Spencer looks over at her.

SPENCER
Okay. Sure. I'll have a dinner
date.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Bartender lets himself into Jake's office. Virgin's song
can still be heard playing from outside.

Jake's at his desk smoking a cigar and counting a wad of
money.

By the door are his TWO BIG BLACK BODYGUARDS.

He looks up at the Bartender.

JAKE
Don't you ever fuckin' knock?

BARTENDER
Sir? Mr. Alfieri?

JAKE
Can I help you with something?

BARTENDER
I think we got a problem.

JAKE
What kind of problem?

BARTENDER
I think we got a cop.

JAKE
What makes you think that?

BARTENDER
He's got a gun.

Jake smiles, shows him his gun.

JAKE
I got a gun. Does that make me a
cop?

BARTENDER
No.

JAKE
Is that all?

BARTENDER
He wants a dinner date.

JAKE
With who?

BARTENDER
Virgin.

JAKE
He has good taste.

BARTENDER
I got a really bad vibe from this
guy.

JAKE
You're vibing now? What happened to
watching the fuckin' door and just
serving fuckin' drinks?

BARTENDER
With everything going on, I thought
it might be somethin' worth
checkin' into.

JAKE
Who's on stage now?

BARTENDER

Virgin.

JAKE

Alright, mister vibes, after she's done, bring her to me.

BARTENDER

Sure thing, boss.

JAKE

Now get the fuck out of here, I'm mourning the loss of my fuckin' son.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Virgin counts her money, she walks past a NEW GIRL. She's crying, her makeup is smudged. She wears a Devil costume.

A NUDE STRIPPER tries to console her.

NEW GIRL

I can't do this.

Virgin stops and walks over to them.

VIRGIN

What's up?

NUDE STRIPPER

Stage fright.

NEW GIRL

I changed my mind, I can't go out there.

VIRGIN

New Girl, you ever strip before?

NEW GIRL

No.

VIRGIN

Okay, so why are you here?

NEW GIRL

Money, what else.

VIRGIN

It's just a bunch of ugly ass guys out there.

(MORE)

VIRGIN (CONT'D)

You remember seeing that Bartender
when you first walked in here?

NEW GIRL

Yeah.

VIRGIN

Anyone even looks at you funny, he
breaks their jaw.

Virgin walks over to her, touches her face, gives her a kiss
on the lips.

NEW GIRL

What was that?

VIRGIN

A magical spell. It takes away all
fears.

The New Girl smiles.

NEW GIRL

Thanks.

VIRGIN

Now wipe your tears and clean your
face. You're up next.

(beat)

If you don't hurry, I'll have to
kiss you again.

Virgin gives her a wink.

The Bartender walks up to Virgin.

BARTENDER

Boss needs to see you.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Virgin comes walking in with a towel to wipe off the sweat.

VIRGIN

You wanted to see me, Mr. Alfieri?

Jake walks over to her.

JAKE

Why so formal? Call me Jake. You
looked good out there.

VIRGIN

Thanks. But I always look good out there. What did you wanna see me about?

Jake walks over to a bar he has off to the side. He goes behind it and pours himself a drink.

JAKE

Your girlfriend didn't come in again. That makes three nights in a row she's been a no show.

VIRGIN

She's not feeling very well.

JAKE

You knock her up?

She fakes a grin.

VIRGIN

Just got some stomach virus.

JAKE

You vouched for her, that makes her your responsibility.

VIRGIN

I know. She'll be here tomorrow tonight. I promise.

JAKE

If she's not, she's fuckin' gone.

VIRGIN

Is that all?

JAKE

No. Someone wants a dinner date with you.

VIRGIN

Okay, not sure why I needed to be called into your office for that.

JAKE

I want you to find out as much as you can about him.

VIRGIN

Why? Who is he?

JAKE

That's what I want to find out.
Someone told me they suspect this
joker might be a cop.

VIRGIN

So find out if he is?

JAKE

If it comes up naturally, sure.

VIRGIN

Fine.

She turns to leave, stops.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)

Jake.

JAKE

What?

VIRGIN

About Tony...

JAKE

What about him?

VIRGIN

I just heard. I'm sorry.

JAKE

Save it. I know you hated him,
don't act like you give a fuck he's
dead.

VIRGIN

He was your son, I was just being
respectful.

JAKE

I don't pay you to be respectful. I
pay you to shake your titties and
ass. And right now I'm paying you
to get the fuck out of my office
and find out who the fuck this guy
is.

VIRGIN

Fine, I got it.

Virgin angrily walks out of the room.

Jake looks at the drink in his hand. He throws it against the wall.

He points to one of his bodyguards.

JAKE
You didn't see that!

Jimmy runs into the room.

JIMMY
What the fuck was that?

JAKE
I threw my fuckin' drink against the wall.

JIMMY
Why'd you do that?

JAKE
Because I felt like it. Get someone in here to clean this shit up.

JIMMY
Right away, Mr. Alfieri.

Jimmy turns to leave.

JAKE
Wait. Get my wife on the phone. I need to tell her her son is dead.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BOOTH - NIGHT

Virgin sits down across from Spencer. She takes off her red wig to reveal her beautiful blonde hair.

SPENCER
You're a blonde?

VIRGIN
You didn't think I really had bright red hair did ya?

SPENCER
Kind of.

VIRGIN
If you prefer, would you like me to put it back on?

SPENCER
No. That's okay.

A waiter slides a thick steak in front of Spencer. The Bartender gives Virgin a look from the bar.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(to the waiter)
I didn't order this.

The waiter walks off.

VIRGIN
That's what I come with, honey.

SPENCER
Come with?

VIRGIN
I'm a steak. You see her?

She points to another stripper having a dinner date across from them.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
She's a lobster. We're both the most expensive items on the menu.

SPENCER
I heard you were famous. But I can't eat meat.

VIRGIN
A vegetarian?

SPENCER
No. It gives me heart burn.

VIRGIN
Can I have it then?

SPENCER
Sure, if you want.

VIRGIN
Oh, I want. I'm starved.

She reaches across the table and slides it over.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
So what's it like?

SPENCER
What is like what?

VIRGIN
Heart burn. I've never had it
before.

SPENCER
Kind of like this burning sensation
deep inside your chest.

VIRGIN
Sounds like love.

SPENCER
More painful than love.

She smiles.

VIRGIN
You're a strange one.

SPENCER
Am I?

VIRGIN
I like that. I'm strange too. So I
guess we're a good match.

SPENCER
You think?

VIRGIN
Sure do.

She takes a bottle of ketchup and dumps it on her steak.

SPENCER
So what's your name?

VIRGIN
Virgin.

SPENCER
I mean your real name.

VIRGIN
Just Virgin.

SPENCER
Virgin the stripper.

VIRGIN
That's me. I got a theory you can
never really know someone until
you've seen them naked.

SPENCER
I've seen you naked.

VIRGIN
Exactly. That means you truly know
me.

He blushes.

She cuts into the steak, blood leaks out.

Spencer zones out, watches as the steak flops around in agony
as blood gushes out onto the plate.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
Do you live around here?

Spencer snaps out of it.

SPENCER
What?

VIRGIN
Here in Hollywood?

SPENCER
No. Just arrived.

VIRGIN
Really? On a vacation?

SPENCER
I'm just visiting. I've got some
business to take care of while I'm
here.

VIRGIN
It has just occurred to me, I still
don't know your name.

SPENCER
Spencer.

VIRGIN
Spencer. You got a last name,
Spencer?

SPENCER
Prackt.

VIRGIN
Spencer Prackt. Nice to meet you,
Spencer Prackt.

SPENCER

Nice to meet you, just Virgin.

She smiles and takes a bite of the streak.

Spencer winces.

VIRGIN

It's a shame you can't have steak.

SPENCER

Do you like this?

VIRGIN

The steak? Let's just say it's
having sex with my mouth right now.

Spencer notices the blood gushing out of her mouth. He takes his glasses off and rubs his eyes.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)

You okay?

SPENCER

Yeah. Just a little tired.

VIRGIN

Jetlag. I know how that is.

SPENCER

No... I meant... Earlier when I
asked if you liked this, I was
talking about stripping.

VIRGIN

Oh. Well, yeah. Out of all my other
jobs, I gotta say this is the best
paying one. What about you?

SPENCER

What about me?

VIRGIN

What do you do for a living?

SPENCER

I'm a cop.

VIRGIN

Really? Officer Prackt, is it?

SPENCER

Detective Prackt, actually.

VIRGIN
Detective. How cool. You ever kill
anyone, detective Prackt?

SPENCER
Sure.

She laughs.

VIRGIN
Yeah? How many?

SPENCER
I don't remember. I don't keep
count anymore.

VIRGIN
I guess I better watch out for you.

SPENCER
Me? No. I'm a nice guy.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake looks out the window with a lit cigar in his hand.

Jimmy makes himself a drink by the small bar.

JIMMY
The Russians maybe?

JAKE
No one's got the fuckin' balls to
put a hit out on me. Without me,
they'd all be killing each other
with sticks and knives. If the
Russians want to sell their shit to
whatever fuckin' gang that's popped
up, they're gonna need me to
fucking deliver them.

JIMMY
If not the Russians, then who?

JAKE
Fuck if I know. Things have been
good. The cops have left us alone.
The drugs are flowing in nicely.
The families aren't trying to kill
each other now. I mean, shit was
pretty fuckin' heavenly, am I
right?

JIMMY
Better than it was.

JAKE
I know, right? Any word from
anybody?

JIMMY
The families are wantin' a sit
down.

JAKE
Let's hope they don't fuckin' start
killing each other again. Start
going back to the old days. Back
when no one was making a fuckin'
dime. Especially me.

(beat)
Fuck. They think we have anything
to do with this?

JIMMY
Nah. The fact Tony got iced along
with everyone else has shifted any
kind of suspicions they might of
had off of you.

JAKE
Jesus, Jimmy. I know the kid wasn't
my own flesh and blood but have
some fuckin' respect.

JIMMY
Sorry, boss.

JAKE
What a fuckin' nightmare. The wife
is a fuckin' mess, Jimmy. She won't
even talk to me.

JIMMY
She'll come around.

JAKE
You think?

JIMMY
Of course.

JAKE
She blames me. Maybe she's right
to.

JIMMY

The kid knew what he was getting into. So did she.

JAKE

What about the Chinese? They gotta be taking this worse than anyone. Chin practically ran that organization. Chin might have been a fag, but that cocksucker knew how to do business.

JIMMY

From what I've heard they're taking it pretty hard.

JAKE

What about the Chechens?

JIMMY

They're blaming the Russians.

JAKE

Of course they are. Someone shits on their front porch, must be the fuckin' Russians.

A knock is at the door and one of Jake's Black Bodyguards opens the door.

Virgin walks in.

Jake shoves the cigar in his mouth.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Find out anything interesting?

VIRGIN

He's a cop.

JAKE

What did he want?

VIRGIN

Nothing. Just wanted to have a dinner date with me, I guess.

JAKE

What's his name?

VIRGIN

Prackt. Spencer Prackt.

Jake snaps his fingers at Jimmy.

JAKE
Write that down.

Jimmy writes the name down on a piece of paper.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Jimmy, that guy you know still owe
you a favor?

JIMMY
Yeah.

JAKE
Good. Have him run this name, see
what comes up.

Jimmy folds the piece of paper, puts it in his pocket.

JIMMY
Got it, boss.

VIRGIN
If that's all, I'm going home now.

Virgin leaves the room.

JAKE
Well?

EXT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Virgin walks out into the hallway, stops at the door, listens
in on their conversation.

JIMMY (O.C.)
Say it was some kind of vigilante
cop. They say this has happened
before.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JAKE
Who says?

JIMMY
It's just the rumor.

JAKE
Okay, what's the rumor?

JIMMY
Happened in New York, only went
after opium dens.

JAKE
Why am I just now hearing about
this?

JIMMY
The Triad has been trying to keep
it quiet. They don't like havin'
the word out there that
motherfuckers are ripping them off.

JAKE
Was there opium at the poker game?

JIMMY
No. But we had Chin.

JAKE
So they were after Chin?

JIMMY
If this is the same group, it's a
pretty good goddamn possibility.

JAKE
See, this is what happens when you
make deals with crazy
motherfuckers, Jimmy. Even crazier
motherfuckers always show up and
try to kill them off.

EXT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Virgin backs away from the door, runs into the Bartender.

BARTENDER
What you doin', girl?

VIRGIN
Nothin'.

She turns her back to him, he grabs her arm violently.

BARTENDER
You spyin'?

VIRGIN
Let me go!

BARTENDER

I'm gonna have to tell Mr. Alfieri about this.

VIRGIN

You do, maybe I might spill about the deal you got goin' with some of the girls here.

BARTENDER

I don't know what you're talkin' about.

VIRGIN

Of course not. You're not pimping Mr. Alfieri's girls behind his back. That must be someone else.

He looks worried.

She gets free from his grip and runs off down the hallway.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Eddy somehow got the strip of duct tape off his mouth. He struggles to get free.

Spencer walks up to the car and gets in.

EDDY

Fuck.

SPENCER

Get free yet?

EDDY

No. How'd it go?

Spencer starts the car.

SPENCER

I'll save it for last.

Virgin walk out of the diner. She's wearing her street clothes, smokes a cigarette.

Spencer watches her closely.

Virgin finishes her cig, tosses it on the ground, stamps it out. She reaches into her purse, pulls out her car keys.

EDDY

What's going on?

SPENCER

Shut up.

Virgin unlocks her car door and gets in. Spencer slowly follows behind her.

EDDY

What is happening?

SPENCER

Following a suspect.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer slowly drives up to the corner of the street.

Virgin pulls into an apartment complex.

SPENCER

She must live here.

EDDY

Who?

Spencer gets out of the car.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?!

EXT. BUSY LA STREET - NIGHT

Spencer walks across a busy street to the apartment complex.

Cars honk their horn at him as he walks out in front of them.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Virgin walks up the stairs to her apartment. Down below, Spencer is watching.

He looks up at her as she fumbles around with her door keys.

She finally finds the right key and unlocks the door. Spencer seems almost sad to see her leave.

He looks across the street.

There's a cheap looking hotel.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT

Spencer goes from room to room, looking over at the apartment complex across the street.

He stops at one that has the perfect view to Virgin's apartment.

He knocks on the door.

DRUNK (O.C.)
What do you want?!

SPENCER
Room service.

DRUNK (O.C.)
I didn't order any damn room service!

SPENCER
Complementary.

DRUNK (O.C.)
What?

Spencer screws in the silencer to his gun.

SPENCER
It means-

The DRUNK opens the door. He's fat, wears a stain covered wife beater t-shirt and a pair of tighty whities. Black socks finish off the attire.

DRUNK
What?

SPENCER
--It means on the house.

Spencer shoots the Drunk three times in the chest. The Drunk falls backwards into his room.

INT. SPENCER'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Spencer's new room has nothing but bottles of gin and whiskey scattered everywhere.

A lamp on its side shines through a bottle of whiskey, turning the room a crimson color.

Spencer sits on the bed, goes through the Drunk's wallet.

The Drunk lies dying on the floor next to his empty alcohol bottles and leftover food wrappers.

He makes a few gargle sounds.

Spencer takes out the man's ID and looks down at the Drunk.

SPENCER

Your lungs are filling up with blood. God knows what your liver is doing. Thanking me is my guess.

Spencer pulls out a photo of two kids, a boy and a girl, no younger than 10 years old.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Your family? Why does a man with a family live in this kind of filth? You're a disgrace. You're scum. You're everything I hate about this sickening world.

Spencer shoots him again in the head to finally put him out of Spencer's misery.

Spencer tosses the wallet on the belly of the Drunk, gets up, looks out the window. He stares at Virgin's apartment across the street.

EDDY (O.C.)

I gotta piss!

Spencer steps over the dead Drunk to get to the bathroom.

He opens the door-

INT. SPENCER'S HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddy lies in the bath tub, still cuffed. Spencer grabs an empty beer bottle and drops it next to Eddy.

EDDY

What the fuck is this?

SPENCER

Your toilet.

EDDY

Oh, c'mon, man! There's a fuckin' toilet right there.

SPENCER

That's a big boy toilet. You get a bottle.

EDDY

Fuck you! How am I supposed to use that with no hands?!

SPENCER

Figure it out.

EDDY

I'm gonna piss all over myself!

INT. SPENCER'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Spencer sits on the floor next to the dead Drunk, smoking from his mud-pipe.

He sucks up the fumes, lets the calm come over him, breathes it back out.

The wallpaper slowly slips off the walls. Pink pulsating flesh covers the room's walls and ceiling.

Spencer puts down his bong, walks over to the flesh walls.

He presses his ear to it.

SPENCER

A heartbeat.

He looks up, sees a giant female mouth as the ceiling, licking at him.

Spencer opens a dresser drawer. Inside are bags of millions of little poppy seeds. He grabs a handful and shoves them down his throat.

He uses a bottle of the Drunk's gin to wash them down.

Spencer reaches out to the giant mouth, it drools down on him.

He spits, stumbles to the door.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL PUBLIC POOL - NIGHT

Spencer staggers out of the hotel room, to the outdoor public pool.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
I'll talk to you later, my song is
playin'. Gotta go.

She hangs up and takes off her robe.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - STAGE - NIGHT

The red curtain slides open to reveal Virgin dressed like a little schoolgirl. A red plaid skirt, red tie, white shirt, hair done up in pigtails.

She struts out making the customers hoot at her. She lifts up her skirt to reveal an anime kitty on her white underwear.

They throw money up on stage. She gets down on her knees to pick it up, sucks on a customer's finger like a baby bottle.

VIRGIN
(to a customer)
I've been a naughty little girl.
Does daddy wanna punish me?

The customer shakes his head yes. She turns around and lets the customer spank her.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
Not so hard. I'm just a little
girl.

She giggles and runs to her stripper pole. She slides around, licks it.

She slowly takes off her tie and throws it in the face of a customer. She unbuttons her shirt, shows them her breasts.

They go wild.

She takes off her underwear and walks over to the customer that spanked her. She places them over his head with a smile.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Virgin steps out covering herself. The Bartender hands her a pink robe. She grabs it and wraps it around herself.

BARTENDER
Good show.

VIRGIN
Yeah, sure.

The Bartender pulls back the curtain a little.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)

What?

BARTENDER

He's back.

She peeks outside to see Spencer sitting at their booth.

VIRGIN

What does Mr. Alfieri want me to do?

BARTENDER

Same as last time. Talk to him.

VIRGIN

Is that it?

BARTENDER

Just do what you always do and act like you give a fuck.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BOOTH - NIGHT

A steak is placed in front of Spencer. He sits there quietly and patiently.

His eyes scan the place.

THREE MEN at the bar stare him down. Armed goons.

Another ARMED GOON by the stage glances his way.

Virgin plops down across from Spencer. She reaches over and grabs his plate.

VIRGIN

Heart burn, right?

SPENCER

I enjoyed the show.

VIRGIN

Thanks.

She dumps a bottle of ketchup over the steak.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question? What's a guy like you doing in a place like this?

SPENCER

I don't know.

VIRGIN

What about a family? You got kids,
a wife?

SPENCER

No wife.

VIRGIN

Kids?

Spencer pulls out the photo of the Drunk's kids, shows it to her.

SPENCER

They just turned ten. Billy and
Sally.

VIRGIN

Cute. They have your eyes.

Spencer tucks the photo away.

SPENCER

Thanks.

VIRGIN

What happened to their mom? Too
personal?

SPENCER

Divorced.

VIRGIN

What happened?

SPENCER

Hated being married to a cop, I
guess.

VIRGIN

That sucks. Must be hard on the
kids.

SPENCER

They manage.

VIRGIN

So no girlfriend?

SPENCER

No. Nothing like that.

VIRGIN

You must get lonely. This town is full of lonely single people.

SPENCER

Right now I'm seeing you. And seeing you doesn't make me feel so lonely anymore.

She smiles.

VIRGIN

I knew you were a nice guy, but a sweet talker, too?

SPENCER

You think I'm a nice guy?

VIRGIN

Sure. You don't?

SPENCER

Never really thought about it. Depends on how you look at things, I guess.

VIRGIN

What kind of things?

SPENCER

Things I do.

Awkward silence...

VIRGIN

You said you're here on a business trip. What kinda business trip does a cop need to go on?

SPENCER

Consulting mostly.

VIRGIN

Curiouser and curiouser. So what does a... where are you from again?

SPENCER

New York.

VIRGIN

New York! I've always wanted to go to New York. So what is a New York police detective have to consult about here in LA?

SPENCER
My expertise.

VIRGIN
That being?

SPENCER
Crime organizations. War on drugs.
Things like that.

VIRGIN
You catch a lot of bad guys?

SPENCER
More and more every day it seems.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake looks out the window in his office.

JAKE
I feel like a caged animal.

Jimmy walks over.

JIMMY
What are you doing? Stay away from
the windows.

JAKE
Fuck you, Jimmy. I'm sick of this
fuckin' office.

JIMMY
You still don't know if someone is
out to kill you.

JAKE
Let them fuckin' try!

Jake knocks a bunch of papers off his desk.

JIMMY
You feel better?

JAKE
No.

JIMMY
Wanna throw another glass?

JAKE
 Watch how you talk to me, Jimmy.
 I'm at that edge. One little push
 might set me off.

JIMMY
 Sorry, boss.

Jake reaches into his desk and pulls out a cigar.

JAKE
 You hear anything from your guy
 yet? He look into this cop?

JIMMY
 Yeah, there was a cop from New York
 with that name. But he was fired
 about a year ago.

JAKE
 Fired?

JIMMY
 Was caught stealing evidence.

JAKE
 A crooked cop? That's all we need.

JIMMY
 What you want me to do?

JAKE
 All he's done is focus on Virgin.
 If he was here to shake me down,
 we'd of had a meet by now.

Virgin's song plays in the background.

JIMMY
 He could be staking out the place.
 Strike when we least expect it.

JAKE
 How many guys we got on the floor
 now?

JIMMY
 Four if you don't count the
 Bartender.

JAKE
 He'd be fuckin' crazy to try
 anything.

Jake looks around for something to light his cigar.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Maybe put some guys on him.

JIMMY
You want them to plug him?

JAKE
Plug him, Jimmy? No, I want them to fuckin' follow him. See if he meets up with a bunch of other creepy motherfuckers like him.

JIMMY
Then plug him?

JAKE
Who the fuck says plug him? Jesus, Jimmy. You watch too many fuckin' mob movies.

JIMMY
Sorry, boss. What do you want them to do?

JAKE
Just watch him.

JIMMY
Okay, got it.

Jimmy turns to walk out.

JAKE
Wait!

Jimmy stops, turns around.

JIMMY
Yeah?

JAKE
That Virgin's song playin'?

JIMMY
Yeah.

JAKE
That bitch of hers show up tonight?

JIMMY
Another no show.

JAKE
That fuckin' bitch.

JIMMY
What do you want me to do?

JAKE
You know what, send some guys over there.

JIMMY
What?

JAKE
You heard me. Send some guys over there to grab her skinny white ass and bring her here.

JIMMY
You sure about this? If Virgin finds out, she'll quit.

JAKE
Fuck her! Let her quit!
(beat)
Just make sure they don't rough her up or anything.

JIMMY
Got it. So you still want me to put some guys on the creepy guy?

JAKE
Yes! It's called multitasking, Jimmy! You can chew bubblegum and walk at the same time, can't you?

INT. CHEVY IMPALA(MOVING) - NIGHT

Spencer drives through the city. Eddy lies in the back, cuffed and looking mighty uncomfortable.

Some headlights flash behind him.

He looks into his mirror, sees TWO GIANT GOONS tailing close behind him.

SPENCER
Looks like we got company.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - LATER

Spencer parks his car across the street from Virgin's apartment complex.

He fixes his mirror, looks at the goons parked behind him.

A car with TWO EVEN BIGGER GOONS drives past them. They head up to Virgin's apartment.

EXT. GOONS' CAR - NIGHT

Two GOONS get out of their car.

GOON
Which apartment does this dyke live
at?

One of them stuffs a pistol into his waistband before shutting the car door behind him.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

SPENCER
They're gonna kill her. They're
gonna kill Virgin!

Spencer SLAMS the car in reverse, CRASHES into the stakeout car behind him.

He reaches under the car seat and pulls out a sawedoff shotgun.

QUIET STREET

Spencer steps out of his car, walks up to the stakeout car.

The Two Goons are too busy holding their necks in pain to see Spencer coming toward them with a shotgun.

STAKEOUT CAR

The two goons reach for their guns.

Spencer shoots them through the windshield.

Gore splashes everywhere.

Both are dead in an instant.

Spencer turns his attention to the two goons headed for Virgin's apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The TWO GOONS look across the street, see Spencer with his sawedoff shotgun, walking toward them, pulling an empty shotgun shell out, shoving in a new one.

GOON
What the fuck?

Spencer BLASTS a hole in one. His giant body flies through the air.

The OTHER GOON just stands there in shock.

Spencer quickly shoots THE OTHER in the head before he can figure out what is going on.

Now headless, he slumps over on the grass next to his dead partner.

EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer tosses the shotgun in the back with Eddy.

EDDY
What the fuck is going on?!

SPENCER
Where is the best place to dump a body around here?

EDDY
What?! I don't know!

SPENCER
Think, Eddy.

EDDY
Fuck! I don't know. Tar pits maybe.

SPENCER
Tar pits it is.

Spencer shuts the door.

EXT. THE LA BREA TAR PITS - NIGHT

Spencer dumps one of the dead goons into a tar pit. Eddy is free from his shackles and helping him.

A giant plastic mammoth sticks out of the black sticky goo.

Spencer has the other bodies next to some baby plastic mammoths.

SPENCER

Jesus, this is morbid.

EDDY

You think!

SPENCER

I'm talking about that. The babies watching their mom die. This is for kids?

EDDY

It's educational.

SPENCER

It's sick.

EDDY

Really? Dumping four dead guys into a tar pit isn't sick enough for you?

SPENCER

This? This is life.

EDDY

How is this life?

SPENCER

They do bad things, bad things happen.

Eddy points to the mammoth stuck in the tar.

EDDY

And that isn't life?

SPENCER

No. Because it isn't real. It's glorifying death.

EDDY

You have some fucked up morals.

SPENCER
One down, three to go.

EDDY
I'm just glad I'm out and free.

SPENCER
Not free.

EDDY
Cuff free at least.

They walk over to another dead goon.

SPENCER
Why do you do it?

EDDY
Do what?

SPENCER
Sell drugs.

EDDY
Why do you take them?

SPENCER
Creature of habit.

EDDY
You know, I don't even know your
name.

They lift up another body, head for the tar pit.

SPENCER
You wanna know my name?

EDDY
Wouldn't mind knowing the name of
the guy holding me captive.

SPENCER
Spencer.

They dump the body into the black abyss.

EDDY
So, Spencer, what is your deal,
anyway? Why are you doing all this?

SPENCER
Doing what?

EDDY

This! Holding me captive, killing fuckers left and right. What's your deal?

SPENCER

Why not?

EDDY

What?

SPENCER

Why not? Why not hold you captive? Why not kill these pieces of scum? Why not?

EDDY

Because it's fucked up, man.

SPENCER

How long have you been missing?

EDDY

What?

SPENCER

You heard me. How long have you been missing, Eddy?

EDDY

A couple of days.

SPENCER

A couple of days. You really think anyone has noticed? Do you really think anyone is out there looking for you?

EDDY

I have people!

SPENCER

Who? Who do you have? No one. No one is looking for you, Eddy. No one cares about you. No one in the whole fuckin' world.

EDDY

Fuck you.

Eddy fights back tears.

SPENCER

I'm sorry.

Eddy makes a run for it.

Spencer chases after him, tackles him.

EDDY
Get the fuck off me!

Spencer chokes him.

SPENCER
I could kill you, Eddy. Right here
if I wanted to. If you wanted to.
I'm at the perfect spot for it.
There's still room in there for
you. It would be so damn easy. You
asked me why I do it. Why I kill.
Let me ask you something. Why
shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I kill
you?

EDDY
(suffocating)
Please... Stop.

SPENCER
Tell me, Eddy. Tell me why you
should get to live.

EDDY
(suffocating)
You still... need me.

SPENCER
Do I? You haven't been all that
useful.

EDDY
(suffocating)
I can... help you.

SPENCER
You won't run?

EDDY
(suffocating)
No.

Spencer loosens his grip around Eddy's throat.

He gasps for air, coughs.

SPENCER
You're just a kid, Eddy. Last thing
I want to do is kill another kid.

EDDY
You're a psychopath.

SPENCER
I'm a lot of things.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits on the toilet, reading a newspaper.

Jimmy storms in.

JAKE
What is it, Jimmy? I'm busy.

JIMMY
The Russians are on the phone. They
wanna talk.

JAKE
I'm trying to take a shit here,
can't this wait?

JIMMY
They seem fuckin' pissed.

JAKE
Motherfucker! I can't even take a
fuckin' shit in peace!

Jake storms out of the bathroom, holding his pants up.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake storms in with Jimmy behind him. Jake's guards stand in
the corner like mean looking statues.

Jake tosses his newspaper on the floor.

JAKE
They bring that bitch here yet?

JIMMY
Not yet.

JAKE
Give them a call. Find out what the
fuck is taking them so long.

JIMMY
I'm on it.

Jimmy leaves the room.

Jake pulls his pants up, grabs the phone.

JAKE
Fellas! What can I do for you?

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls out a cellphone, dials.

Virgin is in her dressing room with the other girls getting dressed and ready for the next show.

EXT. THE LA BREA TAR PITS - NIGHT

Spencer and Eddy carry the last body to the tar pit. A phone rings from the body's pants pocket.

EDDY
What the fuck?

SPENCER
Ignore it.

They toss the body into the pits. The body slowly sinks to the bottom.

The ringing gets quieter and quieter as it sinks deeper and deeper...

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Jimmy hangs up the phone.

JIMMY
Fuck.

Virgin walks out.

VIRGIN
What's going on, Jimmy?

JIMMY
You heard from your girl?

VIRGIN
No.

JIMMY
She thinking about coming in for
work tonight?

VIRGIN
Maybe.

JIMMY
If she does, tell her she needs to
see the boss.

VIRGIN
Sure thing.

JAKE (O.C.)
Jimmy! Get your fuckin' ass back in
here!

VIRGIN
Boss is callin' ya.

She smiles and walks away.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy walks into Jake's office. One of his bodyguards is on
the floor holding his bleeding head. The other is beside him,
helping him up.

The phone lies on the floor next to them.

JIMMY
What the hell is going on?

JAKE
The fuckin' Russians! The fuckin'
Russians, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Jesus Christ, Jake. Did you beat
him with your phone?

JAKE
I just fuckin' threw it. It kind of
just hit him in the head. He should
have ducked.
(to the bodyguard)
You should have ducked.
(to Jimmy)
Instead he just fuckin' stood there
like a fuckin' mook.

JIMMY
Did you apologize at least?

JAKE
Fuck, I said I was sorry.
(to the bodyguard)
Sorry.

JIMMY
Jesus, Jake. You need to cool the fuck down.

JAKE
I need to get out of here. I need to get the fuck away from shitty pounding music. Out of a place that always smells like ass and fried food!

JIMMY
Calm down, what did the Russians say?

JAKE
The Russians. Those cocksuckers want out of our deal.

JIMMY
What? They can't. We already have a shipment on the way.

JAKE
That's what I said. That's what I told them. They're going with the Cubans.

JIMMY
Are you serious?

JAKE
The fuckin' Cubans, Jimmy!

Jake grabs his office chair and BASHES his desk with it.
His two bodyguards freak out and take off out of the room.

JIMMY
Jesus.

JAKE
Over the phone! Over the fuckin' phone they tell me this! Didn't even have the balls...
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
no, the respect to tell me to my
fuckin' face. I feel...
(beat)
I feel like I just-

Jake breaks down, cries.

He drops to the floor and balls his eyes out.

Jimmy runs over and comforts him.

JIMMY
Fuck them.

JAKE
I can't take this anymore. I feel
like I'm losing my fuckin' mind,
Jimmy. I feel like my whole world
is falling apart.

JIMMY
You've been through a bunch of hard
shit lately.

Jimmy pats him on the back.

JAKE
My wife is going to leave me.

JIMMY
No she's not.

JAKE
She is, I know it. I love her. I
do. Sure, sometimes I fuck some of
the girls here, but so what? When I
first saw her, my wife. I knew I
was going to marry her. So what she
had a fuckin' kid. I raised that
little piece of shit like he was my
own flesh and blood.

JIMMY
I know, boss. And she loves you for
that.

JAKE
You really think so?

JIMMY
I fuckin' know so.

JAKE
I gotta go home, Jimmy.

JIMMY
You know what, fine.

JAKE
Yeah?

JIMMY
We'll get some extra guys to watch
out for ya. Just make sure you
don't toss anymore phones at them.

JAKE
You think they quit?

JIMMY
I think that is a very good
possibility.

They smirk.

JAKE
Jimmy?

JIMMY
Yeah, boss?

JAKE
Stop rubbing my fuckin' back, you
fuckin' homo.

Jimmy stops touching Jake, gets back to his feet.

JIMMY
Sorry, boss. I guess I'll let you
be by yourself.

Jake wipes his tears.

JAKE
Thanks, Jimmy.

Jimmy walks out.

Jake looks up at the ceiling and at the mess he made.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hey, Jimmy! Get someone in here to
clean all this shit up!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Virgin steps out of her apartment. She walks past the spot
Spencer murdered two people earlier that night.

She doesn't notice anything out of the usual.

Across the street, Spencer sits in his beat up old Chevy Impala, stalking her.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

Spencer hold his cross tight to his chest.

Eddy lies in the backseat on his stomach, wrist cuffed to ankle.

EDDY

Hey!

Spencer opens the cross, takes out an opium black pill, pops it into his mouth.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Hey!!

SPENCER

What?

EDDY

I'm hungry. You need to fuckin' feed me.

SPENCER

Hungry?

EDDY

Food. I need to fuckin' eat something!

Spencer, spaced out of his mind, starts the car.

SPENCER

Food. Sure.

EXT. BIG MEAT'S BURGER - DAY

Spencer recklessly speeds the car up to a fast food chain parking lot. He jumps out of the car, stumbles to the restaurant's entrance.

As he walks to the door, his feet get stuck in the pavement, it's become tar.

He struggles, fights his way there.

People stand off to the side, watch him hallucinate.

The GOONS Spencer killed and dumped in the tar pits, resurface in the fast food parking lot.

They bob up, reach for Spencer.

He kicks them back down as they grab at him.

INT. BIG MEAT'S BURGER - DAY

Spencer rushes inside. He looks around at all the people staring at him. They're all horrendous looking, with pus filled boils covering their faces and arms.

SPENCER
Stop looking at me.

He pushes through the line to take his order.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Food. I want a burger.

Spencer looks at the floors, it's covered in everybody's green pus.

EMPLOYEE
Sir? Are you okay?

An EMPLOYEE stands over the cash register. His face is deformed, covered in impossible sized zits.

The giant zit on his cheek explodes onto the counter, spraying white pus everywhere.

SPENCER
Just get me my fuckin' food.

EXT. BIG MEAT'S BURGER - DAY

Spencer walks out of a fast food chain, carrying two bags of food.

He walks over to his car.

The back windows are covered with black duct tape so people can't see the man handcuffed in the backseat.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

Spencer rumbles through the bag, pulls out a huge hamburger, tosses it in the back with Eddy.

Eddy uses his one free hand to grab and eat it.

EDDY
(eating)
Fuck, this is good.

Spencer takes out another one from the bag. He smells it and chomps down.

SPENCER
I've missed meat.

EDDY
(eating)
I hate fuckin' tomatoes.

He tries to pick them off.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

Spencer lays his head back.

SPENCER
Have you ever been in love, Eddy?

EDDY
(eating)
I'm in love with this fuckin'
hamburger.

SPENCER
That's not love.

EDDY
Stalking some chick is?

SPENCER
I'm not stalking her.

EDDY
Looks like stalking to me.

SPENCER
I'm protecting her.

EDDY
From what?

SPENCER
Herself.

EDDY

Please tell me she's a waitress or something.

SPENCER

No. She's one of the strippers.

Eddy scoffs.

EDDY

Last thing you want to do is fall for a stripper, man. Believe me, I've fallen for my fair share and let me tell you, nothing good ever comes of it.

SPENCER

What we have... what we share... It's true love.

EDDY

(eating)

With what? That shit you keep poppin'? Strippers are basically gypsies. The only thing they're after is your money. They'll do whatever they have to to get it.

SPENCER

She's not like that.

EDDY

So which one is it anyway? The Russian one?

SPENCER

No. Her name's Virgin.

Eddy swallows.

EDDY

Virgin?

Spencer look back at him.

SPENCER

You know her?

Eddy laughs.

EDDY

Yeah. Let's just say she's a vegetarian. She don't eat meat.

SPENCER
She eats my steak all the time.

Eddy laughs.

EDDY
That's not what I meant. You know how you play for your team, and I play for mine? Let's just say she plays for my team.

SPENCER
I don't really follow sports.
(beat)
Do you mean she's a bad guy? a drug dealer? She isn't like that.

EDDY
This is hopeless.

Eddy takes another bite.

SPENCER
No, tell me.

EDDY
She's a fuckin' lesbian. She's had more pussy than I've sucked dick. A real bitch too by the way. I'd stay away from her.

SPENCER
Eddy, I can't have you talking that way about her. If you ever mention this to me again, I'm going to gut you and throw your intestines out of the car window. Understand?

Eddy spits out his food.

EDDY
Yeah, Jesus.

Spencer reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a map.

SPENCER
I'm getting low. Time to resupply.

EXT. CHINESE HERBAL SHOPPE - DAY

Spencer pulls his Chevy Impala up to the curb, hits a trash can.

He jumps out of the car, walks to the front door of the herbal shop.

INT. CHINESE HERBAL SHOPPE - CONTINUOUS

Spencer walks in calmly, head down. An ASIAN MAN walks out from around the counter, tries to stop him from entering.

ASIAN MAN
Get out! No sale to you!

Spencer pulls out his gun with a silencer already attached and shoots the Asian Man square in the chest.

Blood flies everywhere as he falls back, SMASHES into the glass display counter.

Spencer keeps walking.

He focuses on a door in the way back, shoots the knob off, slowly pushes it open.

INT. OPIUM DEN - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

A gun shot blows a hole in Spencer's hand.

Spencer enters the room, firing wildly.

A HUGE ASIAN MAN stands on the staircase guarding the opium den. He takes Spencer's gun fire.

A shot to the head explodes on the back wall, his limp body tumbles down the stairs.

Spencer holds up his hand, looks through the bullet hole. Blood squirts out everywhere.

He takes the glove off his wounded hand, slowly walks down the stairs into the opium den.

INT. OPIUM DEN - CONTINUOUS

TWENTY JUNKIES sit in the smoky room, getting high off of opium. A handful of beautiful Chinese slave girls seduce the men getting stoned.

They all stare at the Huge Asian Man lying on the floor with the back of his head missing.

A slave girl drops a tray of sake and screams.

Spencer steps over the dead guy, balls his bloodied hand close to his chest.

A CARTEL THUG runs over, firing an AK-47 wildly at Spencer, missing him with every shot.

The rifle jams.

Nervously, he tries to unjam it.

Calmly, Spencer shoots out his knee caps.

The Cartel Thug falls to his bloody knees, screaming out in pain.

CARTEL THUG
Hijo de puta!

Everyone stares at Spencer.

Spencer stares back.

SPENCER
You're all under arrest.

CARTEL THUG
Pinche puta!

Spencer covers the Cartel Thug's face with his bloody bullet holed hand, shoves the silencer through the hole and blows his brains out.

Everyone runs for the back exit.

Spencer leaves a blood trail behind him as he walks.

He sits down on a nice velvety red couch, picks up a mud-pipe, takes a puff.

He lets the calm come over him, lets it out...

INT. SPENCER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Spencer sits on the bed, looking at the hole in his hand. The hole looks like a VAGINA.

Spencer shoves his finger inside, feels around. The hand moans.

He turns his hand around, looks at the other side. It's a WOMAN'S MOUTH.

He shows his bloody hand to Eddy, who is tied to the bed, watching TV.

SPENCER
Do you see this?

EDDY
Jesus, that looks bad.

SPENCER
You don't see...

EDDY
What?

SPENCER
Nothing.

EDDY
You need to do something about the smell.

SPENCER
What smell?

EDDY
The dead fuckin' body in the bathtub.

SPENCER
He just needs more ice.

Spencer gazes at the vagina in his palm.

He pokes it.

SPENCER'S HAND
Go ahead. Taste me. I wanna feel you inside.

Spencer shoves his tongue through the bullet hole.

EDDY
Jesus, man. You're fuckin' losing it.

LATER

Spencer looks out the window, sees a figure leave Virgin's apartment.

SPENCER
Be right back. Don't go anywhere.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer follows a car through the city. He looks feverish, stoned out of his mind.

SPENCER'S HAND
Where are we going?

Spencer looks at the female mouth on his hand. It smiles and licks at him.

SPENCER
Be quiet.

SPENCER'S HAND
Don't be so mean to me, Spency
baby.

Spencer painfully slips on a leather glove to silence it.

EXT. LESBIAN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Spencer watches as THE WOMAN from Virgin's apartment gets quickly shown into the nightclub.

He cuts past the line outside and is quickly stopped by the BOUNCER.

BOUNCER
I don't think so, buddy. Try a
different place.

Spencer ignores him and tries to enter. The Bouncer puts his hand on his chest.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
You hear me, asshole? Fuck off!

Spencer slips out a switchblade, slices the Bouncer's wrist open. Blood shoots out on to some ladies waiting in line. They scream and run off.

The Bouncer moves in for a punch, quickly catching Spencer's blade in his gut.

He swipes, releasing the Bouncer of his lower intestines.

Spencer swiftly moves inside the nightclub.

INT. LESBIAN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Loud beating music pulsates the club. Spencer notices a girl at the coat check.

A FEMALE NIGHTCLUBBER hands the COAT CHECK LADY her purse.

COAT CHECK LADY
Your coat?

The Female Nightclubber slips her dress off, getting completely nude.

She hands the Coat Check Lady her dress.

COAT CHECK LADY (CONT'D)
Your other coat?

FEMALE NIGHTCLUBBER
(to Spencer)
Can you help me with this?

Spencer walks over, notices a ZIPPER by the nape of her neck. He helps UNZIP the flesh down her back.

Slowly, The Female Nightclubber steps out of her skin and hands it to the Coat Check Lady.

FEMALE NIGHTCLUBBER (CONT'D)
(to Spencer)
Thanks.

She's completely without her flesh, nothing but grotesque exposed red muscle.

He watches as she dances off into the dance hall.

COAT CHECK LADY
Sir? Your coat?

Spencer looks at her, sees all the flesh hanging on coat hangers behind her.

He ignores her and walks into the dance hall.

COAT CHECK LADY (CONT'D)
Sir?

DANCE HALL

Spencer walks in, sees everyone in the club dancing without their flesh. They're all female.

He moves through the crowd like a shark.

The strobe lights pierce the air.

He spots someone that still has their flesh.

He moves to her...

VIRGIN'S GIRLFRIEND violently makes out with a woman with no flesh.

Spencer stands there watching.

Virgin's Girlfriend notices him watching.

VIRGIN'S GIRLFRIEND
Like the show, you perv?

SPENCER
You're not Virgin.

He turns his back to her and walks away.

VIRGIN'S GIRLFRIEND
What did you say? Hey!

She runs after him, grabs his shoulder.

VIRGIN'S GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)
Do you know Virgin? You aren't
gonna tell her what you saw, right?
You can't tell her I was here.

Spencer quickly turns around, jabs his switchblade into her stomach.

A look of shock rushes over her face. She steps back, looks at the blood on her hands and the blade sticking out of her.

Spencer quickly walks through the crowd of people as they start to notice the dying woman on the dance floor.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Virgin frantically changes into her stripper gear, stumbling around trying to find her other shoe. She juggles changing clothes with talking on her cellphone.

VIRGIN
C'mon, pick up.

Jimmy walks over to her.

JIMMY
What's wrong?

VIRGIN
She won't pick up. I'm worried.

JIMMY
Boss ain't gonna like it if she
don't come in tonight. He's already
in a shitty mood.

VIRGIN
Fuck, Jimmy. What do you want me to
do? She won't answer her phone. I
don't know what to tell you here.

JIMMY
Don't bite my dick off, just
telling you the situation.

VIRGIN
I know the situation. I'll handle
it. I'm up in a couple of minutes,
I'll talk to the boss later.

Virgin's song comes on.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
Fuck! I'm not ready!

She hands Jimmy her cellphone and quickly gathers the rest of
her costume.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - STAGE - NIGHT

Virgin is dressed in tight black leather. The same outfit she
wore at the beginning of our story.

She unzips, shows the crowd the goods.

Spencer walks in, notices her. He takes a seat at their booth
and waits for the show to be over.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BOOTH - NIGHT

Spencer sits with Virgin. They both have a plate of steak in
front of them.

VIRGIN
What happened to your hand?

Spencer looks down at his hand. It's wrapped in a bandage. Blood seeps through.

SPENCER

What?

VIRGIN

Your hand. What happened?

SPENCER

This?

He shows her his wrapped hand.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

It's nothing.

Spencer reaches over and grabs the bottle of ketchup.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What doesn't kill me will only make me stronger, right?

She smiles and takes a sip from Spencer's beer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Do you have any pets?

VIRGIN

Pets? Me? No, not really. Dealing with a living thing can sometimes be difficult. I don't dig difficult. What about you? You got a pet?

SPENCER

Something like that.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Eddy wiggles around in the backseat, struggling to get himself uncuffed.

EDDY

Fuck!

BACK TO:

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BOOTH - NIGHT

SPENCER

You ever wish you could leave here?

VIRGIN

I'm not some kind of prisoner. I can leave whenever I want.

SPENCER

Can you?

She smiles.

VIRGIN

Yes.

SPENCER

If you could go anywhere, where would you go?

VIRGIN

I guess being a showgirl in Vegas ain't that bad of a dream to have.

SPENCER

Is that as high as your dreaming gets?

VIRGIN

What about you, detective Prackt? What do you dream about?

SPENCER

Lately?

(pause)

You.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake paces around in his office. A knock is at the door. Jake signals his goons to open the door.

Jimmy nervously walks in.

JAKE

Jimmy, where are those guys you sent to tail that cop?

JIMMY

They never checked in?

JAKE

No. Same goes for the ones to pick up Virgin's girl. You don't think this is a sign people are jumping ship on me is it, Jimmy?

JIMMY

No way, Mr. Alfieri.

JAKE

Then what the fuck is going on? No one is taking my fuckin' phone calls anymore. It ain't a good fuckin' sign when people won't even answer your fuckin' calls.

JIMMY

We got a bigger problem.

JAKE

What?

JIMMY

The Triad just got hit.

JAKE

Where?

JIMMY

Opium den again.

JAKE

Shit, Jimmy. Why am I just now hearing about this?

JIMMY

I just found out about it myself. The fuckin' Chinese keep denying it, but when this shit is happening in our own backyard, it's kind of hard to cover it up.

JAKE

Fuck!

There's an already poured drink on his desk. He downs it in one giant gulp.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So what do we do? Give me some options?

JIMMY

Honestly, I think we should leave.

JAKE

What do you mean leave? Like get out of town?

JIMMY

Just for a few days.

JAKE

Why? We don't have no fuckin' opium here.

(beat)

Do we?

JIMMY

Sometimes we do get a shipment here and there.

JAKE

Fuck, Jimmy. Since when?

JIMMY

It was somethin' Tony set up with Chin. Either way... We should go.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - BOOTH - NIGHT

Spencer watches Virgin eat her steak. She looks up to find him staring intensely at her.

VIRGIN

What?

SPENCER

You could be so much more.

VIRGIN

Excuse me?

SPENCER

I look at you and I see what could be. What could have been if you just had someone like me to guide you.

VIRGIN

What are you talking about? You hardly know me.

SPENCER

I know you. Let's get out of here. I'll take you to Vegas.

She drops her fork and knife.

VIRGIN
This is getting kind of-

SPENCER
I love you.

She laughs in his face.

VIRGIN
Are you fuckin' kidding me?

SPENCER
You need to get out of here. You aren't safe here anymore.

VIRGIN
Listen. This thing you think we have is part of the job. This is what I do.

SPENCER
I need to get you out of here. I need to save you.

VIRGIN
Do I look like fuckin' Jodie Foster? I don't need you to fuckin' save me!

SPENCER
You're surrounded by imposters.

VIRGIN
What are you talking about?

SPENCER
The girl in your apartment.

VIRGIN
What?

She stands up.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
Have you been following me?

Spencer grabs her arm.

SPENCER
I'm protecting you.

VIRGIN
Let go of me!

She slaps him across the face.

SPENCER
You're making a mistake.

The Bartender walks up behind Spencer and punches him in the back.

He loosens his grip on Virgin's arm.

The Bartender holds him in a Full Nelson.

Virgin frantically dials on her cellphone.

VIRGIN
C'mon, baby, pick up.

Jake comes out with his TWO NEW BODYGUARDS and Jimmy.

Virgin runs over to Jake.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
He's insane!

SPENCER
Let me go!

JAKE
What the fuck is going on?

VIRGIN
She isn't picking up. I think he did something to her.

JAKE
Who?

SPENCER
Don't listen to him, Virgin. He can't be trusted.

JAKE
Who the fuck are you, asshole? You know, I let you coming in here slide because you were payin'. But now... Now you're getting on my fuckin' nerves.

SPENCER
You can't hurt me. I'm a cop.

JAKE
 You ain't no fuckin' cop. We looked
 into you. You're just some fuckin'
 junkie.

VIRGIN
 She isn't answering!

JAKE
 Virgin, calm the fuck down. I'm
 sure she's fine.

Jake walks over to Spencer, reaches into Spencer's jacket,
 takes his gun from its holster.

He tosses the gun over to Virgin.

She catches it.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (to Virgin)
 If he ever comes in here again, I
 want you to shoot him. Do you
 understand?

VIRGIN
 Yeah. No problem.

BARTENDER
 What about him?

JAKE
 Get him out of my sight. Take him
 outside.

The Bartender drags him away kicking and screaming.

SPENCER
 They're going to kill you, Virgin!
 They're going to fuckin' kill you!

JAKE
 Hey!

Jake walks over to Spencer.

The Bartender stops.

Jake shoves his finger in Spencer's face.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (to Spencer)
 Listen to me, cocksucker.
 (MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
Don't you ever fuckin' step foot in
here again. You got me?

SPENCER
Fuck you.

Spencer kicks Jake in the balls.

Jake hunches over in pain.

JIMMY
You son of a bitch.

Jimmy runs over, punches Spencer in the gut.

JAKE
Get him the fuck out of my place!

The Bartender drags Spencer out of the strip club.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to spencer)
Remember, motherfucker! Don't ever
step foot in here again! Or you're
the one that will be fuckin' dead!
Fuckin' dead!

EXT. THE HASH HOUSE - NIGHT

The Bartender throws Spencer to the ground. He kicks him in
the gut.

BARTENDER
Don't ever come back here, you
junkie fuck.

He kicks Spencer in the face, cracking his glasses.

The Bartender laughs and walks back into the strip club.

Spencer gets to his feet, spits some blood onto the pavement
gravel.

He laughs it off.

EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Spencer walks over to his car trunk, pops it open.

Inside, hundreds of guns. A row of shotguns hang from the
trunk door.

He reaches in, pulls out a gun. He twists a silencer on the end.

He stops and twists it back off, puts it in his holster, reaches back in and pulls out another gun, tucks it in the waistband of his pants.

Spencer takes a leather glove out of his pocket and slides it on his firing hand.

He reaches back into the trunk and pulls out a sledgehammer.

EDDY (O.C.)
Get me out of here! Someone help
me!

Spencer opens the door to the backseat. Eddy lies on his stomach with his wrist cuffed to his ankle.

EDDY (CONT'D)
Please don't kill me!

Spencer tosses Eddy the keys to the cuffs.

SPENCER
See ya later, Eddy.

Spencer walks off.

EDDY
What you gonna do with that
sledgehammer?

SPENCER
Remodel.

The sledgehammer drags on the concrete-

SPARKS FLY-

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - NIGHT

Spencer walks in with the sledgehammer dragging behind him.

A new stripper is up on stage, seducing the customers into tossing money at her.

Jake is comforting Virgin by the booths. Jimmy walks over with a bag of ice to cup Jake's aching balls.

BAR

The Bartender is the first to spot Spencer. He quickly reaches under the bar for the shotgun...

Spencer runs at him, SMASHES the sledgehammer down on the head of the Bartender.

His head caves in like a watermelon.

A pulpy geyser of blood shoots out.

THE THREE GOONS at the bar reach for their guns.

The Bartender falls back with the shotgun in hand, dead spasming finger pulling the trigger. Goon #1's head turns into a gory mess, sending grey matter everywhere.

THE HEADLESS GOON spins around on his bar stool, finger spasms, shoots the jukebox by the entrance.

Virgin's song comes on.

Spencer swings around and drops the sledgehammer down on the side of Goon #2. His neck breaks and his head flies off.

Without stopping, Spencer moves with the momentum of the sledgehammer, swings around, brings it to the shoulder of Goon #3.

Blood flies out, hits the ceiling.

Spencer drops the sledgehammer back down in the Bartender's head, flattening it, spitting brains out his eardrums.

Spencer pulls out the gun tucked in the front of his pants, heads toward Jake...

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

Kill him!

Jake throws Virgin behind a booth. His bodyguards each pull out an UZI.

Spencer quickly shoots them both. They fall back firing at the stage.

The stripper gets hit and killed like the rest of the patrons.

Spencer slowly walks over to Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Stay back!

Jake uses Jimmy as his shield.

JIMMY

Jesus Christ!

Spencer shoots through him.

Jimmy slips down.

He's dead.

Jake reaches for his gun.

Spencer quickly shoots him in the knee cap. He falls to his knees.

Virgin peeks out of the booth to see what's going on.

JAKE

It was you. It was fuckin' you! You killed my boy. Why?

SPENCER

Because... I kill monsters.

Spencer walks up to him and shoots him in the head. The back of his skull splatters onto Virgin's pretty little face.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(to Virgin)

You're safe now.

Spencer turns back around to the exit.

Virgin wipes the blood away and gets up. She aims Spencer's gun at him.

She closes her eyes and fires...

The bullet flies through Spencer and hits the jukebox. Virgin's song gets stuck on a loop.

Spencer holds his gut. Blood gushes out. He swings around, gun aimed...

They aim their guns at each other.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

VIRGIN
Shut up. Just shut up!

She shakes like a leaf.

SPENCER
I think I need to sit down.

BOOTH

Spencer slowly sits down at their booth. Virgin sits down across from him.

They keep their guns pointed at each other.

Spencer holds his gunshot wound to the gut, coughs up some blood.

VIRGIN
You don't look so good.

He smiles with a mouth full of blood.

SPENCER
You mean this?

He shows her his wound.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
It's nothing.

She smiles.

VIRGIN
You're not leaving here alive. I won't let you.

She squeezes the trigger-

Her phone rings.

Her eyes slowly move down, see who is calling.

She smiles with a sigh of relief.

VIRGIN (CONT'D)
She's...

SPENCER
On the count of three.
(beat)
One.

VIRGIN
No. Wait!

SPENCER
Two-

She fires on two.

They repeatedly shoot each other.

They keep firing until both their guns run out at the same time.

Virgin slumps over dead in the booth.

Spencer lays his head back.

He looks dead as well.

He's been shot several times.

Blood is everywhere.

POLICE (O.C.)
Come out with your hands up!

Spencer smiles.

He opens his eyes and coughs up some blood.

He throws his empty gun on the table, cleans his bloody cracked glasses with his tie, puts them back on.

INT. THE HASH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Spencer gets to his feet, looks around, picks up an UZI off one of the dead bodyguards.

He walks past the jukebox, hits it. Virgin's song gets back on track.

He walks out the door.

POLICE (O.C.)
Put the gun down!

WE HEAR-

The sound of machine gun fire, followed by several handguns.

Bullets fly through the bar.

The glass entrance door shatters to the floor.

Beer bottles burst.

Already dead bodies get shot to ribbons.

Virgin's song comes to an end.

The gun fire dies down...

Spencer comes walking back in. He's riddled with even more bullet holes.

He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a quarter, pops it into the jukebox, selects a song...

Virgin's song starts up again.

Spencer drops the UZI, takes out his backup pistol from its holster and walks back outside.

The shooting once again continues.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END