

FADE IN:

1 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT 1

Looking incredibly weary, NICK WATERS, 30's, enters his apartment in his business suit. He stumbles into --

2 INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 2

He drops his briefcase, strips off his jacket, loosens his tie and collapses onto the bed like a dead man. PAN OVER TO the alarm clock which reads "1:23 AM."

MATCH CUT TO:

3 INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 3

The alarm clock now reads "4:59 AM." It switches to "5:00" and a BLARING BUZZER goes off. Nick sits up in bed, shuts off the buzzer and painfully forces himself out of bed. He hurries out of the bedroom, passing the saddest, deadest houseplant in history.

4 INT. NICK'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 4

Nick opens his fridge to reveal a wasteland of moldy leftover containers and crusty condiments. The orange juice container he grabs is empty.

NICK

Damn.

He opens the freezer. It contains nothing but multiple boxes of "Jimmy Dean's Breakfast Bowl -- with Bacon!" He pops one in the microwave, then glances over at a framed photo of a slightly younger Nick kissing a smiling OLD WOMAN on the cheek. The frame reads: "I ♥ Grandma!" Nick sighs sadly.

5 INT. NICK'S BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER 5

Nick sits on the toilet eating his breakfast bowl with a fork. He takes some toilet paper from the roll and wipes his mouth with it.

6 INT. NICK'S SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER 6

Nick showers while simultaneously brushing his teeth and shaving. He loses track and brushes his face with the toothbrush.

7 INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 7

Nick hastily grabs work clothes from his messy drawers and closet. Clearly, no laundry has been done in a while.

8 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER 8

Nick hurriedly buttons his shirt, tucks it in and begins tying his tie as the elevator reaches the lobby.

9 INT. NICK'S CAR - SHORT TIME LATER 9

As he drives to work, he dials a number and transfers it to speakerphone.

JENNA (V.O.)

(groggy)
Hello?

NICK

(cheery)
Hey, Jenna, it's Nick.

JENNA (V.O.)

It's five-thirty in the morning, Nick.

NICK

Yeah, sorry. This is like the only time I have to make any personal calls. I just wanted to see if you felt like going out again because I had a great time with you on our last date.

JENNA (V.O.)

Our last date was two weeks ago. You haven't called me since.

NICK

I know and that's my bad. I've been swamped at work --

JENNA (V.O.)

Yeah, I remember. Work was all you talked about when we went out.

NICK

Right. Well, I'm up for a promotion which will give me a lot more free time --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JENNA (V.O.)

Listen, I'm actually seeing someone. And even if I weren't, the last thing I need is some career-obsessed guy complaining about work all the time. See you around, Nick.

She hangs up.

10 EXT. COMMTRONIX INDUSTRIES - SHORT TIME LATER 10

A soulless four-story building in a drab office park. Nick exits his car and runs full-speed to the entrance.

11 INT. COMMTRONIX INDUSTRIES LOBBY - CONTINUOUS ACTION 11

Nick bursts through the doors and looks at his watch. It reads "6:02." He looks up at a security camera with a flashing red light, indicating he is on tape.

NICK

Fuck!

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. NICK'S CUBICLE - LATER 12

Nick sits at his desk inputting information from a large PILE of documents into a spreadsheet on his computer. The clock on his computer turns to "8:00 AM."

HARKEN (O.S.)

Nick.

Nick jumps, startled. He turns to see his boss, DAVE HARKEN, 40's, standing behind him.

NICK

Yes?

HARKEN

See you in my office?

13

INT. HARKEN'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON A VIDEOTAPE REPLAY -
MOMENTS LATER

13

of the lobby security camera footage on a television. The time code at the bottom of the screen reads "6:02." We see Nick looking up at the camera and silently mouthing the word "Fuck!" The image freezes and we PULL BACK to see Harken holding the remote. Nick stands across from him.

HARKEN

Here's my concern, Nick. You're a punctual guy. You understand the importance of getting to work on time. So that leaves me to wonder if there isn't something wrong with the internal clock in our security system. What do you think?

NICK

I don't know, Mr. Harken. I might have been a minute late.

HARKEN

Two minutes according to this. So either you're a liar -- which I know you're not -- or our system is off by a full minute. And if that's the case, I have no choice but to dismiss Thomas, our longtime security coordinator.

NICK

Okay, I might have been two minutes late.

There's an uncomfortable beat. Then --

HARKEN

So you did lie.

NICK

No, I --

Harken picks up the phone.

NICK

Who are you calling?

HARKEN

Thomas. I'm letting him go.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Wait! Okay, I guess I lied. But I didn't mean to --

HARKEN

(hangs up phone)
Trust is everything in this office, my friend. I know you've been working your tail off for that promotion, but if I can't trust you, how can I make you Senior VP of Sales?

NICK

I understand. You can trust me.

HARKEN

Now you sound like my wife.

He glances at a framed photo on his desk.

14

INSERT - PHOTO

14

of the hot, bikini-clad MRS. HARKEN, 30's, standing on a beach.

15

BACK TO SCENE

15

HARKEN

(imitating her)
'Trust me, honey.' 'Trust me.'
Meanwhile, she's making love to every guy in the neighborhood.

NICK

(uncomfortable)
Oh, I'm sure she's... loyal to you --

HARKEN

How could you possibly know that?

NICK

I don't.

HARKEN

Are you making love to my wife, Nick?

NICK

What?! No!

(CONTINUED)

HARKEN

I'm just kidding around. She's out of your league. No offense.

NICK

None taken.

HARKEN

Hmm.

Harken has crossed to a credenza with several bottles of booze, two glasses and an ice bucket. He begins to fill a glass with ice and Scotch.

HARKEN

Would you like one?

NICK

It's 8:15.

HARKEN

You think there's something wrong with a man enjoying a drink in the morning?

NICK

(quickly)

No, no. It's fine. I'd love a drink.

Harken hands him the drink he just poured.

NICK

Thank you.

HARKEN

My pleasure.

Harken returns to his chair and sits.

NICK

Aren't you having one?

HARKEN

It's 8:15, Nick. I'm not an alcoholic.

NICK

Oh. Well, I only took it because I thought you were having one.

HARKEN

You took a drink because you thought I was going to have one?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARKEN (CONT'D)

That doesn't exactly sound like something a Senior VP would do.

NICK

Well, I --

HARKEN

What if you thought I was going to dip my balls in honey and shaved coconut? Would you do that too?

NICK

(laughing nervously)
Of course not.

HARKEN

Of course not. Anyway, we've moved up the date of the AGM so you're gonna need to complete your due diligence by Monday. You'll probably need to be here all weekend.

NICK

(sighs)
Okay.

HARKEN

Hey, you want a promotion, you've gotta earn it. Life's a marathon and you can't win a marathon without putting a few Band-Aids on your nipples.

NICK

(huh?)
Got it.

Nick gets up to go.

HARKEN

Nick.

Nick turns back.

HARKEN

That's 18-year-old Scotch. I can't really pour it back into the bottle.

Nick, unsure of what to do, picks up the glass and gulps it down.

(CONTINUED)

8.

15 CONTINUED: (3) 15

HARKEN
That should carry you till lunch,
huh?

16 EXT. DENTAL OFFICE - DAY 16

A car pulls up outside the modest building.

17 INT. STACY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 17

STACY, cute, 30's, is dropping off DALE STEVENS, 30's,
who wears the scrubs of a dental hygienist.

STACY
Boy, I have to get used to driving
with this heavy ring on. I keep
swerving to the left.

DALE
Aww. You really like it?

STACY
I love it. I feel like a queen.

18 CLOSE ON HER ENGAGEMENT DIAMOND 18

It's tiny and yellowish.

19 BACK TO SCENE 19

DALE
Well, you're my queen. I love
you, Stacy.

STACY
Have a great day at work.

They kiss. Dale exits the car.

20 EXT. DENTAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 20

Stacy drives off. Dale steels himself for what lies
ahead, then goes inside.

21 INT. DENTAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 21

Dale enters the waiting room, passing a few PATIENTS. He
grabs a mask and goggles from a supply room, then heads
into --

22

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

22

Dale finds his boss, DR. JULIA HARRIS, 30's, sexy but with something a little off, hovering over a patient, MR. ANDERTON, 50's. Dale seems visibly uneasy.

JULIA

All right, Mr. Anderton, I'm going to give you the nitrous now and your root canal will be over before you know it.

(to Dale)

Dale? Please.

Dale turns the valve on the tank and soon Mr. Anderton's eyes roll back in his head. Julia shuts the door, picks up a drill and begins boring into the patient's molar.

JULIA

(loudly, over the drill)

How are you today, Dale?

DALE

I'm fine. Thanks.

JULIA

You get a haircut?

DALE

Uh-huh.

JULIA

Looks good.

DALE

Thank you.

JULIA

You ever watch that show, 'Gossip Girl'?

DALE

Uh, no.

JULIA

I watched it last night. I'll tell you, lot of cuties on that program.

(then)

Number 7 scraper, please.

Dale hands her a tool.

(CONTINUED)

JULIA

Thank you. I fingered myself so hard to Penn Badgely, I broke a nail.

Dale sighs and looks down at the unconscious Mr. Anderton. This obviously isn't the first time Julia has spoken this way.

JULIA

I'd let that kid put it in my ass. Bet he's packing a plus-size sausage under those True Religions.

(then, looking up at Dale)

Probe.

DALE

What?

JULIA

I need the probe.

DALE

Oh, right.

He hands her the tool.

JULIA

Bet you're no shrimp in the cock department either, huh, Dale?

DALE

Julia, please.

JULIA

Oh, come on. You know I like to fool around.

She lifts the patient's limp hand and cups it over her breast.

JULIA

(feigning shock)

Mr. Anderton! Bad!

She smacks the lifeless hand and cackles with laughter.

JULIA

Okay, enough fun. Let's get back to work. Water, please.

(CONTINUED)

Dale hands her the Water Jet tool. Julia briefly sprays some water in the patient's mouth, then casually sprays down Dale's crotch with it.

DALE

Hey!

JULIA

Sorry, I'm a squirter.

(studying his groin)

I think I can just make out our friend. Looks like someone is circumcised!

DALE

All right, Julia, listen. You can't keep doing this.

JULIA

I know, I know, you have a girlfriend --

DALE

She's not my girlfriend anymore. Stacy and I got engaged last night.

Julia's whole demeanor changes. She becomes deadly serious.

JULIA

What?

DALE

We're engaged.

JULIA

You're actually going to marry that little dummy?

DALE

Hey!

JULIA

I thought you said she was just a hole for your dick.

DALE

That's a horrible thing to say. I never said that!

Mr. Anderton GROANS groggily.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

JULIA
 (ominously)
 I'm very disappointed in you,
 Dale.
 (then, coldly)
 Scaler.

Shaken, Dale hands her the tool.

23 EXT. PELLIT CHEMICAL CO. - DAY

23

A medium-sized warehouse building in an industrial neighborhood.

24 INT. PELLIT CHEMICAL CO. - CONTINUOUS ACTION

24

KURT GAMBLE, 30s, good-looking, sits at his desk. Unlike Nick and Dale, Kurt seems content in his workplace. A reasonably cute, but by no means drop-dead gorgeous, UPS GIRL approaches his desk with a package.

UPS GIRL
 Excuse me? Can you sign for this,
 please?

KURT
 (taking it)
 Sure.
 (looking up)
 Whoa, whoa. Hold on. What is
 this?

UPS GIRL
 I'm sorry?

KURT
 This is one of those hidden camera
 shows, isn't it?

UPS GIRL
 What do you mean?

KURT
 Come on. You're way too good-
 looking to be a UPS girl. What
 are you, a model? An actress?
 What's gonna happen when I open
 this box? Is something going to
 jump out at me?

(CONTINUED)

UPS GIRL

(grinning)

Nothing's gonna happen. I'm just a UPS girl.

KURT

Shut up.

UPS GIRL

(playfully)

You shut up. It's true.

KURT

Well, then, I need to take you out to dinner.

UPS GIRL

Why?

KURT

Because I want to be able to tell my friends that I took out the hottest UPS girl in America. Come on, what do you say?

She considers this briefly, then scribbles her number on a Post-it note.

KURT

Awesome. I'm Kurt.

UPS GIRL

Myrna.

KURT

Pretty name. How's Tuesday? Macaroni Grill?

UPS GIRL

Okay.

KURT

See you then, Myrna.

She heads off. Kurt opens his DATEBOOK and scribbles "UPS Girl" in the Tuesday slot. We see every night of the week is filled with appointments with other women: "Barnes & Noble girl," "Lauren? Laura?," "Blonde Chick" and so on.

JACK (O.S.)

Busy week?

Kurt looks up at JACK PELLIT, 70s, the kindly, affectionate owner of the company.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

Hey, Jack. Yeah, just doing my part for the women of America.

JACK

(chuckling)
You're what we used to call a rascalion.

KURT

That sounds a lot more innocent than 'sex addict.'

JACK

Walk with me, Kurt.

The two of them head toward the exit.

JACK

I wanted to talk to you about --

KURT

Last quarter's profits? I ran the numbers. We're down by 11 percent year-to-year.

JACK

It's this damn recession. What about cost-cutting measures?

KURT

Well, I know you don't want to cut staff --

JACK

No way. These people have worked their asses off for me. There's no reason they should suffer.

Kurt looks at his boss with admiration. There's a lot of love between these two.

KURT

There's also the issue of our hazardous waste disposal. We're paying a lot right now and the Bolivians have come back with a very good offer.

JACK

You know why it's good? Because they'll dump our chemicals in rivers, pollute water supplies and hurt people. I've spent my life building this company.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)

Would you want the Pellit name to be associated with something like that?

KURT

No, I wouldn't.

As they pass the unisex rest room, they see MARGIE, 30s and clearly pregnant, looking uncomfortable as she waits to get in.

JACK

Everything okay, Margie?

MARGIE

Oh hi, Mr. Pellit. Kurt. I've just been waiting to get in there for a while now...

JACK

Who's in there?

MARGIE

It's... your son.

JACK

(sighs)
Of course it is.
(then, knocking on
the door)
Bobby? There's someone waiting.
You almost done in there?

After a long beat, the door opens and out steps BOBBY PELLIT, late-20s, weasely-looking, sniffing a bit too much and rubbing his nose repeatedly. There's something unnaturally energetic about him.

PELLIT

What the fuck?! A guy can't get any privacy in this place!

JACK

It's all yours, Margie.

Margie quickly slips into the rest room and shuts the door.

JACK

You know, Bobby, you seem to be spending more time in that bathroom than at your desk these days.

(CONTINUED)

PELLIT

Well, then, you're fucking stupid,
Dad. Because that's clearly not
true.

JACK

All I ask is that you do your part
around here, son.

PELLIT

I do my part. I do other people's
parts. But you just like to ride
my ass because I'm your son. I
don't see you screaming at --
(re: Kurt)
-- dickskin here.

JACK

(patiently)
That's because Kurt does his work
and does it well. You could take
a lesson from him.

PELLIT

(snorts)
The only thing I'd take a lesson
from him on is being gay. And I
wouldn't take that lesson because
I don't want to be gay.

JACK

(heading off)
Come on, Kurt.

Kurt follows after Jack.

PELLIT

Yeah, that's what I thought.

Jack and Kurt pass a receptionist desk and go out into --

Kurt walks Jack to his Cadillac.

JACK

Tell me something, Kurt. Are you
happy here?

KURT

You kidding? It's the best job in
the world.

JACK

I'm glad to hear you say that.
I'm rewriting my will tonight and
there's going to be a special
place for you in there.

He gives Kurt a hug like a doting father, then climbs into his car. As Jack pulls out and begins driving across the parking lot, Kurt waves. Suddenly, the car's HORN begins to honk in a CONSTANT BLARE. Kurt lowers his hand as the car veers off the pavement, slowly cruising into a tree where it stops abruptly, the horn still honking.

A bewildered Kurt runs toward the car, as we --

CUT TO:

Kurt sits at a table looking depressed.

KURT

He died instantly. They say his
heart burst in his chest like a
water balloon.

PAN to reveal Kurt is sitting with Dale, who looks just as dejected.

DALE

Wow. Sorry, man. He was like a
dad to you.

KURT

I loved him. And I loved working
for him. And now his idiot son is
gonna be in charge. You know how
many times I've caught him doing
blow at work?

PAN FURTHER to reveal Nick sitting beside Dale.

NICK

That sucks. You were the only one
of us who didn't totally hate his
job.

(then)

Did I tell you Harken tricked me
into having a drink at eight
o'clock this morning? The guy's
the devil.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

I thought he was giving you a promotion.

NICK

He is. And he's got to do it before the General Meeting next week.

DALE

Well, at least your boss doesn't sexually harass you.

KURT

This again?

DALE

I'm telling you, she's out of control. It's a full-on hostile work environment.

KURT

She's a woman who wants to have sex with you. How bad can it be?

DALE

Today she sprayed my crotch with water so she could see the outline of my wiener.

KURT

Why don't you just fuck her?

DALE

I'm engaged!

KURT

Oh yeah. Congratulations, by the way.

DALE

Thank you.

NICK

There's gotta be other dental hygienist jobs out there.

DALE

I can't apply for another job, remember?

KURT

Oh, right. Because you'd have to tell them you're a child molester.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

He's not a child molester. He just took his dick out in a playground.

DALE

It was nightttime and I was peeing! And it's bullshit that I got put on the registered sex offender list for that!

KURT

It worked out. Julia probably hired you because she's a sexual deviant herself.

DALE

Why would they put a playground next to a bar anyway? That's entrapment.

A SEMI-CUTE GIRL walks past.

KURT

(with joyless
resignation)

Well, I should go see if that girl wants to bone.

Kurt groans as he pulls himself out of the booth.

NICK

I thought you were all broken up about your boss dying.

KURT

This is how I grieve, okay?

Kurt heads off after the girl.

DALE

Man. He must be grieving all the time.

Nick sits alongside five other CO-WORKERS at a conference table. Harken's chair at the head is empty. Nick pours himself some water from a glass pitcher on the table.

NICK

He did say ten o'clock, right?

(CONTINUED)

CO-WORKER

Yeah. Do you know what this is about?

NICK

It just said 'staff meeting' on the memo.

(whispering)

Funny how he gets all over me if I'm a minute late, but he makes us wait fifteen.

HARKEN (O.S.)

You were two minutes late, Nick.

Nick jumps as Harken enters.

HARKEN

And I didn't know I had to punch a clock with you.

NICK

You don't. Of course you don't. I'm sorry --

HARKEN

I'm going to attribute this to your drinking problem.

NICK

I don't have a --

HARKEN

(with a smile to the others)

Let's get started. Shall we?

Nick's eyes narrow. Suddenly, he grabs the heavy glass pitcher from the table and SHATTERS IT AGAINST HARKEN'S FACE. Shards of glass fly everywhere as Harken falls from his chair onto the floor.

SMASH CUT TO:

Harken is fine. Nick is as we left him.

HARKEN

Okay, have we figured out our best sales distribution plan for the new model year handsets?

(CONTINUED)

Nick's CO-WORKERS bury their heads in their notes. Nick tensely raises his hand.

HARKEN

Yes?

NICK

I simulated a number of sales cycles, factoring in likely end-users, point-of-sale limitations and specific demographic variables.

HARKEN

And?

NICK

And in my opinion, an open plan selling process in our top 30 markets along with targeted upgrade offers to existing customers promises the greatest yield.

Harken nods. Is he impressed?

HARKEN

Thank you, Nick. Did everyone see how he did that? Yes, he may be a pathological liar and have a crippling drinking problem, but when the chips are down, Nick has what it takes.

Nick glows.

HARKEN

Which brings us to our next order of business. I've decided who I want as our new Senior VP of Sales. He's sitting right here among you.

Everyone turns to look at Nick.

HARKEN

It's me.

Everyone's head snaps back to Harken.

NICK

What?

HARKEN

I've decided to absorb the responsibilities of the Senior VP position into my own. I realized if you want something done right, you do it yourself. So, I'm going to be knocking down the wall between my office and what would've been the Senior VP's to create a single, enormous office. However, as a cost-cutting measure, I will only be taking 85% of the additional salary I'm entitled to. It's called self-sacrifice, people. Learn from this.

Harken heads out.

Nick hurries to catch up with Harken.

NICK

Mr. Harken, can I speak to you?

HARKEN

What is it?

NICK

You've been hinting for months that I was in line for that promotion.

HARKEN

And look how hard you've worked.

NICK

So you've just been lying to me?

HARKEN

Not lying. Motivating. We're all on the same team here, Nick. We're all trying to find Lorenzo's oil before it's too late for little Lorenzo. Besides, I'm the one who's taking on a lot more work.

NICK

(barely keeping it
together)

Last month you kept me working so
late I didn't get to say goodbye
to Gam Gam!

HARKEN

What?

NICK

My grandmother. I told you I
needed to see her but you said I'd
be fired if I left early. She
died before I could get to the
hospital.

(voice quivering)

She taught me how to swim --

HARKEN

Oh, my God. I had no idea... that
you called your grandmother Gam
Gam.

(chuckling)

I don't mean to laugh, but that's
adorable.

(off Nick's outraged
look)

Look, Nick, I'm sorry you didn't
get to say bye-bye to Gam Gam. I
make you work late because you're
an invaluable part of this
operation. And I need you in your
current position.

NICK

I've been in that position for
eight years now. Why would I stay
here after being treated like
this?!

HARKEN

Because I will see to it that no
one else in our industry will hire
you.

NICK

What?

HARKEN

Anyone who interviews you will
want my letter of recommendation.
And I'm prepared to tell them that
you are a dishonest, insubordinate
drunk.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

But that's not true! You can't do this!

Harken gets directly in Nick's face, speaking softly but intensely.

HARKEN

Let me make this clear, you weak, little fuck. I own you. You're my bitch. Don't make the mistake of thinking you have free will. Because I can crush you any time I like.

(stepping back,
friendly again)

Settle in, friend. You're here for the long haul.

Harken slaps him hard on the back and continues on his way, leaving a stunned Nick.

Kurt somberly heads to his desk. He's wearing a dark suit.

PELLIT (O.S.)

Yo, dickwall! What the fuck?

Kurt sees Bobby Pellit standing in the doorway of what was Jack's office.

KURT

What?

PELLIT

You're three hours late. What's the deal?

KURT

I was at your father's funeral.

PELLIT

Maybe that excuse would've flown when my dad was here, but I'm in charge now.

KURT

That excuse wouldn't have made any sense when your dad was here.

PELLIT

In my office. Now.

31 INT. PELLIT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

31

Kurt enters. He notices that the "Jack Pellit" nameplate has been partially taped over with the name "Bobby" scribbled in magic marker.

PELLIT

Sit.

Kurt sits. Bobby quickly slips a small mirror and rolled up dollar bill into a drawer. Kurt sees Bobby has tossed most of Jack's mementos, achievement awards and photos with luminaries in the trash.

PELLIT

I've been looking over the books. You're the accountant. Tell me why this company is in the crapper.

KURT

It's not in the crapper. It's a recession. But we're still profitable.

PELLIT

Bullshit. Look, I know you and my dad were pals. Frankly, I always thought it was weird and gay and I never understood why my dad thought you were so great. But it doesn't matter now because he's in the ground and I'm your boss. And there's gonna be some changes around here. First of all...

(pointing to a
balance sheet)

What is this 'EnviroTech Waste Management' shit that we're paying so much for?

KURT

Your father made the decision to pay a little more to dispose of our chemical waste responsibly.

PELLIT

Yeah, fuck that. We've got an offer from Bolivia to dump the stuff for a third the cost.

KURT

But that would endanger thousands of local residents.

(CONTINUED)

PELLIT

So some jungle tribesmen get cancer. Boo friggin' hoo.

KURT

They're not tribesmen. It's a modern --

(then)

Look, Bobby, your dad told me very clearly he'd die before he'd save money by hurting people.

PELLIT

Well then, we're right on schedule, aren't we?

Kurt's eyes narrow. He reaches into the trash can and grabs one of Jack's discarded ACHIEVEMENT TROPHIES and PLUNGES its pointy end deep into Pellit's chest, impaling him in his chair.

SMASH CUT TO:

Kurt sits across from an unharmed Pellit.

PELLIT

Oh, and we also need to trim the fat around here.

KURT

(snapping out of it)
What do you mean?

PELLIT

I want you to fire the fat people. They're slow and lazy and they make me sad to look at. Start with Large Marge.

ANGLE ON Margie at her desk.

KURT

Margie's not fat. She's pregnant. I'm not firing her.

PELLIT

Fine. Then fire Professor Xavier over there.

ANGLE ON a balding, middle-aged man in a wheelchair, HANK, who sits at a desk near Margie's.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

Hank?

PELLIT

He creeps me out. Rolling around in that weird little chair of his.

KURT

I'm not firing anyone! It's like you don't care about this company at all.

PELLIT

No shit. You think when I was a kid I dreamed of running a fucking chemical company? No. I dreamed of retiring. Of being fed tropical fruit on a beach by a model while she blows me. And as soon as I squeeze all the profit out of this place, that's exactly what I'm gonna do. So here's the deal. You either fire the fatty or the cripple, or I fire both of them.

Kurt sighs as he looks from Margie to Hank and back. At last, he gathers his resolve and crosses to Hank's desk. From a RESPECTFUL DISTANCE we watch as Kurt breaks the news to Hank who reacts with sad resignation.

Kurt turns to see Pellit standing directly beside him.

PELLIT

(loudly, to the room)

Everyone, can I have your attention please? I've just learned that Kurt has fired our dear friend Hank here. I want you to know that I am as surprised and angry about this as you are.

KURT

What are you -- ?!

PELLIT

This is entirely an accounting department decision. My hands are tied.

(then, to Kurt)

You are one heartless bastard, Gamble.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Pellit heads off. Hank glares at Kurt.

KURT

Look, Hank, this was not my --

HANK

Fuck you, Kurt.

Hank wheels away, leaving Kurt to face the angry looks of his CO-WORKERS.

CUT TO:

34 INT. DENTAL OFFICE - DAY

34

Dale, dressed for work, knocks on Julia's office door.

JULIA (O.S.)

Come in.

35 INT. JULIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

35

Dale enters.

DALE

You wanted to see --

He looks up to find Julia sitting at her desk in nothing but an unbuttoned white lab coat.

DALE

(averting eyes)

Oh, God.

JULIA

Have a seat, Dale.

DALE

Do I have to?

JULIA

Please.

He sits, then immediately stands again.

DALE

Look, Julia, this is ridiculous --

JULIA

(holding up hand)

I know what you're going to say
and that's exactly what I want to
talk to you about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIA (CONT'D)

Yes, I like to joke around at work. And sometimes I might cross the line a bit. But the last thing I want to do is make you uncomfortable. That's unprofessional and I pride myself on being a professional.

She leans back in her chair and puts her hands behind her head revealing even more of her body.

JULIA

So from now on, I want you to tell me when and if I cross the line.

DALE

Now. Right now.

JULIA

What?

DALE

You're naked, Julia!

JULIA

I'm not naked. You can't even see my pussy.

DALE

Okay, right there! Just saying 'pussy' to me. That's over the line.

JULIA

That's over the line? You're starting to sound like a little faggot, Dale.

DALE

Again! Naked, 'pussy,' 'faggot.' All over the line. And probably illegal --

JULIA

Okay, let's not start talking about illegal, Mr. Pees-on-Young-Boys.

DALE

It was an empty playground! In the middle of the night!

JULIA

Even worse. That little boy must have been terrified.

(CONTINUED)

Julia stands and moves uncomfortably close to Dale. He tries not to stare at her breasts.

JULIA

Let's cut to the chase. You're engaged now. And I respect the institution of marriage too much to violate it. That's why you need to fuck me well before the wedding. Because the closer it gets, the less ladylike I'm going to feel about this whole thing.

DALE

I'm not going to sleep with you, Julia.

JULIA

We'll see about that.
(then, suddenly
enraged)
OUT! GET OUT!

Startled, Dale hurries out of the office.

Nick, Dale and Kurt sit miserably over their drinks. They've all had a few.

NICK

I feel like a total sucker. Harken was never planning on promoting me.

KURT

That coked-out douchebag is gonna destroy Pellit Chemicals.

DALE

She stood there with her breasts right in my face.

Nick and Kurt turn to Dale.

KURT

You know, yours just doesn't sound that bad.

DALE

Why don't you guys quit? It's not like you're sex offenders.

NICK

It's true. I mean, I'm young. I could go back to school, change fields.

In the b.g., a GUY has noticed them. He heads over.

KURT

Yeah. Why should I care about protecting Pellit's name when his own son doesn't? There's a million jobs out there.

DALE

The world is your oyster.

GUY

Well, well, if it isn't the Three Musketeers, Nick, Kurt and Dale. Still hanging out like high school, huh?

NICK

I don't believe it. Kenny Orkin!

DALE

I heard you moved to New York to work at Lehman Brothers or something.

KENNY (GUY)

I did. Hired me right out of Yale.

KURT

So what are you doing back here?

KENNY

Don't you read the papers? They shut us down. I've been looking for work for the last two years. It's crazy out here. I can't even get a job waiting tables.

NICK

You? Waiting tables? You were voted Most Likely to Succeed. Everyone thought you were set.

KENNY

Everyone including me.

(intense)

I'd murder those Lehman Brothers if I could. Line them up, put one bullet through their three heads.

*

(CONTINUED)

DALE

Easy, Kenny.

KENNY

It's just not fair. I was making high six-figures. Now I can't even afford this drink.

(holds up glass)

Seriously, you think you guys can help me out at all?

The three guys exchange uncomfortable looks as they reach for their wallets.

DALE

Uh, sure. Here's a few bucks, Kenny.

KENNY

Okay, y'know that's not really gonna do it for me.

(looking around,
leaning in)

I'll tell you what? What if I give you guys handjobs? Forty bucks. We can do it in the bathroom right here. I'll do the three of you for a hundred.

KURT

You're gay now?

KENNY

No, I'm not gay. *

They look skeptical. *

KENNY

I'm the opposite of gay! *

They guys look at each other with eyebrows raised. Nick mouths "opposite." *

KENNY

Come on. Handjobs for the Three Musketeers. Let's do this! *

The BARTENDER spots Kenny and points at him.

BARTENDER

(yelling)

I thought I told you to stay out of here!

(CONTINUED)

KENNY

Whoops. Gotta go, guys. Call me if you change your minds. I'm at my mom's.

He hurries out. There's a silent beat as the guys process what they've just witnessed.

CUT TO:

The three guys are walking home, all mildly buzzed.

KURT

So I guess we're just gonna be miserable for the rest of our lives.

DALE

What do you mean?

KURT

What options do we have? We can quit our jobs and turn into Kenny. Or keep our jobs and turn into sad, ball-less losers who spend their days dreaming of ways to kill their bosses.

There's a beat as Nick regards Kurt.

NICK

You do that too?

KURT

Of course. Everyone does. It's the only thing that keeps us from going totally bat-shit.

NICK

The other day I imagined shoving one of those jugs from the water cooler in Harken's mouth and making him drink until his bladder explodes.

DALE

Jeez.

KURT

That's so funny. I had the same idea for Pellit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KURT (CONT'D)

Only using gasoline instead of water. And his ass instead of his mouth.

DALE

You guys are sick.

KURT

What's sick about it? It's just a way to let off steam.

NICK

Yeah, Dale. It's not like we're actually going to kill our bosses.

They continue walking. After a beat.

KURT

You have to admit though, our lives would be a lot better if our bosses were dead.

NICK

Well, of course. It's the one thing that keeps me from being happy.

DALE

Me too.

There's another beat.

KURT

Let's just consider this, for one second.

DALE

Consider what?

KURT

Killing our bosses. I'm just being hypothetical here.

DALE

(laughing it off)
Yeah, right.

NICK

Very funny.

KURT

Well, it's not like they're gonna live forever. These pieces of shit are going to die someday.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KURT (CONT'D)

We'd just be accelerating that natural process.

NICK

Shut up, Kurt.

DALE

Yeah, shut up, Kurt.

KURT

(earnest)

Frankly, I don't see any reason not to do it.

DALE

Well, first of all, killing someone is illegal and immoral --

KURT

It may be illegal but I'm not sure it's immoral. Sometimes one evil person has to die for the greater good of the community. If Bobby Pellit has his way, hundreds, maybe thousands of innocent Bolivians will suffer. It would actually be immoral not to kill him.

Nick begins to warm to the idea.

NICK

I didn't get to say goodbye to Gam Gam because of Harken.

KURT

Exactly! Who knows how many other Gam Gams have died alone.

DALE

I can't believe you guys are actually talking about this. I don't care how bad our bosses are. We're not murderers.

NICK

No, we're not, Dale. We're just trying to live our lives. But what are we supposed to do when someone makes it impossible for us to live our lives? Do we just bend over and take it up the ass forever?

(CONTINUED)

KURT

No, we do not!

DALE

What you guys are talking about is wrong and you know it.

NICK

Julia's ruining your life. That's wrong.

KURT

Yeah!

DALE

She's not ruining my life. If anything's ruining my life it's you guys and your drunk bullshit.

KURT

If it's bullshit, Dale, then how come we all want to do it so much?

They reach the corner where they part ways.

DALE

I don't want to do it. And when you sober up neither will you. We're not killing anyone.

Dale heads off.

KURT

(to Nick)
I was just being hypothetical.

NICK

(quickly)
Yeah, me too.

OFF their ambivalent looks --

Dale is organizing some equipment when a pair of woman's hands suddenly cover his eyes.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(suggestively)
Guess who?

DALE

(wearily)

I'm really not in the mood for
this now --

He turns and reacts as he sees it's not Julia, but his
fiancée, Stacy.

DALE

Stacy?!

STACY

Not in the mood for what?

DALE

For... nothing. What are you
doing here?

Julia appears in her office doorway.

JULIA

I invited her.

STACY

She called and said now that we're
engaged, she wanted to offer me
free dental work. And you know
I've had that loose filling for a
while. It's so sweet of you,
Julia.

JULIA

It's my pleasure. You're part of
the family now.

DALE

(visibly uptight)

Uhhh... I don't know if this is a
good idea.

STACY

Why not?

DALE

We don't want to take advantage of
Julia.

JULIA

Dale, there's nothing you could do
that would be taking advantage of
me. Nothing.

(then, to Stacy)

Now what do you say we pump you
full of gas?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

Julia leads Stacy into the exam room. Dale cuts them off.

DALE

Wait -- no gas. She doesn't need to be out.

STACY

What are you talking about, Dale? You know I'm not good with drills.

JULIA

(pointedly)
You don't want your fiancée to suffer, do you?

OFF Dale's defeated look --

CUT TO:

39 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

39

Stacy lies on the chair with the nitrous mask over her nose. Julia and Dale stand beside her.

STACY

(losing
consciousness)
Ten, nine... eight... seh...

And she's out. Immediately, Julia pounces on Dale, feverishly trying to unbuckle his belt.

DALE

Hey! Stop it, what are you -- ?

JULIA

You're gonna give me that dong, Dale!

DALE

NO!

Stacy groans softly. Dale pushes Julia away.

DALE

I knew you only brought her in here to mess with me.

JULIA

Let's have sex on top of her. Let's use her like a bed!

(CONTINUED)

Julia begins to clamber up onto Stacy's supine body.
Dale pulls her off.

DALE

All right, that's it, Julia. This
is over. You're out of your mind.
I quit!

He goes to turn off the gas but before he can --

JULIA

I'll tell her you fucked me!

DALE

What?

JULIA

If you don't fuck me, I'll tell
her you fucked me.

DALE

Tell her whatever you want. She'd
never believe you.

Julia opens a nearby drawer and tosses an envelope onto
Stacy's chest.

JULIA

She already knows you're a sex
offender. And once she sees
these, I think she'll believe me.

DALE

What is that?

JULIA

You remember your first week here
when I replaced the crown on your
second bicuspid?

DALE

(nervously)
... Yeah?

JULIA

I took a few snapshots of the
procedure. For my files.

Dale lunges at the envelope and pulls out the photos.

40 CLOSE ON THE PICTURES

40

-- Dale lies on the dentist chair, his eyes open and his hands behind his head with Julia at his crotch, apparently fellating him.

-- Julia, now nude, straddles Dale, who is naked from the waist down on the chair. She holds one arm in the air like a rodeo cowboy.

-- Julia is on the floor, her legs splayed while Dale lies limply on top of her.

-- Julia is on all fours. Dale is limply draped over her back, apparently doing her doggy-style.

41 BACK TO SCENE

41

DALE

(shocked)

You... you did all this while I was unconscious?

JULIA

Yup.

DALE

How did you make it look like I was awake?

JULIA

Taped your eyes open.

DALE

This is rape! You raped me!

JULIA

Don't get all dramatic. Your dick wasn't hard. But it will be next time. Or else Stacy here gets a look at my photo album.

She holds up the packet of photos.

JULIA

(suddenly professional)

Now, let's repair this patient's filling, shall we?

Dale gapes at her, dumbstruck.

42

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - THAT EVENING

42

Kurt and Nick are playing a videogame as Dale bursts through the front door.

DALE
Let's kill the bitch.

KURT
Huh?

NICK
What bitch?

DALE
My boss. Our bosses. They need to die.

Nick and Kurt exchange a look.

NICK
We were drunk last night, man. And didn't you say killing was wrong?

DALE
That was before Julia tried to fuck me on top of my fiancée's unconscious body.

KURT
Whoa!

DALE
I say we kill them all. Are you guys in or out?

KURT
I was in last night.

DALE
Yes! Nick?

They both turn to Nick who is uncertain. Kurt spots the photo of Nick with his GRANDMOTHER and grabs it off the wall.

KURT
Look at her. Look at Bubby.

NICK
Gam Gam.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

Look at Gam Gam. Getting a smooch from her favorite grandson. Little does she know that she'll never get to say goodbye to him. And why? Because his shithead boss wouldn't let him leave. What would Gam Gam want you to do?

NICK

Probably not kill him.

KURT

This isn't about Gam Gam. This is about you. What do you want, Nick?

NICK

I want him to die.

KURT

Damn straight!

NICK

Okay, I'm in.

KURT

All right! Let's do this.

(then)

How do we do this?

DALE

I was thinking about that on my way over. Stacy and I watch a lot of 'Law & Order' and there's a ton of ways criminals mess up. Things we'd never think of. They leave behind clothing fibers, bullet casings, hair, skin cells --

KURT

Skin cells?! I can't even keep track of my keys!

DALE

Exactly. And that's why we need a professional.

NICK

What are you talking about, a hitman?

Dale nods.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

You know, that's not bad. I mean, we don't clean our own apartments, right? We hire someone to clean them for us.

DALE

Maybe you do, moneybags.

NICK

But where are we supposed to find a hitman?

DALE

That's the only problem. I have no idea.

There's a beat. Kurt's eyes light up.

KURT

I do. Meet at my place tomorrow after work. And make sure you're not followed.

NICK

Why would anyone follow us?

KURT

I don't know. People get followed.

DALE

What people?

KURT

Just meet me at my place.

Kurt opens the door on Nick and Dale. The decor of Kurt's place is best described as a middle-income bachelor pad.

KURT

Come in. The guy should be here pretty soon.

NICK

Wait. You actually found someone?!

KURT

It was as easy as buying a used futon.

(CONTINUED)

He points to his computer. On the screen is a listing from --

DALE

Craigslist?! You found a hitman on Craigslist.

KURT

Yup. But they don't post it as 'hitman.' That would be stupid. They use code words, like 'liquidation,' 'pest control,' 'wet work.' Check it out. This is our guy.

Nick reads the listing.

NICK

'Skilled professional with years of experience in domestic and international wet work. Fast and discreet. No children or political figures.'

KURT

See? He's principled.

DALE

This is so dangerous. What if he's a narc?

NICK

Yeah, Kurt. Call him back and cancel.

KURT

It's too late. He's on his way.

DALE

What do we do if this guy gets here and he asks for so much money that we can't afford him and he gets mad and kills all of us?

KURT

I don't think he'd stay in business long if he killed everyone who couldn't afford him.

NICK

(looking out window)
Guys! I think this is him!

The others hurry to look. From --

44 THEIR POV 44

We see a black Mercedes SLK pull up. A distinguished-looking MAN in a well-tailored suit steps out. He wears sunglasses and carries a briefcase.

45 BACK TO SCENE 45

NICK

Nice car.

KURT

Whoa. This guy's legit.

DALE

I bet that briefcase has one of those guns you have to screw together.

NICK

All right, let's just be professional here. We don't want to seem all giddy.

A knock at the door.

KURT

(hushed)
How's my hair?

NICK

(sotto)
It doesn't matter!

Kurt opens the door on the Man who looks even smoother up close.

MAN

(British accent)
Is one of you Kurt?

DALE

(whispering to Nick)
Oh my God, he's like James Bond!

KURT

(to the Man)
Yes, hi, I'm Kurt. Please come in.

MAN

Thank you. Are all three of you participating in this?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Yes, we are.

MAN

Very well. Now before we go any further, I need to know if there are any hidden recording devices in this room. I will find out if there are.

DALE

No, no! We definitely don't want to record this, sir.

MAN

Then let's get started.

He walks to the middle of the living room, opens his briefcase and takes out a plastic tarp which he proceeds to unfurl over the carpet.

KURT

Whoa, whoa. What's that for?

MAN

For the mess.

NICK

We don't want you to kill us!

DALE

(freaking out)
Oh my God! I knew it!

MAN

Kill you? What are you talking about?

The guys exchange a confused look.

KURT

Your ad said you do wet work.

MAN

That's correct. I urinate on other men for money.

NICK/KURT

What?!

MAN

Why do you think my ad was in the 'men seeking men' section?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

(to Kurt)

You were looking in 'men seeking men'?!

KURT

Yeah! We're men seeking a man, aren't we?

NICK

You are such a moron.

MAN

So you're telling me I drove all the way to the Valley and no one wants to be pissed on?

DALE

Please don't kill us.

MAN

I don't kill people!

(then, sighing)

Can I use your rest room? I've stored up rather a large amount of pee for this.

KURT

(pointing)

It's right through there.

The Man heads off. After a beat --

KURT

Good thing I didn't call the guy who was offering to do 'dirty work.'

Kurt drives. Nick is in the passenger seat. Dale in back.

KURT

All right, I'll take the blame for that one.

NICK

That's big of you.

KURT

I'm going to make it up to you. I figured out a much better way to find a contract killer.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

What's that?

Kurt reaches up and pushes a button on the rear-view mirror. A male voice comes over the speaker.

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

(Indian accent)

Hello, Mr. Gamble, thank you for contacting On Star --

DALE

Oh, come on!

NICK

(to Kurt)

This is your plan?

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

-- my name is Gregory. How can I be of service this evening?

KURT

Gregory, I need you to direct me to the most dangerous bar in Los Angeles.

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

I'm sorry?

KURT

We need to find the bar with the most scumbags, lowlifes and hardcore shitheads. Can you help us out?

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

I'm afraid our listings are not organized by danger, sir. I do see there is a Bennigan's three blocks from your current location --

KURT

Okay, Gregory? That's unhelpful. While I'm sure there are plenty of shitheads there, they're not the kind of shitheads we need.

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

I can direct you to the neighborhood with the greatest number of car-jackings in your area.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

KURT
Now we're talking.

ON STAR REP (V.O.)
Very good, sir. You may wish to
lock your doors.

Kurt and the others lock their doors.

47 EXT. SCARY NEIGHBORHOOD - SHORT TIME LATER 47

Kurt's car drives down a depressed-looking block.

48 INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 48

The guys are still chatting with Gregory.

NICK
So, do you like living in
Bangalore?

GREGORY (ON STAR REP)(V.O.)
It's not bad. Humid.

DALE
Now, 'Gregory.' Is that your real
name?

GREGORY (V.O.)
No, sir. My real name is
Atmanand.

KURT
Atmanand? How did you get Gregory
from that?

GREGORY (V.O.)
'Gregory' was assigned to me by On
Star.

NICK
Why don't they let you use your
real name?

GREGORY (V.O.)
Many Americans find our real names
off-putting.

KURT
Actually, I do find Atmanand a
little off-putting.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

GREGORY (V.O.)

(flat)

You have arrived at your
destination, sir.

DALE/NICK

Thank you, Gregory./Thanks,
Gregory.

49 EXT. DIVE BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

49

Kurt's car pulls up on a grimy-looking South-Central street and stops in front of a dingy bar. The guys get out and look around warily.

KURT

This must be the place.

DALE

Aren't you worried about your car?

KURT

Nah, Gregory's watching it.

NICK

You really think we're gonna find
a hitman in there?

KURT

I think we're gonna have a hard
time deciding between all the
hitmen in there. Trust me, these
are the lowest of the low.

50 INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

50

The three guys enter the squalid, smoky place. The room is full of surly-looking PATRONS, none of them white. People turn to stare.

NICK

Oh, real nice, Kurt. Way to be
racist.

KURT

This isn't a race thing. We need
a criminal and this neighborhood
is where they live. I'm not
saying that's because there are a
lot of black people here. That's
the fault of our society that
discriminates and disenfranchises
them.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

You said they were the lowest of
the low.

KURT

I was speaking socio-economically.

NICK

So what do we do now? Yell out
'anyone here kill people for
money?'

KURT

Let me handle this.

They each take a seat at the bar where a no-nonsense
BARTENDER walks over to them.

BARTENDER

Yeah?

KURT

Hey. How you doing? Nice place.
(leaning in)
Listen, does anyone here kill
people for money?

NICK

Kurt!

An intense-looking GUY on the next stool notices them.

BARTENDER

The fuck did you just say?

KURT

Don't get me wrong. This isn't
about race. Our society
discriminates and disenfranchises
you --

DALE

(head in hands)
Oh my God.

BARTENDER

I'm a small business owner. Who
are you calling disenfranchised?

KURT

I didn't mean you in particular.

BARTENDER

Right. You mean all black people.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

NICK

Maybe we should go?

BARTENDER

You could do that. Or I could take the aluminum baseball bat I'm holding in my right hand and disenfranchise your teeth from your mouth.

DALE

I vote we go.

The three stand and head for the door.

KURT

Okay, we're going. I'm sorry if I offended you. It was never my --

BARTENDER

Oh shit, please shut up.

KURT

Okey doke.

51 EXT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

51

The guys come out onto the sidewalk.

DALE

This is ridiculous. We're never gonna find someone to do this for us.

COCKSUCKER JONES (O.S.)

Yo!

They turn to see COCKSUCKER JONES, 30s, the guy who was sitting next to them at the bar.

COCKSUCKER JONES

I think I can help you boys.

He gestures for them to follow him into the alley beside the bar. Kurt and Nick move to follow.

DALE

Oh, we're just gonna follow him into that alley?... All right.

52 INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

52

Cocksucker Jones leans in to the three guys.

(CONTINUED)

COCKSUCKER JONES

I heard you're looking for someone to take care of some business for you?

NICK

Yes, we are. Are you a... businessman?

COCKSUCKER JONES

(putting out his hand)

Cocksucker Jones.

NICK

(unsure whether to take his hand)

Excuse me?

COCKSUCKER JONES

That's my name.

DALE

Your first name is Cocksucker?

COCKSUCKER JONES

And my last name's Jones. You got a problem with that?

DALE

No, no. It's just interesting. That's the name on your birth certificate?

COCKSUCKER JONES

Naw, man. It's a nickname. My real name is Dean.

DALE

Oh! Like Dean Jones. The actor from Herbie the Love Bug.

KURT

(quietly to Dale)

I don't think he knows who Dean Jones is.

COCKSUCKER JONES

I know who Dean Jones is, bitch! I can't walk around here with that kind of faggy, cracker name.

NICK

So you chose 'cocksucker'?

(CONTINUED)

COCKSUCKER JONES

That's right. Nobody fucks with a cocksucker. 'Cocksucker' is the toughest name there is.

DALE

Not 'motherfucker'?

COCKSUCKER JONES

I considered Motherfucker. But in the end, I thought Cocksucker Jones sounded more badass than Motherfucker Jones.

KURT

I agree.

NICK

Okay, here's the thing: we each work for a boss that we need to get rid of. Is that something you might be able to help us with?

COCKSUCKER JONES

It is. Assuming you've got the cheese.

KURT

We've got cheese. How much cheese are we talking?

COCKSUCKER JONES

For three hits? That's gonna run you thirty large.

NICK

That's a lot of cheese.

KURT

We don't have that much cheese.

DALE

Isn't there any kind of discount because we're buying three at once? Like buy two, get one free.

COCKSUCKER JONES

This ain't the motherfucking Cold Stone Creamery. It's thirty large or nothing.

NICK

There's no way we can pay that.

(CONTINUED)

COCKSUCKER JONES

Five large.

DALE

Wow.

(to Nick)

Good negotiating.

NICK

That's a lot more reasonable. And that would be for all three, Cocksucker?

COCKSUCKER JONES

Yeah.

KURT

Great. We're in.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Okay, meet me back here tomorrow night with the cash. I'll take care of the rest.

NICK

Should we bring the bills in any kind of special denominations?

COCKSUCKER JONES

No, just, whatever. Small bills.

NICK

Got it.

KURT

And do you want it in any particular container, like a shoebox?

NICK

Or a paper bag?

DALE

Or plastic. I read an article that plastic is actually better for the environment than paper.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Fuck the environment! Just put that shit in a briefcase.

NICK

Got it. Thanks. Come on, guys.

They turn to go, when Dale turns back.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

Should we deduct the cost of the
briefcase?

COCKSUCKER JONES

What?!

DALE

I mean, assuming we don't get the
case back... We're not getting the
case back, right?

Cocksucker glares at him.

DALE

Well, that's like an extra eighty
bucks. Only seems fair that we
should take that out of your end.

NICK

We'll cover the briefcase, Dale.

DALE

Then let's get a cheap one. It
doesn't have to be real leather.
(then to Cocksucker)
Are you cool with faux -- ?

Kurt grabs Dale by the shoulder and hustles him to the
car.

DISSOLVE TO:

MUSIC CUE: Frank Sinatra's "(Forget Your Troubles, Come
On) Get Happy"

-- Dale, Kurt and Nick each take a turn at an ATM
machine, withdrawing the maximum amount they can.

-- Nick at his desk at work. He looks over his cubicle
wall and his eyes narrow as he sees Harken directing a
WORKMAN who stencils the words "Senior Vice President of
Sales" below where it already says "President." Another
WORKMAN uses a sledgehammer on the wall of the office.
Nick grins malevolently.

-- Kurt is at his desk in the chemical company. He looks
up to see Bobby Pellit open his office door and lead out
two obvious HOOKERS. Pellit has white powder around his
nostrils. He spots Kurt watching him and he sneers back.
Kurt smiles devilishly.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

-- CLOSE ON Dale as he places tooth X-rays into plastic contact sheets. PULL BACK to reveal Julia is licking his neck while tweaking his nipples through his scrubs. In contrast to earlier, Dale appears to be unfazed and almost amused by Julia's antics.

54 EXT. ALLEY - THAT NIGHT

54

Cocksucker Jones holds an open briefcase that's empty but for a single stack of taped together 20-dollar bills.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Looks like it's all here.

DALE

Turns out we didn't really need the briefcase after all. Could've just used a manila envelope.

KURT

Shut up, Dale.

NICK

So, Cocksucker, how long do you think it'll be before you've... taken care of business?

COCKSUCKER JONES

Here's the thing. I just got out of doing a dime for some pretty ugly shit and I'm still on probation. They're watching me. So if I step out of line, I go right back inside.

KURT

You told us you could take care of it.

COCKSUCKER JONES

And I'm gonna. I'm gonna be your professional advisor. Think of me as your murder consultant.

NICK

We don't want a murder consultant. We want a murderer.

DALE

I knew we were getting ripped off!

KURT

Okay, look. This isn't what we talked about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KURT (CONT'D)

Can we just get our money back,
please? Then we'll be on our way.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Sorry, no refunds.

NICK

That's five thousand dollars. You
think we're just gonna walk away
and let you keep that?

COCKSUCKER JONES

(getting in his face)

I think you're forgetting who
you're talking to.

Cocksucker pulls back the lower edge of his jacket to
reveal what appears to be the holster of a gun.

DALE

Whoa, whoa! We don't want any
trouble.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Now either I give you the advice
you paid for, or you can walk away
with nothing. Up to you.

KURT

Look, the whole reason we came to
you is because we don't have the
experience to do it ourselves.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Most killers are first-timers.
Look, the key to a good murder is
making it look like an accident.
Gas leak, brakes failing, suicide,
that sort of thing. If you do it
right, you won't even have to be
there when it goes down.

NICK

That makes sense. But how would
we fake three accidents?

COCKSUCKER JONES

You need to stalk your prey, track
their movements, get to know them
inside and out. Where do they go?
What do they eat for breakfast?
Who're they fucking?

(CONTINUED)

DALE

You're talking about surveillance
and recon.

COCKSUCKER JONES

But making it look like an
accident won't be enough if the
pigs can pin a motive on you.

NICK

Well, we all have obvious motives
for killing our bosses.

COCKSUCKER JONES

So why don't you kill each other's
bosses?

DALE

Hey, that's a good idea. Like
Hitchcock's Strangers on a Train.

KURT

The Danny DeVito movie?

DALE

Yes, the famous Alfred
Hitchcock/Danny DeVito movie.
You're thinking of Throw Mama from
the Train. But it's actually the
same idea. If we kill each
other's bosses there's no link to
us.

NICK

That's pretty good.

COCKSUCKER JONES

That's what you're paying me for.
Now ain't that worth five grand?

The guys all AD LIB "no's."

COCKSUCKER JONES

Yeah, well, too fucking bad.

Nick is poring over a stack of documents when his phone
rings.

INTERCUT WITH:

56

INT. KURT'S CAR - SAME TIME

56

Kurt and Dale wait in the car outside of Nick's office.

KURT

We're outside. You ready for a little recon?

NICK

Yeah. I just need to get Harken to let me leave early.

KURT

What's the difference? He's not going to be your boss much longer.

NICK

(whispering)

If I get fired before we kill Harken, this'll all have been for nothing. I'll just be an out-of-work murderer.

(then)

I'll be down in three minutes.

He hangs up then peers over his cubicle wall to see Harken talking to another EMPLOYEE nearby. Nick takes a breath, leans over his garbage pail and sticks a Commtronix pen down his throat. At the sound of Nick's loud WRETCHING, Harken looks over to see him puking into the trash pail.

HARKEN

What in God's name...?!

NICK

(weakly)

Sorry, sir. I've been fighting this bug all day. I'll just get back to work --

Nick wipes his mouth and turns pathetically back to his desk.

HARKEN

No. Go home. I don't want you getting everyone else sick.

NICK

Oh, okay. Thank you, Mr. Harken.

Nick grabs his jacket and moves to go.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

HARKEN

Wait. Take your work with you.
Have it on my desk at six AM.

Nick barely conceals his contempt as he picks up the stack of papers and heads out.

HARKEN

(muttering)
Disgusting.

57 EXT. BOBBY PELLIT'S STREET - NEXT DAY

57

Kurt's car pulls up slowly and parks. Kurt, Dale and Nick slump down in their seats.

58 INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

58

KURT

Okay, boys, as soon as Pellit makes a move, we tail him. It is on now.

NICK

Oh, it's on.

DALE

Hells yeah!

They watch the house with steely determination.

DISSOLVE TO:

59 INT. KURT'S CAR - ONE HOUR LATER

59

The guys are bored out of their minds, barely awake. Dale nibbles on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich in a plastic bag.

KURT

Ugghhhhh, I can't believe how much this sucks.

DALE

I don't get it. On TV, surveillance always looks so great. They've got their cups of coffee. Their sunflower seeds. They talk about their lives.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

DALE (CONT'D)

And then, right when they reveal something really intimate, the perp appears and they spring into action.

A long, silent pause as they watch the house...

NICK

Are we even sure he's home?

They exchange looks.

KURT

(opening his door)
Let's go check it out.

They get out of the car. Dale pockets his sandwich.

60

EXT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

60

The three guys creep around Pellit's patio, peeking in doors and windows. Finally:

NICK

I don't see him.

Kurt is about to try a window when Dale stops him.

DALE

What are you doing?

KURT

We're not gonna get intel standing on his lawn. We have to go in.

DALE

What about fingerprints? We don't have gloves.

KURT

Here, do this.

Kurt pulls his shirt sleeves down over his hands. Dale does the same. Nick, who wears a T-shirt, tucks his hands inside the bottom of the shirt. With some difficulty, Kurt slides open the window.

KURT

Here we go.

The three of them manage to wriggle through the window. It's not graceful: Dale's foot gets caught on the sill, causing him to tumble on top of Nick and Kurt. At last, all three are inside.

61

INT. PELLIT'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

61

KURT

Dale, keep an eye out. Let us know if Pellit's coming.

DALE

Got it. Wait, I don't know what he looks like.

NICK

It doesn't matter. Just tell us if anyone comes.

DALE

Got it.

They take in Pellit's living room. There's a leather sofa, a 60-inch plasma and enormous speakers. On the wall are framed Ed Hardy posters depicting dragons and half-naked girls.

KURT

Wow. This guy's a bigger douchebag than me.

NICK

Okay, let's split up. Look for any intel we can use on him.

KURT

What kind of intel?

NICK

I don't know. I guess we'll know it when we see it.

Kurt heads upstairs while Dale and Nick look around the living room.

DALE

Hey, Nick? Does this count as intel?

Nick looks over to see Dale holding in his sleeve-covered hands an open wooden box filled with white powder.

NICK

Holy shit, that's a lot of blow.

DALE

God, this must be worth, like, ten thousand -- oh shit!

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Suddenly, the box slips out of Dale's hands. It hits the floor, sending a cascade of cocaine all over the rug.

NICK

What the fuck?!!

DALE

Sorry, my sleeves were slippery!

NICK

We've got to get that back in the box.

DALE

I've got it.

He kneels and begins trying to scoop up the coke in his hands. It's an impossible task.

62 INT. PELLIT'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

62

Kurt looks around the room. He doesn't see anything useful so he heads into --

63 INT. PELLIT'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

63

He flips on the light. His eyes land on Pellit's toothbrush. He grins slyly.

64 INT. PELLIT'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

64

Dale is still on his knees, scooping up coke, as Nick returns from the kitchen cradling a Dustbuster in his T-shirt.

NICK

Look out. Let me try this.

Struggling with his hands in his T-shirt, Nick vacuums up the cocaine from the rug. When he's finished, he pops open the vacuum's waste receptacle and dumps the contents back in the wooden box.

65 CLOSE ON THE BOX

65

Which is now filled not only with cocaine, but bits of hair, dust bunnies, food and other crap.

66 BACK TO SCENE

66

DALE

I guess we should've emptied the
Dustbuster before we used it.

NICK

You think?

67 INT. PELLIT'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

67

Just BELOW FRAME, Kurt removes Pellit's toothbrush from
his ass and returns it to its holder, careful to keep his
hands covered with his sleeves.

He's about to go when he notices a bar of Neutrogena face
soap beside the sink. He looks around deviously.

68 INT. PELLIT'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

68

Dale and Nick are doing their best to pick the crap out
of Pellit's cocaine.

DALE

Hey look, there's a piece of
cereal in here. Can't tell if
that's a corn flake or a frosted
flake...

Kurt comes down the stairs.

KURT

Okay, my work upstairs is done.
You guys ready to split?

69 INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

69

Kurt pulls away from the curb.

NICK

We need to be better prepared.
That was totally dangerous and a
complete waste of time.

KURT

Not a complete waste.

He pulls a BlackBerry out of his pocket.

NICK

Oh no... don't tell me...

(CONTINUED)

DALE

You stole that from Pellit's house?

KURT

It's got his calendar and his contacts. This is what recon's all about.

DALE

(glum)
Nobody said we'd be stealing.

KURT

Shall we pay a little visit to your boss, Nick?

NICK

I guess so. But let's make a stop first.

70

EXT. RITE-AID PHARMACY - MINUTES LATER

70

Nick emerges from the store with a plastic bag and gets into Kurt's car.

71

INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

71

DALE

What did you need to get?

Nick holds up a box of latex gloves.

NICK

No more sleeve gloves.

DALE

Nice.

KURT

Oh man, you should've asked me. I've got a whole box of those in my bedside table.

(off their grossed-out looks)

Don't judge me.

NICK

Take a right up here. Harken's place is about a mile away.

They drive for a beat. Then --

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

DALE

Y'know... this is kinda, I don't know... exciting.

KURT

Very.

NICK

(a little smile)

Yeah.

(then)

I guess we're really doing this now, huh?

DALE

(grinning)

I guess so.

72 EXT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

72

A two-story house with a tidy yard. Kurt's car pulls up.

73 INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

73

Kurt and Nick begin pulling on their gloves.

DALE

Can I have a pair?

NICK

You know, last time with the three of us, it got a little... messy. What if Kurt and I go in and you stay here and watch out for Harken?

DALE

Okay -- again, I don't know what he looks like.

NICK

If anyone approaches the house, assume it's him and give us a signal.

DALE

Fine. I'll honk the horn six times.

KURT

Maybe something a little more subtle?

(CONTINUED)

DALE

Honk the horn four times?

NICK

How about you just honk once?

DALE

People honk once all the time.
You'll be running in and out of
the house.

KURT

Fine. Honk twice.

DALE

(skeptical)
Okay...

Nick and Kurt get out of the car. After a beat, Dale remembers his sandwich and pulls it out of his pocket.

Kurt and Nick sneak up to the front porch which is camouflaged by shrubs. They peek inside.

NICK

(whispering)
Looks like the coast is clear.

Kurt tries the windows. They're locked.

KURT

Damn. Guess we'll have to break
in the old-fashioned way.

Kurt looks around and spots a small rock beside the porch. He picks it up and winds back to throw it at the window.

NICK

Kurt, wait!

But it's too late. Kurt has released the rock. It HITS the window, but instead of breaking the glass, the rock itself BREAKS into two pieces.

KURT

Holy shit. I broke the rock.

NICK

No, it's one of those hide-a-key things. Look...

74 CONTINUED:

74

Nick shows Kurt a key concealed in one half of the fake rock. He grabs it and inserts it into the front door lock.

75 INT. HARKEN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

75

The guys tiptoe in, whispering and tense. The place is tastefully decorated with attractive furniture and modern art. There is a vase of flowers on a table.

NICK

Wow. This is not how I pictured his place.

KURT

For all we know, he's got a closet full of skin suits.

A CAT springs out of nowhere, startling them, then runs off.

NICK

Jesus!

KURT

Stupid cat.
(then)
Let's check upstairs.

They head up.

76 INT. KURT'S CAR - SAME TIME

76

Dale is finishing the last of his peanut butter sandwich. He checks the rearview mirror. No sign of anyone.

DALE

(singing a la Cher,
simulating auto-
tune)

*'Do you believe in love after
love/I can feel something inside
me say/I really don't think you're
strong enough now...'*

77 INT. HARKEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

77

Just as Kurt and Nick enter, the cat suddenly jumps out from behind the door, startling them again.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

God damn it! How many cats do they have?

NICK

I think that was the same one.

KURT

Little bastard.

Kurt notices a framed wedding photo on the dresser of Harken and Mrs. Harken.

KURT

Damn. That's Mrs. Harken? I'd like to cover her in cock yogurt.

NICK

You want to cover every woman in... did you say 'cock yogurt'?

KURT

I did.

Yet again, Kurt and Nick jump as the cat LEAPS out of hiding with a YOWL then runs off.

KURT

Ahhh!

NICK

If he's so scared of us, why doesn't he just leave us alone?!

Dale plays a bowling game on his cell phone.

DALE

C'mon, c'mon... yes!

A breeze blows through the open windows of the car, catching the plastic bag from Dale's sandwich and carrying it out the window.

Just then, Harken, in running attire, comes jogging up the street. His eye is caught by the plastic bag falling from the car window onto the street. He stops and angrily picks up the bag.

HARKEN

Hey, schmuck.

Dale, surprised, turns to the window.

DALE

Excuse me?

HARKEN

You want to tell me why you're
littering on my street?

DALE

Oh, I'm sorry, that blew out the
window. I wasn't littering.

HARKEN

I don't care if it blew out of
your twat. Now, get your fucking
Chevy Cavalier the hell off my
block!

DALE

Whoa. Sir, there's no need to be
hostile.

HARKEN

Hostile? You want to see hostile?
How about I go in the house and
get my --

Suddenly, Harken begins to choke and his face grows
increasingly red.

DALE

Get your what?

With one hand Harken grabs his throat and with the other
he looks at the plastic bag he's holding.

HARKEN

(strained)
Peanuts?

DALE

Huh? Oh, yeah. It was a peanut
butter sandwich.

Harken collapses to his knees. His face is turning blue
now. Dale quickly steps out of the car.

DALE

Oh god! What should I do?! Tell
me what to do!

(CONTINUED)

Harken yanks up the right leg of his jogging pants revealing an EPI-PEN strapped to his ankle. He reaches for it, but Dale moves faster.

DALE

What do I do with this? Should I inject you?!

Harken nods urgently as his eyes begin to roll back.

DALE

Okay, hold on! I got this.

Dale takes the cap off the epi-pen, raises his arm and jams the needle into Harken's chest. Harken lets out a grunt.

DALE

Did I do it? Did I get enough in?! I'm gonna do it again!

Dale raises his arm again.

Nick continues to search around the bedroom. Kurt is by the window.

NICK

Do you see a Day Runner or an address book?

KURT

No --

(glances out the window)

What the...? Dude, check this out.

Nick joins him at the window and they both react as they see what appears to be Dale repeatedly STABBING Harken in the chest, neck and arms. Harken lies motionless on the sidewalk.

NICK

(excited)

That's Harken! Dale's killing Harken!

KURT

Holy shit! He's really doing it!

(realizing)

Out where everyone can see him.

NICK

What the hell is he thinking?!

KURT

He's not stopping. He's gonna get us all caught. We've gotta get out of here.

NICK

What about Dale?

KURT

He's a psychopath. We leave him behind.

NICK

Right. Let's go through the back!

As they hurry to leave the room, Kurt stumbles over the CAT which has appeared yet again. Unseen by either of them, PELLIT'S BLACKBERRY SLIPS out of his pocket and lands on the floor at the foot of Harken's bed.

As Dale kneels over Harken to check his breathing, a car pulls up alongside and MRS. HARKEN steps out. Seeing her husband on the ground, she rushes over.

MRS. HARKEN

Oh my god! What happened?!

DALE

He had an allergic reaction. But I think he's coming around. Do you know him?

MRS. HARKEN

He's my husband.

Mrs. Harken kneels beside Harken and supports his head.

MRS. HARKEN

Honey? Can you hear me?

Harken groggily looks down at his torso which is perforated by dozens of tiny needle marks.

HARKEN

(groggy, to Dale)
Wha-- What did you do to me?

DALE

I injected you with your thing.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. HARKEN
He saved your life, honey.
(to Dale)
Thank you so much!

She grabs Dale in a warm hug.

DALE
Oh, it was nothing.

HARKEN
(to Mrs. Harken)
What's this? What's with the
hugging?

MRS. HARKEN
I'm just thankful that he was
here.

HARKEN
I'll bet you are. Do you know
this guy?

MRS. HARKEN
No. We just --

HARKEN
Are you fucking him, Rhonda?

MRS. HARKEN
Oh, come on.

HARKEN
(to Dale)
What were you doing out here,
anyway? Waiting to fuck my wife?

DALE
(flustered)
I've never met your wife --

Still a bit woozy, Harken gets to his feet and points at Dale.

HARKEN
You need to get the hell out of
here.

MRS. HARKEN
Dave, stop it. You should be
thanking him. Why are you being
so suspicious?

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

HARKEN

Why? Because I know you sleep
around on me. And I'm going to
find out who it is.

MRS. HARKEN

You're being ridiculous.

HARKEN

Am I? What about Maurilio? I see
the way you look at him.

MRS. HARKEN

I am not having sex with the
gardener!

As Harken and his wife continue to bicker, Dale quietly
retreats to Kurt's car.

82 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER

82

Nick and Kurt pace nervously.

NICK

I can't believe that idiot Dale.
You realize we're all going to
jail because of him.

KURT

I can't go to jail. Look at these
eyes. Look at this ass. They'll
be all over me.

NICK

Yeah, me too.

KURT

(not convinced)
Well...

NICK

What do you mean 'well'? I'd get
raped just as much as you.

KURT

(patronizing)
No, of course you would. You're a
good-looking guy.

NICK

You think you're more rape-able
than I am.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

I never said that --

Dale enters.

DALE

Oh good. You guys are here. Did you see me out there?

KURT

Yeah, Dale, we saw you.

DALE

Pretty neat, huh?

NICK

No, it wasn't neat! You stabbed Harken to death in front of the whole neighborhood!

KURT

Not cool, man.

DALE

Wait, that was Harken?

NICK

Who'd you think you were stabbing?

DALE

I wasn't stabbing anybody. That was an epi-pen. He was having an allergic reaction to peanuts and I injected him.

Kurt and Nick digest this for a beat.

NICK

So let me understand this. My boss, who we are trying to kill, was dying in front of you and you saved his life?

KURT

Not cool, man.

DALE

Wait, you were just mad at me for killing him and now you're mad at me for not killing him?!

(then)

See, this is why I needed to know what these people look like!

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Hang on a sec. Maybe this recon wasn't a waste of time. Now we know Harken's deathly allergic to peanuts and Pellit has a huge stash of cocaine.

KURT

(getting it)

We could put peanuts in Harken's house and rat poison in Pellit's coke!

NICK

Everyone would assume that Pellit just got a batch of tainted drugs.

DALE

But Harken must always have that epi-pen on him.

They consider this for a beat.

KURT

I bet he doesn't wear it in the shower. We could put peanuts in his shampoo!

NICK

Perfect! Two fatal accidents. And we're not even there when they happen.

DALE

That just leaves Julia.

KURT

Tomorrow night, I'll surveil her and figure out how to take her down.

NICK

Good. I'll get some rat poison and take care of Pellit. Dale, think you can get some peanuts into Harken's shampoo?

DALE

I can do that.

KURT

All right. That just leaves us with one final thing to settle.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

NICK

What's that?

KURT

Dale, if Nick and I were in prison, which one of us would get raped more?

OFF Dale's confusion and Nick's annoyance --

83 EXT. PELLIT'S STREET - NEXT NIGHT

83

Nick sits in his parked car watching the house through binoculars.

84 INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

84

Through an upstairs window, he sees Pellit enter his bedroom. Nick checks his coat pocket and confirms it contains a Home Depot bag with rat poison inside. Nick dials his cell phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

85 EXT. JULIA'S CONDO - SAME TIME

85

Kurt sits in his car, reading *Maxim* magazine. Julia's car pulls up. She gets out, goes to the trunk, opens it, then bends down to get a bag of groceries. Nick watches her ass appreciatively as she does and keeps watching as she heads into her building.

SFX: His cell phone rings.

NICK

(on phone)

Hey. Have you learned anything about Julia yet?

KURT

Well, I've learned that Dale is a homosexual because this chick is unbelievably hot. How's it going over there?

NICK

I'm just waiting for Pellit to go to sleep. I wonder how Dale's doing with Harken.

86 EXT. HARKEN'S STREET - SAME TIME 86

Dale's car is parked.

87 INT. DALE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 87

Dale watches the movie Precious on his laptop. He glances over to see Harken turn on the light in his bedroom. On the seat beside Dale, we see a large jar of Planters peanuts.

88 INT. HARKEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 88

Harken looks around suspiciously, then goes to Mrs. Harken's closet. He opens it and begins looking through her clothing. He sniffs one of her dresses and his eyes narrow. He sniffs himself, then compares it to the smell of the dress. Unsatisfied, he continues searching around the room for any incriminating evidence. Suddenly, his foot comes in contact with something on the floor. He reaches down and picks up...

PELLIT'S BLACKBERRY.

He turns it on and scrolls down the contacts list to "HOME" which shows Bobby Pellit's name and address. Harken's face turns beet red.

89 INT. DALE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 89

Dale ducks down as he sees Harken's garage door opening. Harken's Porsche 911 pulls out and zooms up the street. Still scooched down, Dale dials his phone.

90 INT. NICK'S CAR - SAME TIME 90

Nick watches Pellit performing a series of sweaty KUNG FU MOVES in a full-length mirror.

NICK

Jesus, where does he get the energy?

(remembering)

Oh yeah.

CELL PHONE RINGS.

Nick answers.

NICK

What's up, Dale?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

DALE

Harken just left his house. I'm going in.

NICK

Good luck, man.

DALE

Thanks.

91 INT. HARKEN'S BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

91

Dale flips on the light and enters clutching the peanut jar in his gloved hands. He slides open the shower curtain and Harken's CAT LEAPS OUT at him.

DALE

Ahhh!

He regains his composure and finds a bottle of men's shampoo. As he nervously removes the cap from the shampoo and the lid from the peanuts, he notices that MR. PEANUT is STARING right at him. Despite his jaunty top hat and little monocle, there is something almost accusing in his look. Dale stares back at Mr. Peanut as we see his resolve soften.

92 INT. NICK'S CAR - SAME TIME

92

Nick watches as Pellit finally gets into bed and turns off his bedside lamp.

NICK

Okay. Here we go.

Nick reaches for the door handle as --

SFX: Nick's cell phone rings. Nick jumps, then answers the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

93 INT. HARKEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

93

DALE

(into phone)

Nick?

NICK

What?

(CONTINUED)

DALE

I'm not sure if I can do this.

NICK

Where are you?

DALE

In Harken's bathroom. About to pour the nuts in his shampoo. But, I just... I know he's a real shithead, but he's still a person, y'know?

Lights appear in Nick's rearview mirror.

NICK

(looking down at the rat poison, reluctantly)

Yeah. I know.

Harken's Porsche pulls up and stops just behind Nick's car. Harken gets out and heads toward Pellit's front door.

DALE

What should I do? Should I do it?

Suddenly, Nick looks up to see HARKEN knocking on Pellit's door. In the bedroom, Pellit's light goes on.

NICK

(whispering)
What the fuck?!

DALE

What?

NICK

It's Harken. He's here!

DALE

At Pellit's?! Why?!

NICK

I don't know. He's knocking on his door!

DALE

How would Harken even know Pellit?

94 EXT. PELLIT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 94

Looking irritated, Pellit answers the door. Before he can get a word out...

... Harken removes a gun from his pocket and SHOOTS Pellit twice in the chest.

95 INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 95

Nick reacts, slumping down in his seat, horrified.

NICK

Oh my god oh my god oh my god...

DALE

What? What? What?!

NICK

He shot him. Harken shot Pellit!

DALE

Oh my god. Is he dead?!

NICK

Shhhh!

With shaking hands, Nick reaches for his ignition but knocks the car keys out. They fall onto the floor of the car.

NICK

(hushed)

Fuck!

As Nick bends down to find his keys, Harken's shadow looms over him. Nick cowers just out of sight.

96 EXT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 96

Harken looks around. Did he hear something? No. He calmly but briskly walks away from Nick's car, gets into his own and speeds off.

97 INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 97

DALE

What's happening?

NICK

Harken's gone.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

DALE
What about Pellit?

NICK
He's not moving. He looks dead.

DALE
Shit! What do we do?!

NICK
I've got to get out of here before
someone sees me! Meet me at the
bar. I'll call Kurt.

Nick ZOOMS away from the curb.

98 EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

98

Nick's car SPEEDS through a red light at an intersection.
A TRAFFIC CAMERA FLASHES as it snaps Nick's photo and
license plate.

99 INT. BRADFORD'S BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

99

With trembling hands, Nick and Dale take deep gulps of
their drinks. Kurt hurries in, looking disheveled. The
ensuing conversation is conducted in tense whispers.

KURT
Okay, let's all stay calm and
figure this out.

NICK
Calm? How can we be calm? I
watched a man die an hour ago!

KURT
A man you were going to kill
anyway.

NICK
Well...

KURT
What?

NICK
I don't know if I had it in me.

DALE
Me neither.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

I can't believe you guys! You can't just bail on a plan like that at the last minute.

NICK

You think when it came down to it, you would've been able to murder Julia?

Kurt softens.

KURT

I don't know. I mean, afterwards, it was kind of hard to imagine killing her.

Nick and Dale turn to him, quizzically.

DALE

'Afterwards'?

Kurt realizes what he said.

NICK

You slept with her, didn't you?

DALE

(to Kurt)

Oh god. Please tell me you didn't sleep with her.

Kurt lowers his head.

NICK

You are a mess.

KURT

I know, I know. But it's not my fault.

CUT TO:

Kurt's car is parked across the street.

KURT (V.O.)

At first I was surveilling her just like I was supposed to...

101 INT. KURT'S CAR - NIGHT

101

Kurt watches through her bedroom window as Julia undresses sexily.

KURT (V.O.)

Then she started deliberately undressing in front of the window. With the lights on. She must've known I was there.

As Julia removes her bra, we see Kurt's face pressed against his car window, his breath fogging it up.

102 INT. KURT'S CAR - LATER

102

Julia enters her bedroom with a tray of food. She wears a skimpy kimono-style robe. She sits on her bed and unwraps a Popsicle.

KURT (V.O.)

Then she made herself a little snack. A Popsicle...

We see Julia eat the Popsicle as suggestively as humanly possible. Then she picks up a banana and peels it.

KURT (V.O.)

... then a banana....

Julia eases the whole banana into her mouth. Then she picks up a hot dog.

KURT (V.O.)

... and finally a hot dog. I mean, three penis-shaped foods cannot be coincidence. And in that weird order? That's not a proper meal.

103 EXT. JULIA'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

103

DALE (V.O.)

So you took that as an invitation to fuck her?

Julia opens her front door, stares straight at Kurt and beckons him inside with one finger. She walks back inside, leaving the door wide open.

KURT (V.O.)

No. I took her invitation to fuck her as an invitation to fuck her.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

Kurt opens his car door so quickly he tumbles out headfirst, planting his face on the street. He jumps up, but one ankle is tangled in the seatbelt. He finally extricates himself and hurries to the house as fast as he can.

104 INT. BRADFORD'S BAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION (PRESENT)

104

NICK

There is something clinically wrong with you.

KURT

I know. I'm a rascalion.

DALE

You're not a rascalion. You're a whore. A filthy whore.

KURT

Hey. Not nice. And besides, I think I actually solved your problem, Dale. Julia just needed a good fucking. I bet she's not going to mess with you anymore.

NICK

Whatever. We have bigger fish to fry right now. What do we do about Harken?

KURT

Here's what we do. We call the cops and make an anonymous tip that Harken killed Pellit. Boom. Harken's in jail. Pellit's in hell. Julia's had the crazy fucked out of her. Our problems are solved. Boom.

NICK

Okay, but we should find a payphone. We don't want them tracing the call to us.

105 EXT. BRADFORD'S BAR - MINUTES LATER

105

Nick, Kurt and Dale emerge from the bar.

NICK

Come on, we'll take my car.

The three of them climb into Nick's car.

106 INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

106

Before Nick can even pull out of his parking spot, they hear the WHOOP of a police siren and see the flashing lights of a SQUAD CAR behind them. The guys' faces go white.

NICK

What the hell?

Nick unrolls his window as one COP approaches his side and his PARTNER comes up on the other.

COP

Are you the owner of this vehicle?

NICK

Uh, yes. Is there something wrong?

COP

We've got an APB on a black Kia Spectra, license 4HIG208.

NICK

Can I ask why?

COP

A traffic cam caught this vehicle fleeing the scene of a crime tonight. I'm going to need you to follow us to the station.

KURT

Officer? This is not my car. Is it okay if I just -- ?

COP

All three of you, please.

Nick glares at Kurt as the cops head back to their car.

107 INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

107

Kurt, Nick and Dale sit in a waiting area looking equal parts terrified and pissed at each other. Throughout the following, they speak in hushed voices.

DALE

They know everything. We're dead. I can't believe I let you guys talk me into this!

(CONTINUED)

KURT

Oh, please. We were just being hypothetical. You're the one who pushed us to do it.

NICK

We can't even say anything about Harken now.

KURT

Why not?

NICK

Uh, well, Kurt, being outside the murder victim's house because I was planning to murder him probably isn't the best alibi in the world.

KURT

You know, I didn't actually do anything illegal, so...

DALE

You broke into two people's houses and stole a BlackBerry!

KURT

You gonna rat on me, Dale?

DALE

Well, since I'm the only one without a connection to the murder, yeah, maybe I will.

NICK

That means you'd also rat on me.

KURT

Not if I rat on Dale first.

Just then, a burly detective, HAGAN, appears behind them.

HAGAN

Gentlemen, this way, please.

The guys glare angrily at each other as they follow Hagan.

Nick, Dale and Kurt sit on metal chairs across a table from Hagan and his equally burly partner, SAMSON. Hagan slides a PHOTO across the table to Nick.

109 CLOSE ON A BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE OF NICK 109

taken by the traffic camera. His terrified face is clear, as is the time stamp at the bottom.

110 BACK TO SCENE 110

HAGAN

Do you want to explain why you were driving 61 in a 25 zone, a block from the victim's house two minutes after he was shot to death?

NICK

I... was drag racing.
(off their skeptical look)
I am a drag racer. There's no law against that, is there?

HAGAN

Actually there is.

SAMSON

You were drag racing in a Kia Spectra?

NICK

I don't win a lot.

HAGAN

Here's what I don't understand. You're at the crime scene. An hour later when we find your car, you just happen to be hanging out with this guy...

(gestures to Dale)

... a registered sex offender --

KURT

(re: Dale)

Tsk tsk.

HAGAN

... and this guy...
(gestures at Kurt and holds up a wallet)
... whose employee ID says he works for Pellit Chemicals, the victim's company.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

(feigning shock)

Wait. My boss was murdered?!
Bobby Pellit?!

DALE

(wry)

You want me to get you a Kleenex?

KURT

I can't believe this.

(to Nick)

What were you doing near his
house?!

Nick looks at him, pissed.

NICK

Where were you during the murder?

KURT

I was making love.

DALE

(snorts)

'Making love.'

KURT

(to the cops)

Let me ask you something,
Detective. Let's say one of us
knew who the shooter was and was
willing to hand you that perp on a
platter. Would he be entitled to
some sort of immunity for that
information?

Both Dale and Nick shoot daggers at him.

HAGAN

No. But he would be entitled to
some sort of jail time. Because
if he knew who the shooter was and
didn't tell us, that would be
obstruction of justice.

A beat.

KURT

Well, then I'm glad we have no
idea who the shooter is, right,
guys?

(CONTINUED)

SAMSON

(losing patience)

If you expect us to believe this is all just a big coincidence, we're going to be here for a long time.

DALE

Okay wait!

Now it's Kurt and Nick who look nervous. Is Dale about to crack?

DALE

Saying that we'll be here for a long time implies that we can't leave. Does that mean we're under arrest?

Samson looks to Hagan who grimaces.

HAGAN

No. We just brought you in for questioning.

DALE

So, you don't have evidence constituting probable cause to arrest us?

SAMSON

Not yet.

DALE

Well then, we're free to go?

HAGAN

Technically.

Dale nervously stands up, half expecting to be hit.

DALE

Come on, guys.

Kurt and Nick, impressed and relieved, stand and head out.

The three guys head for the exit.

111 CONTINUED:

111

NICK

(to Dale)

Nice work. Where'd that come from?

DALE

'Law & Order.'

KURT

We really showed those guys.

NICK

'We'? You were gonna turn us in!

KURT

For, like, a second.

SAMSON (O.S.)

Stop!

The guys turn to see Samson holding out a traffic citation.

SAMSON

(handing it to Nick)

For speeding and running a red light.

(then)

Don't get too comfortable out there, boys. Our forensics team is sweeping Pellit's house for fingerprints and DNA. And they don't miss much.

We HOLD ON Kurt's face and --

CUT TO:

112 FLASHBACK - INT. PELLIT'S BATHROOM - DAY 112

Kurt pulls Pellit's toothbrush out of his butt and returns it to its holder.

113 BACK TO SCENE (PRESENT) 113

Kurt suddenly looks nauseous.

114 INT. KURT'S CAR - MINUTES LATER 114

Kurt drives, Nick is in front and Dale in back.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

We are so fucked.

NICK

Maybe it's time to lawyer up.

DALE

I don't have money for a lawyer.
I gave all my money to Cocksucker
Jones!

KURT

Hey, that's right! I forgot all
about Cocksucker. Why don't we
ask him what to do?

NICK

We did pay him five thousand
dollars to be our murder
consultant.

DALE

Actually, it was five thousand
forty with the briefcase.

OFF their looks --

CUT TO:

115 INT. DIVE BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

115

Cocksucker Jones looks up from his bar stool, surprised
to see Nick, Kurt and Dale.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Oh damn, look who's back. How did
it go with the Strangers on a
Train shit?

KURT

Not great. We need your help.

NICK

One of our intended victims killed
another of our intended victims.

Cocksucker's eyes go wide.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Shut the fuck up! What kind of
evil geniuses are you?

(CONTINUED)

DALE

We don't even know why it happened. But the cops brought us in as suspects. What do we do now?

COCKSUCKER JONES

First things first. I'm gonna need another five thousand dollars.

KURT

What? No way. You said the last five thousand would cover this!

COCKSUCKER JONES

Okay, fine. Pay for my drink.

As Nick puts down a few bills on the bar, Dale leans in to Kurt.

DALE

(sotto)

Not the best negotiator, is he?

COCKSUCKER JONES

Let me ask you this -- the guy who killed the other guy you were planning on killing, are the police after him too?

NICK

No. They don't suspect him.

COCKSUCKER JONES

All right, so you're gonna need to encourage him to turn himself in, by say, kidnapping his wife and mailing him her earlobe or something.

DALE

That's horrible.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Naw, the earlobe's vestigial.

(off their looks)

All right, how about you trick him into confessing what he did while you wear a wire?

KURT

A wire. That's good.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

(to Cocksucker)

Is that how the cops caught you
when you murdered someone?

COCKSUCKER JONES

What the hell are you talking
about? I never murdered anyone.

There's a beat.

NICK

What?

COCKSUCKER JONES

Who told you I killed somebody?

KURT

You did. You said you served a
'dime' for 'some pretty ugly
shit.'

COCKSUCKER JONES

It was ugly.

DALE

What was it?

COCKSUCKER JONES

(leaning in)

You ever see the movie Snow
Falling on Cedars?

NICK/KURT

No.

DALE

Yes.

COCKSUCKER JONES

I got caught with a video camera
making a bootleg copy of that
movie.

NICK

You did ten years for video
piracy?

COCKSUCKER JONES

Hey, that's a federal offense.
They take that shit serious.

(beat)

I also made the mistake of
representing myself at trial. May
have insulted a few of the jurors.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

Hold on. You're telling me we've been taking murder advice from someone whose biggest crime was taping an Ethan Hawke movie?!

COCKSUCKER JONES

So you do know it.

DALE

If you're not a murderer, why do you carry that gun on your belt?

COCKSUCKER JONES

Gun?

He pulls back his jacket to reveal the holster we saw earlier.

COCKSUCKER JONES

This is a motherfucking iPhone.

He pulls the phone out and shows them.

NICK

I feel like such a moron.

COCKSUCKER JONES

Well, you are a moron. You don't walk into a bar and hand a guy five thousand dollars just because he's black.

KURT

Come on, guys. Let's get out of here.

The three of them turn to go.

COCKSUCKER JONES

(calling after them)

Trust me on the wire thing, though. Worked for Donnie Brasco. Bootlegged that movie too.

116 EXT. POLICE CRIME LAB - NEXT DAY

116

Hagan and Samson pull up in their car and get out.

117 INT. FORENSICS LAB - MOMENTS LATER

117

The detectives enter to find a CRIME TECH leaning over his computer.

(CONTINUED)

HAGAN

You got something for us?

CRIME TECH

We didn't find any foreign prints in the house, but we did get a DNA match for one of your suspects, Kurt Gamble.

SAMSON

Where was it?

CRIME TECH

Pellit's upstairs bathroom. His toothbrush. It had traces of Gamble's fecal matter.

HAGAN

That sick bastard.

CRIME TECH

That's not all. We found feces on Pellit's hairbrush, face soap, floss and razor.

SAMSON

Razor?!

CRIME TECH

The handle. Not the blade. This Gamble guy put just about everything in that bathroom up his ass.

HAGAN

All I care about is that it puts him inside the house. That's enough for a warrant for him and his drag racing, sex offender friends.

(takes out cell)

I'll call the DA.

118 EXT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

118

Kurt's car pulls up with the lights off and parks.

119 INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

119

Kurt is at the wheel, Nick sits shotgun, Dale in back.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

Okay, looks quiet. Is the tape recorder ready?

Dale pulls out a mini-tape recorder and hands it to Nick along with a roll of surgical tape.

DALE

Fresh batteries, fresh six-hour tape, voice activated.

NICK

One of us needs to tape it to our chest.

KURT

I'll do it. I'm the only one without hair on my chest.

NICK

That's 'cause you shave it.

KURT

I don't shave it. I wax it.

Nick gives Kurt the recorder and Kurt tapes it to his chest then lowers his shirt.

DALE

So what do we do now? Wait for Harken to come home and ambush him?

NICK

I have a better idea. Let's be in the house when he walks in. He'll be so mad, he'll be more likely to confess.

KURT

Right. We'll sit there in the dark till he comes in, and then switch on a lamp. That'll freak him out.

DALE

Hey, we should find an office chair so one of us can dramatically spin around and face Harken.

NICK

I'll be in the chair.

(CONTINUED)

KURT

Why do you get to be the guy in
the chair?

NICK

He's my boss.

DALE

We could try and find more than
one office chair so the three of
us can spin around at the same
time.

KURT

That doesn't sound intimidating.
That sounds like a musical number.

DALE

I guess you're right. I'll turn
on the lamp.

KURT

So I'm just supposed to stand
there like an idiot?

NICK

You're recording it all. You're
the most important member of the
team.

KURT

Don't patronize me, Nick.

120 EXT. HARKEN'S PORCH - MINUTES LATER

120

The guys tiptoe onto the porch, peeking in the windows.
Nick tries the front door... and it swings open. They
look at each other, then quietly head inside.

121 INT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

121

The LIGHTS suddenly come on.

PARTYGOERS

Surprise!

There are 20 or 30 PARTYGOERS in the house which is
decorated for a birthday party. The guys stand
dumbstruck. The revelry peters out as the guests realize
there are three strangers at the door. Mrs. Harken steps
up.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. HARKEN

Who are you?

NICK

Uh... hi... sorry we're late. I'm
Nick. I work with your husband
and --

MRS. HARKEN

(noticing Dale)

Aren't you the young man who
helped Dave on the street the
other day?

DALE

Uh, yes. How's he doing?

MRS. HARKEN

He's fine. Thanks to you.

(then, to Nick)

Did I invite you to this?

Before Nick can answer a GUEST at the window calls out.

GUEST #1

His car just turned the corner!

GUEST #2

Someone get the lights!

As everyone scurries to hide, Kurt finds himself pressed
up against Mrs. Harken, beside the sofa. He checks her
out.

KURT

(shaking her hand)

Hi, we didn't formally meet. I'm
Kurt.

MRS. HARKEN

(distracted)

Hi.

KURT

Nick didn't tell me that his boss
was married to a model.

MRS. HARKEN

(noticing him now,
flattered)

I'm not a model.

KURT

("sincere")

When did you quit?

(CONTINUED)

We see Mrs. Harken is intrigued. Just then, the front door opens and Harken enters. The lights come on.

PARTYGOERS

Surprise!

A jittery Harken nearly jumps out of his skin as the crowd starts singing "Happy Birthday." Mrs. Harken takes Harken's arm.

MRS. HARKEN

Were you surprised?

HARKEN

(relieved)

Oh, yeah.

MRS. HARKEN

Look, everyone's here.

HARKEN

(evilly)

Almost everyone.

MRS. HARKEN

Who are you talking about?

HARKEN

I think you know.

(then)

I need to put my stuff away. I'll be right back.

He heads off to his study, leaving his confused wife. She notices Kurt, standing at the buffet, staring at her. He smiles and winks. Mrs. Harken gives him a little wave.

NICK

He's going off alone. This is our chance.

DALE

You guys ready?

KURT

(still staring at
Mrs. Harken)

So fucking ready.

NICK

Okay, stay close.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

KURT
 (not listening)
 Gotcha.

The three of them head toward the study.

123 INT. HARKEN'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

123

Just as Nick and Dale enter, Harken looks up and sees them.

HARKEN
 What the hell are you doing here?
 (to Dale)
 You come to stab me a few more
 times, you lunatic?
 (to Nick)
 And my wife invited you? Are you
 fucking her too?

Nick tries his best to suppress his nervousness and be cool and threatening.

NICK
 We know what you did, Harken.

HARKEN
 What does that mean?

NICK
 We were there. We saw you kill
 him.

HARKEN
 (turning dead
 serious)
 So what is this? A shakedown?
 You think you can blackmail me
 because you saw me kill my wife's
 lover?

Nick winces. So close.

DALE
 (blurting out)
 Say his name.

Nick and Harken turn to Dale.

HARKEN
 What?

(CONTINUED)

DALE

The guy you killed. What was his name?

HARKEN

Trust me, Pellit's name doesn't matter anymore.

NICK

There it is!
(turning to Dale)
Let's go, guys --

He freezes as he sees for the first time that Kurt didn't accompany them into the study. It's just him and Dale. Nick looks around, panicked.

HARKEN

Yeah, I killed Pellit --

NICK

Hang on. Hold that thought, because I want to get my friend, Kurt --

HARKEN

I walked right up to his door and I shot him in his fucking chest, and I'll tell you something: I liked it. So if you think I'm a pussy who won't do the same exact thing to some half-assed blackmailer, guess again.

NICK

(looking back at the living room)
You know who really thinks you're a pussy is my friend Kurt. Let me go grab him and you can tell him exactly what you just --

HARKEN

You're pathetic, Waters. You come into my home, on my goddam birthday and try and pull this shit? Well, guess what? You're a dead man. You...

(to Dale)

... you, and your friend Kurt, whoever the fuck he is. Dead. Men.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

(softly)

We didn't know it was your
birthday.

Harken has crossed to a drawer and taken out a small
safe. He begins turning the combination lock.

NICK

What are you doing? What's in
that?

HARKEN

My gun. Just give me a second.

Nick and Dale exchange a look, then quickly rush out of
the room.

124 INT. HARKEN'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

124

looking thoroughly freaked out, Nick and Dale push their
way through the partygoers.

NICK

We had him! We had the whole
thing. What happened to Kurt?

Just then, the door to a guest bathroom opens and Kurt
emerges, buckling his belt and looking strangely red in
the face.

KURT

Oh, hey.

NICK

'Hey'?! Where were you?!

KURT

Uh, I had to go to the bathroom.
Bad salmon puff. Are we ready to
record Harken?

NICK

You're too late, Kurt! He
confessed the whole damn thing!

DALE

More than once! Then he told us
we were dead men! He's getting
his gun right now!

KURT

Oh, man, I'm so sorry. I fucked
up.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

NICK

Yeah, you --

Suddenly, the bathroom door opens again and out steps Mrs. Harken, also looking disheveled. She adjusts her dress then rejoins the party.

NICK

(realizing what Kurt
was doing)

You dick!

Overcome with rage, Nick PUNCHES Kurt in the arm then rushes to the door. Dale and Kurt hurry after him.

125 ANGLE ON HARKEN

125

seeing them go. With a grim look, he calmly heads to the garage.

126 INT. KURT'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

126

Nick sits steaming mad as Kurt drives. Dan fiddles with the tape recorder in the back.

KURT

Look, I wasn't thinking. She's so hot and I'm so weak. I'm a weak, weak man. I admit it.

From the back seat, we hear from the tape recorder:

KURT (V.O.)

In here? But all those people are right outside.

MRS. HARKEN (V.O.)

I know. That makes it even hotter.

We hear unbuckling and unzipping.

MRS. HARKEN (V.O.)

Your balls are so smooth.

KURT (V.O.)

I wax them.

DALE

Is there anything you don't wax?

Kurt shrugs. We hear some WET, SMACKING SOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

NICK

Ugh. Turn it off, Dale!

KURT (V.O.)

Oh yeah... oh shit!

MRS. HARKEN (V.O.)

Whoops. That was fast...

KURT

(quickly)

Yeah, Dale, turn that off!

127 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

127

A short distance behind a car is following Kurt's. As it comes closer we see it's a Porsche. And it's driven by a determined-looking Harken.

128 EXT. KURT'S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

128

Kurt's car turns the corner and stops short.

129 INT. KURT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

129

From the guys' POV we see an unmarked car and a police squad car parked outside of Kurt's place. Hagan and Samson stand with two UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

KURT (O.S.)

Holy shit! They must have found my DNA.

NICK (O.S.)

Turn around! Get us out of here!

130 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

130

Kurt quickly does a U-turn and ZOOMS off in the direction they came, inadvertently SPEEDING through a red light. We see a traffic camera FLASH.

131 INSERT - A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

131

clearly showing the three guys, their faces distorted with panic.

132 INT. KURT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

132

KURT

Okay, it's clear that none of us
can go home again. Probably ever.

DALE

What?!

KURT

I'm sure they have cops at all our
places. I think our best bet is
to get out of the country.

NICK

Where are we going to go?

KURT

Mexico?

DALE

Everyone flees to Mexico. That's
the first place they'll look.

KURT

You're right. What about Asia?
We could become kick boxers.

NICK

What the fuck are you talking
about?

KURT

What if our entire lives have been
leading up to this moment? What
if we were destined from the very
beginning to become Asian kick
boxers?

NICK

What if I was destined to smack
you right in the face?

KURT

That seems like a lesser destiny.

SFX: Dale's cell phone rings.

DALE

(answering phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

133 INT. JULIA'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

133

Julia lies in a bubble bath, a glass of wine on the edge of the tub.

JULIA

Hello, lover.

DALE

Oh God. Look, Julia, I can't talk right now --

Kurt reacts at hearing it's Julia. He makes an "I'm not here" gesture.

JULIA

No worries, baby. I actually meant to call your home phone. You know, to tell Stacy about us.

DALE

No! Wait!

JULIA

I think I've waited long enough. I'm tired of you playing with my emotions.

DALE

I'm not playing. I'm going to do it. I swear!

JULIA

This Friday. At the office.

DALE

Fine!

JULIA

Wait. What are you going to do to me?

DALE

I'm going to... have sex with you.

JULIA

Details! And be explicit.

DALE

Right now? You want me to say it?

KURT

Oh, shit. We've got company.

(CONTINUED)

He points out the back window and the guys react as they see Harken driving directly on their tail.

NICK

It's Harken! Lose him!

KURT

Lose him? Sure, Nick. His 500 horsepower is no match for my 150.

JULIA

(on phone)

Say it!

DALE

(blurting out)

I'm gonna put my penis in your pussy!

Despite the danger, Kurt and Nick turn curiously to look at Dale.

JULIA

Oh, come on, Casanova. You can do better than that.

DALE

(with difficulty)

I'm gonna make you feel good. With my tongue... and my fingers. And whatnot.

Just then, Harken speeds up and SLAMS into the tail of Kurt's car. Kurt struggles to stay on the road.

NICK

Jesus Christ, this guy's nuts!

JULIA

You going to slap me with your cock, Dale?

DALE

Yes! Yes! I'm going to beat your face with my cock!

JULIA

More!

BANG! Harken again HITS Kurt's car from behind. A tail light shatters.

DALE

(frantic)

I'm gonna put my balls in your hair! I'm gonna spit on your arms!

Kurt and Nick exchange a baffled look.

JULIA

See you Friday, you dirty bird.

Julia hangs up. Dale looks like he's been violated.

DALE

Nice job 'fucking the crazy out of her,' Kurt!

KURT

Maybe I should've spit on her arms.

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

Good evening, Mr. Gamble.

The three of them JUMP, startled by the sudden voice in the car with them.

KURT

What the hell?

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

This is Gregory, your On Star rep. Our on-board sensors report that you have a damaged tail light.

KURT

Yeah, thanks, Gregory, we know. We're being chased by a crazy man and he just smashed into us!

Kurt looks in the rearview mirror and sees Harken is still behind them. As his car reaches an intersection, Kurt swerves at the last second and takes a hard left. Harken overshoots the turn.

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

Oh dear. I will alert the local police authorities and direct them to your location.

NICK

No, wait! Don't call the police! They're already after us.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

They think we murdered someone.

Suddenly, Kurt's engine dies and the car comes to a gradual stop.

NICK

Why are you slowing down?!

KURT

I'm not! The engine died!

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

I have remotely disabled your engine.

KURT

Why would you do that, Gregory?!

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

It's a standard On Star safety protocol when we believe a driver has committed a crime.

KURT

I pay nineteen bucks a month for this fucking service!

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

Please stay with your vehicle. The police should arrive shortly.

DALE

I thought you were our friend, Gregory!

There's a sound of screeching tires and Harken's Porsche ZOOMS up behind them.

NICK

He's not stopping!

KURT

Oh, shit!

Harken's car PLOWS into the rear of Kurt's, forcing it into the back of a parked car. Even if the engine was working, there'd be nowhere to go now.

Dazed from the impact, the guys look back to see Harken slowly approaching on foot, holding a gun in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

Shit, shit, shit...

Harken taps on Kurt's window with the barrel of the gun.
Kurt lowers the window.

KURT

I'm guessing you don't want to
exchange insurance
information -- ?

HARKEN

Out of the car. All of you.

The three guys nervously exit the car and face Harken who
points the gun at them.

NICK

Look, Mr. Harken --

HARKEN

Shut the fuck up! I've got six
bullets in here. So if I want to,
I can shoot each of you twice,
just like I did that bastard,
Pellit. But if I do that, I'll
have to spend the rest of my life
running from the law or rotting in
jail.

Police sirens approaching.

DALE

(near tears)

So, you're not gonna shoot us?

HARKEN

No. I have a better idea.

Harken turns the gun toward his own thigh and FIRES.

HARKEN

Unnnnhhhh!

NICK

What the -- ?!

As his leg bleeds, Harken wipes the gun off with his
shirt, then suddenly tosses it to Dale.

HARKEN

Catch.

Startled, Dale catches the pistol with shaking hands.

(CONTINUED)

HARKEN

(through gritted
teeth)

Now I can tell the cops that when
I discovered you three killed
Pellit, you tried to kill me to
shut me up.

KURT

That's crazy!

Down the street, two squad cars turn the corner and speed
toward them. Dale looks down at the gun in his hand and
drops it.

HARKEN

Is it? Because I don't see a
shred of evidence proving that I
killed Pellit. It's like I've
always told you, Nick. Life is a
marathon and you can't win a
marathon without putting a few
Band-Aids on your nipples.

Nick deflates. The three guys realize Harken's won.
Then, from the car's open window they hear:

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

Did I mention that this
conversation is being recorded?

Kurt, Nick and Dale exchange a look of shock and relief.

HARKEN

Who said that?

KURT

(grinning)
That's Gregory, our On Star rep.

ON STAR REP (V.O.)

(proudly)
My name is Atmanand!

Harken's face falls. He looks around nervously as the
police cars come to a halt.

HARKEN

You can't -- this isn't --

And with that, Harken BOLTS AWAY as fast as his injured
leg will take him. It's not very fast. The guys watch
him for a beat as they share a joyful, exhausted moment
together.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

I think this is gonna work out
okay for us.

KURT

I told you.

DALE

(re: Harken)
Should we stop him?

KURT

Probably.

NICK

I've got this.
(looking to heaven)
This is for you, Gam Gam.

Nick sprints off after his hobbling boss and in SLOW
MOTION, violently TACKLES Harken to the pavement. Harken
goes down hard, his face SLAMMING against the asphalt.

As the COPS hurry toward them, Nick kneels on the back of
Harken's neck, pinning him.

HARKEN

Get the fuck off me!

Kurt steps up and kneels beside the battered figure.

KURT

(gently)
Hey, Harken, one last thing?

HARKEN

(barking)
What?!

KURT

Your wife gives great head.

Harken struggles wildly but he's helpless.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE: ONE WEEK LATER

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

The sun is shining. Birds are chirping. It's a bright, new day as Kurt heads into the building.

136 INT. PELLIT CHEMICAL CO. - DAY

136

Kurt enters and looks over at what was Pellit's office. He smiles when he sees Margie, the pregnant employee, now running the company. He heads over.

137 INT. MARGIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

137

Kurt knocks on the doorframe and enters.

MARGIE

Oh, hey, Kurt. Come in.

KURT

Thanks, Margie. I just wanted to congratulate you on taking over Bobby's job.

MARGIE

Thank you. Terrible what happened to him.

KURT

Yeah. Tough month for the Pellit family. Anyway, if there's anything I can do to help out before the baby gets here, please let me know.

MARGIE

(confused)
What baby?

KURT

Your baby.

MARGIE

(beat, offended)
I'm not pregnant.

KURT

(chuckling)
Yeah, right. Look at that big belly.

Kurt pats her belly. Margie now looks genuinely pissed off.

(CONTINUED)

MARGIE

I'm aware that I have a weight problem, Kurt. It just happens to manifest itself in my lower abdomen.

KURT

I... oh, my God. I'm really sorry, Margie --

He falls silent under Margie's death stare.

MARGIE

(coldly)

Kurt, I know you were a favorite of Jack's. He was willing to overlook your inappropriate behavior with female clients and service people. But you should be aware, I'm not Jack. And I have very little tolerance for the mistreatment of women. So consider this your first strike.

KURT

How was I supposed to know you were just fat --

MARGIE

Strike two.

Kurt opens his mouth to say something but thinks better of it. He stands up and slumps out. Life as he knew it at Pellit Chemicals is clearly over.

Julia enters to find Dale waiting for her. A PATIENT lies asleep in the chair, his face obscured by the nitrous mask.

JULIA

Thank God it's Friday, right, Dale?

DALE

(resigned)
Yeah.

JULIA

Let's drill this patient and then you can drill me.

DALE

Could we do it on top of the patient? I like the element of danger.

JULIA

(impressed)
You continue to surprise me, you weird little man.

Julia quickly undoes the patient's belt and yanks his pants down.

JULIA

(to Dale)
You like that? This getting you hot?

DALE

Oh, yeah.

Julia begins handling the patient's implied genitals which are obscured by a tray of tools.

JULIA

(in a puppet voice)
'I wish I was Dale's weenie so I could have sex with Julia.'

Suddenly, the patient bursts out LAUGHING and sits up.

JULIA

What the hell?!

The patient pulls off his nitrous mask to reveal it's KENNY, the guys' former classmate from the bar.

KENNY

(laughing)
Sorry, Dale. I couldn't keep it together anymore --

JULIA

What is this?

DALE

Julia, meet my old high school friend, Kenny.

KENNY

How do you do?

DALE

Kenny will do just about anything for fifty bucks and that's why I hired him to help me frame you. Your days of sexually assaulting me and your patients are over.

JULIA

(laughs derisively)
Seriously? This is all you've got? Your word against mine? I'm a highly respected professional and you're two losers.

DALE

Three losers.

Dale points to the window where Julia sees COCKSUCKER JONES outside holding up a video camera. He waves to her.

JULIA

You little bastard --

DALE

Shut up, Julia. Now, my fiancée and I are going to take a very expensive two week vacation which you're going to pay for. And then I'm going to come back to a rape-free workplace. Because if you so much as look at my ass, I'll have yours locked up.

With a bounce in his step, Dale strides out of the room. There's an awkward beat with Kenny and Julia.

KENNY

I don't suppose you could take a look at this molar --

JULIA

(screaming)
OUT! GET OUT!

Kenny scampers out, pulling up his pants as he goes.

Nick is in his new office as a young employee, CARTER, 20's, pops his head in.

CARTER

You wanted to see me, Mr. Waters?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Hi, Carter. Just wanted to check if you had a chance to finish those regional sales projections yet?

CARTER

Oh, I think I may need another day.

NICK

Okay. I was hoping to give them to the marketing guys today, but I can hold them off.

(friendly)

In the future, it'd be great if you could tell me if you're going to miss a deadline.

Carter's eyes narrow. All at once, he rushes at Nick, grabs him by the throat and HURLS him THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW, shattering it.

140 EXT. COMMTRONIX INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS ACTION

140

Nick plummets forty feet and lands with a SICKENING CRUNCH directly onto his own car. Just behind him we see a parking plaque that reads "Nick Waters, Senior VP of Sales."

SMASH CUT TO:

141 SAME SCENE (REALITY)

141

Carter stands opposite Nick as before.

CARTER

Sure. No problem, Mr. Waters.

NICK

Thanks, buddy.

Nick smiles and closes the door behind Carter. He settles into his comfy chair and puts his feet up on the desk.

NICK

It's good to be the boss.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

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