

MR. RIGHT

by

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FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

It's an upscale psychologist's office, well appointed and brightly lit from floor to ceiling windows.

**MARTHA McKay**, 29, lays on the couch. She's very pretty but without make-up save somewhat heavy eyeliner, lacking any kind of fashion sense, and also minus the poise and self-assured mannerisms that make beautiful women seem unreachable. She seems terminally awkward in her own body.

She's talking to **DOCTOR Lisa KENNER**, 31, very sexy, with long, slender legs, who sits across from her.

DOCTOR KENNER

It's nice to have you back, Martha.

MARTHA

Thanks Doctor Kenner, I spent like, the last fifteen days in bed crying, out of bed crying, back in bed, so, here I am, here is me.

Kenner nods and smiles.

DOCTOR KENNER

And, how would you say you're feeling now?

MARTHA

I guess I just feel...I don't know. I'd want to say I feel betrayed, but is that, is that cliché?

DOCTOR KENNER

No, it's not cliché if it's what you feel.

MARTHA

I just don't want to hide behind pre-established ideas, I mean, I've been cheated on before.

DOCTOR KENNER

I know, Daniel.

MARTHA

That's right, but this is different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR KENNER

Do you feel Robert did something different? You were with him for just under a year.

MARTHA

It's not that he did something different, I just...It was like he had another life. One woman, I could handle, it'd be fucked up, but I could handle it.

(slowly sits up as she talks)

But I mean...I have no idea, it's scary, but I have no idea how many women he was sleeping with. And I mean, they weren't, I've seen them. They weren't like, better than me.

DOCTOR KENNER

Did you want them to be?

MARTHA

Well no, I just...I don't know.

DOCTOR KENNER

Do you feel like it's your fault?

MARTHA

My fault?

DOCTOR KENNER

Think about it.

Martha sits thinking.

MARTHA

(shaking her head)

No, NO, okay, no, I don't feel that way. Why should I, I gave him everything, I trusted him, and then to go through his phone and find text messages about having anal sex in a hot tub? That's what eleven months earned me? My **fucking fault?** Fuck **that**.

Doctor Kenner looks uncomfortable.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

But you know, maybe it is. It's my fault for ever thinking this guy, this sycophantic, smarmy pretentious piece of self-involved dogshit could ever-

DOCTOR KENNER

I think you're being unfair, here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

(beat)

What? Unfair to him? What? This awful unbelievable fucking asshole who acts like he wants to marry me and then every second we're apart is balls deep in some harem of washed out sluts-

DOCTOR KENNER

(adjusting her glasses)

Sluts is a very strong term. I think you need to be a little understanding; Robbie is a very high pressure, intense individual and...

Doctor Kenner trails off as she realizes that Martha is staring at her very, very intensely.

DOCTOR KENNER (CONT'D)

I...

Martha leaps to her feet, grabbing a vase off the table next to the couch and hurling it at the wall next to Doctor Kenner.

MARTHA

(screaming)

**YOU MOTHERFU-**

TRANSITION FROM THE EXPLODING  
VASE INTO AN **EXPLODING CAR.**

**TITLE: MR. RIGHT.**

The opening credits are juxtaposed with two different processes: the factory production of bullets and prescription antidepressants/antipsychotics.

COME BACK IN ON...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's a lot on the edge of the city, barely lit. The burning car sits in the center, and two other men stand a couple dozen feet away, by another car.

**VON Cartigan**, late 30s, well dressed and handsome, with a spry, boyish look about him and cowboy boots, stands counting money in a briefcase on the trunk of the car.

**JOHNNY HOWL**, stocky, 40s, with an eerie jack-o-lantern face, stands watching the car burn. Von looks at the money and tips his head to the side, thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON  
You think that was too much?

JOHNNY HOWL  
It's never too much, Von.

VON  
Seemed a mite excessive, with his kid in  
the car.

JOHNNY HOWL  
He shouldn't have brought his kid.

VON  
So it's acceptable losses?

JOHNNY HOWL  
(beat)  
Yeah.

Von closes the briefcase.

VON  
You're a sick fuck, Johnny Howl.

JOHNNY HOWL  
(beat)  
Yeah.

Von pops the trunk, and starts to put in the briefcase.

JOHNNY HOWL (CONT'D)  
Hey Von.

Von looks up, and Johnny nods at a badly burnt man, who's  
crawling away from the car. Von laughs, and closes the  
trunk, then heads over to the crawling man.

VON  
Hello down there, Buddy. Rough night?

The man lets out a hissing sound.

Von stomps repeatedly on the back of the man's knees with  
harsh **cracking** sounds. Von stops, and takes a breath.

VON (CONT'D)  
Don't crawl, Buddy, it's undignified.  
(beat, then takes a moment, and  
smiles at Johnny)  
Johnny, help me put him back in the car.

The man lets out a horrified groan as Johnny Howl approaches,  
smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRANSITION THE GROANING INTO  
THE BEEPING OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Martha's alarm is going off, but her bed is empty. The room is a mess, clothes everywhere, dirty glasses strewn here and there. There is a diorama of the primeval world, old and tattered, spread across the wall, and a single wooden sculpture of a pterodactyl hanging from the ceiling.

**ELAINE Schiff**, early 30s, tall and wiry, peeks in.

ELAINE  
Martha, are you...

Elaine comes into the room, looking around. There's a loud thump from inside the closed closet.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Shut up!

Elaine looks concerned.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

Elaine walks along, leading **TATIANA Ruiz**, early 30s, Cuban, stout but pretty.

ELAINE  
It's as bad as I've seen her, Tati.

TATIANA  
Where is she now?

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elaine and Tatiana come in.

ELAINE  
She's drunk in the closet again.

There's a crashing sound from the closet. Tatiana sighs, and goes over to the door.

TATIANA  
Martha? Are you okay in there?

MARTHA (O.S.)  
**Amflegblamersh!** JIHFFF!

Tatiana looks to Elaine, who makes a "yikes" face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TATIANA

I want to come in. Can I come in?

MARTHA

(inhuman demonic screaming)

**NoOooo00000oooo0oooo!**

Tatiana opens the door, revealing Martha laying in a pile of fallen jackets, shirts and dresses. The closet is a wreck.

TATIANA

(concerned)

Oh Martha...What is this?

MARTHA

I've only been drinking for three...Days,  
but I haven't missed work. I have missed  
work.

Tatiana kneels down next to Martha.

TATIANA

Come on, honey, let's-

MARTHA

I think you don't know anything about  
this situation, you don't know anything  
about the world...I'm gonna PUNCH YOU IN  
THE FACE...yourself...You better check  
yourself...

Tatiana helps Martha up, near to against her will.

TATIANA

Elaine give me a hand.

MARTHA

(muttering)

Checkyoself into a hospital...emergency  
room...after I mega...

ELAINE

I'm not touching her, she's all...sticky.

MARTHA

(muttering)

...mega-punch...

Martha collapses onto the floor.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Martha's bathroom is strictly whites and purples. She stands staring at herself in the mirror, squinting her eyes very hard, then staring again. She's rocking in place a little.

MARTHA  
(quietly)  
Goddamn it.

Martha brushes back her hair, and then stops, holding it back. She brushes the other side back, and then holds it up. She cocks her head, looking at herself.

She opens a drawer, revealing a pair of electric clippers.

EXT. METROPOLITAN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

**Mr. RIGHT**, 30, handsome with wavy, messy brown hair, walks up the street. He has a lighter-than-air, poppy, bubbly air about him, as though he just walked out of a musical comedy. He is constantly looking around, smiling blissfully and blankly at everything.

Right stops in front of a tall building, checks the address, grins and goes in.

We stay there on the lobby, and then shoot up the side of the building around twenty stories, and stop at a window into a nice apartment.

A well dressed woman answers the door; it's Right. He smiles, and they exchange words as he goes in. She looks very serious. Mr. Right looks hesitant. He seems to repeatedly, incredulous but friendly, ask the same question. The woman fervently nods.

Mr. Right shrugs, pulls a red foam clown nose out of his pocket, puts it on, draws out a pistol and **shoots her in the heart**. She falls down against the wall, startled.

Right takes a contemplative bite out of a Rice-Krispie treat.

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Elaine is cleaning, while Tatianna talks on the phone. It's getting dark outside. Martha abruptly bursts out of the bathroom; we see Elaine and Tatianna react sharply.

Martha has cut off a good 85% of her hair. Martha tosses Elaine a pair of car keys.

MARTHA  
Heads up.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The keys smack Elaine in the face, and she gasps, holding her eye.

TATIANA  
Martha, jesus christ.

MARTHA  
I thought she would catch it with her mad skills.  
(beat, leans back)  
But, I guess she just kinda sucks. We're going out, right? We're going out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The place is a little crowded; Elaine and Tatianna are at the bar, they look nervous. Martha comes up, holding drinks; one of the cups is empty, which she hands to Tatiana.

MARTHA  
Hellloooo laaaadddiieesss.

TATIANA  
(to her empty cup)  
What the hell is this?

MARTHA  
Well, it was supposed to be a sex on the beach but I drank it, so now it's just a cup.

TATIANA  
Jesus christ, Martha.

MARTHA  
(excited, looking around)  
Oh, is he here?

Martha separates from her friends, and goes off to dance.

Out on the dance floor, Martha appears to be having a good time dancing alone, when **SOME GUY**, mid-20s, reasonably attractive, approaches.

SOME GUY  
Hey!

MARTHA  
(smiles)  
Hey!

SOME GUY  
Who are you here with?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA  
My friends.

SOME GUY  
(laughs)  
No boyfriend?

Martha abruptly stops dancing.

MARTHA  
My boyfriend was killed by velociraptors.

SOME GUY  
What?  
(beat)  
Was that a joke?

Martha looks very sad.

SOME GUY (CONT'D)  
No, come on, it's joke.

Martha has started to cry.

SOME GUY (CONT'D)  
Don't do that...It was a joke...Don't...

Some Guy awkwardly moves back into the crowd, and Martha snickers, wiping her eyes.

CUT TO: THE GIRLS HEADING UP  
THE STREET

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - LATER

Martha, Tatianna and Elaine walk up the road.

MARTHA  
That was incredible!

ELAINE  
How was that incredible?

MARTHA  
It's been forever since I've just been,  
you know, *out* like that, not trying to  
get laid.

ELAINE  
You're lucky we love you, Martie.

MARTHA  
Yes I am! Hey, hoes before bros, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martha offers out a fist.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Right? Am I right?

TATIANA  
You're out of control, girl. You are out  
of control.

A car blurs by and we

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. CITY ZOO - NIGHT

In the near empty parking lot of a city zoo, a single expensive towncar sits alone, lights off, with heavily tinted windows. A dozen feet or so away from the car stands **SHOTGUN STEVE Gage**, late 20s, with a sly, wiry look about him, almost like a human coyote. He lights a cigarette.

Directly outside the car is **BRUCE Cooper**, 30s, black, lean and well dressed. He's trying to calm down **CHARLIE Cartigan**, who looks incensed.

CHARLIE  
Dead!? What the fuck do you mean, dead?

BRUCE  
If you'd just get in the car, Mr.  
Cartigan, we could-

CHARLIE  
Fuck you, I'm not getting in the car,  
this ain't a fuckin' meet. If you want  
to wake a man up at three in the fuck AM  
you best have some kind of explanation,  
better than "Minkin is dead," I don't  
care who the fuck my nephews think they  
are-

The driver's side window rolls down, revealing **RICHARD Cartigan**, 42, bearing a distinct resemblance his brother Von, and clearly trying to look dignified.

RICHARD  
Charlie, get in the car.

CHARLIE  
What're we doing here, Richard-

RICHARD  
Get in the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Yeah, okay.

The back door opens, and Richard gets in. Richard looks to Bruce, who rolls his eyes. Richard smiles, and rolls up the window.

INSIDE THE CAR:

Charlie gets in the back, looking around. Von sits in the passenger's side, and Johnny Howl sits in the back, playing with a Rubik's cube. They all look nervous. There's a charged silence.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What is this?

(referencing Johnny Howl)

What's this ghoul doing here?

VON

We have a problem.

CHARLIE

Yeah, so I've fuckin' heard, but it can't wait till morning-

VON

It might be my fault.

CHARLIE

(exasperated)

Are the Picolos involved in this? I thought they were all dead-

VON

No, but it's very, very serious.

RICHARD

So serious that we all might be in danger.

Everyone's quiet for a moment. Johnny Howl grins.

CHARLIE

What did you do, Von?

Von's silent.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

You fuckin' kids, playing at being gangsters-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

Von took someone out, one of Yatsuda's guys, and it looks like Yatsuda isn't taking it well.

CHARLIE

Why the fuck would you start shit with Bobby Yatsuda, are you fuckin' suicidal?

VON

He shitted us out on cash, Uncle Charlie. The dumbfuck shitted us out, big time, we couldn't just let it stand.

CHARLIE

Fuckin' drugs? This was over fuckin' drugs again?

VON

Well-

RICHARD

It doesn't matter what it was over.

CHARLIE

No, I suppose it wouldn't to you, would it. You know, Rich, I woulda seen this dumb shit coming from Von, I really would have. But you? Is this where you're going too, with this garbage-

RICHARD

It doesn't matter, Charlie, what matters is that we're targets now. Von says he's got some guys who can take care of this for us.

CHARLIE

"Take care" of Bobby Yatsuda? Are you both out of your fucking minds?

VON

Show him the list, Johnny.

Johnny takes out a crumpled list of phone numbers, handing it over to Charlie.

CHARLIE

What's this?

VON

It's a list I made up; those are the numbers of the best trigger guys in the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

What, we're going to get some Slovakian  
douchebag to take down Bobby Yatsuda-

VON

No, no, these aren't thugs, man. These  
are the real deal, hitmen.

CHARLIE

Hitmen? Shit, you guys are...Man, I  
ain't heard someone talking about hiring  
a real gun since the seventies.

VON

Some of the numbers might not work,  
but if you can get a guy, then-

CHARLIE

Why me?

RICHARD

The way Von figures it we've got a better  
chance of getting quality if we use you.  
No one gives a shit about Dickie and Von  
Cartigan, but Charles Cartigan, the  
Hammer, you're a name.

Charlie stares at the list.

CHARLIE

You kids are really for real about this.

Von looks nervously at Richard.

RICHARD

The way I see it, Von hasn't left us much  
of a choice.

Charlie stares at the list.

EXT. PETACULAR! - MORNING

It's a petshop in a strip mall. There's a loud shattering  
sound.

CUT TO: A FURIOUS CAT'S  
SNARLING FACE.

INT. PETACULAR! - KENNEL - CONTINUOUS

In the kennel in the back of the store, a single longhair  
cat, deranged with fear and anger, has escaped from its  
carrier and knocked over a glass-fronted cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It sits in the center of the room, roaring furiously at Martha and Elaine, now dressed in work clothes, who stand facing it.

ELAINE

Isn't it supposed to find a corner?

MARTHA

No, he wants to throwdown.

ELAINE

Cats aren't supposed to throw down!

The cat screams.

MARTHA

He wants to throw down pound for pound like we were clowns that tried to mess around.

ELAINE

What?

MARTHA

Gimme the net.

Elaine gets a short-handled net from off a counter, and tosses it to Martha.

ELAINE

He'll just run.

MARTHA

He wants to take me on, you want to take me on, come on ese I'll cut you up!

The cat screams with the fury of hell.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Oh you talk a big game now but not so big when I make you my bitch.

(to Elaine)

Go around back of him, startle him towards me.

Elaine nods, and goes around back of the cat. Martha and the cat lock eyes, and then Elaine jumps towards the cat.

ELAINE

Boo!

The cat turns and pounces onto her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
EYAAAARGHHH!

MARTHA  
(rushing to help her)  
Oh shit!

CUT TO: MARTHA AND ELAINE  
SITTING TOGETHER OUTSIDE

EXT. PETACULAR! - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Both women are sitting, covered in little bloody scratches and liquid cat diarrhea. Elaine is smoking a cigarette.

ELAINE  
(continuing her thought)  
It just exploded.

MARTHA  
Like a burst fire hydrant of cat shit,  
that was unreal.

ELAINE  
Do you think that's a defense mechanism,  
or-

MARTHA  
I think he was just that scared of us.  
We're really hardcore.

ELAINE  
How bad is the one on my elbow?

MARTHA  
Oof. Bad. See this is why I'm never  
gonna be a lesbian.

Elaine looks at her, confused.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Pussy is *crazy dangerous*.

Elaine sits in silence, and then starts laughing.

ELAINE  
You are, I think, actually retarded-

MARTHA  
(standing up)  
Yeah yeah, I'ma hit the drugstore.

Martha heads off.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ELAINE  
It isn't lunch yet!

MARTHA  
(calling back)  
I know.

ELAINE  
You're covered in blood and cat shit!

MARTHA  
(from further yet away)  
I know.

INT. DRUG STORE

Martha is waiting in line at the pharmacy, staring at a big "The Bahamas: Rediscover Love! Rediscover Life!" banner up on the wall.

Mr. Right sits off to the side in the waiting area. He's staring intently at his hands. People are kind of shying away from Martha, due to the smell and appearance, causing Right to notice her as she approaches the counter.

PHARMACIST  
Name please?

MARTHA  
Martha McKay.

PHARMACIST  
Meflem?

MARTHA  
Mick-AY.

PHARMACIST  
Oh, yes.

The pharmacist goes back to the medications. Martha glances around, noticing Mr. Right *STARING* at her. Martha picks up her birth control, and turns, heading away from the pharmacy. She glances back to Right, but he's gone.

She looks down, a little glum, and walks directly into a display of cough-drops; boxes scatter and fall in all directions.

We see Martha's POV, slow motion; as one of the boxes falls, we see a dotted line draw out, predicting where it's headed. Martha begins to reach out towards it.

FREEZE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, every single falling box grows a prediction line.

UNFREEZE.

Martha catches the single box, but no other boxes fall. She looks up to see Mr. Right, holding all of the boxes. He looks earnestly cautious, as though he may have just violated a boundary.

MARTHA  
(quietly)  
How did you do that.

RIGHT  
(nods at the single box  
she holds)  
How did you do that?

Martha stands silently for a moment. Right casually takes the box from her, and replaces them all on the display. She notices Right staring at her again.

MARTHA  
It was a cat.

RIGHT  
What?

MARTHA  
A cat, did this.

RIGHT  
Did what?

Martha blinks, staring at him.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
You want a lifesaver?

Martha looks at him quizzically.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
(reflective)  
I like lifesavers very much.

MARTHA  
(beat)  
Do those work?

Right just looks bewildered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA (CONT'D)

"Ooh, I'm nice lifesaver guy, you're clumsy and vulnerable, look how handsome I am." Do you have a secret stock of lifesaver based jokes? Do you buy them in bulk?

Right stares at her emptily.

RIGHT

(blankly, as though by rote)

I like lifesavers very much.

Martha tries to move past him, and he blocks her way. Martha takes a step back, reevaluating the situation.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Is that creepy? Sometimes I don't know when I'm being creepy.

Right moves aside.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

I get too forward, and then-

MARTHA

Who...are you?

RIGHT

Should I give you a fake name or my real one?

Martha stares at him.

MARTHA

Fake name.

RIGHT

Hubert Cumberbund.

MARTHA

"Hubert Cumberbund."

RIGHT

My friends call me Huey.

Martha stares at him for a moment more and then laughs.

MARTHA

I can't believe I'm talking to you, Huey.

RIGHT

(genuinely confused)

But...it's *happening*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Do you wanna go get coffee? Like, hang out and stuff?

MARTHA

(laughs again)

You are just...Why are you here?

RIGHT

(chipper)

I need my prescriptions so I don't feel angry all the time.

MARTHA

I don't think any one's ever used that as pick-up line before.

RIGHT

(looks around, then  
whispers confidentially)

Is it working?

MARTHA

(laughing and vehemently  
shaking her head)

No, no it isn't.

RIGHT

I'm sorry, it's the best I've got. I'm not very suave.

MARTHA

Oh really?

RIGHT

No, not really, actually I am very suave.

MARTHA

(beat)

Okay, explain why I should "hang out" with you in two words.

RIGHT

(beat)

"Or else?"

Martha stares at him, and then Right winks at her, and she starts laughing. Right notices the circular box Martha is holding.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Oh, are those birth control?

(beat)

Awesome.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LATER

Martha and Right sit together on the ground against the side of the restaurant. Both of them have kids' meals in colorful cardboard containers, which they are opening.

RIGHT

What'd you get, what'd you get?

MARTHA

Hold on, hold on...

(takes out her toy)

Green Parrot. What'd you get?

RIGHT

Dog with Spot. Dog With Spot beats Green Parrot.

MARTHA

What? No way. Green Parrot can fly.

(beat)

Plus, he had this really bad childhood, so now he carries a knife with him everywhere.

Right laughs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

His parole officer tries to send him in the right direction, but Green Parrot is just too...

(laughs)

What about Dog with Spot?

RIGHT

(shakes his head sadly)

He had so much promise, but dropped out of college, lives with his girlfriend, she supports him...Not a pretty story, really.

MARTHA

Is this story indicative of you, or-

RIGHT

No, nah. So you were telling me about the museum?

MARTHA

Right, worked there for two years, and now, back to the petstore.

RIGHT

Wait, back to Petacular with Elaine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

Thus the cat shit, yes.

RIGHT

But I thought you said you were going to end up managing the Egyptian thing-

MARTHA

Right, I was, but I'm...People have trouble working with me.

RIGHT

Yeah? You're a troublemaker?

MARTHA

(grins)

No, I just...I have some "restraint issues." I'm kind of impulsive.

RIGHT

I find that really attractive.

MARTHA

Oh, you wouldn't if you knew me.

RIGHT

I'm impulsive too.

MARTHA

(beat)

What do you *do*, exactly?

RIGHT

I sell cars, and I kill people.

MARTHA

Oh, you split the time?

RIGHT

(laughing)

Seventy-thirty, sure.

INT. PETACULAR!

Elaine stands alone behind the counter. She looks around, and then looks at the clock on the wall.

EXT. LAKE SIDE PARK - TWILIGHT

Martha and Right walk along the edge of an urban lake, laughing.

RIGHT

Dragons?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

Yeah dragons. Humans put names on everything to make them safe, but when you come down to it, a whale is just a sea monster, right? I mean, what's a dinosaur other than a dragon?

As Martha talks, an errant frisbee nearly hits Right; seemingly without even looking, he catches it and throws it back.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

People see things and they put labels on them, and it takes the...The whatever, the wonder out. It allows people to just glance at stuff instead of really looking.

RIGHT

People prefer that, I think. Most people live in little contained worlds; they like a T-Rex better as a big bunch of bones than as something that actually lived.

MARTHA

Yeah, maybe. That's why I got into paleontology in the first place, because I wanted to show the past to people in a new way. I thought by now I'd be working in the Smithsonian, but I can't...

RIGHT

Impulsive, right.

MARTHA

Right.

(beat)

We haven't really, yknow, talked about you much.

RIGHT

Well that's a shame, because I'm very, very interesting.

Martha laughs, but then they're interrupted by a **CHONGA**, early twenties, latina, sexy, who stands with her friends around a picnic table in the park.

CHONGA

Hey, hey wifey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA  
Yeah, can I help you?

CHONGA  
Ain't you know Robbie Hewitt?

MARTHA  
(slowly)  
Yeah...

The chonga says something to her friends, and they all laugh.

CHONGA  
Well you tell him he need to call me  
back, because-

The chonga notices that Martha is charging at her, screaming  
and looking crazy.

CHONGA (CONT'D)  
*OH SHIT BITCH-*

CUT TO: OUTSIDE CHARLIE  
CARTIGAN'S BROWNSTONE  
APARTMENT

INT. CHARLIE CARTIGAN'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM

Charlie Cartigan sits alone in his living room, staring at  
the crumpled list Von gave him. He sighs, and dials one of  
the numbers. It's disconnected. He tries another, and it's  
again disconnected.

CUT TO: SAME, LATER.

Charlie's on the phone with Von. We intercut back and forth  
to Von, who's in an **ARCADE** playing a stand-up video game  
while Johnny Howl sits on a pinball machine behind him.

CHARLIE  
The numbers don't work.

VON  
How many did you try?

CHARLIE  
I tried six, they're all disconnected-

VON  
Well I told you some of them wouldn't  
work, Uncle Charlie, you've just gotta go  
till you get one. These are the best  
around, they don't stay in the same place  
for long, right?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Right, I guess, but I'm supposed to go through every number here?

VON

Well what was I supposed to do, call and then hang up if they answer? That's a good way to get myself shot-

Von dies in the game, causing Johnny Howl to chuckle.

VON (CONT'D)

Agh, goddamnit!

CHARLIE

(concerned)

You okay?

VON

Look, I'm fine, Charlie, and I'm sorry about the numbers, but just please, do your best, okay?

Von hangs up as a big, bulky **ARCADE EMPLOYEE** comes up to Johnny Howl.

ARCADE EMPLOYEE

Hey, man, please don't sit on the machines.

Johnny Howl looks to Von.

VON

Yeah, I'm done anyway.

Johnny Howl abruptly spins around behind the bulky guy, and **instantly slits his throat with a straight razor.**

Blood splatters onto the pinball machine, and the man falls behind it. It all happened so fast, no one in the arcade even noticed. Von chuckles.

VON (CONT'D)

Let's go.

JOHNNY HOWL

No, I wanted to-

VON

*Let's go.*

BACK TO: CHARLIE CARTIGAN'S  
APARTMENT - LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie hangs up his phone, crossing off another number, frustrated. He sighs, and dials again.

CUT TO: RIVERSIDE WALKWAY.

EXT. LAKE SIDE PARK - DOWN BY THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Right and Martha are posted out down by the water, relaxing. Night has fallen, and the park is lit by street lamps. Martha is even further mussed.

Right's cell phone rings, and he flips it open.

MARTHA

Anyone interesting?

RIGHT

Probably not.

Right flips the cell phone closed again.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

I've never, I don't think I've ever seen a woman throw punches like that before.

MARTHA

Yeah, well, she escaped, so mission failure, I think.

RIGHT

She was one of the girls sleeping with...

MARTHA

Yeah.

RIGHT

I don't get that. I mean, if you're in a relationship, you've got to be locked down. I don't even know how someone starts into something, why they *would* start into something if they didn't know right then and there they wanted to commit.

Martha smiles, and looks down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)

See, I think my problem has always been that if you want someone, really want them, you've got to know immediately and stick by it. Recently, I don't want to throw myself out there for anyone to pick up. I've just been trying to take life more seriously, you know?

Martha looks up, and gasps, then laughs; Mr. Right has put on the red foam clown nose.

He takes it off, pocketing it.

MARTHA

The corniest guy alive.

RIGHT

It's possible.

MARTHA

So, are you against casual sex, then?

RIGHT

I don't think I've ever had sex that wasn't casual; I mean, I usually do it naked, so what's more casual than that.

Martha laughs.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

I was dating a girl, for a while, and we were having formal sex; I had to wear a tuxedo. It was really sweaty-

Martha keeps laughing.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

And I dated a girl where we had, like, semi-formal sex; I had to wear a button up. Condom.

Martha grabs Right and kisses him.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

Right and Martha crash into the apartment hallway, still making out.

Elaine peeks her head out from her room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELAINE  
Oh, uh, hello.

Martha ducks off into her room.

MARTHA  
(muttering, embarrassed)  
Oh, uh, my hair...

RIGHT  
(to Elaine)  
Hello Elaine!

ELAINE  
Have we...met?

RIGHT  
(cheery)  
No!

Elaine stares at him.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
I'm in love with Martha. You and me are  
going to be friends!

Elaine quietly goes back into her room, shutting the door.  
She opens the door again for a moment, staring at him. Mr.  
Right sort of shrugs.

CUT TO: A TV SCREEN, FLIPPING  
THROUGH THE CHANNELS.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

The lights are off. Mr. Right lays on the bed, shoes and  
socks off, flipping through the channels. He stops, staring  
at the diorama on the wall.

Martha comes out of the bathroom in a towel, with a towel  
around her hair. She notices Right staring at the diorama,  
and looks at him questioningly.

RIGHT  
(by way of clarification)  
Dragons.

Martha has to stop a frighteningly big smile, and then covers  
her face, slightly embarrassed.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
It's cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She and Mr. Right stare at each other for a moment, and then she crawls out onto the bed, and lays down next to him.

MARTHA

If we don't...

Mr. Right just looks at her, and shrugs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I mean, will you still stay?

Mr. Right smiles, and then nods. She kisses him gently on the lips.

THE DISTANCE SIGHTS OF A BINOCULARS COME UP, AND WE SEE MR. RIGHT AND MARTHA LAUGHING TOGETHER.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Across the street on the roof of a building, **Agent Bart HOPPER**, 54, with a widows peak, looks down at Martha's window through binoculars.

Next to him, **Agent WALLY Kinokis**, 30, gruff looking, pops open a pack of nicotine gum. Both of them, from their clothes to their posture, read as FBI.

WALLY

They fucking?

HOPPER

(beat)

Nope.

WALLY

You think he's gonna kill her?

HOPPER

I don't know.

WALLY

Yeah, but you must have a theory-

HOPPER

Does chewing that gum help you at all?

WALLY

(beat)

Yeah.

HOPPER

Then chew the damn gum.

Wally shrugs.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Martha lays asleep, alone, in bed; her towel has come mostly unwrapped, and we can see her bare back and a little bit of her butt. She blinks, awaking and realizing she's alone, and then notices a note on her bed.

Drawn on it is a simple, childlike image of Martha fighting a cat like a lion tamer, with stiff block letters under it. "I HAVE TO GO TO WORK. I WILL SEE YOU TONIGHT." She stares at it for a moment, and then slowly allows herself to smile.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - RIGHT'S OFFICE

Right sits at his desk, talking on the phone, looking out the window. The nameplate reads "Clark Speck." There's a wind up toy on his desk, wandering along.

RIGHT

No, I see the convertibles.

(listens)

I see them, I do, but you have to understand, when I say we can't move convertibles I mean we can't move convertibles, I'm not going to make up a sales problem, here.

Someone walks by, and he covers the phone, calling out to them.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Mitch, hey Mitch!

The man stops and looks into the office.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

I'm in love!

Mitch shrugs, and keeps walking. Right goes back to the phone.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Look, I'll get back to you about this on Tuesday, okay? Okay.  
Right. Okay.

Mr. Right hangs up, and sits for a moment, and then takes out his cell phone. It reads "ONE NEW VOICEMAIL."

Right, making the strange, dead face, presses send.

INT. PETACULAR!

Elaine and Martha are loading crates of Kitty Litter up onto the shelves.

MARTHA

Can't you hire someone to do this?

ELAINE

I did, I hired you.

MARTHA

Yeah, but someone to do it for us, while we watched.

Elaine just shakes her head.

ELAINE

Why did Busta sleep in my room last night?

MARTHA

It was weird, he wouldn't come in while...

(laughs)

I just realized I don't know his real name.

ELAINE

Who, Mr. Right?

MARTHA

Mm, I like that.

ELAINE

You slept with him and you don't even know his-

MARTHA

I slept with him, I didn't screw him-

ELAINE

You don't even know his name?

Martha's quiet.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

And Busta wouldn't come in...You know, they say animals can sense evil.

Martha glares at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

He's not "evil." Ooh, actually,  
what if he is? I hope he is.

Martha lifts a big crate of cat litter up onto the shelf.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

When I was little I always had this  
fantasy of dating Lex Luthor.

ELAINE

Lex Luthor was a genius. Your guy...he's  
like, like some kinda hot Rain Man or  
something.

Martha laughs.

MARTHA

I think I'm in love with him. Is that  
stupid?

ELAINE

...**Yes.**

Martha rolls her eyes.

MARTHA

Don't roll your eyes!

ELAINE

You're in love with a man you met  
*yesterday.*

MARTHA

I don't know, I think so.

Elaine's quiet for a moment, then sighs.

ELAINE

That's how my mother and father met.  
Love at first sight.

MARTHA

Yeah?

ELAINE

Don't start smiling, you're not them.

Martha keeps smiling.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You're not them! And this guy is *weird*,  
okay? And he makes you weird.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARTHA  
I'm already weird.

ELAINE  
When a dude cheats on you, you're supposed to **reject** men, not just go gaga over the next one you bump into in a drugstore.

MARTHA  
Hey, like you said. "Mr. Right."

Elaine sighs dramatically, and then laughs.

CUT TO: CLOSE UP OF A CLIP OF  
AMMUNITION BEING SLAPPED INTO  
A PISTOL.

INT. MR. RIGHT'S STORAGE CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Right sits in a storage container, wearing only an undershirt and underwear. On a crate in front of him he's laid out a dozen different types of pistols, and he's looking over them, thinking. His face is dead and emotionless.

We pan to reveal that the wall behind him is covered with guns; it is not, however, simply an armory. There is only one gun of each type; one sniper rifle, one combat rifle, one submachine gun, etc. What we're looking at isn't an arsenal; it's a toolbox.

His cell phone rings, and he takes it out. It reads "Martha Monster."

MARTHA (V.O.)  
Monster?

CUT TO: MR. RIGHT AND MARTHA  
AT A FANCY RESTAURANT

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Right and Martha are both slightly dressed up. They're waiting for their food.

MARTHA  
You want to call me "Monster?"

RIGHT  
It's a nickname, you know, monster, marth, marthster, that sort of-

MARTHA  
No, I get it, I just...I like it.  
Monster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT

Monsta.

MARTHA

Better than Agatha.

RIGHT

I think Agatha is an excellent middle name, Martha, I don't know why you don't like it.

MARTHA

Martha Agatha, I sound like I was born an old lady.

RIGHT

I like old ladies. The way they smell, the way their skin feels. You know, when I kiss you, I just, I feel like I'm making out with my grandma, and it just turns me on so much I can't even stand it-

MARTHA

(laughing)

Oh my god, stop it, stop it.

Right smiles.

RIGHT

You're so...hot.

Martha blinks.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

I want to come around the table and sit next to you, can I do that?

MARTHA

What?

RIGHT

I want to come around-

MARTHA

No, I...I think you should definitely do that. Break the face to face code of table dining.

Right laughs, and moves his chair around the table so he sits next to her. The food arrives, and the confused waiter puts the plates down in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Right looks up, and catches Martha staring at him. She coughs, and looks down at her food.

INT. RIGHT'S APARTMENT - LATER

Right's apartment is primarily decorated in greens, tasteful, very organized, minimalist. Martha sits on his couch, looking around. Right is in the kitchen, making hot chocolate.

MARTHA  
(calling to him)  
What's your name?

RIGHT  
(spraying whipcream onto  
the hot chocolate)  
My name?

MARTHA  
Yeah, I was, I was enjoying the whole not  
knowing thing, but I mean, I feel like  
it's done now.

Right comes over to her, and hands her her mug of hot chocolate.

RIGHT  
The truth is, I don't really like my  
name. I kind of hate it. Even hearing  
it makes me kind of angry, I...I have a  
lot of anger about a lot of things. I'm  
kind of messed up in a lot of ways. I've  
been completely honest with you about  
everything, it's only two days in so I  
know that's not a big accomplishment or  
something, but I just...I really don't  
like my name. I don't want to tell you  
it, because I don't want to hear you say  
it.

Martha stares at him.

MARTHA  
How did you do that thing in the  
store.

RIGHT  
What thing?

MARTHA  
You moved...the way you move  
sometimes. Like you already know  
how things are going to-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT  
(a little self-conscious)  
Oh, right. That.

MARTHA  
Is this a thing?

RIGHT  
No, it's...

Martha waits. Right seems to think for a moment.

CUT TO: KNIVES  
CLATTERING DOWN  
ON A TABLE

It's a little later, and Martha and Right now stand next to his table. Martha looks a little apprehensive.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
(straightening out the  
knives)  
I've always found it easier to  
show, rather than just try to  
explain-

MARTHA  
Is this going to get, like, scary?

RIGHT  
No scarier than usual, I don't  
think.

MARTHA  
There aren't usually knives.

RIGHT  
You never play with knives?

CUT TO:

A quick montage of Martha playing with knives in various locations; frightening Tatianna, twirling them clumsily in front of a mirror, running one up her arm and getting the shivers, violently and theatrically slicing an onion "HIYA! HIYA!" and finally 80s home video footage of Little Martha running holding a bunch of knives yelling "**I GOT KNIFES FO FINGAHZ!**" with her frantic father chasing after her, stopping for a moment to turn to the camera and shout "*Christy put the camera down!*"

BACK TO:  
MARTHA'S

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTEMPLATIVE  
FACE

MARTHA

Not really.

RIGHT

First time for everything.

Martha smiles nervously.

CUT TO:

It's slightly later; Right and Martha are nearer to the center of the room. Right stands behind their bodies pressed together, limbs moving slowly, synchronized, just an easy, gradual dance. As they move, Right talks.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Ever since I was a little boy, I've had an idea. It's a theory.

(he leans back, forcing her to lay back on him, and runs her own hands up her body)

Keep up.

MARTHA

(trying to keep her balance)

I'm trying.

RIGHT

Everything we see, like physical things, it's all just islands. And under it, carrying it, is this sweeping current.

He brings their right hands up in front of Martha's face, and moves it fluidly back and forth.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

And if you pay attention, you can start to feel it. Here, you see how your hand moves with mine? You can feel it. You can feel it through me. Do you feel it?

Martha's quiet as they move, trying to figure out if this is just foreplay, or if that strange sensation she's feeling counts at what Right is talking about. He subtly grabs a knife off the table with his left hand, and then continues moving, bringing the knife dangerously close to her throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

(a little afraid, staring  
at the knife)

I...uh...

RIGHT

It's okay, just concentrate on the  
knife.

(beat)

Now if we can feel the current, we  
can feel other things in the  
current, other moving things,  
people...watch the knife...And we  
can feel how the current will move  
them, and we can see where they'll  
go. It's all in the movement, see,  
it pushes itself; it's easier to  
move with it than against it.

Martha's gaze moves from knife to Right's arm, and, very faintly, we see the dotted trace lines from his shoulder, his elbow, his wrist and the tip of the knife. Right, staring at Martha, watching her face, abruptly drops the knife, bringing his and her other hands directly under it.

Martha yelps and jumps away, and Right easily catches knife.

MARTHA

***Jesus christ!***

RIGHT

What?

MARTHA

Why the fuck would you-

RIGHT

I thought you would catch it.

MARTHA

Catch it, jesus-

RIGHT

(suddenly concerned and  
apologetic)

Did it not work? Did you not see  
where it was going to go?

Martha's quiet for a moment.

MARTHA

You could've cut me-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT  
Then why didn't you catch it?

MARTHA  
I can't *catch* a *knife*-

RIGHT  
Yes you can.

MARTHA  
No I can't.

RIGHT  
Yes you can.

Martha shakes her head, as though waking up from a dream.

MARTHA  
I don't even know your name, and  
you just, attacked me-

RIGHT  
I didn't attack you, I just-

MARTHA  
(straightening herself)  
Look, um, I had a really nice  
night, but I have to-

RIGHT  
I could tell you can feel it. You  
don't know how yet, but I can keep  
showing you, I-

MARTHA  
No, really-  
(picking up her purse)  
That's great, but I need to leave,  
**now**, and I-

-she heads towards the door-

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
-think it would be better off if we  
just took a day or-

RIGHT  
But you felt it!

MARTHA  
It doesn't matter what I-

RIGHT  
**Martha.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martha turns, just in time to see Right **toss the knife at her.**

Time stops for a second, Martha's eyes wide, staring at the knife as it spins towards her.

Martha's hand shoots up and **plucks the knife out of the air**, holding it by the blade. There's absolute stillness, with Right realizing he just went way over the line to prove his point.

Luckily, Martha is sprinting past that line as well. She lets out short, deep, throaty "hur-hur-hur" laugh, staring at the knife.

MARTHA  
(whispering)  
That's so gnarly-

Mr. Right **tosses another knife at her**, and **Martha catches it almost without looking.**

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
No, no more, okay, it...I get it.

RIGHT  
Gimme one of those back.

Martha throws a knife to Right, which he easily catches, spins, and whips back at her, along with a second knife. She throws the first knife at Right, and then catches both new knives, and then has to catch the first knife as Right tosses it back at her.

She stares at the three knives in her hands as Right approaches.

MARTHA  
It's like a...Like a pulse?

RIGHT  
Yeah.

MARTHA  
(thinking)  
Like everything is on strings,  
or...God, it's like trying to  
describe doing acid, I can't...  
(thinks)  
It's like everything is moving  
together at once, and I just-

RIGHT  
I was worried.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARTHA

Why?

RIGHT

I've never tried to explain it to anyone before, and I thought it would sound stupid, or that-

MARTHA

No, no it just...

(beat)

You've never talked about this to anyone?

RIGHT

No.

MARTHA

Why me?

RIGHT

(beat)

Because I wanted you to know. I needed you to know. You have this grace about you, I can't even describe it, and I knew...I just knew you'd understand.

MARTHA

Is that how you knew I'd catch the knife?

RIGHT

I didn't know you'd catch the knife.

Martha stares at him, not questioning, just listening.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

I *believed* you could catch the knife. I *wanted* you to catch the knife. But there was no way I could know. You're the one that did it. You're the one who knew.

Martha looks down, thinking very hard.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

So, are you mad, or-

Martha looks back up to him, and wipes her eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

I'm not mad.

(beat)

I want you. I really, really do.

Right makes a wide-eyed face of surprise.

RIGHT

I think that's...that's doable.

MARTHA

No, I mean, like, immediately.

They stand there staring at each other.

INT. RIGHT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Martha and Right lay in bed together, naked. Mr. Right is asleep. Martha is awake, staring straight ahead, a blank, happy smile on her face.

CUT TO: THE BATHROOM

Martha stands in Mr. Right's bathroom, naked, looking at ten prescription medication bottles. None of them have labels. She gives them a cursory examination, and then looks at his toothbrush, his deodorant, and then his shaving razor.

She is quietly, serenely happy.

CUT TO: THE SHOWER

Martha is in the shower, washing her hair, when Mr. Right gets in, also naked, and immediately starts kissing her, pushing her up against the wall of the shower.

CUT TO: MARTHA AND MR. RIGHT DRIVING

INT. MR. RIGHT'S CAR - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Mr. Right is driving, with Martha next to him. They're both quiet and happy. They come to a red light, and Mr. Right notices the car's clock; 9:43 AM.

RIGHT

Ooh, damnit.

MARTHA

What?

RIGHT

I'm a dumb ass, I forgot something. Do you mind if we make a stop? It'll only take a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

No, uh, whatever, it's alllllll goood.  
 (beat, looks out the window)  
 That... Last night was the first time  
 anyone's called me hot.

RIGHT

What? No way.

MARTHA

No, it's true. I mean, guys say shit  
 like that like right before or during  
 sex, and I always assumed it was just  
 because I looked better in dim lighting-  
 (Right laughs) )  
 But I've never had anyone just say it  
 like that.

RIGHT

I hope that's not why you love me.  
 (beat)  
 Do you love me?

Right smiles. Martha smiles. The light turns green.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Right pulls up, and parks. Out on a park bench sits Charlie  
 Cartigan, but otherwise, the park is entirely empty. Charlie  
 fidgets nervously, waiting, holding a plastic bag.

RIGHT

There's my guy. I'll be right back,  
 okay?

MARTHA

Okay.

Mr. Right leans over and kisses her. He then gets out, and  
 heads off towards Charlie. Martha sits in silence for a  
 moment, and then turns on the radio; it's a pop love song.  
 She changes, it, country. Changes it again, and comes onto  
 heavy, bass-thumping, hardcore rap.

Martha smiles and calmly lip-syncs the words.

OVER BY THE BENCH...

Charlie stands up as Right approaches.

CHARLIE

Are you the guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT  
I'm a guy, sure.

They both sit down.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
How'd you get my number?

CHARLIE  
Doesn't matter.

RIGHT  
(beat)  
No, I guess it doesn't. So what do you need?

CHARLIE  
Hah. What do I "**need.**"

We see, from Martha's vantage point, Charlie hand Right an envelope from the plastic bag.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Everything's in there.

RIGHT  
(cordial)  
You're sure about this.

CHARLIE  
Sure about what?

RIGHT  
You're sure that you want me to kill whoever it is that's identified in this envelope.

Charlie blinks, shocked.

CHARLIE  
Well, I don't...What're you-

Right sighs and impatiently tears open the envelope. Inside is picture of **BOBBY YATSUDA**, a vicious looking Asian American man in his 50s, along with some documents.

RIGHT  
Him?

CHARLIE  
Hey, hey, don't do that-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT

This Bobby Yatusda, you want me to  
kill Bobby Yatsuda?

CHARLIE

Well, jesus, I don't...  
(looks around, baffled)  
Uh...Is this a-

RIGHT

It's not a trick. It's not a game. You  
want me to kill this man.

CHARLIE

...Yes?

Mr. Right gives a somewhat sad smile.

RIGHT

Okay.

Martha watches from the car as Right and Charlie stand up and  
shake hands.

Mr. Right then puts on the clown nose. Charlie looks  
confused.

Mr. Right suddenly *drops a gun out of his sleeve and shoots  
Charlie through the side of the face.* Martha gasps, her eyes  
wide. Right catches Charlie as he falls forward, and we can  
see him saying "Oh, shit, sorry."

Right apologetically gives the horrified Martha a "one  
second" finger, shrugs and mouths the word "sorry."

Charlie tries to draw his gun, and **Right abruptly shoots him  
in the forehead**, then turns and briskly starts walking back  
to the car. Charlie's body falls dead.

Martha sits frozen in the car. Mr. Right walks to the car  
and gets in, giving her a quick smile.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

I told you it'd only take a second.  
(beat)  
Is something wrong?

MARTHA

(quietly, staring down)  
Take me home.

RIGHT

I...Well, I was going to do that  
anyway...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Are you mad because I shot that guy?

Martha is silent, and then raises her eyes to make contact with his.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Martha, how I felt about that guy has nothing to do with how I feel about you.

Martha drops eye contact. Right sighs, and puts the car in gear.

They drive out of the parking lot, and we hold on the empty park. We pan to reveal Johnny Howl, sitting in a innocuous sedan. He stares at the body of Charlie Cartigan in silence; his reaction is unreadable.

He sighs, blowing out smoke and then tosses out his cigarette, and starts the car.

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - STREET LEVEL

Right pulls up, letting Martha out. She immediately goes up the stairs, but he gets out.

RIGHT

Martha, wait.

Martha stops on the stoop, and turns around.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

I don't...I'm not a bad person. I don't think before I act sometimes, but...I love you, and I'm not a bad person.

Martha slowly nods, and goes inside. Right sighs, and kicks the car, and then gets in and drives away. Across the street, in an alley, Johnny Howl watches the building.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Martha comes in, closes the door, leans and then slumps against it, staring straight ahead. We see her view of the apartment, empty and hostile. Busta, her cat, meows, approaching.

She slowly pets the cat, staring blankly at anything and everything. She walks over to the window, and closes the shades.

CUT TO: JOHNNY HOWL  
ON THE STREET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny smiles, looking at Martha in her window.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE

It's a plush office, in an office building. Johnny Howl stands across a desk from Richard, who's seated, on the edge of either tears or an explosive outburst. Von leans against the wall; he looks shocked and horrified. Bruce stands behind Richard, listening.

RICHARD

I don't...understand.

JOHNNY HOWL

The guy just walked up and shot him, like that. Nothing to it. I don't see what the big fuss is, we just-

RICHARD

***Von you shut him up or I swear to god-***

VON

Howl, shut your mouth.

Johnny makes a big show of being quiet.

VON (CONT'D)

It's Yatsuda, it must be.

RICHARD

How did he know?

VON

He's Bobby fucking Yatsuda-

RICHARD

And I'm Richard Fucking Cartigan, who the fuck are you, Von? This is on your head; you've been trouble ever since you came back to us from the Picolos.

Von looks hurt.

BRUCE

Why would Yatsuda hire a contractor?

VON

What?

BRUCE

I mean, we haven't felt any backlash from Yatsuda himself, why would he hire some random gun to take out-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON

Who gives a shit, *Bruce*? We go get this  
guy, eye for an eye, yeah?

Bruce looks annoyed, and Richard sits, thinking.

JOHNNY HOWL

I got two addresses.  
(puts them out on the table)  
That's his job, that's his girlfriend.

BRUCE

(confused)  
His girlfriend?

RICHARD

(emotional)  
Get some guys. Take him out. ***Tonight.***  
Do it.

Von and Johnny briefly make eye contact, and then Johnny  
nods.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

Martha sits on her toilet, not moving. There's a knock at  
the door, which she ignores. Another knock, harder.

OUT IN THE HALLWAY.

Elaine hurries up, eating yogurt, and answers the door. Agent  
Hopper and Agent Kinokis stand waiting. Hopper raises his  
badge.

HOPPER

I'm Agent Hopper, this is Wally-

WALLY

(hurriedly)  
-Agent Kinokis-

HOPPER

Yeah, we're here to talk to Martha McKay.

ELAINE

(frozen in place)  
Is there a problem, or...

WALLY

Well, her new boyfriend's killed eighty  
nine people, so if you consider that a  
problem, yeah.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Elaine drops her yogurt spoon on the floor.

CUT TO: SHOTGUN STEVE'S  
BEWILDERED FACE.

INT. GARAGE

Johnny Howl is handing out guns and ammunition to three guys, **SAW**, who holds a massive Madsen machine gun, **UZI**, who holds an Uzi, and Shotgun Steve, who's been given an ancient Parker shotgun. **ZEKE**, late 20s, with spiked hair, a collared shirt and a better than you attitude, stands by in the background.

SHOTGUN STEVE

What the fuck am I supposed to do with this?

JOHNNY HOWL

Shoot him.

SHOTGUN STEVE

This thing is from like world war fucking one, you said this guy was some kinda super sonic psycho killer and I'm going to go out fucking duck hunting-

JOHNNY HOWL

Look, we're hitting him at his straight job, at closing. The guy has no idea what's coming. Walk up on him and shoot him in the face, how much of a fuckin' retard would you have to be to screw that up?

SHOTGUN STEVE

S'just-

ZEKE

**Shut the fuck up, Steve.**

SHOTGUN STEVE

(ignoring him)

And why isn't Zeke coming?

JOHNNY HOWL

I need Zeke here with me. Just shut your mouth, do your job, or I'll cut your fucking cheeks out, yeah?

Steve is reluctantly quiet.

## INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Martha sits motionless at a eaves-table; Elaine is pacing behind her, looking shaky. Hopper is seated across from her, and Wally stands behind him; Hopper's open briefcase sits on a chair next to him.

MARTHA

He's...he's not a bad person.

Hopper laughs.

ELAINE

You don't even know what he is, who he is-

HOPPER

(interrupting her)

His name is Francis Minch. He's a psychopath.

Hopper spreads some photos out on the table, mugshots, news photographs of assassinations.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

He was formerly one of the world's most notorious professional killers. He had been ever since he was a teenager, just a kind of meat-grinder of a man. But then, about a year ago, he had a nervous breakdown and quit.

ELAINE

Why?

WALLY

(cutting off Hopper)

He's a psychopath, not a sociopath. The guy has emotions. He has guilt. They're just operating on a real low level, and his "feelings" just finally caught up with him.

(beat, a look from Hopper)

That's the theory, anyway.

MARTHA

(quietly)

Then what was today?

HOPPER

What?

MARTHA

If he's not a hitman anymore, why did he kill that man in the park?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a beat, Hopper smiles an odd smile.

HOPPER

After the breakdown, Minch developed a kind of moral code. He's still notorious. People still try to hire him. But now, he kills them.

ELAINE

He kills the people who hire him?

HOPPER

That's right.

WALLY

Because "murder" is wrong.

ELAINE

That's insane.

HOPPER

So is Francis Minch.

Martha and Elaine are silent.

ELAINE

Just how dangerous is he?

HOPPER

Oh, there's no kind of chart. Minch isn't some kind of superhero, he's as human as you and me, he's just...He's just **frighteningly** efficient. He dances in, kills everyone, and dances out.

(to himself, ponderous)

It's kind of beautiful, really.

A long beat. Martha and Hopper have made eye contact, and there's an odd kind of understanding. Elaine and Wally look distinctly non-plussed.

MARTHA

(quietly)

So what now.

HOPPER

(standing)

The man you witnessed him killing today was heavily involved in organized crime. We should expect retribution. We're arranging a safe-house for you; until then, we're putting this apartment under protection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY

If he makes any attempt to contact you,  
you talk to us immediately, right?

Martha just sits there, still shell-shocked.

HOPPER

Right. She's got it.

Martha stares at nothing.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Mr. Right is locking up, and waving goodbye to coworkers as they leave. He begins to walk alone through the lot, and then takes out his cell phone, dialing Martha.

CUT TO: MARTHA STARING NUMBLY  
AT HER PHONE.

It reads MR.RIGHT. She lets it ring, near tears.

BACK TO: RIGHT IN THE LOT

Right sighs, pocketing his phone, and then stops. We see the way he views the world; everything in the lot seems to vanish piece by piece, leaving the Shotgun Steve, Uzi and SAW headed across the lot towards him, moving in a void.

Everything comes back, and Right stares at them, not moving.

Uzi *opens* fire, blasting the car Right stands next to, and keeps shooting. The windows shatter and the car's alarm goes off.

Right, either knowing that he's beyond Uzi's ability to aim with any kind of accuracy or simply not caring, continues to look vacantly at the trio of men; "Oh?".

He puts on the clown nose.

Steve shoves down Uzi's gun by the barrel, burning his hand.

SHOTGUN STEVE

**Agh, shit, STOP FUCKING SHOOTING!**

Right crouches down, and slowly, carefully starts squat-walking through the row of cars. He looks agitated, but not scared or nervous.

Out in the circle, Shotgun Steve, Uzi and SAW look around very quietly. The car alarm screams in the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAW  
Where'd he go?

SHOTGUN STEVE  
(quietly)  
God fucking damn it, why did you start shooting-

UZI  
Shut up, pussy, I didn't see you doing jack shit and-

Shotgun Steve abruptly raises his hand.

SHOTGUN STEVE  
Shh-sh-shh.

The car alarm keeps going off into the night. SAW sees something move, and turns, raising the machine gun, unloading **BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA** into the side of three sedans; all of their alarms go off, beginning the overture of a crazed, dysphoric symphony.

Shotgun slaps SAW on the back of the head.

SHOTGUN STEVE (CONT'D)  
What the *fuck*, Jimmy?

SAW  
He mighta been back there. Maybe I already got him.

The trio stands there waiting, and then there's a thump, and a car alarm starts going off behind them. The three turn, and SAW raises his gun, but Shotgun slaps it down. They stand there listening to the car alarms.

There's a thump from the other side of circle, and another alarm joins the chorus. Then another, and another.

SHOTGUN STEVE  
Ah man; all right, let's get out of here.

There are two more thumps, and two more sirens start as the men slowly begin to back out of the maze of cars.

CLOSE UP: A GRENADE BOUNCING AND ROLLING  
ALONG THE ASPHALT UNDER THE CARS.

**BOOM!** A car on the other side of the lot **EXPLODES** into flames. All three men turn, looking at the explosion, not noticing that *Mr. Right now stands between SAW and UZI.*

Mr. Right leans over Saw's shoulder, talking into his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT  
(gleeful whisper)  
*I'm gonna shoot you.*

It is here for the first time that we see Mr. Right in a combat situation. When he moves, it is in strictly sweeps, glides and snaps; it could be compared to the dancing of Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire, in that everything looks effortless and smooth.

The effect is visually beautiful, blindingly fast, and absolutely **lethal**.

Saw turns around, firing the massive machine gun at random, whereupon Mr. Right grape-vines his arm and quickly shoots him the in the side of the head, then gracefully turns, slaps Uzi's gun aside, kicks him in the nuts and then shoots him in the forehead as he falls forward.

Right looks around, confused; where's Shotgun Steve gone?

Right turns directly into Shotgun Steve **FIRING THE SHOTGUN OFF INTO HIS FACE FROM FOUR FEET AWAY**, having ducked behind the front of a car.

Right stumbles back, and blood pours from a dozen or so small holes in his face and neck; he also has a bunch of holes in his upper chest and shoulders, which spot red with blood. He looks stunned.

Shotgun Steve, equally stunned, tries to cock the shotgun; Mr. Right raises his pistol, holding it on Shotgun Steve.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
(pained)  
Drop that.

Steve drops the shotgun. Mr. Right slightly lowers his pistol.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
(genuinely baffled)  
Birdshot? They gave you birdshot?

Shotgun Steve goes for his pistol, but Mr. Right immediately brings his gun up into Steve's face.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
Don't reach for your gun, that'd be a **stupid** way to die.

Steve stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
 (piercing shriek)  
**FUCKING HURTS**, homie! **AAGGGHHH!**  
 (immediately calm and  
 friendly)  
 That was, that was great. I totally  
 didn't see that coming. I'd be dead  
 right now, you totally got me.

Steve stares at him.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
 I hate that feeling, what's your name?

SHOTGUN STEVE  
 (quietly)  
 Steve.

RIGHT  
 I hate that feeling Steve, but there's no  
 denying it, man, you got me. Shotgun  
 Steve. You are **damn** good. Why the fuck  
 would they give you birdshot?

SHOTGUN STEVE  
 S..isamistake...Iunno...

Mr. Right laughs, and shakes his head. Steve just stares at  
 him.

RIGHT  
 (sighs)  
 You should get out of here.

Steve nods fervently.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
 Run, dude!

Shotgun Steve takes off running. The friendliness seems to  
 drain from Mr. Right's face, and he looks alarmingly  
 emotionally vacant, thinking.

FLASH TO MR. RIGHT'S VIEW OF  
 THE PARK EARLIER THAT DAY.

Mr. Right sits on the bench with Charlie, and one by one, the  
 elements off the world crash away, finally leaving Charlie  
 and Mr. Right hanging in a void, and Martha sitting in  
 Right's car in the lot. Forty or so yards away stands Johnny  
 Howl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny Howl smiles and looks at Martha. Mr. Right looks horrified, and Charlie Cartigan drops away, dead.

BACK TO RIGHT IN THE LOT.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Martha.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Hopper stands outside of Martha's apartment door, not moving. The door creaks open, and Martha peers out. He looks at her.

MARTHA  
Hi.

HOPPER  
Hi.

MARTHA  
Where's the other guy?

HOPPER  
Wally's out in the car.

MARTHA  
Is everything...

HOPPER  
Everything's fine.

MARTHA  
How long have you been following him?

HOPPER  
Minch...three years. Wally came in later, after the change-over happened.  
(to Martha's reaction)  
When he started killing his clients.

MARTHA  
Oh.  
(long beat)  
Do you think I'm in danger?

HOPPER  
You want the honest answer or the Federal answer?

MARTHA  
Honest.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HOPPER

I have no idea. We think he's in danger; the man he killed has a lot of dangerous people backing him up.

(beat, musing)

Of course, so did the Picolos, and that didn't help them.

MARTHA

The who?

HOPPER

A little syndicate up north; drugs, heroin mainly, thought they were really tough guys. Tried to hire Minch, bang boom, their guys are dead. They try to come after him for revenge, and the backlash destroys them.

(holds up two fingers)

One survivor. Of four leaders, and fifteen underlings, one guy lived. Everyone thought it was a rival gang, but-

MARTHA

You misunderstood, I meant...I meant am I in any danger from him?

HOPPER

I...

(beat)

Minch has no friends. He barely ever talks to anyone. He spends hours in his apartment, sitting and not moving, staring at nothing, goes to work, sells cars, comes home. Around you, his behavior is...unique. He expresses himself; emotions other than that blank, happy thing he's got going on. You're the one person in my entire time tracking him that he's had any kind of meaningful interaction with that didn't end in a bullet...or a new car.

Martha smiles a tiny bit, and Hopper, though he doesn't smile, acknowledges it.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

Maybe that doesn't answer your question, but that's all I've got.

(beat)

Personally, I'd say he hasn't killed anybody that didn't have it coming since the change-over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOPPER (CONT'D)

So I think the real question is, do you believe that evil has an expiration date?

Martha nods, and slowly closes the door.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Richard looks absolutely furious, yelling at Von and Shotgun Steve. Bruce stands by, watching, uncomfortable.

RICHARD

*And then he **let you run away.***

SHOTGUN STEVE

That idiot Howl gave me a shotgun with fucking birdshot-

VON

Why didn't you check the cartridge?

SHOTGUN STEVE

Why the fuck would I, why would you guys even have birdshot shotguns laying around!? Why the fuck would you only send three fucking guys-

VON

Because we thought they'd be competent enough to kill one jack off by surprise, *clearly*, our mistake.

(to Richard)

This is bad, Richie, now he knows we're gunning for him. I think we've just gotta lock it down, stay where we are, and-

RICHARD

And wait for him to come here and kill us? No fuckin' thank you, Von. Where's Howl?

VON

He's-

RICHARD

Doesn't matter. Get him, get him and fifteen guys and go pick up the girlfriend.

VON

What? *Fifteen* guys?

RICHARD

Not including yourself and Howl, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON  
What? Why should I-

RICHARD  
**Don't you fuckin' test me, Clevon.**

VON  
Well what if he doesn't come for the girl-

RICHARD  
**I swear to god, don't test me.**

Von laughs and shakes his head, and Richard stands immediately, coming around the desk; Von suddenly looks afraid.

VON  
*Richie, wait, Richie-*

Richard *slaps Von across the face*, nearly knocking him down.

RICHARD  
Our uncle is **dead**. Two of our guys are **dead**. It is your fucking fault, you piece of shit worm cocksucker, and I have defended your worthless cokehead ass for years, **FOR FUCKING YEARS**, and now I realize, in full and vivid color, that it was a **mistake**.

(beat)  
Don't fuck me anymore than you already have. Go.

Von hurries out the door, not making eye contact with Richard. Steve stands up.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Weissman.

SHOTGUN STEVE  
Yeah?

RICHARD  
Just...Make sure Von doesn't get hurt, right?

SHOTGUN STEVE  
(quietly)  
Right.

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Wally sits in the government car out front, humming along to an oldie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We shoot up the side of the neighboring building to the roof, where we see Mr. Right perched. He takes out a small pair of binoculars, and looks through them at Wally. He lowers them, processes, then calmly makes the jump fifteen feet over down onto the fire-escape on Martha's building.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Hopper stands outside the door. At the far end of the hall to his right, a grenade rolls out and bumps into the wall. Hopper, knowing Right's tricks too well, spins and draws his gun, kneeling, aiming down the hall to his left.

He waits, bracing himself for the explosion of the grenade behind him, focusing, keeping his aim straight. Mr. Right casually strolls up behind him, pocketing the grenade.

Right yanks down the back of Hopper's collar and-

HOPPER

-shit-

-tazers him in the shoulder.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

There's a knock, and Martha comes to the door, looks through the peep hole, stands very still for a moment and then opens the door. Right enters, dragging Hopper in with him.

RIGHT

Hey Monsta, can you get the door?

Martha, still seeming emotionally blank, shuts the door. Right and Martha stare at each other, and then abruptly begin passionately kissing, with Right roughly tossing Hopper's limp body aside.

MARTHA

(abruptly shoving him off)  
Wait, stop, wait.

RIGHT

What?

MARTHA

Your face, what happened?

RIGHT

All the blood, yeah, I came straight here when I realized they knew your face. I didn't have time to clean up.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Someone shot me in the face with a  
shotgun.

MARTHA

Did you...

RIGHT

Kill him? No, no, he was a good guy.

Martha stares at him.

MARTHA

Okay whatever.

They start kissing again, and then Martha stops again.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

The whole reverse hitman thing, it's-

RIGHT

It's weird, yeah, I know.

MARTHA

Awkward.

RIGHT

Yeah, I kill a whole bunch of people.

MARTHA

Yeah but they suck anyway.

RIGHT

Yeah.

MARTHA

Okay. I am totally panic-rationalizing  
this to myself.

RIGHT

Okay. Good. I'm going to keep kissing you.

MARTHA

Yes.

They grab each other and start kissing again.

ELAINE

(horrified)

**Martha.**

They turn to see Elaine, standing stalk still.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

**WHAT. THE. FUCK.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT  
Oh, hi Elaine!

CONTINUED:

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Wally is sitting, zoning out, and then three cars roll up. Men start unloading; Johnny Howl, Zeke, Shotgun Steve and Von are among them.

JOHNNY HOWL  
(points at a window)  
She's up there. Fifth floor, second from the right.

VON  
Are you sure?

Johnny Howl just looks at him, and Von grins. Wally looks up, snapping out of his haze.

WALLY  
(seeing Johnny Howl)  
Oh shit.  
(fumbling out his cell phone)  
*Oh shit, oh shit.*

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hopper's walkie-talkie bleeps, and Mr. Right, Elaine and Martha all turn to look at it.

WALLY (ON WT)  
Hopper, we've got problems, twelve uglies headed into the building.

RIGHT  
(grabbing Martha's wrist)  
Come on, we've got to go.

MARTHA  
Do you think they're here to-

RIGHT  
They're here to get you to get me. They already tried to take me out straight up, and I don't think it went down how they planned.

MARTHA  
You shot some people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT

Well, yeah. We've gotta go, really,  
look, we can talk about this in the car.

MARTHA

Francis-

RIGHT

(suddenly flustered)

They told you my name, okay, they told  
you my name, that's great, **YOU FUCKING  
BASTARD!**

He turns and violently kicks the unconscious Hopper in the  
ribs.

MARTHA

Francis don't-

RIGHT

That was unnecessary, I'm sorry,  
unnecessary.

MARTHA

I can't just leave with you.

RIGHT

Why not?

MARTHA

I can't, you're a criminal, I-

RIGHT

But I love you.

Martha stands frozen, locking eyes with Right. Elaine breaks  
the silence.

ELAINE

*You're fucking crazy!*

Right spins on her.

RIGHT

**Shut up! I will shoot you from the side  
in your eye!**

(to Martha)

I won't do that.

(to Elaine)

**You will lay on the ground screaming for  
hours! No one will help you!**

(to Martha)

I would never do that, I'm not going to  
do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Right turns and gives Elaine a cold, psychotic glare.

MARTHA

Where would we go?

RIGHT

Does it matter? Look, we have absolutely no time to discuss this.

MARTHA

What about Elaine?

RIGHT

What about Elaine, she's being a jerk!

MARTHA

Hey!

RIGHT

No, you're right, you're right.

(beat)

Elaine, go in the bathroom, lock the door.

ELAINE

You can't tell me to-

There's a loud knock on the door, and Elaine immediately rushes to the bathroom and slams the door. Right steps out of the way of the door, pulling Martha with him, and putting on the clown nose.

MARTHA

What're we going to do?

RIGHT

Oh, we're just going to plow straight through these guys and go to the stairs.

MARTHA

Can you-

RIGHT

Just stay low, and you'll-

Zeke **KICKS OPEN THE DOOR**, and Mr. Right uses Zeke's stumbling forward momentum to punch him directly in the face, knocking him down and nearly out. Right immediately steps out into the hallway, Martha right behind him.

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Four **GOONS, A, B, C and D**, stand just near the door, crowded in the hallway.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Mr. Right rushes directly into them as they try to raise their guns. Again, we bare witness to the impossibly smooth, dance-like brutality.

**He snatches away A's gun, slaps B and C, kicks A in the balls, shoots D with A's gun, snatches away C's gun, shoots A with C's gun, pokes B in the eye as he raises his gun, snatches away the knife C has drawn, slaps C and stabs B in the neck with it, and then shoots C in the head with A's gun.**

Martha blinks.

RIGHT  
(grabbing her hand)  
Come on.

He pulls her past the downed goons, taking a moment to turn and casually shoot B in the head as he tries to stand up.

MARTHA  
How do you do it so *fast*?

RIGHT  
A lot of people-

Right glances around the corner to the elevator, where Johnny Howl is getting out with two men, **E** and **F**, guns raised.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
-waste a bunch of time with "fighting." I try to skip that and go straight to "winning."

Right pops out as the guys try to turn the corner, grabs E by the back of the head and shoots him in the face, then knocks the gun out of F's hand and shoots him in the eye.

Right smashes into Johnny Howl, knocking him into the wall, but Howl shoves him off and brutally **punches him straight in the face, knocking off the clown nose.**

Right staggers back, and Howl punches him again; he staggers again, and Howl pulls out a big revolver, which Right promptly bashes away with his own guns, knocking it onto the floor. Howl grabs Right's wrists, pinning them together, and twists around and **slams his hands into the wall**, causing him to drop the guns.

FURTHER UP THE HALL...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zeke comes out of Martha's apartment, wiping his bloody nose. He sees Mr. Right and Johnny Howl struggling, and all the dead bodies, and immediately turns tail and runs down the hallway.

BACK WITH THE FIGHT...

Right stomps on Johnny's foot, then headbutts him in the face, breaking free of his grip. He reaches into his coat and tries to pull out the taser, but Howl hooks his elbow and pulls him into a punch, knocking him down.

He turns, standing over Right, takes a step and then **punts him in the head**, nearly knocking him out.

The punches have torn open all of the birdshot wounds, and Mr. Right is covered in blood. Howl smiles, turning and picking up the clown nose.

JOHNNY HOWL

A clown nose, huh? Cute gimmick. You know, for a while, I was gonna wear bow ties, so I could be known as "the guy with the bow tie?" I thought about it, and I decided, you know, I'd rather just be known as "the guy who killed all your friends."

He grins, picking up his gun. Martha appears behind him.

MARTHA

Panties.

JOHNNY HOWL

(confused, turning)  
What?

Martha shrugs. The clown nose is casually picked out of Johnny Howl's hand, and he turns back to see Right, covered in blood, wearing the nose again, on his feet, smiling.

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET LEVEL

Zeke comes rushing out to Shotgun Steve, Von and seven other guys, who wait by the cars.

ZEKE

He's up there, man, he's-

**Johnny Howl comes crashing through a fifth floor window, landing roughly on a fire escape terrace.**

Von gasps; up on the terrace, Johnny Howl, starts to shakily get up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Now what the what the fuck do we do?

PAN OVER TO THE ALLEY BETWEEN BUILDINGS, WHERE...

Mr. Right pops out of the emergency stairwell, Martha pulled along behind him. They go to the edge of the alley, and Mr. Right peeks out at the men.

MARTHA

What next?

RIGHT

I don't know, I've never shot this many guys at once before.

MARTHA

Where's your car?

Right nods at the ramp to an underground garage...Across the street.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Well, that sucks.

RIGHT

Yeah.

Mr. Right draws a revolver out of his coat, handing it to Martha.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Here, take this. Just point and click.

MARTHA

I don't want to shoot anyone-

RIGHT

You won't have to if you don't want to, it would just, it would help a lot. You really should.

MARTHA

(laughs nervously)  
Yeah?

RIGHT

Yeah.

Mr. Right glances at a dumpster at the edge of the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
Do you trust me?

Martha stares at him.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
Do you trust me?

MARTHA  
(quietly)  
You never lied to me.

RIGHT  
*Do you trust me?*

Martha smile, exhilarated.

BACK TO THE STREET...

The dumpster comes rolling out of the alley to the middle of the street, and Steve, Zeke, Von and all four goons open fire on it.

Right, Martha behind him, strolls out of the alley, a gun in each hand. As he walks, **he shoots two of the goons, one in the shoulder and one in the head;** he continues firing randomly until the thugs back off a little, then yanks Martha and spins her around, waltz-dipping her behind the dumpster and kissing her on the mouth **as dozens of bullets ricochet and spark off the steel.**

SHOTGUN STEVE  
Stop shooting, damnit, wait until we have a clear shot!

ZEKE  
Fuck that, kill'em, kill'em!

Back behind the dumpster, Right and Martha are sitting side by side as Right checks the ammunition on his "borrowed" guns. He pushes back his coat to reveal that he has two pistol holsters on his hips, each with a small red button.

RIGHT  
(singing under his breath)  
How'dya do, mighty pleasant greetin',  
fine how are you, good to be repeatin',

MARTHA  
Is that...Splash Mountain?

RIGHT  
Yeah, it's a good ride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Right presses the red buttons on his dual holsters, and the guns, apparently *springloaded*, **launch straight up into the air**. All the guys, excluding Shotgun Steve, follow the guns with their eyes. Steve grabs Von and ducks down, as Mr. Right pops up onto his feet.

***In less than two seconds, Mr. Right has casually shot and killed four of the seven men, all, all direct hits to the head; he tosses away the "borrowed" guns and catches his own guns as they fall back down, doing a balletic twirl and then continuing to shoot, catching the last three unnamed men, including the already injured goons, each with perfect center of the forehead shots.***

Zeke pops up, holding an AK-47, and starts firing at random at Mr. Right, who grabs Martha and begins a mad dash towards the ramp down into the garage.

Johnny Howl, clearly furious, bursts out of front door of Martha's apartment building, pulling a sawed off Shotgun out of his thigh holster, and repeatedly firing as he walks further out into the street.

Mr. Right and Martha disappear down the ramp, and Johnny Howl stops, turning and going to his car.

VON

Johnny what do we-

JOHNNY HOWL

*I got it.*

VON

Remember Johnny, we can't-

JOHNNY HOWL

***I got it.***

Johnny starts his car and slams on the gas, motoring down the ramp. Zeke starts to slowly advance with his AK-47. Von looks absolutely helpless, gun raised impotently.

SHOTGUN STEVE

(quietly)

Fuck this shit.

Steve goes to the truck of one of the cars, and takes out a roll of flashbang grenades. We pan to reveal Wally, slumped super low in his seat, frantically talking into an FBI phone.

WALLY

No, all units are not fucking occupied; we have open gunfire in the fucking streets, multiple casualties-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look, do the initials **FBI** even, do you even understand that? Yeah? **FUCK! Well how about AK-47, does that ring a fucking bell!?**

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny Howl drives slowly through the parking structure, eyes wide, searching; he has a certain animal countenance to him, his pupils bouncing around like an angry wolf on the prowl.

His car passes Mr. Right and Martha, who hide behind a concrete pillar.

Mr. Right hands Martha his keys, and silently points at the car, then makes a "go-around" motion with his hand. She takes a moment to understand, then nods, and Right dives out from behind the pillar while Martha runs off towards Mr. Right's car.

Mr. Right runs up the back of Howl's car, firing repeatedly into the roof, and Howl slams on the gas and dives out the driver's side.

The sudden acceleration drops Mr. Right painfully onto the ground, but he manages to hold onto his guns, firing dazedly at Johnny, who ducks behind a car. Johnny's car gently crashes into the wall, and Johnny pops out like a jack-in-the-box, advancing on Right and firing the shotgun as Right scrambles out of the way.

Right flings one of his empty guns, and it clips Howl on the side of the head, causing him to stumble back and be **HIT BY MARTHA DRIVING RIGHT'S CAR!**

Howl rolls off the hood; the impact wasn't too bad, but it was certainly enough to throw him into shock.

MARTHA

(rolls down the window)

**LOOK BOTH WAYS!**

Right laughs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

**BITCH, YOU HAVE TO LOOK BOTH WAYS!**

Right looks deliriously happy as he scrambles into the car. She slams on the gas.

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Right and Martha start to come up the ramp, when something comes rolling down towards them.

RIGHT  
(eyes wide)  
Martha cover your-

There's a blinding flash of light and sound as the flash-bang grenade explodes, and they go crashing into a parking meter on the other side of the street, sending coins everywhere.

There's a moment of silence, and then Mr. Right drops out of the car, pained and dazed, rubbing his eyes; Martha's been nearly knocked out by the impact from the airbag.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
Martha...Martha...

A flashbang rolls up next to him.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
Aw, dang.

The flashbang **EXPLODES** in a flash of light and sound, and Mr. Right stumbles back, crawling desperately.

Shotgun Steve comes out of **NOWHERE, smashing Mr. Right with a baseball bat, knocking him down.** Right, in extreme pain, turns and swats the bat out of Steve's hands, grabs him by the arm and slams him against the car.

Zeke bull-tackles the dazed Right, but Right shrugs him off, slamming his body into the side of the car; as Zeke raises his gun, Right snatches it away from him, **headbutts him in the face,** and turns to try to shoot Steve, but **Steve bashes his hand with the baseball bat, bashes him in the arm, and then raises the bat in the air to smash Right's skull as Right flips out a switchblade when-**

**BANG!**

VON  
**ENOUGH.**

Von stands, holding the dazed Martha to him tightly with one hand, his smoking pistol raised in the other.

RIGHT  
(squinting)  
Steve?

Steve stands very still, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Steve, is that you? Did you get me again? And then he stopped you, or...

(to Von)

Jesus christ, man, what're you doing to this poor guy?

Right kicks Steve, in the chest, **leaps to his feet, rolls across the trunk**, and takes cover behind the car. Steve and Zeke grab up their guns and fire repeatedly into the car, while Von backs up, dragging Martha with him.

Mr. Right smiles, and Von jostles Martha and she gasps. Right's smile vanishes, and he tosses away the switchblade.

Johnny Howl comes limping up from the underground garage, as Zeke and Steve frantically reload.

JOHNNY HOWL

(tilting his ear)

Cops.

STEVE

I don't hear anything-

VON

Zeke, Steve, go start the car, the cops'll be here any minute.

Zeke runs off to start the car.

SHOTGUN STEVE

*Why are we taking the girl? We've got him right here-*

VON

*Just do it, Steve.*

Johnny nods at the car, and Von and Johnny start backing up. Right calls out to them.

RIGHT

You're a bad guy, aren't you?

Von stops, shouting back at the car.

VON

What? Me? You're a fuckin' hitman, scum of the earth murderer piece of shit, and I'm a bad guy.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RIGHT

I am a murderer. But I'm a good guy.  
You...You're one of the bad guys. You're  
just a rotten, rotten person.

Von shakes his head and smiles.

VON

I'dve thought you'd be a little more  
tender with me, partner.

MARTHA

(waking up a little)  
He'll be tender when he's fucking you in  
the-

Von viciously slaps Martha. Right winces behind the car.  
Police sirens are approaching. Johnny grabs up one of the  
flashbangs and bowls it towards the car right hides behind.

RIGHT

I'm going to get you.

VON

Yeah, give it your best shot,  
psycho.

Right pops up from behind the car, motioning as though he's  
going to throw the switchblade, and then the flashbang comes  
to rest at his feet.

WHITE FLASH.  
SLAM TO BLACK.

EXT. THE CARTIGAN LODGE - NIGHT - LATER

It's a massive house just outside of the city, in a wooded  
area. The three cars approach, and stop at a gate. Von  
leans out the window to shout back to Steve.

VON

Steve?

SHOTGUN STEVE

(annoyed)  
Yeah?

VON

Wait out here, okay?

SHOTGUN STEVE

What? Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON  
Just wait the fuck out here!

Shotgun Steve seems conflicted, but then sighs and pulls over his car next to the gatehouse as the others drive in.

He lights a cigarette, and then shakes his head, frustrated, thinking.

CUT TO BLACK.

There's faint, somewhat chaotic music. It's pretty; as though composed from ambient sounds, woven together to form one flowing song. It gradually falls apart, separating into individual sounds, which leads to...

FADE IN: MR. RIGHT DAZEDLY  
WAKING UP...

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Mr. Right blinks, he's face down on the asphalt. He sees his clown nose sitting only a couple feet away, and reaches for it; we hear dozens of guns cock.

He looks around; there are eight police cars parked on the road, some with lights on, and a mess of police officers, Wally and Hopper stand behind the cars, pistols and shotguns raised, trained on Mr. Right; he's covered in laser sights.

RIGHT  
(laughs)  
Think...think you brought enough guns,  
fellahs?

HOPPER  
(to a cop)  
Where's the SWAT team? We called a damn  
SWAT team, where are they-

COP  
Calm down, we've got him covered.

Hopper looks to Wally, who pops a piece of Nicotine Gum into his mouth and chews it furiously.

HOPPER  
We can't expect-

RIGHT  
Hey! Hello, hey everyone!

Mr. Right is standing, arms raised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP WITH A MEGAPHONE  
Put your hands above your head.

RIGHT  
They're up, yeah-

COP WITH A MEGAPHONE  
You are under arrest in connection with  
multiple homicides-

RIGHT  
(laughing)  
Oh yeah, I did a whole bunch of those.

COP WITH A MEGAPHONE  
You have the right to remain silent.  
Anything you say can and will be used  
against you in a court of law. You have  
the right to a-

RIGHT  
I don't, I don't need these.

There's a silence.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
You guys aren't going to be able to  
arrest me, you don't need to read me  
these.

Mr. Right puts on his clown nose. Hopper blinks and flinches  
a little.

HOPPER  
*This is bad, this is bad.*

COP SERGEANT  
Hit him with the gas.

HOPPER  
NO WAIT-

Two tear gas canisters are fired out at Mr. Right from  
grenade launchers; **he spins, catching them in his coat and  
then using it as a sling to fling the canisters BACK AT THE  
POLICE CARS, IMMEDIATELY ROLLING RUNNING FORWARD INTO THE  
SMOKE.**

All of the cops open fire at once, but he's already too  
close, and a majority of the shots seem to hit their own cars  
as he speeds between them. The laser sights dance crazily in  
the fog of teargas, and we hear gunshots and sounds of  
violence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wally and Hopper stumble away from the cars, frantically trying to wave the tear gas away, when Mr. Right abruptly rises in front of them.

He wears a bizarre, vaguely insectoid gas-mask. Wally goes for his gun, and Right **shoots Wally in the thigh and grabs Hopper by the shoulder.**

RIGHT  
(overjoyed)  
**AGENT HOPPER!**

CUT TO: A TV SCREEN DISPLAYING A  
HELICOPTER VIEW OF THE STREET

INT. CARTIGAN LODGE - RICHARD'S OFFICE - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

The plush home office of Richard Cartigan.

Richard is staring at Martha, who's taped to a chair, bound and gagged. He then looks back to the TV, which shows injured police officers being taken out of the dissipating cloud of tear gas by paramedics.

Von stands in the corner, looking fidgety. Bruce and Johnny Howl are nearby as always, waiting, watching.

RICHARD  
(regarding Martha)  
Explain to me again how this happened.

VON  
We had him pinned down in his car, and she came out the driver's side. Zeke grabbed her, and me and Johnny tried to chase him, but by then the cops were already showing up and we skated the fuck out of there.

RICHARD  
(beat)  
Von, could you come out on the porch with me for a moment?

VON  
(a little afraid)  
Yeah, sure.

They go out onto the porch. Martha watches them, then looks to Bruce and Johnny, who are staring intensely at each other. Johnny Howl smiles.

EXT. CARTIGAN LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Richie is SCREAMING at Von.

RICHARD  
-AND NOW HE COULD COME HERE!

VON  
Well that's the plan man, if he comes here  
we finish him off. He was hurt, we saw-

RICHARD  
THIS MAN JUST KILLED FIFTEEN OF OUR GUYS!

VON  
**LISTEN.**

Richard stares at Von, surprised by his brother's  
assertiveness.

VON (CONT'D)  
Johnny and I have a plan. We'll go  
out there, get the word out, throw  
up a hundred grand reward-

RICHARD  
-A hundred grand!-

VON  
Of my own money, yeah, we'll go out, beat  
the bushes and get people armed. Maybe  
drive up to Sasatchee and get the Drews  
in on this. You stay here, hold down the  
fort and I'll take care of this. I  
promise this time. If I can't, then  
damn, I'll take whatever you got for me.  
You can give me whatever you've got.

Richard stares at Von, thinking.

RICHARD  
(shaking his head)  
Okay. Okay, whatever, do what you-

BRUCE (O.S.)  
No.

VON  
**What the fuck-**

Von turns to find that Bruce stands on the porch behind them.

VON (CONT'D)  
You better shut your fucking coon yap or-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD  
(to Von)  
*Shut up.*

BRUCE  
It doesn't make sense to-

VON  
***I SAID-***

Richard slaps Von.

BRUCE  
Mr. Cartigan, if we don't know where this  
guy is, we can't afford to leave this  
house.

VON  
How do you figure that?

BRUCE  
Because this man is clearly more than we  
can handle.

VON  
I told you, we hurt him-

BRUCE  
But he got away. He was still up and  
running.

Richard raises a hand, silencing Von before he can start.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
It's an impossible situation. He wants  
that woman in there, yes? Does he know  
where we are now?

Richard looks to Von.

VON  
...No.

BRUCE  
Then why leave? Why not just take some  
time, find out where we stand. Get on  
our feet before we get back in the ring.

VON  
Well, at least let us go out to-

RICHARD  
No, Bruce is right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON

*Richard, for fucksakes, you're gonna let  
this jack-off tell you what to do now  
or...*

Von trails off as Bruce and Richard stare at him; he seems deeply shaken by something, and he flinches a little bit.

VON (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay, fine. Okay. Okay.

RICHARD

Up the guard on the house. I want every single guy we can get in here tonight. And be sure you're quiet about it; I don't want this nutcase following the ants back to the queen, you know?

Bruce nods.

As they talk, Von looks through the window, making very intense eye contact with Johnny Howl inside. He does not look pleased, and slightly shakes his head.

Martha watches this silent exchange, and then stares at Johnny Howl.

JOHNNY HOWL

Looks like we're going to be up past bedtime.

CUT TO: AGENT HOPPER DRIVING HIS CAR.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Hopper flips his FBI badge to the guy at the check-booth at the edge of the storage facilities parking lot, and the guy lets him pass. We pan to reveal Mr. Right laying along the bottom of the backseats, two guns pressed to Hopper's chair.

CUT TO: MR. RIGHT OUTSIDE HIS  
STORAGE CONTAINER.

Right is unlocking the storage container, holding Hopper at gunpoint.

RIGHT

I really am sorry about this. I'm probably going to have to shoot you, too.

HOPPER

(more frustrated than scared)  
Shoot me, jesus christ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT

Yeah, well, that's the way the cookie crumbles. Open the door.

Hopper pulls open the door, and the fluorescent click on, revealing all of the guns.

HOPPER

*My god.*

Right goes in, keeping Hopper at gunpoint.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

Mr. Right smiles.

AS HOPPER TALKS: Mr. Right goes through the container, keeping him at gunpoint, picking up a sniper rifle, an M-16, a string of grenades, and two miniature bouncing betty land mines.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

They took her, didn't they?

(beat)

They took her. And you're, what, you're going to go after them? Or, no, you're going to leave, like you did in Bosnia, just disappear, or...

(as Right picks up the M-16)

You're going after them. Of course.

"Love," right. Francis, we can help you. We can. I mean, we can even grant you amnesty, we can use you, even put you in Witness Protection, not that you need it. We don't like the Cartigans any more than you, and we certainly don't want any harm to come to Martha. We can fix this, Francis, and I'm *not lying*. We can turn this around. Minch, damn it, listen, *these aren't the Piccolos you're dealing with, these are dangerous men.*

Mr. Right approaches Hopper, flipping off the light and putting on the clown nose in one motion.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

*ohchrist.*

RIGHT

I like to wear this nose. The nose helps me think.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)

It doesn't mean I'm going to kill you,  
and I know you're not as afraid as you're  
acting, because I know that you know that  
I only kill total assholes. Now, are you  
a total asshole?

HOPPER

(quickly)

No.

RIGHT

Then what the fuck are you so scared of,  
Bart?

Hopper stays still.

HOPPER

You know who I am.

RIGHT

Yes.

HOPPER

You know I've been following you, you  
know-

RIGHT

Yeah. I mean, I didn't mind, I felt like  
we were friends, you know, hanging out.  
Like you guys liked me and wanted to just  
chill with me and stuff. You and Wally,  
sure.

(bites his lip)

Shit, I shouldn't have shot him, **SHIT!**

Right punches the side container, which bangs LOUDLY, causing  
Hopper to flinch.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

He's just really quick on the draw, and I  
couldn't take risks. I have to get to  
Martha.

Hopper stays still, thinking.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Something's wrong.

HOPPER

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT

The douchebags let me go after practically screaming at me that they'd be in Bonnaville.

HOPPER

At the Cartigan Estate, sure.

Hopper freezes. Right smiles.

RIGHT

Oh, come on, I know you let that slide on purpose. You did, didn't you? Didn't you? Well, regardless, I'm gonna pretend like you did, because it makes me want to shoot you less, and you have to understand that I love shooting people.

(beat)

So...You up for a drive?

Hopper looks terrified.

INT. CARTIGAN LODGE - DRAWING ROOM

It's an intimate, lavish drawing room on the second story of the Cartigan estate. Von comes in, looking pissed off and nervous, and Johnny wheels in Martha, still tied to the chair.

Martha watches both of them intently as they frantically talk back and forth.

VON  
*Fuck, we're fucked*

JOHNNY HOWL  
We're not fucked

VON  
Fucked, we're totally fucked

JOHNNY HOWL  
Nothing's even happened,

VON  
Shut your fuckin' mouth,  
Johnny, don't tell me

JOHNNY HOWL  
You're gonna tell me to shut  
my fuckin

MARTHA  
(muffled laughing)  
Mrrmafmrmm.

Von turns his head sharply to Martha.

JOHNNY HOWL  
Von, you-

VON  
Sh, sh. What'd you say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martha rolls her eyes at him.

JOHNNY HOWL  
Ah, see, here, we can have some fun.

Von tears the tape of Martha's mouth.

MARTHA  
AGHGGGHHH...*Exhilarating*. Von, right?  
Your name is Von? And Johnny Quest?

VON  
Johnny Ho-

JOHNNY HOWL  
(laughs)  
She knows, Von, she's just bein' cute.

VON  
Oh, you wanna be cute?

Von slaps Martha. Martha gasps, and sits still, thinking.

VON (CONT'D)  
What's it like?

MARTHA  
Having balls?

Von slaps her.

VON  
I mean dating a psycho-piece of shit.

MARTHA  
Ooooh, that, yeah. You know, I think we  
have a beautiful friendship, and I  
wouldn't want to ruin it-

Von punches her in the mouth, but Johnny Howl chuckles. Von glares at him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
I'm not afraid of you guys. Something's  
up. You're trying to run something here  
and it's, it's not working and watching  
you two sweat is so-

Von slaps her again. She sits still, a little blood trickling from her mouth. After a moment, she speaks.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Nothing you could do would make me  
afraid.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Love is the emotion under all the other emotions.

(beat, makes eye contact with Von)

When the person I love arrives here, you better hope you are long, long gone. Because he's going to kill you. And if he doesn't...I will.

Von stares at her, and then looks at Johnny Howl.

VON

You wanna kill me?

MARTHA

Well, they tell me successful people always set achievable goals.

Johnny laughs. Von stands staring at her for a moment, very intense.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(mocking him)

Ooooo.

Von smiles, and Martha laughs.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Don't smile, man, it's not funny in a way we can both laugh at.

Von abruptly kicks Martha, **hard** in the stomach, knocking back the chair onto the floor. She coughs and splutters while Von straightens himself, and then stands, looking down at her.

VON

(once she's quieted down)

So tell me, not so funny now, right?  
**RIGHT?** How you feel now?

Martha looks up, pale, looking somewhat frighteningly insane.

MARTHA

I feel...**alive**.

Von and Johnny are silent.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Don't you idiots get it...Kill me, I don't care, I don't care, I don't care. I'd been waiting for something to happen...I'd been waiting for you.

She looks evenly at Von, tears streaming down her face. She

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

smiles, blood on her teeth. Von tries to contain his horror.

EXT. CARTIGAN LODGE - COUNTRY ROAD - LATER - NEARING DAWN

A long string of cars is headed towards the lodge. The front gates open, and the cars pull into the gravel lot at the front of the house.

We pan over on the road to reveal Mr. Right and Agent Hopper, sitting in the government car. Mr. Right is staring at the cars as they start to park.

HOPPER

There must be twenty men in the cars,  
more inside, all heavily armed. What can  
you do, Francis? What are you going to  
do?

RIGHT

(casually)  
Stick your arm through the steering  
wheel.

Hopper stares at him. Right stairs back. Hopper snakes his left arm up through the steering wheel.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

(quickly)  
I'm terribly sorry about this.

Right turns, and kicks the side of the steering wheel, cracking it off and wrenching Hopper's arm, trapping him. Hopper screams in pain, and Right gets out, walking swiftly towards the closing gates.

HOPPER

Fucking hell, fuck!

Steve, still in his car just outside the gate, blinks as Right walks casually past.

RIGHT

(putting on the clown nose)  
Hey Steve.

Right pulls his bizarre gas-mask down over his face, pops three tear gas/smoke grenades, one yellow, one blue and one purple, and hurls them towards the cars.

Right hits the group of men like a tornado as they start to get out of the cars, dancing and skipping and having a lovely time:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A man tries to draw his gun, but Right snatches it away, shoots two people, throws it back to the first guy, snatches another gun and shoots him, shoots that gun's owner, and then slams his head in a door as he falls.

Right grabs a man in Waltz position, aims this way with his "dance partner's" gun, shoots three more men, then shoots his dance partner and slides across and over the hood of a car.

He lands, pokes the driver of the car in the eye, ducks under a wave of machine gun fire, shoots the machine gunner, and drops two grenades into the driver's lap.

Smoke has started to clog up, blurring everything into swirls of color.

Right grabs a man in a half nelson, takes his gun, throws him into two other guys, shoots all three, rolls, headbutts a man in the stomach and catches his dropped gun out of midair.

Shoots a man behind him, shoots the headbutted man, and then **THE GRENADES GO OFF**, knocking several men down. Right doesn't flinch.

He turns, shoots two more men, dance dodges a volley of gunfire, and shoots the last four of the thugs as the smoke completely envelopes the driveway.

It is a beautiful, beautiful thing.

INT. CARTIGAN LODGE - DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The gag is back on, and Martha has begun poking it with her tongue, pushing it off little by little. Her skin has started to pale.

Von is standing at the window, staring out at the smoke. He's badly chewing his thumb nail. Johnny appears in the doorway.

JOHNNY HOWL

He's here.

VON

Yeah, I see that.

Martha giggles through her gag. Johnny pulls Von aside into an alcove as Martha watches.

JOHNNY HOWL

Front yard is a fuckin' warzone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON

We sit on the dog, and we get bit on the ass. I knew this would happen.

JOHNNY HOWL

Are you scared?

VON

I'm not scared, I'm just vibrantly aware of the fact that we need to get the fuck out of here, yesterday.

JOHNNY HOWL

Why don't we just kill him?

VON

Kill who?

JOHNNY HOWL

Both of them. Burn it all.

Von thinks for a moment.

VON

You think you can handle the clown?

JOHNNY HOWL

(shrugs)

I mean, it'll be interesting, anyway.

VON

So I should...

JOHNNY HOWL

Yeah.

There are more gunshots from downstairs, and Von grimaces.

VON

I gotta get the gas. Fuck this house.

JOHNNY HOWL

You'll have to go past him.

Zeke runs up to the door.

ZEKE

He's inside.

Von stares at Johnny, who nods.

JOHNNY HOWL

Stay sharp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON

(grins)

Zeke, get Bruce. We're takin' this guy down.

Von exits the room, out into the HALLWAY, and we track with him as he's joined by several goons, then Zeke and Bruce join with several men, all armed, and they start to head downstairs.

Johnny looks over at Martha. Martha winks at him. For once, he's not smiling.

INT. CARTIGAN LODGE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

The men walk down into the huge den, complete with a fancy wet bar. It's connected to the foyer, and they see that yellow, blue and purple smoke has begun to flood in from the foyer.

There's the sound of nearby machine gun fire.

ZEKE

What is that? Where is he, in the garage?

BRUCE

We have to get Richard out of the house.

VON

Fuck that, we end this nonsense here and now.

There's an explosion at the front of the house, and everyone is jolted.

VON (CONT'D)

Fucking christ-

Two bouncing betties slide in across the marble, coming to rest at the feet of the group.

BRUCE

**SHIT GET DOWN-**

Everyone tries to duck, but several men are still caught in the shrapnel as the bouncing betties **LAUNCH UP AND EXPLODE**, *shredding them to pieces.*

Everyone slowly gets to their feet, aiming their guns into the roiling, twisting smoke.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ZEKE

Where is he? Where is he?

Von starts quietly backing up to the back of the group.

BRUCE

Shh. Wait.

CLOSE ON:

Mr. Right's eye peering through the scope of a sniper rifle.

EXT. CARTIGAN LODGE - FRONT OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shotgun Steve, out of the car, his eyes on the house, is going through the injured, frantically organizing people who are still mobile.

SHOTGUN STEVE

*Come on! Come on! We've got to get into  
the house!*

BACK TO: THE DEN

A large window to the right of everyone shatters, and everyone turns and shoots into the woods outside.

Von quietly ducks away, exiting the room, and then Bruce, annoyed by all the irrational shooting, turns and sees that there's a tiny bullet hole in the wall to everyone's left, just above a window.

Up on the balcony over the staircase, a quietly observing Johnny Howl notices too. He smiles, but says nothing. Bruce realizes what's happened, but he's much too late.

BRUCE

***No, he's-***

Mr. Right comes ***crashing through the tiny window behind everyone, smashing into Bruce and pistol whipping Zeke across the face as he stands.***

Everyone turns, but he's already standing at the center of the crowd. The coward turns and runs; upstairs, Johnny backs into the shadows.

It all happens blindingly fast:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Right turns and grabs a thug with two pistols in chest holsters, flips them upside-down and shoots them up into his armpits, ducks allowing two thugs to shoot each other, yanks the pistols out of the chest holsters, kicks the body into the two men behind him, shoots them both, ducks under a shotgun blast, kicks the shotgun wielder in the knee, then grabs his shotgun and yanks it away,*

CUT TO: MARTHA SITTING IN  
THE CHAIR.

Martha listens to the chaos downstairs in the empty room, giggling gleefully through the gag.

BACK TO: RIGHT KILLING  
EVERYONE.

*Right launches one of his spring-loaded pistols into a man's face, catches it as it bounces off, trips a man behind him, shoots him, shoots the guy whose face got bounced, blasts the man behind him in the chest with the shotgun, and then holds the shotgun out, butt first, to the gunless thug who originally had the shotgun.*

They stand there like that. Mr. Right takes off his gas mask, and grins.

RIGHT  
Do you want your gun back?

GUNLESS THUG  
...Yeah?

RIGHT  
(laughs)  
Psh, psych.

He flips the shotgun around and blasts the gunless thug in the face.

Zeke abruptly stands behind Right, trying to raise his gun. Right grabs him by the wrist, twirls him, takes the gun, twirls him again, tears open his button up shirt, places the barrel of the pistol sideways against his chest and **FIRES**.

The bullet fires off into the ceiling. Zeke screams as the **gun's slide closes on his flesh**; Right shoves him down, leaving the smoking gun hanging from Zeke's chest as he shrieks in pain.

Bruce rushes Mr. Right, but Right knocks him away, and raises his gun at Bruce, who, presumably out of instinct, assumes a karate pose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stand there like that amidst all the bodies.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
(annoyed)  
HEY!

Bruce looks confused.

BRUCE  
What?

RIGHT  
This isn't fair. I don't know karate.

BRUCE  
You've got a fuckin' **gun**, man!

RIGHT  
Well...If I put down my gun, will you  
promise not to use karate?

BRUCE  
...Okay.

Right tosses away his gun, and Bruce *immediately jump kicks Right in the chest, knocking him over.*

RIGHT  
(pained, angry)  
THAT WAS KARATE, YOU ARE TOTALLY USING  
KARATE-

Right tries to get up, but Bruce catches him with several strikes to the body. Right abruptly headbutts Bruce, knocking him back, and **then Bruce roundhouse kicks Right in the face.**

Right rolls, wiping the blood from his nose and drawing his dual pistols, as Bruce turns and grabs a grenade, pulling out the pin. Bruce spins, ready to throw the grenade, only to find that Right has both guns pointed directly at him, point blank.

Bruce freezes. Right smiles, and then notices the grenade in his hand. Bruce notices it too. They stand there frozen.

RIGHT (CONT'D)  
**GET RID OF THE GRENADE!**

Bruce, startled into action, quickly tosses the grenade away, and it **explodes behind the bar, shattering all the bottles and blowing the counter apart.**

Bruce stands staring at the destruction; Right looks

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

concerned.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Wow.

BRUCE

(in shock)

*ohgahd.*

RIGHT

You almost blew yourself up!

Bruce nods numbly, and starts to fall forward, but Right catches him.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Here, sit down.

They sit down together.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Just take long, deep breaths, in through the mouth, out through the nose.

Bruce nods and tries to regain control over his breathing.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Man, that was *really scary*. What's your name?

BRUCE

B...Bruce.

RIGHT

Damn, Bruce, I thought you were a goner.

BRUCE

(weakly)

I thought...You were gonna shoot me...

RIGHT

I was going to shoot you, but then you pulled out that grenade and I was like, look at the size of the balls on this gu-

The doors of the room burst open, and eight men wielding different varieties of assault rifles burst in; Steve's reinforcements.

Time seems to freeze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see through Mr. Right's POV as what looks like permanent marker draws a "game-plan" on the men, numbering them and crossing them off, drawing curved lines to represent when and how they will raise their guns. It quickly draws a smiley face, and then-

**Time unfreezes.**

***Before they can even fire a shot Right stands and fires seemingly without aiming, bang bang bang bang bang bang, going through the men like a shooting gallery, leaving only one man standing as Right runs out of ammunition; he was ducked down when they came in, and ran behind his compatriots.***

It's Shotgun Steve; he rolls and raises his rifle, the laser sight resting on Right's forehead.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Steve!

(smiles)

I thought that was you!

Steve stares at him; Right looks up at the laser sight on his face.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Oh hey, you got me again!

Right gracefully lurches left, and Steve fires, but Right has already ***lightning quick drawn a Deringer and fires a shot that plinks off Steve's rifle, knocking it out of his hands.***

Right straightens up as though nothing happened.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have hesitated.

(thinks)

Steve, man, get over here.

Steve doesn't move, frozen to the spot.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

(less friendly)

Get over here.

Steve quickly gets up and goes over to Bruce and Right, whereupon Right starts smiling again.

RIGHT (CONT'D)

Bruce, do you know Steve?

Bruce nods. Right sits Steve down next to Bruce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT (CONT'D)

(to Steve, quietly)

Bruce has just had a really rough experience, so I'd appreciate it if you could sit and keep him company till I get back. Um, if I get back.

STEVE

Uh...yeah.

RIGHT

Radical, thanks dude.

Right smiles, and then races off through the doors and out of sight.

Steve and Bruce sit in silence, and then Steve turns and looks at the bodies of the other goons. He let's out a muffled nervous chuckle, and then Bruce starts laughing.

They sit there laughing together.

INT. THE CARTIGAN LODGE - DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martha, sitting alone, hears movement outside. She continues pushing the tape with her tongue as Richard enters from a side door, holding a revolver and a duffle bag.

RICHARD

Stupid motherfuckers trying to-

The door bursts open, revealing Mr. Right.

Richard stares at Right; Right stares at Richard.

Martha finally spits off her tape gag.

MARTHA

**IT'S A SET-UP, THEY ONLY KIDNAPPED  
ME TO GET YOU TO KILL HIM!**

Right stops, frozen, listening.

RICHARD

(horrified)

What?

MARTHA

It's Johnny Howl and your brother, they, they used me as bait to-

JOHNNY HOWL

That's enough of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone turns to see Johnny Howl holding an MP5, but he's too close to Right to get a shot off. Right smashes the MP5 away and **Howl ends up blasting the entire room with gunfire.** Richard rushes out, and Right turns, spinning Johnny Howl, and **throws him violently over the banister out in the hallway, and down the stairs.**

Right hurries back in, rushes to Martha and kisses her. Though clearly in pain and physically and emotionally exhausted, Martha laughs.

RIGHT  
(aghast)  
Jesus, what'd they do to you?

MARTHA  
Just hit me a couple times-

Right looks crazy intense.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
What, you're going to kill them more than you were already going to? Come on.

RIGHT  
(sighs, laughs)  
Yeah that's silly.

MARTHA  
I'd really like to leave.

RIGHT  
No, yeah, definitely.

Right stares at her; he's overwhelmed to be back with her again.

MARTHA  
You just like me tied up.

Right shrugs, smiling, and then starts cutting her free.

INT. THE CARTIGAN LODGE - RICHARD'S OFFICE

Richard comes in, only to find Von pouring gasoline out of a can onto everything in the office.

RICHARD  
Clevon, what're you-

**Von Cartigan tosses the can at Richard Cartigan, knocking him back a little, then draws out his pistol and shoots Richard three times in the chest.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a silence, and Richard slumps back against the wall, staring at him.

VON

You fucking idiot.

(beat)

You are a **FUCKING IDIOT**, you know that Richie? Smart Richie Cartigan protecting his brother, smart Richie Cartigan gonna be head of the family, smart Richie Cartigan always in control, and I fucked up. Even now, I fucked up.

Richard stares at Von.

VON (CONT'D)

See, you're *too* smart. I thought I was smarter than you, that was my mistake. I was there when he killed the Piccolos, and I thought, here, I can use this, I can USE this.

RICHARD

I don't...I don't...

VON

Don't you get it yet? Bobby Yatsuda didn't kill Minkin, me and Johnny did! Yatsuda probably doesn't even know it happened, it was all a part of the plan to bring in the Grim Reaper out there, to bring him gift wrapped to you. But no, you're too fucking smart; even when we readjust, we use the girl, we try to bring him here, you corner us, trap us in the fucking house with him, and *now look what you made me do! Look what you made me do!*

RICHARD

You...are so...**fucking**...stupid.

VON

Yeah, I get that a lot.

Von shoots Richie in the head.

INT. CARTIGAN LODGE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Right slowly leads Martha as they creep down the hallway and down the stairs, talking as they go.

MARTHA

Why are we going so slow?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RIGHT

Less guys, now. In all the chaos it's easy to just pass through people, because no one's sure what they're aiming at. But once you're a target, alone, you've got to be careful; if someone pops out it can really screw you up. That big guy scares the crap out of me.

MARTHA

Johnny Howl.

RIGHT

What?

MARTHA

His name is Johnny Howl.

RIGHT

That's a stupid name.

MARTHA

I know, right?

RIGHT

And he made fun of my nose.

MARTHA

I think the nose looks good.

RIGHT

(delighted)

Really?

They reach the bottom of the steps.

MARTHA

Yeah, I like it because it kind of makes it feel like everyone's having a good time.

RIGHT

Well, ideally they are, it's just-

**WHAM!** Right is hit **FULL IN THE FACE WITH A BASEBALL BAT, and he crashes to the floor.** Johnny tries to hit Right again, but Martha stomps on his foot, snatches away the bat and bunts him in the neck.

Johnny sputters, coughing, and then Von cinches Martha in a headlock from behind, choking her and holding a gun to her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON  
Kill him, kill-

Von and Johnny realize that Right is gone, a trail of blood leading off into the darkened library.

VON (CONT'D)  
Johnny, I'll get a car, you-

JOHNNY HOWL  
(half-calm, half-furious)  
I've got it.

Von drags Martha off, and we walk with Johnny as he goes to the door...

INT. CARTIGAN LODGE - LIBRARY

The room is dark, lit only by the deep blue early morning light coming in from the big floor to ceiling windows. The room is cluttered with furniture; the place is being used for storage, with almost no books on the shelves. Mr. Right could be anywhere.

Johnny Howl pops some gum into his mouth, and walks slowly through the room, MP5 against his hip. It's near to completely silent;

the only sound is his gum smacking as he chews. He slowly surveys the room, and his laser sight comes to rest on a mirror. He bounces the aimer back onto his forehead, looking at his bloody reflection.

JOHNNY HOWL  
Ooh, you're a bad man Johnny Howl.

Johnny fires a single shot into his reflection, shattering the mirror. There's a silence, but Johnny detects a tiny bit of sound.

JOHNNY HOWL (CONT'D)  
(smiles, surveying the room)  
Alone at last.

INT. CARTIGAN LODGE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Von drags in Martha, and stares at the cars; Rolls Royces, Ferraris, Bentleys, all machine gunned to pieces. Mr. Right's M-16 lays discarded on the ground.

VON  
You motherfucker, you motherfucker-

Martha laughs, and Von slaps her in the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON (CONT'D)  
Out front, the cars out front, right,  
right.

Von yanks her along as they head out.

INT. CARTIGAN LODGE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Johnny looks around, thinking.

JOHNNY HOWL  
(loudly)  
How's your head?

RIGHT (O.S.)  
(from somewhere in the room)  
I don't know, how's your neck?

Johnny chews for a moment and then smiles.

JOHNNY HOWL  
Well, better now.

Johnny turns and starts unloading into a big oaken table, which abruptly **flips up and knocks him off balance**. Right dives out as Johnny continues to fire at him.

EXT. CARTIGAN LODGE - SLOPE - CONTINUOUS

It's a slope into the woods behind the house.

There's silence, and then **Johnny and Right come crashing through the big windows at the side of the game room**.

They plummet ten feet down to the ground, **thud**, with Right having the worse landing. They lay there motionless several feet apart, surrounded by broken glass.

Johnny Howl sloooooowly stands up as Mr. Right forces himself to his knees. Howl **grabs Right by the back of the head and knees him in the face, breaking his nose**.

RIGHT  
**Agh!**

JOHNNY HOWL  
Bingo, baby!

Johnny Howl, clearly in pain but masking it well, yodels out into the woods and listens to the echo.

JOHNNY HOWL (CONT'D)  
That's bodacious, brother, let me tellya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Howl turns and **brutally decks Mr. Right in the already broken nose, flooring him again.** Howl takes a few steps back, gets a running start and **PUNTS RIGHT IN HIS INJURED LEG.**

RIGHT

**Aaaaaaghhhhhh you...you butthole!**

Mr. Right snatches up a particularly nasty shard of glass; Howl swings to punch him, and Right **grabs him by the wrist and slashes the tendons on the inside of his right elbow.**

Howl yowls in pain, and Right ballet-twirls around him and **slashes the tendons behind his knees.** As he falls, Howl turns and punches Right in face, knocking out one of his teeth.

Mr. Right falls, laying still, and Johnny Howl breathes heavily and swears, unable to get up. Mr. Right rolls over and smiles at him.

JOHNNY HOWL

(furious, in agony)

Fucking...faggot...I'm gonna fucking kill you...Fucking rip your face off and watch you bleed...shoot that stupid whore of yours and-

RIGHT

Well, that's enough of you, I think.

Right slowly stands up, looks up at the climb back to the window, then back down at Johnny Howl, who continues swearing and

JOHNNY HOWL

I swear to god, you are dead, you a dead man-

RIGHT

Shush.

Right swings a kick in towards Johnny Howl's head, and we-

FLASH TO:

Von, dragging Martha along, out front of the house.

Over in the FBI car, Hopper sees what's happening, and frantically reaches down to his ankle, where a small revolver is holstered. He can't quite reach.

VON

Hurry the FUCK UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Von wrenches her arm again. Martha shrieks, and yanks her arm away; Von turns, raising his pistol.

VON (CONT'D)  
I said HURRY THE FUCK UP!

MARTHA  
...my *fucking* arm...

Von shoves the gun in her face and yanks her arm again, causing her to cry out in pain. In the car, Hopper continues to frantically reach for his pistol.

VON  
Oh I'm sorry did that hurt?

In the FBI car, Hopper finally manages to draw his gun when-

MARTHA  
(crying, eyes wide, horrified,  
looking down the driveway)  
**What the fuck is that!?**

Von turns to look, and Martha **abruptly snatches his gun away in the style of Mr. Right.** Horrified, Von throws up his hands and she shoots him through the left hand, the bullet then hitting him in the shoulder.

VON  
(stumbling back)  
Agh, fuck!

MARTHA  
(psychotic)  
**Oh I'm sorry does that hurt?**

Martha **raises the gun and shoots him point blank three times in the chest.** Von staggers and collapses against his car, sliding down onto his side. He lays there, pained, struggling to breathe. Martha starts to walk away, then stops and turns around.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
(furious)  
I told you this would happen, didn't I? I told you but **you didn't take me seriously, nobody takes me seriously, so now you fucking die for it.**

Von stares after her as she gets closer to the house; he starts crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (calling back to him over her  
 shoulder)

**Asshole!**

Over in the FBI car, Hopper stares, lowering the gun.

HOPPER  
 (quietly, in pain)  
 Well, I'll be damned.

Von slumps forward.

CUT TO: MR. RIGHT'S HAND ON  
 THE WINDOW LEDGE.

INT. THE CARTIGAN LODGE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Right is gradually pulling himself back up into the window into the now empty, corpse-covered room. He makes it, and then lays there on the floor, panting.

He hears a gun cock.

Zeke stands over Mr. Right, smiling down at him, gun drawn. He keeps one hand over bloody burn/clip wound on his chest.

ZEKE  
 See, man? That's why you gotta follow  
 through. No mercy.

He presses the gun against Mr. Right's head, and Mr. Right cringes.

RIGHT  
 Oh...Martha...

ZEKE  
 Fuck her. This is your fault. You leave  
 people alive, and it'll always come back  
 to bite you in the ass.

CUT TO: MARTHA RUNNING DOWN  
 THE DRIVEWAY TOWARDS THE HOUSE

There's a gunshot, and then another, and Martha lets out a little scream as she rushes back towards the house, holding Von's gun. She gets to the front door; it's locked, and she screams again.

BACK TO: THE MAIN ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zeke stands over Mr. Right, his gun smoking. We pan to reveal a smoking hole in the floor, under his gun, next to Right's face.

There's also a hole in Zeke's back, which we notice as he slowly turns around; he has a dazed look on his face as he fires the gun off into the ground several more times. We pan to reveal Bruce and Shotgun Steve.

Shotgun Steve lowers his smoking pistol, Zeke collapses to the floor, dead. Steve looks to Bruce, who half nods.

BRUCE

Hey killer, you okay?

RIGHT

(groaning)

No...

Steve smiles.

EXT. CARTIGAN LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

Martha is banging on the door, crying uncontrollably, looking psychotic. The door unlocks, and she steps back, raising the gun.

There's a tense moment as the door slowly opens, revealing Mr. Right, carried between Bruce and Shotgun Steve. Martha is holding the gun directly into Right's face.

RIGHT

(dazed, wounded)

Oh...Hey Martha.

Martha takes a nervous look at Steve and Bruce, then immediately one-armed embraces and kisses Right, smearing his blood all over her.

Right laughs, and Martha snorts back tears.

MARTHA

I shot Von Cartigan.

RIGHT

(chuckling)

Whoa, look at you.

(beat)

I have to go to the hospital real, real bad.

MARTHA

Oh yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIGHT

Yeah.

They kiss again. Bruce looks to Shotgun Steve, and mouths "*These people are fucking crazy.*" Steve smiles.

FADE TO: LATER

Hopper sits in the car, half asleep, and then wakes up as a seemingly endless stream of police cars pour by, sirens on. A couple of SWAT officers tap on the window, and Hopper just looks at them, and then sort of shrugs.

CUT TO: THE BACK  
OF THE HOUSE.

Several officers, guns drawn, approach Johnny Howl's motionless body. He's all covered in grey-white-black ash from the house. When he opens his eyes, they're bloodshot; he looks monstrous.

JOHNNY HOWL

(weakly, hoarse)

...The fuck are you looking at?

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Elaine sits staring at something on the table, nervously tapping her fingers on the side of her chair.

There's a knock, and she rushes to let in Tatiana.

TATIANA

What's going on?

ELAINE

You have to see-

TATIANA

On the phone you sounded so-

ELAINE

Just look, look, here.

Elaine snatches up the thing off the table, and holds it out to Tatiana. It's a picture of an old style gothic cathedral; she flips it over. "HO'S BEFORE BROS. LOVE, THE FUGITIVE."

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Tatianna smiles, and looks up to Elaine, who is nervously smiling as well.

CUT TO: A LARGE SCALE  
PROJECTED PHOTOGRAPH OF  
SHOTGUN STEVE

Steve looks good; he's had a haircut and a shave, and wears a tailored jacket.

HOPPER (O.S.)  
Steven Bradley Gage.

The projector clicks, and now displays an equally well-dressed/groomed picture of Bruce.

HOPPER (CONT'D) (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Bruce Christopher Cooper.

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hopper, his arm in a sling, stands in front of a large projection screen in a room full of agents. Wally stands at the back, chewing his gum, leaning on a crutch. The slides change according to what Hopper discusses.

HOPPER  
These two men, within the last month, have settled into controlling positions of what was formerly the Cartigan Crime Syndicate. Now, their rise to these positions was of course facilitated by the massacre at the Cartigan estate in Bonville, where Francis Minch and Martha McKay evaded capture after killing all remaining members of the Cartigan family. Now, as you know, the immediate capture of Minch and McKay is the priority of this task force, and over the next couple of weeks we're going to learn everything we can about them.

(beat)

As most of you know, I've been demoted to advisory status on this case, so for a more complete briefing on the situation, and our pursuit strategy, I'm going to direct you upstairs to Agent Hirschfeld.

All the agents nod and start putting away their things. Hopper looks sad.

## INT. MUSEUM IN PRAGUE - CONCURRENT

It's the main entrance hall of a new museum; the exhibits are still being constructed. Martha, her hair grown out a little and dyed black, is sitting up on a scaffold, directing Czechoslovakians as they assemble a Tyrannosaurus.

MARTHA (SUBTITLE)  
The jaw! His jaw is too high.

CZECH WORKER (SUBTITLE)  
Miss Cumberbund, how do we-

MARTHA (SUBTITLE)  
Just turn the screw on the side. There, you got it; yeah. Do you recognize the shape of a head, sort of? You know where the mouth would go on a head?

CZECH WORKER (SUBTITLE)  
...On the bottom?

MARTHA (SUBTITLE)  
Oy...okay, just move the jaw into the crater sockets and you should be-

RIGHT  
Martha.

Martha looks down and grins. Mr. Right waits for her by the front desk. Martha rushes down off the scaffold, and embraces him.

MARTHA  
Hey babe, I thought you were at work-

RIGHT  
Lunch break. I wanted to give you this.  
(quickly, quietly)  
I drew you this picture of a dinosaur.

He hands her a picture of a dinosaur he drew her; it shows her leading a tyrannosaurus by a leash.

MARTHA  
(sincere)  
Oh, this is so gnarly.

RIGHT  
Okay, I'll see you at five, yeah?

MARTHA  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a crash from behind them, and Right quietly bows out.

CZECH WORKER (SUBTITLE)  
I'm sorry Miss Cumberbund!

CZECH WORKER 2 (SUBTITLE)  
It's Rowley's fault! He dropped the jaw,  
and we've been putting it together for  
hours without-

MARTHA (SUBTITLE)  
You guys, you guys...  
(beat, composes herself)  
T-Rex's are totally awesome. Can we  
please try to remember how totally  
unbelievably cool it is that we get to  
build a T-Rex?

CZECH WORKER 2 (SUBTITLE)  
(quietly, looking at the  
skeleton)  
This is pretty cool.

MARTHA (SUBTITLE)  
Yeah.  
(smiles)  
Now pick up the jaw.

CUT TO: BRIEFING  
ROOM

Hopper is cleaning up his presentation area, when a young agent approaches him.

FBI AGENT  
Hey, Agent Hopper-

HOPPER  
Yes, Weitz, what's up?

FBI AGENT  
I was wondering if you'd be willing to  
give me your own thoughts on the Francis  
Minch situation.

HOPPER  
Well-

FBI AGENT  
Off the record.

HOPPER  
(smiles)  
Off the record. Right.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOPPER (CONT'D)

Well, I think we've got it all backwards.  
I don't think he's on the run.

CUT TO: STREET IN PRAGUE -  
DUSK

Right wanders down the road, much as we first saw him,  
looking serenely happy.

HOPPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I think he probably just took McKay, flew  
somewhere he wanted to be and they've set  
up shop like nothing's wrong. I think  
he's in love, and he's done with  
organized crime for now; he's probably  
selling cars, a travel agent, I don't  
know.

Right walks past an alley, where a group of Serbian thugs are  
mercilessly beating on two men. Right stops, casually eyeing  
the men.

SERBIAN THUG #1 (SUBTITLE)

(noticing Right)

The fuck are you looking at? You want to  
get it like these two faggots? Keep  
walking!

BACK TO: FBI BRIEFING ROOM

FBI AGENT

Would you say he's still dangerous?

Hopper just stares at him, very serious. His eyes say it  
all.

BACK TO: THE ALLEY IN PRAGUE

The thugs are still beating on the man, when they notice that  
Right still stands at the mouth of the alley.

SERBIAN THUG #1 (SUBTITLE)

Hey, I thought I told you to...what the  
fuck is that?

We go back to Mr. Right.

**He's put on the clown nose.**

He smiles.

SLAM TO BLACK.

END.